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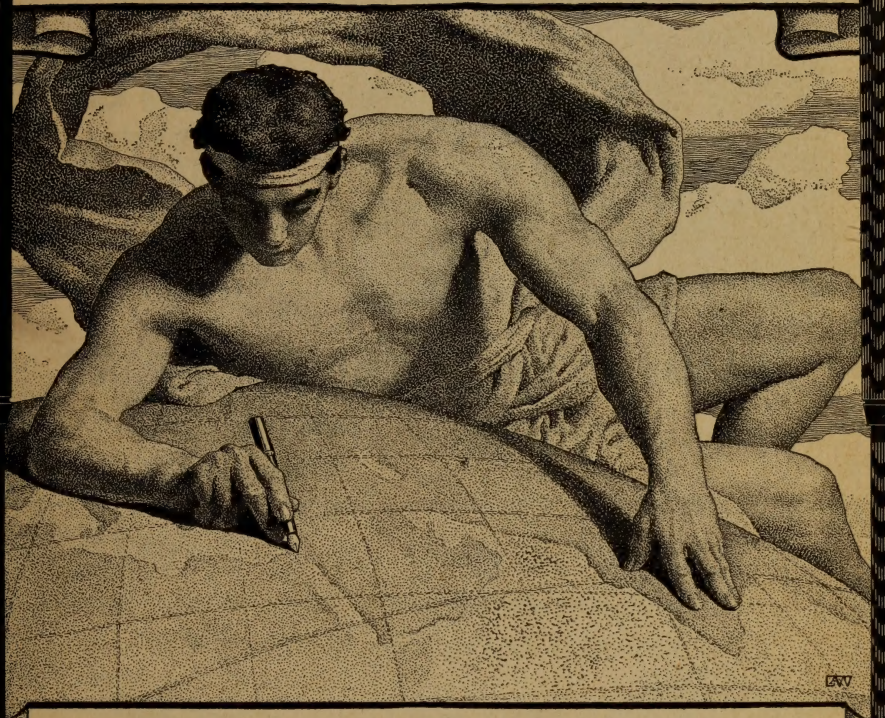
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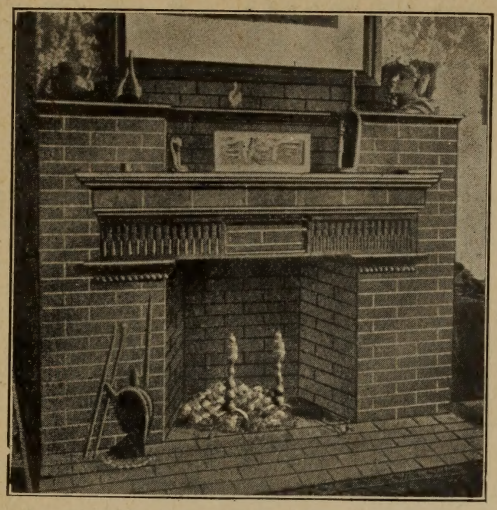
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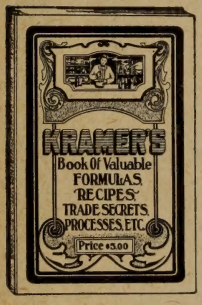
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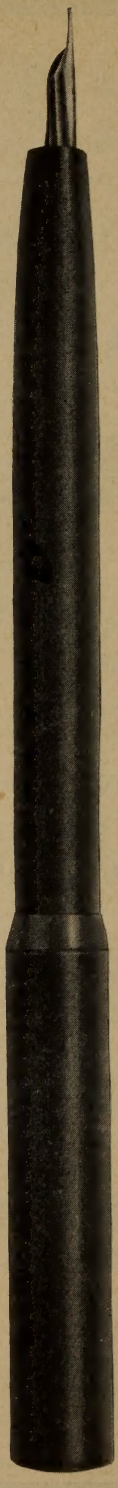
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Inside With the Publishers

In this issue of The Busy Man's will be found articles on Vacation, Outdoor Life, etc. This is the season when our readers are planning their holiday trips and it is to assist them to derive the greatest benefits from these outings that we inserted such articles. More space than usual is devoted to articles selected from the best fiction of the month. In short, we have endeavored to make the July number as much as possible an outing number without departing from the policy of the magazine.

* * *

Every week brings favorable comments on The Busy Man's Magazine from the leading papers in Great Britain. We regret that space will not permit us to publish the comments in this issue, but it is our intention at an early date to devote considerable space to these. We had not looked for such a hearty reception on the other side of the Atlantic. We knew that the basic idea of the magazine was sterling; but that there should be such a rapid increase in the number of its readers was beyond our greatest expectations.

* * *

In the near future The Busy Man's will be read in all quarters of the globe. We have just received a letter from Business Systems Limited, Toronto, manufacturers and devisers of Loose-leaf Systems and Supplies. We quote this letter in part, as it serves to show the progress The Busy Man's is making:

"It will no doubt be of interest to you to see the enclosed post card which is a reply to one of the advertisements which we are carrying in your paper. This reply is but one of the many we have received; but having come from Russia, we feel that it is particularly interesting, showing, as it does, the widespread interest which is taken in your magazine, and the possible results which come from advertising in the same."

* * *

Business Systems, although but two years in the field, have eighteen traveling accountants in Canada, an office and three salesmen in London, and branches in many foreign countries. The progress of this concern in Canada has been so rapid that they have been compelled to erect a new factory in Toronto, which they will occupy in September. The Busy Man's has found a new market for the products of a concern whose reputation is almost worldwide. Many letters of a similar nature to the above are being received, showing that The Busy Man's also ranks first among the magazines of to-day as an advertising medium.

* * *

We are always pleased to receive letters from our readers, giving us their frank opinion of the magazine. If there are any parts of The Busy Man's which they do not like we want them to write calling our attention to them. No criticism is bad—it's all food from our point of view. Many of the improvements made are the results of suggestions from our readers. We intend to add other features and when any such addition is made we solicit the criticisms of our readers. Every criticism is of value to us.



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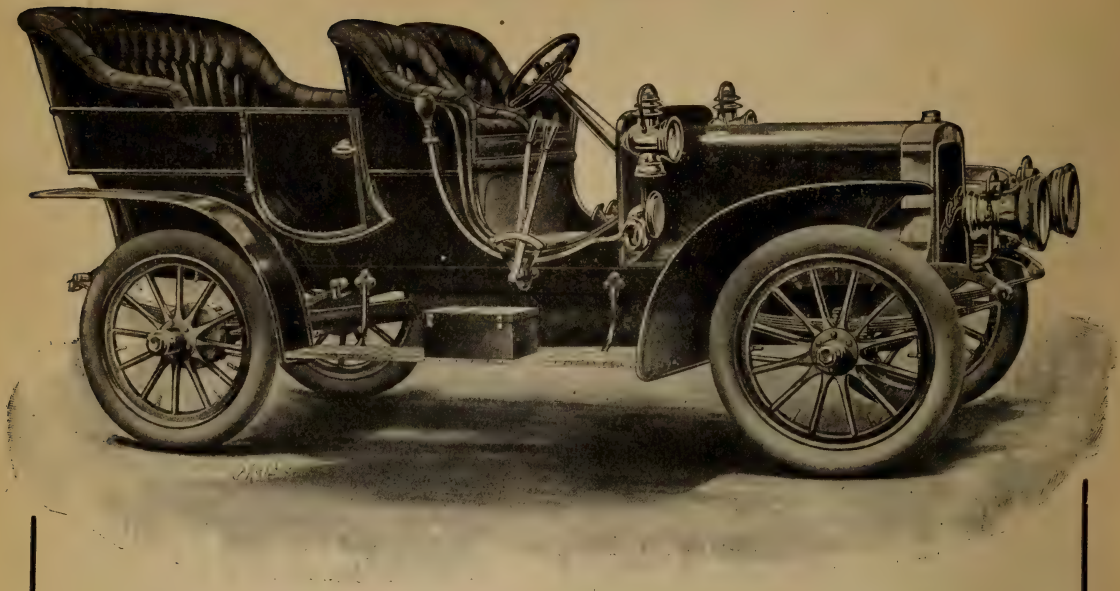
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XIV JULY 1907 No 3

Vacation for Business Men

By Jas. W. Barton, M.D., Physical Director University of Toronto

IN making a few suggestions that may help the man of business not only to enjoy, but to derive the maximum amount of benefit from his vacation, I have in mind the average business man, not the man upon whom fortune has smiled to the extent that business no longer has need of his services. Such men, with their motors, clubs, yachts, and other pleasures, are not classed here as business men. I have in mind the man whose business requires his brain and body constantly. He may be struggling to keep the business afloat, to meet competition, or to make his business a factor among the industries of the country; or mayhap, he is a trusted employe, burdened with responsibilities.

The advisability of an annual vacation in this twentieth century is apparent. In past years men adhered closely to business day in and day out, year in and year out. The boast of the successful business man in the old days was, "I have not taken a holiday in thirty years." The successful man of to-day makes no such boast. He takes an annual vacation, with what result? The average business years of the life of the business man have been prolonged some seven years within the past few decades. The necessity of a vacation is likewise apparent. The wear and tear on body and mind by business makes it essential that rest and recreation be obtained at least once a year. Some inkling of this vacation necessity comes to us as we think of what life would be without our regular weekly day of rest. This is recognized all over the world by progressive nations. Japan, whose rapid civilization makes the world pause in wonderment, has adopted the Christian Sabbath—the weekly rest day. France, as we know, tried the plan of one day's rest in every ten days. The authorities were forced to return to the old rule of one day's rest in seven, owing to the deteriorating effects upon the people physically of the lengthened period without rest.

The business man who refuses to take a holiday, is practising poor economy in the matter of physical well-being. Health of body, strength and clearness of mind, are his greatest assets. To adhere to business so closely that a vacation is out of the

question, is the height of folly from any standpoint, economical or otherwise. Not only does the body become lethargic, but the mind is less clear, and the outlook less buoyant. The actual number of years of active business life—years worth so many hundreds or thousands of dollars each—is lessened. It has been a source of wonder in these later years that some men have remained in harness so long.

I can cite numerous instances, with names, of prominent business men whose lives have been preserved to the business world by the simple matter of a regular vacation—men, hopes for whose health had been abandoned, and, in some instances, for whom papers of commitment to an asylum had been signed by the court. These men were preserved, I say, by a sensible vacation. Close application to business, without vacation periods, is responsible for the prevalence of that dread disease, neurasthenia.

The man of business must try to arrange his holiday at the most convenient time. The loss to business is then a minimum, and the peace of mind resulting from this fact is a tonic in itself. He does not feel that the sacrifice is too great.

The latter part of July is, to my mind, the most suitable time. By taking it earlier, he may have to come back to town in the very hottest part of the year. By taking it later, he is apt to be too fagged by the summer weather to enjoy his holiday. During July and August there is less business being done, and therefore the monetary loss is least. There will be some exceptions to this rule, due to the nature of the business.

Where to go is a question difficult to answer and sometimes fraught with much domestic infelicity. Compromises are often necessary. We have all heard of the business man who settled everything by compromise. As the vacation period approached, his wife and daughters expressed a desire for the seaside; he himself was bent on taking the family to the mountains. There was a deadlock. A friend to whom he had confided the difficulty asked him a few days later if he and his family had finally decided where they would holiday.

"Oh, yes," he said, "We have compromised the matter. We are going to the seaside!"

Everything considered, it depends more upon the temperament than on the age of the man just where he would receive the greatest benefits.

The young man feels that Atlantic City would meet his requirements. I have been surprised at the beneficial effects of a ten-day or two weeks' trip to Atlantic City upon some of our younger men. The mountains, with the bracing air, beautiful landscapes, and glorious sunsets, appeal to many and give that restful, hopeful feeling, that is worth so much—a buoyancy of feeling, that gives the clear brain to plan, and instils the nerve to execute. There is a something in the mountains that calls forth the noblest that is in a man. Our modern business methods are criticized for unscrupulousness, but the standard of business life suffers not the more for the heartsearchings in the pure mountain air.

The seaside strikes a responsive chord in some men. The roar of the ocean is soothing, and the largeness of the outlook toward the sea suits their perspective. The bathing and the music seem to rest their tired brain. To them the change is a rest. While the seaside may give more enjoyment to the man of highly nervous temperament, its beneficial effects, aside from the exercise of bathing, scarcely equal the benefits obtained by other forms of holiday life. Of course, if these other forms do not appeal (after a trial of them), he would naturally obtain more benefit from the seaside. Country life offers the most recreation and rest from business. Not the country life, where the farmer makes a specialty of entertaining city boarders. This latter, with its unlimited supply of canned meats, vegetables, and even canned milk, is scarcely the ideal spot to secure an entire change of life; but a country home where the best they

have is not sent to market but used on the table. A country district, with its home life, a nearby stream for swimming, fishing and boating, and roads for a quiet walk or drive, is almost ideal. Perhaps the best life for enjoyment, and mental and physical renewing, is found in the camp or the summer cottage. The summer cottage, where city life with its primness, social etiquette and frills, is always in evidence should be avoided. Such places have been overdone. People have become wiser in the last few years, and are abandoning these miniature palaces. The summer cottage, with its three or four rooms, used only for sleep, or as a refuge from a storm, is the ideal spot. This form of vacation life gives the highest rate of interest for time and money spent.

This question of how long to stay must be settled by the individual.

A month should renew a man completely, two weeks revive him, and even ten days fit him to start the business wheels again.

Many suggestions are promiscuously thrown out by health advisers as to what to do during vacation. What not to do seems to be more in order. Therefore, I will first mention a few things not to do: In the first place "don't" take your business with you. Before you start away make a resolution that you are "quit" of business until you return. Don't take those papers along, that you think you could work out better whilst lying around on the long summer day. You must remember that your mind is to have a complete rest or change, and that for the time being you are simply an animal, that is, you are to eat, sleep and exercise.

Make this resolution, and so arrange matters, that your resolution may not be easily broken. It may be well, therefore, to avoid the place where there are six meals a day, and the telegraph station is just across the street. Leave everything pertaining to business so there will be no cause for worry. It is "worry" that will spoil your recreation. As John Temple Graves says: "There are only two things that worry us—the things we can't help, and the things we can help." Therefore, if instead of worrying about the things we can help, we try to help them, we'll remove most of our worry.

Select a quiet place with about two mails a week, and a few miles from a telegraph station. Leave your address behind, of course, but you are only to be reached in the event of some special emergency.

Just a digression here to say that many men have secured a wonderful degree of enjoyment and health by taking a "walking trip." Usually in twos for company, after picking out a suitable district, mountainous or otherwise, they have walked a number of miles each day for two to three weeks. There was no particular schedule, no particular number of miles—some days ten miles, other days twenty and thirty; sometimes a stop for an hour's fishing or swimming—just an easy, careless, life with the outdoor exercise to strengthen them. This recalls to my mind the fate that befell a couple of my friends during a walking expedition in the hilly districts of North Georgia. They got along the first day or two very nicely. Everybody was friendly, and not the slightest trouble arose in getting food at the farm houses on the route. Then things took a change. No one had any food to give or sell at any price. The outlook was serious. Walking to develop an appetite and nothing with which to appease it is no joke. Getting off their route, they were in danger of being lost. They had been without food from early morning. It was now evening, and not a house in sight, nor a light anywhere. To add to their discomfort, they came to a fork in the road, and were unable to agree as to which was the proper route. Finally they discerned a signboard on a tree, and felt that enlightenment was near. Unfortunately, it was too dark to make out the inscription, and they seemed for the moment as badly off as ever. The younger fellow climbed the tree, and extracting his last match, carefully struck it, and read the following ap-

propriate directions: "Eat Blank's pills for that full feeling." They finally got to a point, from which they were able to take the train home. The explanation for their treatment was that word had been passed along ahead of them that they were "revenue officers" looking for ilicit stills. Under the circumstances they were fortunate in getting home at all.

As a practical illustration of the benefits of a walking trip, I will simply mention this concrete case. A Toronto man takes a walking trip every summer. He has his blood examined before he goes and on his return. The percentage of haemoglobin (life-giving portion) increases about ten per cent. in the three weeks.

Relaxation is the supreme requisite for the maximum benefit from a vacation. To secure it you must be a boy again. This is the keynote of successful relaxation. If every man were to make this his motto, he would come back rejuvenated—a youth in body and mind. Remember, I didn't say he was to become "one of the boys." There is some distinction, but I'll not press the point.

If you are fond of swimming find the "swimming hole," or the place where the "bunch" of boys go: I do not mean that fashionable resort where, if your shape is not that of a Sandow, you do not go into the water, but parade the beach instead. Go to the place where you can walk in, flop in, dive in, or go any old way; the way you did as a boy. However, do not stay in quite as long as you did when you were a boy. The length of time you should remain depends upon how you feel an hour or two later. If not depressed, you may remain for a longer period the next time, or even go in twice a day. If you go fishing, dig your own bait, early in the morning, or even the night before, as you used to do. Don't hire a man to dig the bait; hold your rod, put on the bait and take off the fish, just because you can afford it. Be yourself of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. Don't forget to take your bait, I mean your lunch. Have it ample, but simple. The "boy" spirit holds good for boating, baseball, tennis, and other games, in which you were prone to indulge. Enter into them with the same boy spirit.

There should be some routine for the day. You ask, did the boy ever think about routine? I mean, there should be some degree of regularity in your very carelessness. The rising should be early. If you wish to sleep, do some of it about the middle of the day and retire early. Dancing and visiting until the midnight hour and sleeping in late in the morning may coinciled with the idea of the careless life, but the best part of the day is being wasted. Get up early, eat a cracker and take a drink of grape juice. Then take a short swim, a walk through the woods, or an hour's fishing. You come back ready and eager for breakfast. The cracker and grape juice "stay" the stomach, fit you for the hour's exercise, and in no way interfere with the enjoyment of your breakfast. After breakfast, it would be well to sit around for half an hour, then a couple of hours for a walk, tennis, golf or an hour's boating. Perhaps a swim would suit you better. Take a half-hour's rest before dinner. After dinner, an hour's rest or even a doze will prove acceptable and beneficial. Then indulge in a fishing expedition—although the fish do not bite so well in the afternoon—a game of ball, if you are one of the younger men, or watch a game, if you are one of the older men.

Just another digression here for a word of warning to smokers for after dinner. The majority of men on a holiday, will smoke more cigars or tobacco in one day than they do usually in a week. I am not criticizing tobacco, but I wish to say that tobacco was never found in the text books under the heading of tonics. It is a depressant pure and simple, and this should always be remembered. The good of your holiday is lessened by this over-indulgence. The whole motor function is depressed, the stomach becomes irritable, and the heart reflects the condition of the stomach.

Remember then, that although your vacation would not be a vacation to you without your pipe or cigar, over-indulgence may be the means of spoiling it entirely. I would like to emphasize this matter of excessive smoking. It is responsible for more ills than we can estimate. That a man can smoke a cigar occasionally, and enjoy the best of health is an absolute fact. But that a man can smoke hour after hour, and be at his best, mentally and physically, is impossible. Smoke, if the enjoyment of your vacation is enhanced thereby, but smoke in moderation.

I have purposely avoided the "diet" question. From my observations, a man leading the outdoor animal life can eat almost anything.

After all, the keynote, as I said before, is to live the "boy life" again. Eat heartily as does the boy, but move around as he does also.

This endeavor to live the "boy life" as nearly as possible, is my simple message to business men for their annual vacation. Let your motto be:

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight,
Make me a boy again, just for "my vacation."

The Man Who Was Afraid

By W. H. G. Wyndham Martyn in Pearsons

INGRAM yawned, put down his paper and moved toward his desk to finish some legal work that he had brought home from his office. He had scarcely time to glance at it when three white-robed figures filed into the room so silently that he was unaware of their presence until Natalie, the oldest, spoke.

"We knew you'd be lonely without mother," she volunteered, "so we've come down."

He looked at her with a smile. "Mother wouldn't allow this if she were here."

"But muvver isn't here," said the baby, caressing a large, ugly wooden dog on wheels," that's why we comed down."

"You're an immoral young ruffian," declared his father, taking him on his knee. He was delighted to see them, but for discipline's sake felt impelled to offer some objections. "You ought all three of you to be in bed."

"We ought all to be asleep," agreed Natalie, "but we knew you wanted us to come and see you."

He glanced down at the patient face of Graham, the middle child, whose lameness awoke the tenderest feelings in his heart. "What do you want me to do, Sonny?" he asked.

"I'll be Daniel," said Graham, brightening, "and you be the biggest lion that roars."

"And I want you to tell me a story." This from Natalie.

The baby wanted no better occupation than to sit with his arm about the dog's neck and talk to it.

Ingram proved such an excellent lion that Graham soon became tired of play and was carried to bed in his mother's room, where, that she might minister the more readily to his frail body, he occupied a cot by her bed. For that night she was absent, but he was not afraid and soon sank into sleep. The baby and his companion were deposited in the night nursery, and Ingram went down stairs to tell Natalie the promised story.

"What shall it be about to-night?" he demanded. "It must be a very short one, for it's nearly eleven and I have a lot of work to do."

Natalie reflected. "Tell me about robbers who steal diamonds and murder people."

Ingram started. "What a horrible subject," he said. "Where did you learn of such things?"

"Mary told me," she answered. Mary was a nurse gifted with imagination.

"Mary should not fill your mind with horrors," he declared with some heat.

"They're true," she said. "Mrs. Probyn had all her diamonds stolen last night, and Mr. Probyn was hit on the head. Perhaps they'll come here to-night."

Ingram took a cigar from his case and lighted it with hands that were not too steady.

"Are you sure it is true, Nat?"

The child, delighted to find she had an interested listener, plunged into a grewsome account of their neighbor's misfortune, as related by the servants and overheard by her. When she had finished she demanded a similar story in return.

"It's too late," said the father, "I have so much to do. You know," he said with a smile, "if I didn't work you couldn't have pretty clothes and nice toys."

With that acute observation possessed by children she perceived something unusual in his manner, but she supposed it might be fatigue, and flung her little arms around his neck and trotted obediently to bed.

Meanwhile Ingram was brought face to face with a problem about which he had never cared to think. Big, strong, healthy man as he was, there was in his heart such a dread of violence and lawlessness that the child's tale had awakaned in him a thousand recurrent fears. This incontrollable cowardice had remained carefully concealed from his friends for the reason that there come, in this modern life, so few opportunities for a man to evince personal courage; strength so often passes for it that he had been unsuspected, but in the depths of his heart he knew well what a craven he was. Natalie's story took him back with a leap into his own childhood, which had been made none too happy by the foolish and terrifying stories told him by ignorant and superstitious nurses. They flooded back to him now, those stories of banshees, of strange evil spirits who inhabit the depths of woods, and of misshappen animals who prowl around houses at night.

With an effort he banished these legends and told himself that burglars would never rob a house within a half a mile of Probyn's the next night after committing a deed of violence. He felt calmer after he determined to keep the lights burning and to buy a Boston terrier for his wife the following morning. But all the time this question came back at him, "What should I do if I came face to face with an armed burglar?"

Then, in the silence of his own house an impotent rage took hold of him that courage, which should be the birthright of every man, was denied to him. He tried to imagine what men of his acquainance would do if they suspected the presence of burglars. He pictured hem, firm and resolute, with unfrightened eyes and calm, remorseless hands—while he shuddered at the mere idea of such a contingency.

For almost an hour he sat there; then he read until the clock chimed two. On the stroke of the hour he became aware of slight noises in the hall, noises which might well be occasioned by he soft foot fall of some one descending the stairs. When he heard them again they were nearer, and he knew something, or some one, was creeping along to the open door of the library. With strained eyes he watched for what seemed an incredibly long time. Then, with her finger on her lips, Natalie came into the room, wearing the look of a new importance.

"They're up there in mother's dressing room," she cried; "I heard them. If you go up now you can catch them."

Ingram wrung his hands in despair. "O God, for the heart of a man!" he moaned.

The child looked at him in surprise. Why, she wondered, did he not go at once and save her mother's pretty jewels? That he could do so she had no doubt. But the man's first impulse was to run for help; and he did not dare to brave the long tree-shaded path where armed men might be lurking, anticipating his coming. A sudden cunning came to him.

"What nonsense!" he said to the girl. "You've been dreaming—too much mince pie. You were afraid because of what Mary said."

She looked at him half indignantly; "I'm not afraid with you."

He broke into a laugh that had something of hysteria in it. It seemed to him so tragically ludricrous that she believed so thoroughly in a man who dared not stir for terror.

She looked at him grave-eyed. "Why don't you go up? There are two of them. I saw their light through a chink in the door."

There was no help, he knew, from his servants, all of whom were women, and slept in a distant wing. It seemed better to temporize, to allow he burglars to get away with what they wanted and suppose he had not heard. The other children were asleep, and if he could keep Natalie with him for a while all would be well.

"What a fanciful child you are!" he exclaimed. "Of course there's nobody there. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you are good I will sing that song you like about the Dollie and the Soldier Man." Before she could reply, he seated himself at the little piano in the corner and crashed out some jumbling chords, singing of the sorrows of the china dollie whose little heart broke because of the faithless soldier man. Surely, he thought, the sounds must carry upstairs and startle the men. He understood perfectly well that growing up within Natalie, who watched him, was the suspicion that he was afraid; but that could not give him courage.

Suddenly she cried for him to cease. "Listen," she said. "What is that?" Then she crept out into the hall. In a few seconds she was back. "Baby has waked up," she said. "He will wake Graham, and the men are in his room. Father, you must go up. He is so frightened at night without mother."

Then he thought of the waking of the child, the delicate, hyper-sensitive little Graham, over whom he had promised to keep especial watch. Suppose the child woke, and to stifle his cries the men hurt him—even killed him.

"My God!" he cried aloud, "I can't stand that. Give me the heart of a man."

Then, still consumed by fear but mastered by something higher, he crept quietly through the dim-lit nursery, where the baby was whimpering, and paused at the dressing-room door. Then he flung it open.

There were two men. One was kneeling with an open trunk at his side, while the other stood over him examining a tiara which had been a wedding gift to his wife.. Ingram looked at him for a moment. He did not know that he had fought with fear and conquered, he only knew that he must protect his children. With his powerful fists clenched he rushed at the standing man and struck him full in the face. And as he stooped to strike the other there was a flash and, a bullet through his shoulder, he fell to the ground.

When he came to himself he was lying in his bed, stiff bandages. A trained nurse was busying herself with medicine bottles. She turned as he asked, "Is Mrs. Ingram here?"

"Now, you mustn't speak," said the woman gently, "the doctor——"

He interrupted her with impatience.

"I must see her, and at once."

"For a few minutes then," she said. He dared hardly look at his wife's face as she entered. The events of the night were very clear in his mind, and it seemed that the whole world would stamp him as a coward. He could hardly bear her kiss, so poignant was his feeling of shame.

"Christine," he said slowly, "are the children all right?"

"They are all waiting to see you, darling."

"I can't see them yet," answered. "I've something to tell you first, something to confess. You wouldn't have married me if you hadn't thought me to be an ordinarily brave man. Well, I'm a coward. When Natalie told me the men were in your room I was horribly afraid. I determined to let them take everything. I have never had a fight in my life. I am

afraid of dogs and horses. It was only when I thought if anything happened to Graham I dare never face you that I went into the room. I had to tell you this, dear, because I don't want my life to be a living lie any more. Christine, don't despise me."

For a moment she made no answer, and his ears caught the sound of rattling wheels as baby dragged his gigantic dog, the dog to whom he told his heart. As the child passed the door the father could hear him half chanting, half talking—"An' they was two bad, wicked men an' my farver took his sword and cutted off their heads."

The words seemed a horrible mockery to the sick man as he lay waiting. Suddenly he felt her arms about his neck.

"My dearest," she whispered, "how many men are there brave enough to fight with fear as you did and to confess as you have confessed?"

On Growing Old Without Regret

By John Burroughes

Growing old is a kind of letting go ; we let go our hold of many things to which we have been wont to cling ; in other words, at about sixty—earlier with some persons, later with others—we reach the negative side of life and say "no" where we used to say "yes." We are done with many things ; we are done for the most part with novel-reading, theatre-going, hunting, fishing—though my grandfather was an enthusiastic fisherman at eighty-four. We lose our taste for travel, for new people and new scenes. We become less combative and argumentative and more tolerant and sympathetic. Growing old is a hardening process as regards the physical frame and a softening process as regards the feelings and emotions. We are more tender and considerate with others ; it takes more to move us to laughter, and less to move us to tears ; we are more prudent but less venturesome and original ; our wisdom increases, but our power of initiative lessens. Whistle as we may to keep our courage up, old age is a falling off, a drying up, a letting go. Our ambitions fade, our enthusiasms cool, our pleasures are less intense. But strange to say—and this is one of the things that make old age more tolerable—we do not regret it ; we do not regret that we have got through with many things that we see our younger people sweating over ; we rather feel like congratulating ourselves that we are done with this and that and the other and can drift with the current or rest at our moorings and see the procession pass.

Then, of course, there are compensations, many of them ; not the least of these are greater breadth of view, more charity, more serenity, and a more profound appreciation of the value and the meaning of life. We sail, or we swim in deeper waters; the hurrying and turbulent currents are behind us, the shoals and reefs are now cleared, and there is little to disturb or make us afraid.

Succulent Dinners that Swim the Sea

By Agnes Deans Cameron in Saturday Evening Post

THE Pacific salmon-pack year by year adds to the world's wealth a sum greater than the combined output of all the gold mines in the Yukon. The canneries of the Columbia alone paid out sixty million dollars in workers' wages during the last quarter of a century and sent a hundred million dollars' worth of canned salmon to the waiting breakfast tables of the world. Last year Alaska put up over two and a quarter millions of cases of canned salmon.

For three long Summer months, in clustering millions, flashing in the moonlight, scintillating in the sun, from unknown depths and haunts uncharted right up to the cannery doors the salmon swim, and all but deliver themselves into the expectant tins of the fish-packer.

On the west coast of America swim five species of anadromous or sea-going salmon: Quinnat, Sockeye, Cohoe, Humpback and Dog. The largest and individually the most important salmon, is rich in names; he is known as the Chinook of the Columbia, the Spring on the Fraser and the King salmon in Alaska, the Indians call him the Tyee (Big Chief), and the Russians the Schaviche.

The Quinnat runs to fifty and eighty and even ninety pounds, and its rich, red and tender flesh gives it the sterling mark in that conservative English market which long ago declared that all salmon should be served red whether Nature agreed or not. The Quinnat has a wide range; it runs from the Sacramento mouth north to Behring Sea, and turning south on the Asiatic side moves downward to Northern China, affecting by preference the large rivers with snow-fed or glacial tributaries.

It is a beautiful fish of clear, bright, silver hue, and a most determined traveler. It has been proved without shadow of cavil that in the Yukon at spawning season the Quinnat ascends to Caribou Crossing on Lake Bennet, full twenty two hundred miles.

The Quinnat is the largest, but if gross value and quantity be considered, the Sockeye salmon easily takes first place. He is in the sea what the Douglas fir is on the land to all this great Northwest country. He, too, has a multiplicity of names; on the Columbia he is the Blueback, in Alaska the Red salmon, while the Fraser fishermen have dubbed him the Sockeye, a familiar corruption of the Siwash saw-que. The Sockeye is easily the neatest and most symmetrical of the salmon, and it is a little difficult for the landsman to appreciate how plentiful it is in season.

In Alaska the seines for taking the Sockeye are paid out and drawn in by steam power. Five thousand fish is the minimum haul—it wouldn't pay to operate the machinery for a less number; twenty thousand fish at a draft is a daily occurrence; and, by actual count, in the year 1896, sixty thousand fish were used from one haul and forty thousand were released because the canneries were glutted, making one hundred thousand fish at one taking of the net.

One hundred thousand fish at an average usable weight of five pounds each cans into five hundred thousand pounds. This one take would put a half-pound tin of prime Sockeye salmon into the full dinner-pail of every man, woman and child in a city of a million population.

The Sockeye is a gayly-colored fish, the youthful bright blue of its back and side with a touch of silver on the belly changing at the time of its river-ascent into a vivid crimson body-coloring, with a head of olive-green.

The Cohoe—or Silver—salmon is a big fish second in size only to the Quinnat, but its pale flesh discounts it somewhat in the regular market;

when canned it describes itself as "medium red salmon."

The Humpback and the Dog salmon are the humble brothers of the race. The Humpback almost unknown in the Sacramento, Columbia and Fraser, is most abundant in Alaska. Extremely fecund, it swims in millions, breeding near the sea in brooks, swamps and brackish estuaries. Although the cheaper fish are making their way more and more into the world's market, while the Sockeye, the Cohoe and the Quinnat swim, we do not like to consider the Humpback as a white man's fish. It is sent to the negroes of the South, and the Chinese and Japanese buy it; during the season fresh Humpback sell in the open market at a cent apiece with no takers.

The Dog salmon also is almost without honor in his own country, where he is known as the Chum and the Calico salmon—the Russians call him Hayko, and he is Sake to the Japs. But canned by any name, candor sees in him a mushy individual with a strong taste of mud; salted he is accepted by Japan and, frozen, by Germany, but the Dog salmon is not good enough for America.

In respect to their food-values the five Pacific salmon may be represented by the first five digits: Quinnat, 5; Sockeye, 4; Cohoe, 3; Humpback, 2; and Dog salmon, 1.

The Summer-swarming salmon in masses choking the river-estuaries of the Pacific are muscular, rigid, fat, firm of flesh, in the very pink of condition, each fish a little craft of itself, just so many pounds of succulent food furnished with propulsive machinery.

As the revolving seasons roll, out of the ocean in uncounted myriads they come, each salmon urged forward by a creation-old instinct to seek the upper reaches of its native river, there to deposit the spawn and milt of the new generations. The time and the place of its coming are known; man merely spreads his net receptacles and the salmon catches itself.

At the river-mouths devices ingenious and many are spread out to gather in these swimming dinners: weirs and fish-traps, fish-wheels, miles and miles of gill-nets, thousands of pound-nets and bottom-trawling seines. The yearly levy of the canneries exceeds three hundred million pounds; wonder is it that any one salmon runs this grim gauntlet and escapes the cordon.

A packer canning one hundred thousand cases of salmon uses over a million fish. Forty million fish are packed every year on the Fraser and Puget Sound and in Alaska, and half of these are females intent on depositing their spawn. A conservative estimate gives thirty-five hundred eggs to each female, so we find man with his glistening, rapid, noisy machinery in the Pacific canneries destroying the unthinkable number of seventy billion eggs that female salmon came up from ocean-depths to deposit on the far inland river bars.

Nature is a stern old mother; if she is to continue to supply so richly the luxurious tables and the humble lunch baskets with these incomparable dinners, then man must supplement her losses; the yearly tale of seventy billion wasted eggs must be offset by just so many artificially hatched baby salmon, thus the great uncompromising pendulum of cause and effect will swing even.

Destiny rather than man's wisdom has declared that some fish shall pass through the river mouth unscathed on their spawning journey toward head waters. The danger for these is not yet over. The thrifty settler on the river bank tosses out of the stream his year's supply of fish; he uses a pitchfork and throws the shining salmon out like so many forkfuls of hay or grain.

The Indian, too, takes his tale. All up the length of the river, at vantage points where rock-ledge just over swirl, you see the half-clad Siwash with scoop net and spear toiling hour by hour (for this with him is the day's work, not sport). The fish are thrown to waiting squaw and children. Improvised smoke houses kipper the fish, sun and pine bark smoke combining to give just the desired flavor.

This long line of drying fish in the boiling gorges of Columbia and Fraser is a vermilion dab on the landscape to the train-tourist rushing down the canons to the sea; to the Siwashes it is Heaven-sent manna. In the long Winter nights over the watch-fires they will eat the salmon by the struggling light of a fishy brother, the ollakan or candle-fish, which, dried and stuck in a lump of clay, burns like any taper. The grizzly and the black bear, too, scoop up juicy salmon from the silver river beaches.

Urged onward by Heaven-implanted instinct, past danger of pitch-fork and paw of bear and scoop net, some salmon safely swim. These take no interest in things by the wayside. On and on they go, breasting currents and jumping rapids, the miles count up to hundreds, the hundreds become thousands, and still the salmon swim on, their ultimate goal the gravelly bottoms of the shallow reaches of head water kept ever in view.

As they come from the sea the sexes of the salmon are practically indistinguishable. Entering fresh water a great structural change takes place. Over those weirs and seines and gill nets at the river mouth might well have been written: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." No individual of either sex of any Pacific salmon ever returns to the ocean after spawning.

Up to this time the salmon has lived to eat; from this on to the time of his death no food is taken into his body; he feeds upon his tissues, his whole organism changes.

Approaching the spawning beds the gastric mucosa is in a more or less desquamated condition, the digestive organs shrunk to one-tenth their normal size, the stomach is no bigger than a walnut, all fat disappears, the jaws of the male salmon become hooked and prolonged, and ungainly canine teeth appear; even if there were a desire for food those developed beaks of the male would effectually preclude feeding.

Slab-sided, sorry-looking fish they are; the female becomes a dusky olive, the skin of the male turns red; immediately before spawning the roe of the female amounts to one-quarter of the whole body-weight. Spawning completed, both male and female die. The salmon affords the world's most striking example of the sacrifice of the individual to the general good, the only good that Nature seems to recognize—the perpetuation of the species.

The Blueback or Sockeye ascends the Columbia even to the Redfish Lakes in the heart of the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, more than a thousand miles from salt water; we have seen that in Alaska they go twice this distance, and in the Fraser the very head waters are reached.

At the "redds" or spawning beds there is a definite pairing off; gorgeously brilliant are the colors the salmon have assumed in honor of the nuptial season. By tail and anal and ventral fins a shallow nest is scooped out of the gravel, both fish assisting in the work, and on this bed the eggs are laid.

After the female has extruded a few eggs she swims away, and the male, taking her exact position, extrudes over these a small quantity of milt. Every five minutes, day and night, for a fortnight this process is repeated. The fight for a salmon's life begins before its birth. The deposited eggs are non-adhesive and separate and thousands of them become luscious tidbits for fish and birds and reptiles. Here the swan leads her cygnets one mother bird devouring a gallon of ova a day; soft-footed otters steal out by night and eat their fill; loons, hungry hordes of ducks and stilt-legged herons feed on the eggs.

To beat off the marauders is the work of the male salmon. Enemies of his own kind also assail him, and here, exactly as in seal life, the mating male must fight with the supernumerary males. "Dare, never grudge the throe," in his motto: do not those little red globules hold potential salmon?

The running water rolls away the eggs, but the shabby-looking parents

are grim fighters; they scrape up sand and retaining pebbles; neither day nor night does their guarding vigilance slacken. In an ecstasy of militant devotion fins are slit and torn, the lashing tail is worn to a mere stub.

But with the dawn of a new life the end of the old is near. Fungus grows on those tired bodies, eyes become blinded and gills destroyed, parasites attack the filaments and "worms destroy this flesh." Great is the grip of heredity; succeeding generations of immolation and self-devotion have eradicated all desire on the part of the salmon to return to salt water. He spawns once and in the consummation of this act dies.

His poor, emaciated body floats off, and none so poor to do it reverence. We hate to tell it, but ghoulish pigs devour the spent salmon by thousands, and tons of them are yearly used to enrich the soil. Thus with repeated regularity does the sea pay its lordly toll to the land. Small wonder the Northwest farmer becomes rich when from the wilderness of the sea for two thousand miles lumps of phosphorescent fertilizer swim up and literally jump on his fields to die!

Eight days after being spawned the embryo fish begins to get his little backbone—in the strenuous life that stretches before him he will need it. Next day his eyes bud off from his brain; it isn't till the twelfth day that he gets his alimentary canal—eating is neither the first nor the last aim of a salmon's existence. At two weeks, from the alimentary canal, the liver buds off, and the first indications are given that this Sockeye of ours is to have a heart. In another week, on the under side of his head the mouth begins to show up as a V-shaped slot. From this on till the end of the seventh week no noticeable change takes place.

About the fiftieth day a little tail pops out of the ovum and the baby attains to the name of an alevin, a fishlike body attached to a yolk. The little chap is altogether transparent; for six weeks he grows without hunger, and is entirely self-sustaining, Judaslike carrying the bag. Our little alevin, like a young Chinaman, takes a new name with every gradation of his growth. His teeth and fins are now well developed, he is a couple of inches long, and with the entire absorption of the yolk-sac he turns into a fry and seriously takes up the white man's burden of earning has own living.

Out from his sheltered cradle he swims, snapping at minute crustaceans, nibbling a caddis-fly and valiantly attempting a mosquito; it is the graduation from the kindergarten, and here begins the lifelong fight bequeathed by his parents. Every salmon is born an orphan, each is a self-made fish. Not one has the benefit of the sage advice of a mother, but some prenatal instinct when he is yet but two inches long reads for him the Law of the Road: "Gobble the Little Ones and Run from the Big Ones."

So, snapping at food, he drops down stream with the current foot by foot toward the sea. Experience teaches him that keeping his head up stream will expedite matters; breathing in that position lets the water in at the mouth and out again at the gills; it brings, too, food to that insatiable little stomach.

So he early learns one life-lesson. Years from now, whether gill net catches him or spoon of the trawler, whether his last gasp is in a landing net destroyed by Jock Scott or Silver Doctor, one thing is sure: he will die with his head up. In the daytime the game little fellow hugs the pools, migrating chiefly by night; the water-ousel dives after him and the kingfisher teaches him to swim deep and lie low. The true Ishmaelite of the Ishmaelites, everything bigger than he which moves is an enemy; true, he did have a thousand blood-brothers of the same vintage, but in salmondom brotherhood counts little and cousinship nothing.

How fast does he travel? And how long does it take him to reach salt water? Perhaps he covers ten miles in each twenty-four hours; if he was hatched at the head waters of one of the long rivers his seaward journey

may take him six months, maybe a year.

His first contact with salt water is exhilarating, the brackish waters of the estuary makes his gills tingle—with joy he comes to his own. He is now three or four inches long, and with his advent into the sea is known as a parr.

In the sea a new set of enemies has to be studied and taken account of. Here are fish ducks and cruel-eyed cormorants, and a whole host of saft water fish the very color of the kelp they hide among. A wound is fatal, for no deformed fish is allowed to swim; every bigger fish is to such the kind of surgeon that ends his misery—as there are no floating orphan asylums so there are no fish hospitals.

Little is known of the ocean life of salmon or seal or whale. The fish culturists at the hatcheries, by attaching silver disks to liberated salmon and by identification fin marks, have arrived at the conclusion that four years is the average sea life of a salmon; that at the end of that period he seeks his native stream to breed.

In those four years he does nothing but dodge enemies and eat, eat, eat, getting silvery and plump and strong for the long lasting of the river ascent or for the slicing knives and labeled tins of the canner. In the sea, sickness and sharks, sea lions and seals, all levy their toll of mortality, but on the whole the salmon's chances of life are greater in the open sea than elsewhere. He is strongest here, and, moreover, Heaven has gifted him with great speed—he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.

But when it comes to pitting himself against the cunning and commercial cupidity of man our salmon has a sorry chance. Some pass the barriers safely, skitter their tails and exclaim with Job, "I have escaped with the skin of my teeth." But where one lays his tired bones by the side of his forefathers and mothers on the breeding-beds thousands and tens of thousands of his blood brothers, fat and fit, are cut down in their prime, find a tinny sepulchre in the Golgotha of the canning sheds, occupy for a period reserved seats on the top shelves of corner groceries, to finally lay their bones by the side of restaurant plates.

Many are the methods of capture. It was the gill netters we saw setting out from the mouth of the Fraser. Two men and three hundred yards of gill netting go to each boat, A gill net is simply an immense sheet of web twenty or thirty feet deep and a quarter of a mile long, kept upright in the water by weights below and corks above.

The river-seeking salmon swimming against the tide thrust their heads through the meshes and obligingly catch themselves by the gills. At the slack of the tide the fishermen draw in their nets, row or sail back to the cannery and are credited with the tally of their catch. The gill netters were in the beginning the main supplies of the cannery; the deadly fish traps and swift gasoline launches are rapidly relegating them to second place.

Seining, the most picturesque of all the ways of salmon-taking, can be practiced only where there are shelving shores. Great seines are thrown across likely bays and river reaches in the road of the ascending salmon; when the harvest has collected, horses attached to the net ropes plunge into the stream and draw out the seines of struggling fish. A cordon of weather-beaten fishermen, each with one bare foot on the lead-line, stands waist deep in the running water and lifts high the edge of the brimming nets, while others grab the squirming fish and toss them into boats which with all speed hurry the catch to the canneries. It is cold, wet work. The seine fishermen earn every dollar the season brings them.

The fish-wheels of the Columbia look like the ordinary water-wheels of the Rhone; turned by the current they are most effective, scooping up the fish on the revolving paddles, lifting them aloft and sliding them down slanting troughs to boat or bank at the rate of four to six tons of salmon per wheel per day.

Of all methods of taking the salmon the trap is the most deadly. In the Brit-

ish Columbia waters traps were, until two seasons ago, prohibited, and their general use is not now permitted by the Dominion Government, in whose hands the supreme jurisdiction rests over all Canadian waters. Only in a restricted stretch of coast from Victoria west along the shore of Vancouver Island are Canadian staked trap nets licensed; sixteen of these were in operation in 1905, and twenty-six locations were licensed last year. The Columbia mouth is where one sees them in unrestricted numbers. In a single locality, Baker's Bay, near historic Astoria, can be counted over fifteen hundred of these traps. Enormous catches during big runs are made in these deadly contrivances. In 1905 the Pacific American Fisheries Company in one of its traps in Puget Sound is said to have taken at one haul three hundred and forty thousand salmon.

A salmon trap is an elaborate affair, costing all the way from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars to construct. A trap consists of a lead or wall of net fixed to massive piles running out from shore four or five hundred fathoms, and placed in the known route of the salmon. When the shining army of fish moving on, a solid mass imbued with singleness of purpose, finds itself confronted by this barrier it swerves aside, and here a narrow door or slit in the wall invites an entry. Once through this opening a cleverly-constructed maze leads on the crowding salmon toward the terminal inclosure or heart. A cone-shaped tunnel leads from the heart into the pot or final trap, so that the fish passing through this horizontal funnel have no means of returning.

Alongside the pot is a further quadrilateral inclosure, the spiller, into which the fish are admitted when the pot becomes crowded. In a big run the pot has been known to become so packed with living salmon that the sheer weight of the uppermost fish crushed and killed those in the bottom of the net.

Some catches in Puget Sound have been so enormous that the bottom could not be raised, the brailer net usually lifted by a winch could not be moved and the pot with its weight of captive salmon had to be cut out and towed to the cannery.

Professor David Starr Jordan, the eminent fish authority of California, under date of February 15, 1907, says: "I think the trap in all its forms ought to be swept out of Puget Sound, and for that matter from everywhere else."

Would you enjoy an experience stimulating and exciting? Then get up at daybreak some August morning and board a tug at Victoria Harbor for one of the Todd traps and see the early spill.

At the trap the captured fish are lifted from the chamber and spilled into scows in the steamer's tow, salmon by the thousand—saucy, shining Sockeye, fat and kicking. The occasion calls "Haste!"—minutes are money; the object of every scientific cannery-man is to get the fish from the sea to the tins with the very least possible loss of time.

The scene shifts to the cannery wharfes, long, black, wooden affairs, centipede-like, stepping out on stilts into the water and emitting in the Summer heat a smell compounded of salt and seaweed and salmon. Every inch of space as we step up gingerly to the cannery door is slippery with salmon—salmon under foot and in the waiting scows above us, around us, and in the air—in the air more insistently than anywhere else. Until to-day we never knew the sea held so many fish.

At the cannery, amid a vociferous clangor of Japanese, Chinese, English and choicest Chinook, the big fish are tossed from the scows and slapped on the cannery floor, each one as it lands sliding off on its own account. The whole awakened hive is humming—a salmon-cannery in the height of the season is the busiest place on this earth. Every wheel in that network of most modern machinery is clicking, each man and woman stands at appointed station, and with the slippery thud of that first fish on the cannery floor the day's work begins.

The whole stretch of that cannery floor is soon piled deep with salmon

—the workmen in rubber boots stepping from wharf-edge to cleaning bench are thigh-deep in the struggling mass.

A modern cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Time-saving devices are installed at every turn, and men and machinery work at lightning rapidity; the whole rapid process of canning is cleanliness itself, the human hard scarcely touching the fish from trap net to tin.

The marvelously ingenious machinery and the human interest part of the drama both compel us. The romance of the human factor is giving way to the romance of ingenious and fascinating machinery. The Pacific canner is a man of means and ready initiative; no cost is spared if a new piece of machinery promises to save time for him. The slow things go first, so the Siwash will pretty soon find himself as a factor entirely eliminated from the canning equation, for the Pacific Siwash is the slowest thing on earth with the one possible exception of the Pacific squaw. Messenger boys and Canadian savings bank clerks are swift to these.

Mr. E. A. Smith, of Seattle, two years ago, with one invention, revolutionized the whole process of salmon-canning. His first cleaning machine was at once dubbed by canners "The Iron Chink," and the name sticks. This wizard machine cleans thirty thousand fish in a run of ten hours, doing the work for which fifty-one expert Chinese operators used to be paid. The Iron Chink cleaned so many thousands of fish, increased packs so many thousands of cases and saved so many thousands of dollars that all prejudices against innovations were early swept away, and its use in the modern cannery will soon be universal. The machine takes the fish just as they come from the sea and puts them through the entire cleaning operation, handing them to the filler to pack into the tins. Prior to 1906 the cutting off of head and tail were separate operations requiring two men, one with a band saw to take off the head and the other with a rotary knife to cut off the tail. This is all done now by the Iron Chink automatically; exit the header and curtailer, exeunt also that long line of silent squaws. This intelligent machine adjusts itself to the size of each fish introduced to it.

The inventor of the machine never entered a salmon-packing plant himself till he took in the model of his completed invention; it was by a close and scientific study of the structural anatomy of the salmon that he worked out the details of his invention.

The machine handles forty-five fish a minute. In the pockets of its revolving drum the denuded fish are carried round to rapidly-moving circular knives which divide them into fillets to fit the can. A ticker on the cutting machine automatically counts the salmon.

Then, either by squaws or by the long fingers of the articial squaw that fascinated us when we first stepped into this hotbed of haste, the red, luscious cuts are packed tightly into the cans. Then a plunge into the washing vat.

The cans, at a rate of a hundred and twenty a minute, are now fed to a machine, which at lightning speed affixes a top to each. In great iron crates the tins are steamed for half an hour, and vented to allow all air to escape. Hermetically sealed they go to the steam retorts, and, for an hour and a quarter, are subjected to a temperature of 240 degrees Fahrenheit and a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

By this process every essential oily juice of the salmon, every natural savor and flavor is conserved. The filled cans roll themselves into bright-colored labels and are packed away in cases of spruce—spruce still redolent of the impenetrable woods out of whose margins space has been nibbled for the greedy, noisy, amphibious creature that we call a salmon cannery.

Canned while he is almost alive and kicking, a salmon can be served spiced and tempting in a cut-glass bowl at a London club just three weeks from the time he gave his first ill-advised wiggle into the Straits of

Fuca fish trap. With the fresh fish better time even than this is made. Last Summer, thanks to years of wise hatchery regulations and conscientious enforcement of game laws, California enjoyed a largely increased fish trade. Fresh salmon were shipped in refrigerator cars from Monterey Bay to New York on express trains; there transferred into the refrigerating department of ocean liners, and landed in Europe and sold as fresh salmon within two weeks.

The canned salmon of the Pacific Coast has a present aggregate value of over twelve million dollars a year. Not only is it the cleanest and most nutritious of all canned foods, but it will keep for an unlimited period and in any clime. Eight years ago an official report was made to the Inspector-General of the United States Army upon the quality of the rations issued to the troops mobilized at Chickamauga on account of the Spanish-American War, and of two hundred and forty thousand cans of salmon critically inspected two only were found spoiled.

The San Francisco fire destroyed three hundred thousand cases of Red Alaska salmon, practically all the spot stock held on the coast. This brings Red Alaska into a clean market. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Every handler of this brand of salmon on account of the San Francisco disaster increased his fish business perhaps fifty or one hundred per cent.

Official reports and market quotations rarely mention the "mild cure" or "sharp frozen" fish, yet it is a branch of the salmon industry of rapidly-increasing importance. The Federal reports state that as far back as 1904 the markets took from the three Pacific States 15,799,646 pounds of mild-cured and fresh-frozen salmon, with a total valuation of over a million and a half. It is the mild-cure industry which fixes the price of raw fish on the Pacific Coast.

The Pacific Coast exhibits the anomaly of international jurisdiction over what Nature intended to be one fishing industry. The salmon hatched in the head-waters of the Fraser, returning as adult fish in the Summer, runs, before they reach their parent stream, come within the sphere of action of the Oregon and Washington fishermen, and up to the present it has been impossible for Canada and the United States to agree to mutually-observed protective measures. Alaska fishermen largely take advantage of a law enacted by the last session of Congress, which encourages private salmon-hatching by allowing rebates from the canners' licenses in proportion to the number of salmon they turn loose.

In Alaska lives one of the broadest-minded men on the Pacific Coast; he usurps the function of a government, and for the benefit of the world at large, at his own cost, maintains a salmon-hatchery. This philanthropist, John C. Callbreath, away back in 1892 fertilized a million salmon eggs, arranging with the Indians for the right to Jadjeska stream, a half-mile rivulet, the outlet of a little lake about forty-two feet above tidewater, and here for fifteen years he has continued to bring forth millions of baby salmon to take the place of their canned parents.

This hatchery is a private enterprise, unconnected with any cannery or fishery and is supported wholly by its public-spirited and enterprising owner. Perhaps for communities, states, and even nations, there is an object lesson here.

Potentially, salmon is more than an asset to the wealth of the Northwest Coast. Prime salmon is a product with the highest possible food value. Pound for pound in brain, blood, bone and muscle-making elements, it is one and one-third times as valuable as sirloin steak, one and two-thirds times as valuable as fresh eggs, twice as valuable as bread.

Under present economic conditions the working hordes of Continental Europe for the most part must go meatless. As the grazing lands of the world steadily come under cultivation, beef will become more of a luxury. The world's population, too, is increasing at a rapid rate. What's to take the place of beef? We must

farm the sea, and to farm these pastures we need seed. Factories, farms, mines, smelters, pollute the head waters of rivers, and in time these waters refuse to nurture baby salmon. What happened centuries ago on the Thames has already happened to the Sacramento, and what has happened to the Sacramento will happen to the Fraser. Art must supplement Nature.

It is easy to hatch ninety per cent. of salmon eggs in a hatchery, whereas Humphry Davy estimated that not six per cent. of the eggs deposited on the "redds," or natural hatchery places, come to perfection, and Stoddard holds that only four or five fish fit for the table is the result of thirty thousand ova on the spawning beds.

If these rich sea harvests of salmon are to continue to be reaped concerted action must be taken by all concerned to replenish the sea with seed—that is, with artifically-hatched fry. If this is done, and proper conditions as to close seasons enforced, the possibilities of the salmon industry of the Pacific Coast are stupendous. The cannery man, without fear of mixing his metaphors, may exclaim, "The world's my oyster!" The supply will be practically limitless, and the demand will not be lacking—that is a matter of education only.

Backgrounds

By Grace Ellery Channing in Harper's Magazine

It had always been understood that Cordelia was to write. The pen was a kind of legacy in her family, a Fletcher and a writer being almost synonymous. The understanding had been in a measure unconsciously expressed at the haptismal font, when she received the name of that ancestress who had shared with several other ladies the privilege of denomination as "The Tenth Muse," a few centuries before. The way of escape which a brother might have opened to Cordelia was denied her; she had no brother; but there was nothing in Cordelia's own temperament which implied a wish to escape. In a New England college town a girl takes as naturally to the higher mathematics or the higher thought as in Spain to flirtation, and Cordelia was eminently the product of her environment. Neither had her family any of the prejudices which would have made them prefer an illustrious son to an illustrious daughter, and from the first Cordelia's career was accepted with as much seriousness as Cordelia's brother's could have been.

Even Cordelia's beauty was of a Muse-like kind, which she accentuated very slightly and quite innocently by her manner of dress and the fashion of coiling her fine hair. She had that gift of toilette which does not unfailingly accompany the literary temperament. In her fingers a mere hat became a crown, and the twist of a ribbon an accent arresting to a painter's eye.

"It is the artistic temperament in Cordelia," said her mother, almost excusingly.

Everything that is tacitly recognized under the head of an "advantage" was secured for her by the loving assiduity of her parents; she was sent to Bryn Mawr when the time came, as her brother would have been sent to Harvard; the New England professor stretching without demur his slender salary to cover the expenses which he readily apprehended as essential to the culture of a writer's mind. Cordelia was the child of his later years; he was beginning to grow less strong and he looked forward with a sunset hope to his daughter's career.

At college Cordelia was a success, liked by her instructors for her studious gravity of attention in class, and adored by the girls for her skill in millinery, combined with an admirable

amiability. Very few hats in her particular set failed to receive a transfiguring touch from her fingers during the term. In truth, it was a gift Cordelia herself thought too slightly of to begrudge its exercise.

In her last year at college her father began to fail. A European vacation was suggested by his medical advisers, and even hesitatingly considered by Mrs. Fletcher.

"I do not see my way," answered Professor Fletcher, with mild dignity. "We cannot break Cordelia's course at this moment; our daughter's career, of course, takes precedence of everything with us."

Mrs. Fletcher assented. When Cordelia came home from college—then, it was understood, she would begin to write. Her mother already spoke with a pride only tempered by long association with careers, of Cordelia's. Until then sacrifices were necessary; after that all would be simplified.

It was thus they explained to themselves the presence of Dick Kent beneath their roof. Dick was a New Hampshire boy who had worked his way through college, eking out a small tutorship by a subordinate post on a minor newspaper. He was an avid student of history, which had naturally attracted him to the gentle occupant of that particular chair, and his board money had been a distinct help. Neither was there anything unbecoming in this form of hospitality to one "in college circles."

"Our daughter also writes," Mrs. Fletcher had said, in receiving him into the family, and Dick had inquired with characteristic directness:

"What has she written?"

"She has not published yet," Mrs. Fletcher had replied, with a gentle dignity which touched the young man. "She is completing her college course."

"Oh!" said Dick, gently, in his turn.

Subsequently he heard so much about Cordelia's home coming as to arouse a certain interest in that event. And now Cordelia was come home. He raised his eyes across the supper table (in college circles one still supped) with distinct curiosity.

"Somehow," he thought, "I didn't expect her to be like that," and he looked more than once.

After supper they strolled on the lawn.

"What makes you want to write?" asked Dick.

Cordelia considered him a quiet minute. "What makes you?" she replied.

Dick laughed. "Well—I have a living to earn—"

"So have I," said Cordelia, sedately.

"And I rather tumbled into it," Dick explained, "back home. I applied for a job at horseshoeing and at typesetting, and I got the typesetting; then I scoured up ads. for a little country sheet—and in the city I did reporting. I suppose I must have a kind of bent that way—and a fellow must do something."

"So must a girl," said Cordelia.

Dick considered the moon-maiden a moment from a new point of view. "What do you mean to write?" he asked.

"Cordelia colored with a fine displeasure. "I would rather not talk about it, if you please," she said coldly.

She knew very well what she meant to write—and it was neither advertisements nor reporting.

"Don't you think"—she spoke deliberately—"all that miscellaneous kind of work injures one's style?"

"Well, you see," Dick made cheerful answer, "I haven't any style to injure as yet—never had time to cultivate one. Maybe when I'm fifty I shall be able to give my mind to it; the next ten or fifteen years, I expect, I'll have to thank my stars for a chance to write any old way."

Cordelia looked a little gravely at the young man.

"You must care something for literature itself" she said. "Haven't you any literary aim or intention?"

Dick hurled a thoughtful pebble or two.

"Yes, I suppose I must," he admitted, "and—well, I don't know whether you would call it literary or not, but I'd like to write a little live history.

Maybe I shall get around to that, too, by and by; I keep on hammering at it right along." He looked at Cordelia gravely. "You know—I admire your father's work so much; I think I admire him more than any one I ever saw; if I can ever do half such good work—"

Cordelia nodded; she, too, admired her father's work—within limits.

The young man looked at Cordelia's reposeful figure in the moonlight; her hands were clasped lightly before her.

"You ought to write poems" he said.

Cordelia colored again. She could not tell him it was one of the things she intended to do.

Cordelia's home coming grew wonderfully to be a natural thing, so that Dick marvelled how the house could ever have appeared natural before. She took, without assumption, but by easy right, the first place in the circle. What Cordelia thought was listened to respectfully by them all. Dick was often abashed by the fine acuteness of her criticisms, but Cordelia was not bashful of criticism. Her quiet equality with the great and illustrious dead filled him with mild amaze, while her quiet equality with the scarcely less illustrious living, who in the natural order of university life visited her distinguished father's home, filled him with boundless envy. He himself had all the halting diffidence of untried and unproved youth, but Cordelia bore herself as one of them. It was true she had not yet written her book, but she was going to, and with Cordelia intention was accomplishment. Thus for she had done always exactly what she set out to do. Dick listened dumbly while the celebrated man of letters, imported all the way from England to lecture at the university, sat respectfully receiving Cordelia's views upon his own particular specialty.

"I liked so much that little story of yours in the last Millennium Magazine," said Cordelia, graciously. "It was so subtle and so true."

The Eminent murmured a humble word of thanks. He had never thought of the tale as a slight thing before—rather as compressed magnitudes; but the praise of this young person put him right. Cordelia was always infinitely more critical than the critics—but she was always Cordelia—and therefore charming.

Except for these stray stars of literature, life went on as quietly as might be. Cordelia had early elected to spend her mornings in her rooms—sometimes she even had her coffee sent up; it was understood at such times that she was writing. But there remained the balance of the evenings and the long afternoons under the college elms or on the river; and of course in the end there was the inevitable—with its inevitable sequence.

"At least," pleaded Dick, "give me some reason."

"I don't want to marry at all," said Cordelia—"certainly not for a long time."

"But why?" persisted he.

"Because there are other things I mean to do," said Cordelia.

She did not add "And, anyway, you are not the kind of man I mean to marry"; but Dick laid down his oars and gazed at her forlornly.

"I know," he said, "you ought to marry an awfully eminent and distinguished man, and there's no danger I shall ever be that; but—Cordelia—I'm doing a lot better with the Comet than you know, truly; and then there's this about it—an awfully eminent and distinguished person might not be half so proud of your career as I should be."

There was something immensely attractive about the stoop-shouldered, keen-eyed, clever young fellow, a kind of quick, manly intuition which Cordelia could not help feeling and liking. For a moment she swayed irresistibly towards it, then she remembered.

"No," she said firmly, "and please don't ask me again."

Dick took up his oars.

"All right," he answered, setting his lips a little. A few days later he left, on a working vacation job for his paper.

The house was quieter than ever; but quiet as it was, the family united to make hedges and shelters of a

deeper quietude about Cordelia's working hours.

"Don't disturb Miss Cordelia for anything—she is working," was the charge to the one maid; and, "Don't trouble about the dusting, dear—I can do that," to Cordelia herself.

"Your mother will help me," the Professor would gently repudiate Cordelia's perfunctory offers. "Keep the freshness of the morning—and your strength—for your work."

So Cordelia shut herself in her room, or sat in the shade of the large trees, or wandered down by the river bank, stylographic pen and manuscript book in hand, for hours together. She got countless volumes from the library and read them diligently; she had always been a great reader, like all the family, but now her tables and chairs were formidable with their load of learning.

As the Summer wore on she began to look and feel fagged.

"It will be easier to work in the cool weather," she told herself, combating a certain languor in her labors.

These formed, at any rate, an admirable pretext for the declining of unwelcome invitations (and most of the invitations were unwelcome), and reared a fine barrier of defence against social intrusions—and these intrusions were numberless. The society of Hillbrook did not interest Cordelia in the least; she found it restricted, provincial, monotonous.

"I am afraid you work too assiduously, my dear," said her father, laying a fond hand on her shoulder. "Remember—Ars longa; the best fruits ripen slowly; you will gain nothing by exhausting yourself," and the patient scholar sighed a little.

Cordelia's family delicately respected the reserve which surrounded her work. They knew that she was writing, and that when she was ready to impart the finished result she would do so; meanwhile they would have thought it as indelicate to inquire too curiously into the incomplete processes of mental creation as into other incomplete processes of creation. They were of the stock which respects books, and they also respected Cordelia.

But the narrow social circles of Hillbrook knew no such reserves. It was one reason Cordelia disliked going anywhere. She was always introduced as "Miss Fletcher—the writer, you know," and some one was invariably ready to ask, "What are you writing now?"or,"When will your book be ready to publish?"—questions which, annoying to begin with, as personal intrusions, ended by becoming the exasperating pressures on a sore nerve.

For the work was not going well; Cordelia, only too good a critic, knew it perfectly. The Winter did not bring with its bracing atmosphere that impetus to production which Cordelia had confidently expected; she began to feel that perhaps it lay instead with the Spring—with the renewing of all things. A sense of obliged nobility made the delay heavier to her; she appreciated both her family's sacrifices and their delicate attitude of confidence, and—like generous creditors—they weighed the more on her New England conscience. She fell into the habit of sitting for hours before her perfectly appointed desk, biting her penholder, or setting down what she herself knew was aimless, lacking point and force. To one who had spoken always with calm confidence of her "work," it was astonishing to find that inspiration did not come of itself when she was ready for it—that after spending her whole life in preparation, she was still somehow unprepared. Obviously there must be an explanation, and she sought and found it—in her environment.

She laid the discovery with sincere reluctance before her parents.

"I am afraid I shall have to go away for a time. It is a novel which I am writing, and I must have the right background—the suitable types. There is nothing here at Hillbrook."

Her parents had listened with sympathetic attention; now the Professor nodded silently, and Mrs. Fletcher spoke, repressing a slight sigh.

"Of course you must have what is necessary—you must go where you can get it. I had thought," she added,

with faint regret, "that this would be such a nice, quiet place for you to write in—when you had finished college."

"Oh, it's too quiet!"—the accumulated nervous intensity of months was in Cordelia's tone. "A writer—a writer of fiction at least—needs stimulus—variety. Of course, if I wrote history, like father—"

"Of course—of course," broke in the Professor, gently. "I have been able to get on very nicely here; but history is one thing, romance another."

"What I need," said Cordelia, gravely, "are types—and backgrounds; life is my material—and there is nothing here."

"Ah, yes—life—life—

'Tis life of which our veins are scant,
Life—life for which our bosoms pant,
More life and fuller, that we want!'"

murmured the Professor. "I understand nothing of these matters, my dear," he added, pushing the thin, silvering hair from his fine brow, "but of course the one essential is that you should have what you require for the best results of your talent. We should not, certainly, ask a fossil-hunter to live where there were no fossils, nor"—he smiled with gentle glint of humor—"ought we to ask the romancer to dwell where there is nothing else. What have you thought of, my dear?"

What Cordelia had thought of was —Europe. A brief three months, she was satisfied, would give her the needed material and background, after which she could come quietly home and work up the book. She had a very tiny income from her grandmother's estate, and a perfect conviction that she could eke this out by newspaper correspondence—not with the obscure Comet, but with one of the large dailies.

"I don't question your ability, my child," replied the Professor, "but I have always understood those positions are oversupplied—and there are the royalties from my new history of the Babylonians; they could not be better invested."

"But you need them yourself, father!" exclaimed Cordelia.

"You shall pay me back later on from your book, my dear," answered Professor Fletcher, patting her hand.

On this basis alone Cordelia felt she could bring herself to accept this new proof of her parents' tenderness. But on this basis she felt honorably safe to do so. Her spirits soared again; the confidence which was her birthright returned to her; she spoke once more, and with a shade more hauteur, of her work.

"It is not a pleasure trip," she said to the girls who envied her with the gushing spontaneity of enthusiastic youth. "I am going to work."

And she believed it. All the despondency of the Winter had vanished. Over there she would be able to write; over there were types; over there were backgrounds, material, everything which was lacking over here; over there was an atmosphere and a life which had been tried by the test of the centuries and found perfect by all writing mankind.

"I wish you luck," said Dick, returned again to the Comet and the tutorship, a little older and thinner, and a trifle hungry-eyed."

"Thank you," answered Cordelia, superbly, "but you see I don't believe in it."

If Europe was anything of a disappointment to Cordelia, she kept it to herself. Her letters came regularly to Hillbrook. She had found some splendid types, she wrote, but not yet the right background. She had heard, however, of a little village of B—— in Switzerland, where she should shut herself up and write hard. It would be very close work to accomplish all she had outlined, in three months. She had bought a typewriting machine. A little later she wrote that B——, after all, not furnishing the desired background, she had decided merely to study the people this Summer and then settle down in one of the old German cities for the Winter, and work. It would be far wiser to finish the book in the same atmosphere, and then return in the Spring—always if the dear people at home could spare

her? The work was coming on well, but she could not hurry it, and it took longer than she had expected because here was so much material to assimulate.

"Stay by all means," her mother wrote back by return mail. We miss you, and your father is a little feebler, but we both wish you to stay wherever it is most important for your work. When this book is finished we shall have you again, and your letters are our delight." She added in postscript, "Mr. Kent is most kind in helping your father with his Merovingian history."

In the Summer Cordelia came home with the book. It was not a very large book, and did not meet with the immediate success she had anticipated for it. In refusing it the successive publishers somehow conveyed the impression that its only fault lay in its great excellence—it was too good for the public—and they implied that pearl-casting was a form of diversion only adapted to the independent rich who published at their own expense.

"It is, I believe, the usual experience of the young writer," said the Professor, who had read Cordelia's book with the humility of one approaching a foreign art, yet finding its medium satisfactory. "I had the same trouble with my first history of the Assyrian tribes."

"To have a book refused because of its superiority seems to me more than a success," said Cordelia's mother, warmly. "It is beautifully written."

It was, indeed, perhaps a little too beautifully written; Cordelia, finely critical as ever, came to feel that the publishers might be right. The book was too esoteric for the ordinary mind. She thought so in the first months at least; as time went on she grew restless and less assured.

"I should have chosen a newer background" she decided, "and the story lacks development; I did it too hastily."

This was the modesty which accompanies great talent, Mrs. Fletcher felt, but some impulse led her to say:

"Why not show it to Mr. Kent?"

Cordelia looked displeased. Dick was no longer in Hillbrook; he had accepted the assistant editorship of a larger paper in New York.

"Mr. Kent is the last person I should think of going to for a literary judgment" she answered.

"He is said to be very clever," said Mrs. Fletcher, "and he is so fond of your father."

"Clever journalism is one thing; literature is quite another," said Cordelia.

She walked away to her room, distinctly annoyed; but once there, obeying an old habit, she sat down and faced herself in the mirror above the dressing table. In reality she was very unhappy. Not because a few publishers had destroyed her belief in herself, but because anything short of instant, brilliant, and decisive successes was not associated with her plan of life or her idea of herself. She was not in the least a fool, and it was all the more disconcerting to find that she was still less a prodigy; that all her criticism of others' style had not yet produced of her own more compellingly superior. For Cordelia acknowledged to herself that the book lacked something vital. She had the resolution to bury the whole thing in her trunk, and this was not the trunk which she carried to Europe on her second trip.

It was in the third year of this that she met Richard Kent once more. Richard, still in the mountain costume in which he had arrived, was walking up and down with the friend he had come to meet, on the hotel verandah bordering the lake. Beyond rose the pale sunset line of peaks they were planning to attempt, and against one of these, like a well-relieved cameo, Dick's observant eye caught the outline of a woman's profile. Something familiar in the unusual grace of it arrested his glance.

"I ought to know that head" he said.

"That is Miss Fletcher — the writer," responded his friend.

"Oh!" said Dick. After a moment he added: "What does she write?"

"Blessed if I know—but I was told

she does write. Nice girl—but somehow not very responsive."

"H-m!" said Dick, musingly. A few minutes later he walked up to her and lifted his Tyrolian hat.

"May I reintroduce myself?" He stood looking curiously down at the cameolike face; it was a good deal older, and had the slightly burnt-up look of the self-consumer.

Cordelia colored with pleasure. Dick was not only a successful journalist, he was also a piece of home; and they exchanged home news with the zest of absentees.

"I saw a nice little letter of yours in the Comet," said Dick, presently. "So of course I knew you were abroad somewhere."

"I write for it occasionally," replied Cordelia, with a slight shrug as if this were the least of her output.

"Oh!" said Dick. He had grown very square and carried his head thrust lightly forward, with an air of quiet alertness. The old strength and directness of manner had become more marked.

"What have you been doing all these years since we met?"

"What have you been doing, rather?" Cordelia evaded him.

"I? Oh, a little of everything—newspapers — politics — traveling — war correspondence—taking life pretty much as it came." He did not say "writing," she noticed, but bent suddenly a keen glance upon her. "What in the world brought you to this out-of-the-way place?"

"I came to study types," said Cordelia.

Dick flashed a new glance at her.

"That's droll—I came to get away from them—to see if I couldn't walk myself tired and stop thinking about people everlastingly. But it's no good." He shrugged his shoulders. "One gets restless for the grind; I shall be rushing off again in a day or two."

He did not rush off, however. To his own surprise, the old charm held—it was still there in Cordelia, overlain with something else which gave it a curious poignancy. At times her eyes had a look of dumb sadness which went to Dick's heart. He divined its presence under the shadow of the drooping hat she wore, when, one morning, between long strokes of his oars and after many glances at the eloquent outline, he spoke suddenly.

"Why didn't you trim hats for a business?"

Cordelia sat bolt upright; the fire in her eyes burned away the moisture.

"Why don't you make waistcoats?" she asked.

Dick turned a little white; he felt sick with the repercussion of the blow he had dealt.

"My dear—Cordelia—I didn't mean that! I only meant you are the only woman in the world who knows how to make a picture of herself; the rest are such nightmares! I was forever staring in the old days, and it's just the same now. Besides"—he rebounded with the masculine instinct for defence—"why isn't it an honorable and artistic industry?"

"It may be—but it doesn't happen to be mine," said Cordelia.

It was on the man's lips to say with some exasperation, "What does, then?" but he looked at her, and instead a vast wave of tenderness swept over him.

He laid down the oars, not without a grim smile of remembered coincidence, and spoke determinedly.

"Cordelia—give it up! Marry me!"

"I shall never 'give it up'—as you put it," said Cordelia, in a hard voice.

"Well, then—marry me without giving it up," said Dick.

"That would be the same thing."

"Nonsense—if you've any gift at all, it wouldn't," said the man, and removed by ten thousand spaces his last chance.

"It is absolutely no use to ask me." Cordelia sat very erect and white. "I have chosen my life—and I beg that you never will ask me again."

"All right," answered Dick, taking up the oars with a still grimmer smile for memory, which yet had something inextinguishably sweet in it—like the glance he cast at the rigid figure in the bow.

That night he left.

"Poor little soul—at least I will take myself out of her sight," had been his way of putting it.

Cordelia herself left the Swiss valley soon after. There were very few interesting people there; there were, for that matter, very few interesting people anywhere, she began to feel. Life itself was only moderately interesting, and the aloofness which had always been a characteristic began to become a dominant trait. It was as if she moved through a world of which she was in no vital sense a part. A vague restlessness drove her home to Hillbrook, and back again to Europe.

It was understood by them all, in the deep and mutual tenderness of the home circle, that Hillbrook could offer nothing to detain her. That Cordelia's genius should take long to ripen, and require many foreign suns and vivifying streams from alien sources, was received by Cordelia's parents with the same simple acceptance which had greeted Cordelia herself when she burst upon their world some thirty odd years before—its crowning miracle. And to Professor Fletcher there was an always new charm in hearing from his daughter's lips of those lands —dear to his Merovingian or Muscovitish divinities—which he himself had seen but with the spiritual vision. He had grown older and frailer in his too assiduous scholar's application, and his wife—never far from his side —had aged gently with him. Time had brought various honors to the modest student, valued transiently for the gratification they might give Cordelia (who indeed found herself more and more widely introduced as the daughter of the historian) and as quickly forgotten. Perhaps nothing among them all had pleased him more than the brilliant review of his life-work written by his erstwhile boarder and disciple, Richard Kent, now editor of a paper which represented the leading literary judgment of the day.

In these years of battledore and shuttlecock across two continents Cordelia conceived herself as working, and she did, in fact, produce a second thin volume, which lay perdu; she had not yet brought herself to submit it to the crude test of publication. Partly this was because her own critical faculty had waxed so exacting that in the matter of matching types and appropriate backgrounds she was herself never content. Life had become a more and more consuming chase after material, the greater part of which she disdainfully rejected after securing, amazed at the poverty of the universe.

It was on her third—or possibly her fourth—visit abroad that she again met Richard. This time it was in a fashionable Kurhaus, and he came to her in the promenade hour where she sat overlooking the crowd.

"Still studying types?" he said. "Well, it's a prize location."

"I think the people are extremely uninteresting and vulgar," said Cordelia, in reply, drawing herself up slightly. "I am merely using the background."

"Oh!" Dick responded. He continued to saunted at her side and was pleasantly attentive during the few days of his stay, but he did not again refer to professional topics—and he did not again ask her to marry him. Cordelia was not blind to either omission.

Then suddenly he went away.

"It is really true that Mr. Kent has gone?" asked a frank American girl, rushing up to Cordelia on the morning after the event. . She was a nice— though pompadour—girl who had hardly spoken ten words to Cordelia before, but the latter had been aware of her ingenuously envious glance following Richard and her about. ("Probably she knows that I write," Cordelia had thought, and accorded her a tempered grace of recognition daily). "Oh—and I was just dying to speak to him about his book! I've hardly dared open my mouth before, but now—I feel as if I could say anything and he would understand it all. I sent for it just as soon as he came, and I've sat up all night reading it. What—hadn't you heard—why, it's the book of the year—it's in the—I don't know how many thousandth— and, oh, it's wonderful—so true—so

deep—so pathetic—so brave—so just like life! I wanted to tell him what I felt about it. It—it makes you feel as if you wanted to go home somehow!" wound up the young thing, and to Cordelia's amazement there were tears in the blue eyes. "You take my copy and read it," said the girl, thrusting it into Cordelia's irresponsive hand.

It closed upon it, and Cordelia turned abruptly away. With that life-long habit she had never been able to outgrow she went up to her room, and with that other instinct as old as herself, sat down before the image in the glass.

Dick had never mentioned his book.

Fine lines were coming about the eyes and lips—she saw them for the first time; the whole face was hardening, setting; it had still its old distinction, but the charm was fading fast.

Dick had not again asked her to marry him.

Cordelia looked middle-aged as she took up the book. The girl had sat up all night; Cordelia sat there all day. The lunch hour went by unheeded as she sat there turning one page after another.

It was only the story of a poor professor's life in a small university town —but it was the whole cosmos of the humdrum streets and houses, but the perspective was that of a race. The types were plain men and women, but they dealt with love and death and work, and in their midst the figure of the toiling selfless scholar waxed heroic. The hearts of women, the thoughts of men, were in it. When Cordelia laid down the book, she laid her head down on it and sobbed. Dick had written his "living history!" The proof of it was in Cordelia's arms, stretched towards a gentle, unseen figure, and her cry:

"O father—father!"

Why had she left him! The little town had been large enough for these two men—these two great men, as she called them to herself in a passion of bursting pride; and she thought of her own withered, self-seeking years, and covered her face.

Dick had not mentioned his book to her!

She remembered what the girl had said, "It makes you want to go home!" and she stood up and faced the quivering image in the glass. "I will go home," she said, "and trim hats!"

Then she covered her face again. Dick had not again asked her to marry him.

In that moment Cordelia believed herself to have reached the acme of suffering. She was to learn better.

A knock at the door drew her up to an instinctive pretence of the old lofty composure. The boy who brought in the yellow envelope was the last person who ever beheld quite that old Cordelia. Before his very eyes she shuddered and shrank into another, under the blow of the message:

"Your father died this morning at six o'clock."



The Hat Trick

By Churchill Williams in Scribner's Magazine

My name is George Cuthbert, and I am on the pay-roll of a large retail jewelry firm, though you would never guess that unless you had a daughter married, or celebrated your silver wedding, or something of that sort. Even then, when I presented myself at your house in frock coat or evening clothes you probably would pay me the compliment of momentarily doubting my introduction. For I do not look my part, and whatever success I have achieved is due partly to the offices of a good tailor, partly to an inheritance of gentle blood some way back in the family of which I am rather proud. Yet, for all that, I am a detective and my particular business it is to watch over wedding presents and the like while they are on display in your house.

A "near" detective, some of the facetious among my profession dub me, in derisive reference to the apparently passive nature of my duties and to the inexpertness as criminals of most of those against whom I pit myself. But, though my job usually calls for no greater physical exertion than holding down a chair in some inconspicuous corner or strolling among the well-dressed people and showing a casual interest in grandfather clocks, impracticable vases, silverware, crystal, and piles of painted china, I am always busy hearing and seeing things which I am not supposed to hear or see, and maybe, putting these together and pulling them apart again in an effort to keep myself from being fooled by my ears and eyes. For in my business there is nothing to be mistrusted more than those same obvious deductions by which the detective at large often fortifies the indications of circumstantial evidence. There is no person, as my experience shows, upon whose countenance guilt frequently is writ so large as the unthinking individual suddenly apprised of the fact that his or her innocent examination of one of Mary's wedding gifts is being watched by a strange man. And there is nothing easier than to mistake the wealthiest or most aristocratic old lady or gentleman for someone who has no right at all in such company, so seldom do the outward and visible signs of virtue agree with those of money or pedigree. My part it is to pick out the one and occasional offender from among the hundred habitually honest men and women—an offender, too, who presents to suspicious observation the very articles of identity, behavior, and dress which have just served as passport at the front door. Moreover, for me to make a single slip is fatal; no explanation explains, no apology atones for an error on my part, whether of omission or commission. And—but I think you will see that there are difficulties in my position, and that my post calls for something besides an acceptable presence and a cultivated appreciation of luxurious surroundings and pretty girls.

Of what I accomplish—ah! there's the rub! There is relatively little that is spectacular in my part; the newspapers are the last places in the world where anything about me must appear. And negative evidence, as I have learned, is not always convincing. Perhaps, then, as it will do no harm, I cannot better illustrate what sometimes falls my way than tell you of the wedding at the Anthony Tromwells, and of the problem I was there called on to settle—all within an hour and with no chance to get at the primary facts except through hearsay.

Tromwell wasn't his name, but it will do as well as any other for the banker whose daughter had been married that evening at six o'clock, and whose wedding reception filled the big house on the avenue. There had been plenty of toasting and fun-making, and it was after ten o'clock when the last carriage rolled away and the

older members of the two families, eight in all, picked their way across the flower and rice strewn hall to the small breakfast room in the rear, where a table awaited them with the butler in attendance. From my post in a room near the head of the first landing I faintly heard them joking about their weariness, then an intervening door was closed, and the house was quiet except for the movements and whispered gossip of the maids straightening up the rooms about me.

It was my lazy hour, and, with eyes half closed, I was enjoying the prospect of one of Mr. Tromwell's excellent cigars, when the electric lights about me lost their incandescence and the room was in darkness. Instantly I rose to my feet and moved to the doorway, standing across its threshold and blocking entrance to the room. Looking through a window, I noted that the street lamps, too, had failed showing that the loss of light was accidental. Still, I remained in the doorway. But nothing happened, and, when, after half a minute, the lamps flashed up again, I was the only one in the room and a long look at the tables made me sure that none of the gifts had been disturbed. I returned to my chair, and fifteen minutes, perhaps, had passed when I heard a door below sharply opened and my own name called by Mr. Tromwell. His voice was very even, obviously restrained in view of the fact that he was calling me himself when servants were plenty; and I was at the head of the stairs almost at once.. He stood in the doorway of the breakfast room and beckoned me to come down. I did so, wondering and just a bit apprehensive of what champagne and the spirit of the evening might have suggested to him as a joke. But it was no joke; that I saw immediately I entered the room.

It was a square room of moderate size, and lighted with softly shaded incandescent globes. In its centre was a round table of mahogany, now bare of cloth, and on this were a partly demolished plateau of fruit with plates of nuts, wine glasses, a flagon of Burgundy, and a flask of cordial. The chairs about the table had been pushed back. Five of them were still occupied by ladies, among whom I recognized Mrs. Tromwell. Three chairs were empty, and for these Mr. Tromwell and two elderly men who stood back of them accounted.

Mr. Tromwell had closed the door behind him, locking it as my ears informed me, and now came forward. "This is Mr. Cuthbert," he said to the rest, and went on, after an instant's pause in which I noticed his throat working spasmodically: "Mr. Cuthbert, there has been an accident, a rather unusual accident, in a way. One of the ladies has lost a jewel—she believes, within the past twenty minutes. As we have all looked for it vainly, at my suggestion we have called you down. You see, it is—well, a very valuable jewel—a large ruby, and, I suppose we are all a little overstrained. Anyhow, we haven't been able to find it, though we've hunted everywhere and done everything that suggested itself. Of course, it's absurd—the ruby is somewhere in the room and we have overlooked it. The point is—it must be found. So we ask you to find it, if you can, and——" he looked at me significantly—"find it as quickly as possible.. There are reasons, you will understand, why none of us should leave this room until—that is why no one else should enter this room—a servant, for instance—until it is found. The ruby was missed a minute or so after the lights went out; Mrs. Campion is sure it was in her tiara a few minutes earlier. I had dismissed Treadwell, my butler, a little while before that, and I am absolutely sure, as are we all, that no one was in the room at the time except ourselves. I am sure of this, because an oil lamp burns in the hall and the pantry is lighted by gas, and while it was dark I happened to notice the streaks of light under both doors. Had they been opened by anyone—— But —well, that is all, except that you are to go ahead, do what you see fit, and ask whatever questions you wish. We are all agreed on that, I believe?" He

looked at the others, and I observed no sign of dissent.

But my own face, if expressive of my feelings, must have indicated a decided distaste for the task set me. In point of fact, the wish uppermost in my mind was that I had never seen the inside of Mr. Tromwell's house; for already it was patent to me that the chances of my coming out of the experience with anything but discredit were about one to ten. Why did I feel that way? You will laugh at me, but it remains so. From the moment Mr. Tromwell ceased speaking and I let my glance travel over his guests I was pretty sure of one thing. The ruby had not been lost; it had been stolen, and stolen by somebody still in the room. This extraordinary suggestion which may have been born, in my own case, of the atmosphere of tense nerves and the despatch with which I was summoned to the room, I distinctly perceived reflected in the faces of those about me. Just how this expressed itself so definitely I cannot say, but it was there. These people were uneasy; they avoided looking at one another. It was plain they shared a common suspicion, to which not one of them would give name or direction, and yet each instinctively knew that he was suspected by the rest. But at me they did look, and it was that which warned me of danger ahead. I had been brought down to try to find the ruby. It was my business to find it. I must ask questions to do so. They foresaw that. Of what else I would do they had a very hazy, but very uncomfortable apprehension. And because of this and of what might result, already they were putting themselves in an attitude of defence—of defiance. Under such circumstances it was plain that I could expect but very little help from them. Also—and this is what concerned me personally the most—it was perfectly plain that, whether or not I found the ruby, I would probably earn their everlasting illwill in trying to find it. If I failed to find it, each of them would continue to suspect the others and blame me for the suspicion. If I fixed upon the thief I would be held responsible for putting the brand upon one to whom they were bound by ties of blood and affection.

It was too late for me to retreat, and inaction would do me no good. The best I could do was to go ahead and play for time; perhaps circumstance might accomplish for me what I balked at doing myself. So, because it was obviously the first move (though it was to be an empty performance, as, I believe, they also foresaw), I asked them all to move to the end of the room while I made a search. The result of twenty minutes of this sort of thing, in which I twice went over every square inch of the floor, as well as the table and chairs, was only to tighten the nerves of us all and bring the crisis closer; and, as I straightened up and pretended to be busy picking a bit of fluff from my trousers, I felt rather than heard the intake of breath with which my watchers prepared themselves against what they anticipated would be my next move.

But for any suggestion of a search of their persons I was no more ready than I was inclined and that is saying that I refused to consider it even privately. Before I did that—well, I was prepared to do a good many other things. So I asked them separately to tell me what they could remember of the few minutes immediately preceding and following the discovery of the jewel's loss; and I gave them the idea that the fact that a hit-or-miss hunt had failed only showed that the search must be gone at more systematically.

What I learned from their answers, however, did not help me much. They were alike sure that the ruby had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara, and that it was missed a few minutes after the lights had flashed up again. Also they were certain that no one but themselves had been in the room during the interval. Most of the rest of what they said I was convinced was borrowed of their wishes, or colored by their individual temperaments.

Mrs. Campion, a stout, elderly and, except for her rings and the tiara,

rather severely dressed lady, whose extreme pallor was accented by two bright spots at the cheek bones, contributed the only suggestive information. When the lights went out, she said, she was leaning forward and slightly toward a Mr. Crane, who sat on her left. Startled at the sudden darkness, she had straightened up and dropped both hands upon the arms of her chair; an instant afterward, she thought, she felt a slight tug at her hair, but to this, at the time, she had paid no attention. Indeed, she hastened to add, she had not recalled the impression until the present moment.

I had questioned Mrs. Campion the last of all, and I had purposely avoided showing any interest in the tiara to which the ruby had been attached. But her mention of that tug at her hair made it unwise, if not impracticable, for me to do so any longer. I asked to be allowed to examine the tiara. The moment it was in my hand the absurdity of the theory that the jewel had been accidently shaken loose became too plain to be entertained even for the temporary ease of mind of the party. The ornament was somewhat oddly fashioned. It was of finely wrought gold and supported two slendor sprays of diamonds of moderate size but excellent value. Between these the ruby had swung in a stout arch of gold by a thin, gold, split ring; and this ring, luckily, still remained in place. But now it was split in two places—once where the jeweller had opened and closed it to fasten the setting of the jewel in position, again where it was severed, as if by some edge not overly sharp which had sheared through it unevenly, leaving a gap of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch.

So much I took in at a glance, and it did not particularly surprise me. Nor do I think a muscle quivered in my face. At least, there was nothing in my voice which would have encouraged those about me to think that the tiara had revealed anything. Nevertheless, it was very much in my mind to wish I could inspect the pocket knives in the room, and particularly those pocket knives which might be fitted with nail scissors, if stout ones. That, however, being out of the question just yet, I turned once more to the room, and, with what had just been told me, reconstructed for myself a picture of the party around the table as it must have looked at the moment the lights went out.

The room had but two windows, which, as I had assured myself, were locked on the inside. I therefore dismissed finally from my mind the idea that the ruby had been stolen by someone not now in the room. A massive sideboard, a serving table behind a shoulder-high, three-fold, leather screen in one corner, and the dining table, with the chairs, were its only furniture. The table, now pushed back, had stood in the centre of the room. Mr. Tromwell had sat with his back toward the door into the hallway; Mrs. Tromwell, with her back toward the only other door, which was partly behind the screen and opened into the pantry. On Mrs. Tromwell's right had sat a Mr. Crane, the father of the bridegroom; and at his right hand had been seated Mrs. Campion. It was toward this Mr. Crane that Mrs. Campion said she had been turned when the lights went out; and it was Mr. Crane who specially interested me at this moment. For, other things being equal, and so they appeared to be, it was the persons who had been seated on either side of Mrs. Campion during those few seconds of darkness who would have had the best, if not the only chance, of securing the ruby without attracting the attention of the rest of the table; and it was the person on Mrs. Campion's lift who would have been in a position to use his hight hand to most advantage in reaching around and above her shoulder in doing this. Decidedly there were reasons why Mr. Crane should interest me.

And yet, as I looked at the man, tall, grey-haired, sober-faced, perhaps sixty, and recalled his honorable career as a merchant and his rating in Bradstreet's, I was almost for laughing at myself. Thinkable motive in his case there was none, and every dictate of common sense, every

rule of life, should have restrained him. If it had not been that these same conditions and precisely the same argument applied with equal force to each and every one of his fellow-guests, I am sure I would have eliminated Mr. Crane from the calculation without a further thought.

As it was, in a sort of stubborn rebellion against the logic of the situation, and with no thought save to stave off a little longer the confession of my failure which seemed inevitable, I knelt once more at the spot where Mrs. Campion had sat, pretending to examine the floor. And then it was that I chanced upon my first real clue.

I was bending down, one hand resting on the table, my eyes lowered, when my fingers encountered something hard and metallic on the mahogany surface. It had an unfamiliar feel, and, as I rose, I casually glanced at it. It was a pair of grape-scissors, silver mounted, and, for an instant, my grasp loosened. Then a remembrance of that severed link of gold in the tiara leaped to my mind, and I covered the scissors, and presently walked over to the screen, on the excuse of looking at the door to the pantry. Under an electric light over the serving table, unobserved, I examined the scissors; and on the cutting edge of one of the blades, near its end, I found a tiny flake of color, scarcely more than a stain, yet unmistakably a particle of gold. At the first touch it was brushed from the steel, drifted to the floor, and was lost. But I had seen it. That was enough for me just then.

I had found the scissors lying in front of where Mr. Crane had been seated; but that might mean much or nothing at all; for whatever was on the table doubtless had been moved many times in the last three-quarters of an hour. Therefore, I dismissed the connection from my mind and tried to hit upon a plan by which I could make use of what seemed sure —that the scissors had been used by the thief. But here I was confronted by the same difficulty which had hampered me all along. To disclose what I had just found was to declare my belief in a theft—and that was not to be considered. I came from behind the screen almost ready to acknowledge that I could not find the jewel, and to make my apologies and retreat as quickly as possible.

They were all looking at me, the same anxious question in their faces, and I was trying for the words which should release me when my glance wandered from Mr. Tromwell, who stood at the end of the table, to the lady who sat next to him. She had been leaning back in the chair, but now her head was craned forward, and I saw her eyes widen as, for an instant, they fixed themselves, not upon my face, but, apparently, upon my right hand, which hung by my side. Then, with a wrench which I could not miss, she controlled herself and smiled faintly, as she looked up at her host.

For a moment afterward I was motionless; and, to be quite frank, what I did then was prompted rather by impulse than by reason, though afterward it was plain enough to me. But, whatever its inspiration, the move was effective. I walked down the room, and, as I came close to the table, paused and laid my closed hand upon it. When I lifted it the scissors lay before the woman who had been staring at them. It was done with all the carelessness I could assume, and, I dare say, no one but she noticed that I had done it at all, or that the scissors lay there.

But she noticed it; and she knew I had deliberately done it, and that the scissors were intended to carry a message to her. Her back was toward me, but her face would have served me scarcely better; for the struggle between fright and the effort to restrain it was palpable in the convulsive movement of her head and shoulders. I have seen a good many frightened people, but this was a palsy which made me forget everything else for the moment in my pity for her, and dread lest others should observe it. Partly to cover her misery, partly to give her wits the chance to help her out of the straits she was in,

as I hoped they would, I stepped back and turned on Mr. Tromwell with a question. "Is Mrs. Campion absolutely certain that the ruby is not caught in some fold of her gown?" I asked. "The longer I think of it," I added, "the more likely it seems to me that that is where it is, after all."

Mrs. Campion spoke up for herself promptly. She was very certain the ruby was not where I suggested. She called my attention to the fact that her gown was close-fitting to the neck and almost without lace or loose trimming. The other ladies who had aided her in the examination of her gown and hair were equally positive that the jewel was not concealed there.

"Then," I said, "it seems to me that almost surely it must still be caught in some fold of the clothing of those who sat next to her. It is certainly not on the floor. And what is left? The sideboard—the ceiling—the walls? Those are hardly likely places——"

Mr. Crane contriving a laugh which was altogether miserable, interrupted me. "I never knew it before," he said; "but I am beginning to wonder if, after all' I am not, unknown to myself, a magician in disguise; or perhaps my alter ego was at work while we sat there in the dark and got in his fine hand with that ruby. Who knows? I don't. At any rate, I insist on the point being settled, and right now. I want to be searched and searched thoroughly—by an expert. Mr. Cuthbert——"

He had spoken with an effort, for all the lightness of his tone, and his words came slowly. But for my part I had hardly heard them; for every sense had been busy with something going on back of him, back of all of them but the woman whom I pitied. She had risen from her chair as I made my last suggestion to Mr. Tromwell, and moved toward the end of the room. It was as if she was going to speak to her hostess, and, at first, I thought this was her intention. But in front of the sideboard she paused, and I saw her hand outreached. Then she tilted her head a little, and I caught a glimpse of a glass raised to her lips. The light struck out flashes of deep red from the facets of its cutting. And on the instant I knew where the ruby had been and—where it was now. There were seven glasses on the table—three of them with a remnant of wine still in them; four of them partly emptied of the almost colorless liqueur they had held. But at the place on Mrs. Campion's right there was no glass of any kind, though a tiny red stain there showed where one had been. In that glass, concealed by the wine, the ruby must have rested while we searched. And now —now it had just passed from the glass to the mouth of the woman who had been seated there.

My pity for the woman almost changed to disgust as I realized this; for with twenty chances to drop the jewel on the floor so that I might pick it up and declare it found, she had done, it seemed, the one thing which made it most difficult to avoid complicating her. And yet, almost as quickly, I understood why she had done it. The theft of the ruby had been the act of an impulse; the temptation to secure what in her eyes was one of the most beautiful and desirable things in the world had carried away her senses. Her person, glittering with diamonds, advertised her ruling passion; and splendid as these jewels of hers were, none of them, from what I know of rubies, was probably anything like as valuable as the stone which had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara. Of that splendid stone she probably had been envious for a long time. Of it she had been thinking when suddenly the lights went out, and—— She had come to her senses when it was too late, and, in her extremity, her wits had deserted her. To her there had not seemed to be any way out; and the sight of those scissors and my aimless mention of the sideboard had turned her fright to blind desperation. Now—— Curiously enough the thing which I said to myself at this point was: "You drove her to that move; she's gone to pieces; you've got to help her out."

But Mr. Crane had walked around the table, and evidently expected me

to carry out his demand to be cleared. "It's the first time, Mr. Cuthbert," he said, "that you've been called on to expose a magician, I suppose?"

I fell in with his spirit of jocularity. "The very first time," I said. "It's usually been the other way with me. I am something of an amateur magician myself. Still I'll try——"

So suddenly that, when I recovered myself, it was to see them staring at me, I checked myself there, smitten with an idea which, for all its grotesqueness, was an inspiration. And, more slowly I repeated: "Of course, I'll try what I can do. That is, if you'll let me do it my own way," I added.

"By all means," Mr. Crane returned. "I'm at your service. Begin."

"Very well," I said. "But not with you. With Mr. Tromwell, if he is willing."

Mr. Tromwell's brows came together. "I don't quite understand this, Mr. Cuthbert," he said; "but—if—if——"

"It may not amount to anything," I put in quickly. "But it may be—At any rate, have I your permission to go ahead?"

He nodded, and I did not wait for the warning which I saw was almost on his lips. "One moment," I explained, and, unlocking the door, passed into the hall. On a table there were several silk hats. I picked up one and returned to the room. At the far end I took my stand.

"If you please," I said, "this trick you have all doubtless seen before, but never done in just the way I do it. It is a variation of my own, and it requires the assistance of everyone in the room. I have named it 'The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.' Mr. Tromwell, will you kindly go behind that screen at the other end of the room and remain there till I call you. When I do call, you are to come out with your right hand clenched tightly and held at the full length of your arm in front of you. Then walk straight to me, put your hand down into this hat until it almost touches the bottom, and open it. Afterward, please take your stand over there by the door. And, remember, if the thing is to be successful, not a word must be spoken by anyone while the trick is in progress. Now, if you please!"

Mr. Tromwell walked behind the screen! I snatched two napkins from the table and, dropping one into the bottom of the hat, covered its upturned brim with the other, completely concealing its interior. Then, at my call, Mr. Tromwell came out, and, thrusting his hand beneath the enveloping napkin, did as directed. Mr. Crane came next; the ladies followed. There was some little smothered laughing, but the strain was still upon the party.

I had kept my gaze upon the face of each one as he or she advanced toward me with outsretched hand, and so when, at last, it was the turn of the woman with the diamonds, for a moment I held her eyes. They faltered and she was very pale, but in them was a question; and in mine, I believe, she read the answer she wanted. At any rate, there was at her lips, as she slid her hand beneath the napkin, a quivering twitch which warned me, if I would save her, to be quick.

As she turned away, I laid the hat, still covered with the napkin, upon the table. "In all legerdemain," I said, "the odd factor must be in the magician's favor. It is that which enables him to win. So it must be in this experiment. I have hunted for the missing jewel, perhaps, more thoroughly than any of you. I have had my opportunity to find it; and with this opportunity my—temptations. Who knows but what I did find it—upon the floor or—somewhere, and now have it? That chance you must allow to remain a—chance. But this is the trick of 'The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.' So——"

I slipped my clenched right hand into the hat and brought it out swiftly. The hat I overturned upon the table and drew away the napkins.

There was an instant's silence and the craning forward of heads; then a gasp of astonishment, an applauding laugh from the men, and from the women a little cry of delight—from all but one woman.

A Masterly Insult

By Elliott Flower in the Cosmopolitan

It sometimes happens that a man disobeys instructions and is thereafter commended for his wisdom by his employer. It may be that the employer was misinformed as to conditions, or that there has been an unexpected change in the situation, or that, being no more infallible than any other mortal, he himself has made an error, and it thereupon becomes the duty of the employee to act with discretion and demonstrate that he has a brain of his own.

Thus Dick Whitlow reasoned, but it was soon made clear to him that he was entirely wrong. Being instructed to prepare the copy for certain advertisements, of which a rough outline was given him, he had discovered some errors in the prices quoted; and, having demonstrated the erroneous nature of these prices by reference to the office price list, there being no one to whom he could appeal at the moment and time being short, he had thoughtfully corrected them. The result was that Grissman & Company paid for considerable advertising that was of no great value. True, the exploiting of the firm name did some good, but the fact that they were putting a certain line of cigars on the market at a new and marvelously low price did not apear at all.

Grissman explained this to Whitlow with much emphasis and sarcasm. He made it quite clear that the main reason for taking so much space was to exploit the new prices, and that the general announcement that they were in the tobacco business and handling other brands at the usual prices was intended to be only an incidental feature of the big card. Whitlow pleaded in extenuation that the prices given to him bore every evidence of having been hastily scribbled on a scratch pad, and that he was justified in believing a mistake had been made when he discovered that certain of them did not correspond with the office price list.

As a matter of fact, Grissman was largely at fault in not making his purpose clear to his subordinate, but it is not always easy or wise for an employee to make a thing of this sort clear to his employer. In this case it was not. Grissman had supplied the correct figures. In the hurry of the moment, there being other matters awaiting his attention, he had taken too much for granted, but he had supplied the correct figures, and Whitlow had changed them. Young men, he maintained, were getting so smart that they could not obey orders; they knew too much; they couldn't get a thing right when they had a diagram of it in front of them! they all wanted to be bosses.

"What I'm looking for," he declared, "is a man who will let me be the boss of my own business, but it's hard to find one. Every young whippersnapper these days is so impressed with the idea of using his own head that he thinks there's no other head worth having. I just want to find one man who'll obey orders."

Whitlow was very sorry. He was also very mad, but he did not mention that. If he had understood the purpose——

"That's it!" broke in Grissman. Even the office boys want reasons these days. It isn't enough to tell one of them you're going out for an hour or so; you've got to tell him where you are going and why, or else he'll use his head and spread the report that you've started for Europe. Why can't you let me do my own thinking?"

"I'll try to, sir, after this," replied Whitlow, with outward meekness and inward indignation.

"You bet you will!" exclaimed Grissman. "I've got a job for you that won't give you any chance to

use that marvelous head of yours. Now, see if you can get this straight.

Whitlow made no reply; he was considering the advisability of resigning.

"Baxter will turn over to you some thousands of sample packages of that new brand of straight-cut that we are putting out," Grissman went on with aggravating deliberation and emphasis. "It is all neatly boxed, with about a pipeful to each box. I want those addressed and sent out."

Whitlow decided that he would resign.

"In order that there may be no misunderstanding," continued Grissman sarcastically, "I will explain to you now that, in addition to the tobacco, there is in each box one of these little cards."

Whitlow was sure that he would resign, but his curiosity impelled him to glance at the card. It was a neat little affair, bearing the compliments of Grissman & Company and the following advice:

"Put this in your pipe and smoke it. We are sending it to you because we know you to be a good jddge of tobacco."

"These samples, with the enclosed cards," Grissman explained with great care, "are to go to club members all over the country; but there is still no chance for you to make an error of judgment, for the lists have been ordered from the Gibbs Addressing Company. You will go to the office of the company, ask for Mr. Gibbs, and tell him that you want the club membership lists that I ordered; then you will retire to your office and proceed to send these samples off. I think it will take you a week or two, during which time you will have ample opportunity to reflect upon the folly of knowing too much."

Whitlow had the caustic terms of his resignation formulated in his mind, and was now prepared to start a flow of burning words that would make his position and his views wholly clear.

"You may ask Miss Sanders to help you," Grissman added, before the young man could get his verbal battery in action. "She is relieved of other duties and assigned to this for the present. It would take too long for you to do it alone."

Whitlow decided that he would not resign just yet. Miss Bessie Sanders was a charming girl, with whom it would be a decided pleasure to be associated for a week or longer in almost any occupation, and there were reasons why this association would be especially pleasing at this time. Wherefore the resignation could wait. A man could resign at any time, but he could expect to have a week alone with Miss Bessie Sanders in a cubby hole of an office only once in a lifetime.

Whitlow whispered to Miss Sanders when he went out. "I'm to have you for a week or ten days," he said.

It was rather surprising information for a girl to get from a young man. Miss Sanders seemed startled. "Who said so?" she demanded.

"Oh, if you're going to be cross about it," he returned resentfully, "I'll go back and resign. Getting you was the only thing that stopped me."

This was both surprising and mystifying. She intimated, with some dignity, that it was her first experience in being a gift, and then she intimated, with less dignity, that she would like to know what it was all about.

"Come into my office," he said, "and I'll tell you. It will have to be your office, too, until further notice.

Once in the office, which was a small partitioned space at the end of a row of similar cubby holes, he told her what had happened. "I intended to resign on the spot," he explained in conclusion, "but I decided to let the resignation wait until our joint task is finished."

"Why?" she asked.

"If you don't know," he returned reproachfully, "I'm sorry I waited."

She shifted very quickly to a consideration of the fact that he had been treated shamefully, from which it may be inferred that her curiosity was satisfied by his ambiguous reply. At any rate, she became both indignant and sympathetic over the injustice of blaming him for what he had done

with such excellent intentions, and she was particularly provoked that he should be insulted by being assigned to such trivial work as addressing sample packages of tobacco.

"How about you?" he inquired.

"Oh, that's all I'm good for," she replied.

"I think not," he returned, with such emphasis that she changed the subject again. She was not sure that she liked to have him speak with such deep personal significance on every possible occasion, but neither was she sure she did not like it. She had not been sure, either way, for a considerable time, during which period Whitlow had been at some pains to see a good deal of her out of office hours.

She was sure, however, that Whitlow had been treated with scandalous injustice by Grissman, and there seemed to be no reason of maidenly modesty why she should not give her feeling toward Grissman full vent. She did so when Whitlow left to get the lists of names, and succeeded in working up a delightfully complex feeling of sympathy for the one and indignation for the other. Incidently she transferred pens, ink, and her own particular chair from her desk to Whitlow's office, and arranged them so that she would sit opposite to him at his flap top desk. They were going to be rather crowded, for room and desk were small, but no other arrangement was possible.

Whitlow did not seem to be in any great need of sympathy when he returned; on the contrary, while still bitter toward Grissman, he seemed to be quite reconciled to the situation.

"I'm going to like this job," he remarked cheerfully, as he seated himself on his side of the desk. "I don't like the way it was given to me, but the partnership is fine."

"He's a brute!" she declared.

"Glad you think so," he returned, and she was immediately conscious of the fact that she had spoken with unnecessary earnestness. However, he now turned his attention to some printed slips which he had spread out on the desk. "Thunder!" he ejaculated, as he glanced at the first one.

"Anything wrong?" she asked.

He made no answer, but turned from one to another of the slips in a puzzled way; then his face brightened, and he laughed. "That's good," he said to himself rather than to her, after which he laughed more heartily.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"That's great," he commented, still referring to the slips; then to her, "Of course you understand that I am to follow instructions."

"Of course," she agreed.

"Unquestioningly."

"I imagine he made that clear."

"Well, what do you think of that?" he asked, handing her one of the lists.

"Oh, mercy!" she cried, the moment her eyes rested on it.

"I've got to obey orders, haven't I?" he demanded.

"Yes," she answered slowly, and a moment later, her eyes beginning to sparkle: "Why, certainly. What else can you do?"

"Well, let's get to work," he said briskly.

She felt instinctively that retribution for Grissman was at hand, but the situation was so amazing that she could not grasp all the details and possibilities at once. She pondered as she worked, and slowly the affair grew to awesome proportions. When she spoke again it was in almost a whisper, as one may in the presence of an unseen power that has silently taken control of events and is working its will in a marvelous way.

"We're sending," she said, with the hesitation of one who has stumbled upon an unbelievable truth, "we're sending samples of smoking tobacco to women and girls."

"We are," Whitlow agreed cheerfully.

"We're asking them to try it," she went on doubtfully.

" 'Put this in your pipe and smoke it,' " he quoted.

"We're referring to them as good judges of tobacco," she persisted.

"What do you think they will say?" he asked.

She shook her head solemnly, but

vent at her work of addressing samples with renewed energy; and presently, having gained familiarity with the surprising possibilities, the feeling of awe gave away to one of amusement and satisfaction.

"How did it happen?" she inquired finally.

"I can only guess," he answered, "and I guess Grissman didn't make it entirely clear what kind of club membership lists he wanted. I guess he was as careless with Gibbs in this matter as he was with me in the matter of the advertising. Anyhow it seems to be a safe bet that he has been furnished with the membership lists of about all the women's clubs in the country."

"Won't the women be mad, though!" she exclaimed.

"That's what I think," he returned, "but Grissman doesn't want a man to think."

"They'll see a horrible insult in it," she suggested.

"That's the way it looks to me," he said, "but Grissman is looking for a man who follows instructions. And he's got one now."

"It's splendid!" she declared. "I didn't suppose anything could happen so beautifully except in a book."

They worked in silence for a time, each occupied with thoughts that were occasionally amusing enough to justify a smile or a chuckle. The possibilities grew greater and more complicated as they reviewed the situation, and they were able to imagine many diverting scenes arising from this wholesale insult to the sex.

"We've got to hustle," he urged. "We want to get as many as these off as possible before the explosion comes."

That started her thoughts in a different channel. What would the "explosion" be like? She mentioned her curiosity to him.

"Fireworks," he replied, "and skyrockets and Roman candles and bombs and bad language! But it won't touch you. You were simply told to help me, and you're doing it."

"I was thinking of you," she said.

"Glad to hear it," he returned promptly, whereat she colored. "But you needn't worry about me," he added. "I was going to quit, anyhow, as soon as this job was done—unless he gave me another one with you. This only makes it more certain."

"Perhaps it isn't wise," she suggested.

"Well, in one way it isn't pleasant," he conceded. "I don't like to leave you here. Why can't you go with me?"

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't you?" he retorted.

"Because it would be silly," she replied, which jarred him into rueful silence.

Nevertheless, he returned to that point at intervals during the next three days. He spoke lightly, yet half seriously, and back of it all there was always a suggestion of a desire to be serious. He seemed to be asking, "Why don't you give me a little encouragement?" but she persisted in either misunderstanding his indirect appeals or regarding them as silly. Being a woman, she certainly knew what he wanted to say, but she would not let him say it plainly. It developed into a sparring match for points, and she got the points.

Can't you imagine any circumstances under which you would quit?" he asked insinuatingly on one occasion.

"Why, yes," she answered frankly.

There seemed to be no hope here. Just a coy refusal to explain more fully would make him hopeful enough to proceed.

"What are they?" he asked eagerly.

"If I should be discharged," she replied.

Yes, she got all the points. He felt as if some one had upset a pitcher of ice water on him, but he tried not to show it.

"Nothing else?" he persisted.

"I don't think of anything," she returned.

Yet, when he kept away from this troublesome subject, she was truly delightful and considerate in every way, which only served to lure him the more certainly back to the one

troublesome subject. She was sympathetic and vivacious, and as deeply and humorously interested in the affair of the samples as he was. There was plenty in that to keep them from ennui, too. No one could tell when the explosion would come or what form it would take. They watched the newspapers closely, they were alert when strangers called at the office, and they held themselves in readiness for trouble after every mail delivery. It was Whitlow's idea that the story would creep into the men's clubs as a joke first, after which the newspapers would extract some humor from it, and then the women, finding how generally and deliberately they had been offered a pipeful of tobacco, would let their indignation loose; but there was no certainty that it would happen in this way.

"All that's sure," Whitlow told Miss Sanders, "is that some thousands of women—club women—can't get these unkindly insinuations without some of them getting mad about it, and trouble is going to come fast when it starts."

He was right, and it started on the third day. The first intimation of it came when a delegation of women called to see Mr. Grissman. This indicated a sudden attack of wholly unexpected proportions, and Whitlow gasped as he saw the delegation ushered into Grissman's room. Then he slipped out and sought information from an office boy.

"Dunno wot's eatin' 'em," said the boy, "but they're pipin' hot! I bet they scalp the boss. Who is it? W'y, it's a bunch from some women's club. I fergit the name."

Whitlow slipped back into his office and reached for his coat and hat.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Sanders.

"I don't think I'll wait to be discharged," he said.

He lingered a moment undecidedly, while she calmly went on with her work. No possible blame could attach to her, and both of them knew it. Still he lingered, as if he would say something that he dared not. A great deal depended upon her at that moment, but she seemed to be wholly unconscious of it.

"No use giving him the satisfaction of kicking me out," he said, which wasn't at all what he wanted to say.

"I suppose not," she returned, still busy with her pen.

He sighed and turned to the door. "I suppose I can still see you occasionally," he remarked.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in surprise, "are you going without me?"

He turned back so quickly that he caught the tantalizing smile and the invitation in her eyes. "Will you, Bessie?" he cried, and he evidently read her answer, for he added quickly, "Get your things."

Two minutes later they were gone, and two minutes after that an office boy looked into the deserted room. After the manner of his kind, he expressed no surprise, but sauntered back to Grissman's office.

Grissman was in a perturbed state of mind. He was facing five ladies who seemed to be very indignant about something, and he was assuring them that it was the most amazing and unaccountable thing that had ever been brought to his attention.

"Ain't there," announced the boy at which the ladies exchanged significant glances.

"Not there!" repeated Grissman. "That's most extraordinary."

"It is," agreed one of the ladies sarcastically.

"Then ask Miss Sanders to come here," said Grissman to the boy.

"She ain't there, either," returned the boy, whereat the ladies again exchanged significant glances.

Grissman thereupon offered the ladies a varied assortment of apologies, none of which they were disposed to accept. On the contrary, the head of the delegation informed him that the ladies of the Emerson Club, of which they were members, had passed scathing resolutions of censure, and that these resolutions had been given to the press.

"To the press!" gasped Grissman.

"Yes, sir, to the press," she repeated. "It may be good business to put this indignity upon womankind in

general, but it shows an appalling lack of consideration and respect for the sex, and we intend to make it clear to you that it's no joke."

"I—I never thought it was," pleaded Grissman.

"How would you like to have your wife and daughter appealed to as good judges of tobacco—pipe tobacco, at that?" she persisted.

"Think of the Emerson Club being asked to try a certain brand of the nasty stuff!" added another of the delegation.

"It's horrible!" put in a third. "There's that sweet little Mrs. Grandin—a bride—who was told to put this in her pipe and smoke it! She asked me with tears in her eyes how she was never going to explain it to her husband."

"It humiliates the club," still another declared. "My husband was brutal enough to laugh."

"It's shameful, positively shameful, ladies!" Grissman assured them with nervous energy. "I am sorry the man who is responsible for this disgraceful thing is not here. I would discharge him on the spot in your presence."

"And hire him back again when we're gone!" was the scornful retort.

There was no appeasing them, and Grissman was finally left with the consciousness that there was no escape from the penalty of this dreadful affair. He hurried to Whitlow's office, but Whitlow was still absent, and no one knew where he was.

"I want to see him the moment he comes in," said Grissman excitedly. "He needn't bother to take off his coat." Grissman was very warm, physically and mentally; he mopped his face with his handkerchief and he muttered much to himself. He also inquired at intervals of about five minutes whether Whitlow had returned.

The afternoon papers made the matter worse. They all had the story. Some of them treated it humorously, and some of them were harsh in their condemnation of such a brutal indignity. The first that Grissman saw had this in big head-lines, DEBUTANTES ASKED TO SMOKE UP! The discharge of Whitlow, with appropriate verbal pyrotechnics, was the only consolation left him, and Whitlow merely sent in his resignation by mail. There also were protests in the mail, and other women's clubs were following the example of the one named after the illustrious Emerson. They were of all kinds—social, philosophic, and philanthropic. Even Grissman, in his great perturbation, had to smile when the Psyche Club protested that the judgment of tobacco was wholly out of its line.

It was almost a week before he dared go to his club. The news and the samples had circulated far and wide, and every day brought reports of further action of one sort or another. Many who had given the matter no thought at first followed in the wake of those who had taken up the subject immediately; every newspaper humorist had his little joke, and nearly every club woman her little speech. So Grissman thought it a good time to avoid his acquaintances.

But he was finally given courage to seek them out by two or three extraordinary incidents. A business acquaintance casually remarked that he was sorry the new brand was not a cigar instead of pipe tobacco. "I never smoke a pipe," he said, "but I have been mightily tempted to begin, to show my appreciation of a good thing." Then a retail dealer commended the sagacity and enterprise of the firm. "That's the greatest ever!" was his comment. "Everybody's talking about it." Grissman already knew that, but the man's tone indicated genuine enthusiasm. And one morning the manager of the sales department informed him that there was "an awful run on that new brand." So Grissman decided at last that he could brave the jeers of his club associates.

The first man he met, upon entering extended his congratulations; it was, he said, the cleverest thing that had been sprung in the business world in a decade. "You've waked up the whole country," he declared.

"I should think I had!" retorted Grissman; "and they're howling mad.

"Who?"

"The women."

The club man laughed. "What do you care?" he demanded. "The women don't smoke."

That was a new point of view, and it began to impress Grissman that he heard the new brand mentioned on every side. He never had put out anything else that attained such instant notoriety, if not popularity, and some of the men hastened to inform him that they were showing their appreciation by smoking the tobacco.

"That was a glorious idea of yours," said one.

"It wasn't my idea," protested Grissman.

"What!" was the astonished reply. "Well, I hope you did something handsome for the man that turned it up."

"He's quit," said Grissman.

"Quit! You let him quit?" The man seemed to find it incredible. "Lack of appreciation, I suppose. There must have been a dozen trying to get him."

Here was still another point of view. Whitlow, the disgraced and reprimanded, had done a big thing to prove his worth, and an outsider, possibly a rival, had been the first to recognize its cleverness.

Grissman walked back to the office in deep thought, and then made specific inquiry as to the new brand.

"A million dollars' worth of advertising couldn't have started it better," his manager told him.

Grissman was beginning to hate himself for a short-sighted fool. "Do you know what's become of Whitlow?" he asked.

"I understand he's gone to work for Dempster."

Grissman scowled. Dempster was the head of a rival house, and he was always reaching out after good men. Grissman started for his private office, paused, and turned back.

"Is Miss Sanders there, too?" he inquired.

"She's Mrs. Whitlow now," answered the manager.

Here was confirmation of everything. Whitlow had married on the strength of his improved position and prospects; he probably had been waiting for the opportunity, and Dempster had given it to him.

"He ought not to have left in that way," Grissman complained. "If he wanted more money, he should have come to me." There was much unconscious humor in this, but Grissman was too absorbed to think of humor. "I wonder what kind of an offer Dempster made him," he went on thoughtfully. "It must have been a pretty stiff one." As a matter of fact, Whitlow was working for less than before, and wondering how soon he would be able to get back to the old figure, but the things we don't know are constantly changing history. "Anyhow," Grissman concluded, "we can't let Dempster have him. You can get word to him, I suppose?"

"Easily," returned the manager.

"He'll come high, of course," reflected Grissman, "but we can't afford to lose an advertising genius. Offer him double his former salary to come back. If that isn't enough, add to it until you get him."

Then he retired to his private office, closed the door, and devoted an hour to wondering how he could have been so blind.



A Busy Man's Vacation

By Charles Emmett Barnes in Outing

It was only a string of fish. Who can explain its strange fascination, the witchery, the mysterious something that attracts to it?

The happy-go-lucky boy stood on the sidewalk in front of my office with a fine catch of perch and blue gills strung upon a willow branch. It was a magnet that drew to him every person who passed, and his expression showed how pleased he was at the attention. It was a compliment to his skill as an angler. Each man from the day laborer to the aristocratic banker, as he paused, asked the boy where he caught them. That string of fish made them all democratic. It was not strange that the drayman came over to look at them, but what was it that appealed to Banker Jones, who never recognized or spoke or any one; who never looked right or left as he walked along the street, always meditating? This self-absorbed man actually saw the fish and came to a stand-still. It made even him akin to all the other onlookers. For that string of fish brought to memory happy, free-from-care "other days," before the strenuous business life had confined one everlastingly to the office without a vacation; a mental kaleidoscope that vividly pictured green fields, sylvan scenes, running brooks, placid lakes, sunshine, fresh air; thoughts of a time of freedom from care and business, and hope of holidays.

An outing! Let's see! I have not had a vacation from the office in ten years. I must—

"Been out of copy for half an hour," exclaimed the foreman in a vexatious voice as he rushed into my sanctum. To appease him I gave him an obituary of Smith that I had just finished writing when the boy came along with the string of fish that had caused my meditations.

Smith's obituary set me to musing again. Smith was a successful business man and died worth $100,000. Almost every week he had confidentially told me that next year he intended to retire from business and enjoy life. Next year came and he repeatedly told me the same thing. It was always next year. By-and-by he would enjoy life. Yes, by-and-by. But Smith died with apoplexy, and by-and-by never came to him on this earth, as it seldoms does to any other business or professional man. He had worked like a slave, always anticipating that "good time" by-and-by.

Well, every other business man has the same dream of happiness, in the future, when he "quits business.' As I mused, a forcible realization of the fact came to me that I, too, never took a vacation. The conclusion came quickly, that if a person did not enjoy life in the present, from day to day, he never would. It could not be deferred to be realized all in a lump—his pleasure must be now.

I had always been a great lover of nature, but the communion that I had established in boyhood had been rudely broken by the cold, ruthless, selfish demands of business in later life. To see more of, and to study nature; to renew my acquaintance with birds and flowers; to get the fresh air that was my natural inheritance, and hereafter to take an outing at least once a week, was a decision quickly and wisely made. I would consecrate Sundays to nature study and to the recuperation of the mental faculties and physical system by outdoor life.

For several years I have kept this covenant, taking an all-day outing on the Sabbath whenever the weather would permit. I have tramped along every river and brook and around about thirty lakes in the vicinity of my city—traversed hills and dales; strolled through woods and fields; studied birds, flowers, insects, trees and shrubs, and got more satisfaction and enjoyment and more physical benefit out of it than from any other

recreation or physical exercise I had ever before indulged in.

In company with my young son I began my outings. Other friends were attracted to the novel one-day-at-a-time vacation idea by my enthusiasm, and asked to accompany us; so that three, then five, then a dozen nature students, in time, made up the party. The first season's outings were such a success and so beneficial physically, socially and intellectually, that when Winter came the memory of the pleasant excursion days resulted in the organization of a "Nature Club." Every Winter since then meetings of the club were held weekly and a study was made of natural history. The club now numbers eighty business, professional, and working men—is thoroughly democratic, the only qualification for membership being a love of nature. When Spring comes the "call of the wild" is heard and the members cease to be indoor naturalists and become outdoor nature students, taking tramps in groups on Sundays during the Spring and Summer and until late in the Fall. The work of the club has had its influence upon nature students in other cities. An outing was held at Gull Lake with the students from the Michigan Normal School at Kalamazoo, and the Kalamazoo River Valley Nature Club organized, to comprise all of the cities in the valley of that river.

My personal record for one year was twenty-two Sunday outings, Memorial Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day—making a total of twenty-five days' vacation without loss of time from business. During the long Summer evenings many outings were taken after five o'clock, going direct from the office and carrying lunch along so that a return was not necessary until after dark. Does this not appeal to the man who loves outdoor life, but can never get away from business? This is what I would call the busy man's vacation or poor man's outing.

Our home city is very favorably situated for enjoyable outings. Running twenty-five miles to the west is an interurban line along the valley of the beautiful Kalamazoo River, into which flow several picturesque brooks. One branch runs to Gull Lake, the largest inland lake in southern Michigan. Another line runs to Lake Goguac, the queen of Michigan lakes. Still another runs eastward for forty-five miles. In this county are sixty-seven lakes bearing names, with numerous small ones that are nameless. These, with many picturesque brooks and two rivers, make it a paradise for the nature lover.

The nature students, each Sunday, now divided up into several parties, take one of the interurbans, drop off the car at some new point and spend all day tramping, following the river or creek bottoms or visiting some lake. The visiting of a new place on each outing is essential in keeping up the interest. It gives variety and change and arouses anticipation for the next trip.

Unless there is an interest in research an outing develops into a mere cross-country tramp, which soon tires and becomes uninteresting, as it has its limit. When on an outing attention is directed to objects animate or inanimate, the mind is aroused and the stroller "wants to know." Just as soon as this desire manifests itself his fate is sealed. He is converted into a modern gypsy. He will become a confirmed "tramp" and an enthusiastic nature student. He has got into the spirit of it. Each outing develops the power of observation to a wonderful degree. He is constantly on the lookout for something that he never saw before. Nature is full of surprises. He finds a new flower, a vine, a shrub, a tree, a berry, a nut, an insect, a bird, or some freak of nature; discovers some fact in woodcraft or forestry, or a geological specimen. He soon learns that the study of nature is inexhaustible, without end. Each flower or bird identified gives zest to the tramp, and the next Sunday's outing is looked forward to eagerly in anticipation of new discoveries.

A business man or professional man cannot be a specialist. He does not have the time or desire. He wants to

enjoy nature and get the fresh air that the open brings him. To do this all that is necessary is just a sufficient knowledge to commence on, of the several branches of natural history, so that he can learn the names of things. When he sees a tree with a bird in the branches, a flower with an insect upon it, or picks up a geological specimen, the name of each is what he is seeking. He will become so enthusiastic over this desire to know and to find that he will recklessly invade slimy marshes, muddy river bottoms and snake-infested tamarack swamps, to find a rare flower, bird, or nest, and is thrilled with delight when he finds it. Each member of the club has a nature library, and on the return home, the quest in books for information begins in earnest. All things unidentified upon the trip are searched out in eagerness, and—Eureka! He exults in the discovery. It is surprising what enthusiasm is aroused in the efforts to become acquainted with nature.

During the past year photographing from nature has been added to the regular attractions. This has increased the interest and brought into the club the photographers of the city.

The gun is barred. No firearms are allowed and no birds or harmless animals are ever killed. There is harmony upon all questions except one. Shall snake be killed? This has been the subject of many an excited debate, and no unity of action has yet been attained.

The great need of this strenuous age, when there is such a waste of vital forces, is more fresh air and outdoor life for men and women, for a restoration of the physical and mental equilibrium. Nature excursions will do this. The mounting of wire fences, the jumping of ditches, the crossing of brooks and climbing of hills, will bring all of the physical benefits to be derived from golf and kindred pastimes, and in addition the nature lover increases his knowledge on every trip—it is a continuous education.

A feature of the outing is the enjoyable time that the dinner hour brings, when the lunch is eaten by the side of some swift brook or cold spring, with the grass for linen. The previous exercise brings a relish that makes the sylvan banquet most appetizing, and the social spirit reigns supreme, while the birds charm with their sweet melody.

As a climax the members of the club have awakened to the fact that there is beauty, picturesqueness, and even grandeur right at their own door and all about them; that the ordinary is extraordinary; that common things are interesting; that there is beauty in familiar things.



In Evangeline's Country

By Brian Hooker in the Travel Magazine

We came on deck that morning into an impenetrable dun secrecy of fog. The leaden-gray and unrestful sea melted off into mystery a dozen yards from the steamer, whispering and chuckling plashily. Then, in the time of two breaths, the fog broke into soft bulks, lifted, and floated down the wind, the sun struck through, and we who had left familiar Boston only the night before looked out upon Summer morning in a strange land.

A long low promontory, all gray and spray-lashed boulder and sea-green scrub-pine, with here and there a toy house set in the midst of a spot of yellow grass, thrust out into the ocean to meet us. Behind it Yarmouth harbor slowly opened out of the fog—a land-locked oval of opaque swells whereon a few clumsy, red-hulled fishing boats, their sails tanned to a tawny orange, were bobbing about.

The customs agent waved a piece of chalk and looked like an emeritus professor of mathematics. Rapidly he affixed the seal of the Empire to our belongings, remarking plaintively: "If you've got anything dutiable that you don't tell me about, you know where you'll go—you'll go to the Bad Place." And, with that exhortation in our ears, we passed on in search of our train. The name of it was The Flying Bluenose, and its locomotive was pink. We pulled out at no particular hour, comfortably unhurried, and lay back in our seats for our first sight of the land of Evangeline.

Reaches of blue and brown water where men mended nets and women hung flat dead fishes up to dry; casual wharves, with the stark skeltons of half-built ships perched high in the air and swarmed over and about like ant-hills with busy workmen; long yellow stretches of dyked meadow-land; sudden huge walls and buttresses of gray and black rock; miles on miles of forest, inviolate of man, where hemlocks like the green battle-tents of the Titans cluster around hoary pines all covered with tufts and masses and streamers of ashen moss that waves in the wind. Longfellow has caught this character of the woods wonderfully, when one considers that he never saw them. But there is one characteristic detail which his poet's eye never could have missed—the sudden appearance among dark birches and shuddering poplars of a cluster of dead pines erect, bare of bark, flashing white and ghastly amid the living green.

Wolfville was our objestice point and we found it a homely little New England sort of village, snuggled under the eaves of a hill on the shore of the Basin of Minas.

It looked rainy, but we were too eager for a sight of the country to wait for morning. A bush-bearded young farmer, plodding behind his clumsy ox-wain heaped high with rustling salt hay, told us to climb straight up the hill. "There's nothing much to see, but that's a good place to see it from." We panted upward through the pines, a turn brought us out on the gorsy crest, and then—we stood gasping, without speech, and gazed.

The low-billowing clouds had rolled back from the horizon as the surf rolls back from the beach, and the late sun leaped in under the torn verge of vapor, filling the overshadowed air with an amber brightness that seemed pent and struggling for space to contain it. Under our feet hung the mossy roofs and flashing windows of the town; and beyond, spread out northward the broad tide-abandoned floor of the Basin of Minas, blood-red, dotted with schooners and fishing boats lying tilted high and dry on their keels in the vermilion silt, stretching far out to where Blomindon shouldered his black bulk between the red sand and the turquoise rim of the

sky, the little cedars along his crest bristling like the hackles of some startled monster.

Next morning, we procured a neolithic buggy and a meditative horse, and set out for Grand Pre. Our road siz-zagged over the ridge we had climbed the night before, and wound slowly down into Gaspereau Valley. The railroad, after leaving Wolfville, twists under the elbow of the hill, and a little box of a way-station, set casually in a hayfield, bears the name of the Acadian village. The site of Evangeline's Grand Pre is half a mile across the meadows; but some kindly Anamais of the railway has set up, in the back yard of the station, as it were, a group of such stick-and-board signs as normally bear the legend: "Keep off the grass." Approaching we read: "Site of Benedict Bellefontaine's House," "Site of Basil's Forge," and so on. A whimsical and an accommodating thought, this—to leave the pale tourists hurrying by in the Flying Bluenose the germ of an historical recollection.

A few minutes' drive across the low, blossomy fields brings us to where a clear spring, the Mecca of wandering cows, bears the name of Evangeline's Well. Near at hand is all that remains to the eye of the Acadian Village—a long line of old willows, squat, pollard-topped, and streaming with masses of pendulous foliage, as if they had sat down in the classic attitude of mourning, to lament amid streaming hair; such willows as never grew by nature on this side of the Atlantic. The Acadians brought the shoots from Normandy, and planted them along their village street three hundred years ago. They were full grown when Evangeline walked under their shade in the Summer twilight with Gabriel; and the flames that destroyed the homes of the village had no power against their green strength. Behind them a few shallow depressions in the level meadow, grass-grown and colored with ephemeral clusters of wild flowers, just show where some of the houses once stood.

The Acadian village lay in the midst of its fields, some little distance from the water; but the modern Grand Pre runs down to the beach at the mouth of the Gaspereau, where the Exiles were embarked—a scattering handful of white cottages and plashy farm yards, with weather beaten fish houses and high rickety wharves along the river. It might be any one of the villages along the lower Connecticut River—Essex, for instance. From the beach, every outlook is a luminous criticism of Longfellow; showing how well his imagination caught the quality of the country, and how curiously he failed in placing and in combining the details of his vicarious information. The British ships which rode at anchor

——"in the Gaspereau's mouth, with
their cannon pointed against us,"

must have been equipped with modern artillery to reach the ancient village. Again, all the country about Grand Pre is marsh meadow, below the level of high tide, and reclaimed by the dykes of the early settlers from a mere salt marsh. There is no primeval forest in the vicinity, nor could there ever have been. And the most famous description of the Poem—that wherein

"——the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate
answers the wail of the forest."

is a beautiful defiance of geography. The Basin of Minas is as land-locked as New York Harbor. There is nothing like surf within ten or fifteen miles of the Gaspereau Valley; so those poetic pines must have had keen ears.

I wonder that Longfellow should have dismissed with a phrase those "turbulent tides." The guide books dryly remark that the tides in the Bay of Fundy are the highest in the world, and supplement this with unmeaning figures. You stand at low tide on the top of the Dyke—a heavy earthwork of willow hurdles, turf, and red clay—looking down as from an upper window over the soft meadow, and on the other side, as from a housetop, upon the stony shingle of the beach. The river is a trickle of blue, running through reaches of

bare, red mud.. You may come back six hours later to look out over the tossing blue of a great bay, whose brimming waters lap the dyke crest at your very feet.

Half way between Wolfville and Yarmouth there is a little town of fishermen and ship-builders, called Weymouth. Here the remnant of the Acadians—the few who made their way back to their own land—form a colony of a few hundred souls, living among themselves, marrying only among their own number, holding themselves apart from the English people around them. Still you may see now and then the huge, white-winged cap of the Norman peasant woman, hiding perhaps a face whose clear-cut Latin profile marks the older, now the alien, race. Still they speak their own language as it was spoken in the France of the Seventeenth Century. It is not modern French, nor the corrupt Canadian. One concession they have made to modern ways: they publish a local newspaper now, once a week; but it is written in the French of Louis Quatorze.

The Encyclopaedia General

By George A. Best in the Royal Magazine

WHEN Jack first communicated to me the brilliant idea which he declared would bring us a fortune in about twenty years' time, I was not particularly enthusiastic. I had my own ideas as to the wisdom of allowing one's life-partner to indulge in the pastime of hobby-riding. To my mind the only hobby of a married man should be his wife. I imparted my views in this connection to Jack at some length.

"Mine is a hobby which we can both share," he replied, when I had finished, "otherwise I should not have entertained the idea for a single moment. The 'Encyclopædia General' will be a joint production, yours and mine. I shall search the newspapers for information on every conceivable subject; you will cut out the marked paragraphs and stick them into the preliminary volumes, the indexing of which I shall also undertake."

"You think, then, that I am quite incapable of compiling an intelligible index?" I remarked unpleasantly.

"You have had no experience in that pursuit, dear," explained Jack in a conciliatory tone. "The success or failure of our venture would rely entirely upon the comprehensiveness or otherwise of the index."

Jack took up the morning paper as he spoke, and drew my attention to a paragraph which he had already marked with blue pencil.

"That refers to the painless destruction of blackbeetles," he explained, as I read the item through. "How would you index it?"

I glanced at the paragraph with a critical eye, feeling that my reputation was at stake.

"I should write down: 'Destroy blackbeetles painlessly, How to,'" I said at length.

"Wrong," cried Jack triumphantly.

I turned by back on him and hummed rudely. His ill-timed hilarity irrated me beyond endurance.

"Don't you understand, dear, that the keynote of the information is 'Beetles?'" he said, laying a kindly hand on my shoulder. The item should be indexed as 'Beetles, How to painlessly kill black.'"

I did not understand, and I told him so—rather forcibly.

"Would it be correct to index extracts relating to the cost of boarding at seaside house under 'Carpentry for Amateurs?'" I asked, assuming an expression of mild inquiry.

Jack became suddenly solemn. He looked up more in sorrow than in anger.

"When a woman tries to be humor-

ous she generally says something exceptionally silly," he remarked. "This idea of mine to collect and classify information on all subjects gleaned from every reliable source, and to publish the net result in twenty years' time, is surely worthy of serious consideration and of sensible treatment."

He was so much in earnest that I felt rather sorry for my flippancy. It seemed almost like sacrilege.

"But won't the information of today be just a little old-fashioned by the time the work is completed and published?" I ventured, speaking in a more serious tone. "Suppose, for instance, that he had just issued such a miscellany as you propose, and that one of the proud owners of the Encyclopædia wished to refer to an article on bicycling, written by an expert in the year 1887?"



"Jack scarcely spoke a single word ..... his lips were moving continuously and he was staring stonily at the gas bracket."

"He would look under the letter B, of course," said Jack sagely.

"Certainly," I agreed. "But that is not the point. Our information would probably be indexed in this way: 'Bicycle, How to choose and ride a spider!'"

Jack explained that the work would have to be thoroughly revised before publication, and that all out-of-date information would be eliminated. He appeared to be somewhat discouraged when I calculated that the task of elimination would probably wipe about fifteen volumes out of existence; but his ebbing enthusiasm revived again before the evening, when he returned from the city with four large indexes and some dozens of newspapers and periodicals. The half-dozen books which were distined to receive the earliest cuttings had arrived earlier in the day, together with a pint bottle of gum, a new fountain pen, and half a gross of blue pencils.

It was a solemn moment when Jack made his first entry in one of the virgin indexes. There was a dreamy expression on his face. I could see that his thoughts were too deep for words. For the moment he was living in the year 1927; and his largely advertised warning to subscribers that they had only "two days more" in which to secure the "greatest work of the century" was already written in letters of gold on the study walls.

I peered curiously over my husband's shoulder as he carefully indexed the initial paragraphs. They read:

"Artichoke, How to boil a garden."

"Minister, The boy who became a Cabinet."

And that was the beginning of Jack's dream—the birthday of the "Encyclopæda General."

II.

Many months passed by and the Encyclopædia, fed daily with a huge meal of facts and figures, grew so rapidly that the volumes overflowed from the bookcase and littered the study floor. I estimated that in less than two years' time we should be living in the scullery, while our literary octopus, having stretched forth its sticky tentacles and devoured the other rooms, one by one, would make a final attack and eventually compel us to take refuge in the stable.

Jack took no notice of my observations. He ignored every remark which was not of an informatory character; neglected everybody whose conversation could not be mentally indexed, and lived in a dream in which I played a part of no more importance than that of an ordinary "walker-on or super. I felt that I was no longer Jack's wife. He had probably indexed me long ago under the letter G, thus: "Gum, The girl who attends to my;" or, "Gos-

siping, How to restrain a woman from." I had taken the place allotted to me in volume G—A—S to G—U—N, and the few virtues which I possessed were lost amongst the rival claims of glass, gorillas, and gelatine.

I was horribly ashamed of my husband when the Stutevant Smiths called on us one evening during the earlier stages of the mania. Jack scarcely spoke a single word, while I was doing my utmost to entertain our guests; but his lips were moving continually, and he was staring stonily at the gas bracket just over Mr. Smith's head, while our mutual friend talked pleasantly about the easiest way to hang pictures, and the best system of dyeing clothes. Mrs. Smith spoke with some warmth on the subject of careless laundry work, and then told us that one of the younger boys had contracted a serious illness through eating immoderately of monkey nuts.

When Jack had closed the door (with indecent haste) upon our departing guests, I stooped and picked up a slip of paper which he had used as a cuff protector in anticipation of his usual unclean labor—labor mercifully interrupted, in this instance, by the unexpected visit of the Smiths. I read through the almost undecipherable message which the paper contained carefully before commiting it to the flames. The information, evidently written surreptitiously, was worded as follows:

"Pictures, Advice to those about to hang."

"Clothes, Best method of dyeing quickly."

"Nuts, Illness caused by eating stale monkey."

"Pocket handkerchiefs, How to starch ladies.'"

* * * * *

Within a week of that terribly humiliating evening, Mr. Smith paid us a second visit. He seemed greatly agitated, and could scarcely articulate the words which rushed to his lips in response to my polite greeting.

"I must see your husband at once," he gasped. "There's been a——"

The remainder of the sentence was drowned in a spasmodic gurgle. The poor fellow was trembling violently. Jack was at my eblow instantly. For the first time in six months his face had lost its vacant expression.

"You want help—information?" he questioned sharply, addressing Smith.

"Yes, yes," replied the other breathlessly. "I hear you're compiling an encyclopædia. My boy has cut his knee badly—severed one of the main arteries, and we can't stop the bleeding! We've sent for the doctor, but he is generally out at this hour. My poor boy may bleed to death unless help is forthcoming in the meantime!"

"I'll turn up the advice you want in two ticks," Jack assured him, as he led the way to the study. "I remember indexing something about arteries only last week. It'll be in A—P—E to A—S—K, under 'Artery, How to stop bleeding in a main.'"

Smith sat down nervously on three feet of miscellaneous information, while Jack rapidly scanned the index.

"Acting, antidotes, apes, apples," he read quickly. "Aquarium, art, artichoke, avoirdupois."

Jack paused and looked doubtfully at the open page.

"Try 'knee,'" I suggested hastily, seeing that poor Smith was listening to the idiotic recital with an impatience which only his innate politeness kept under restraint. Jack accepted the suggestion with alacrity.

"Knee will be in the K—I—S to K—U—S volume," he announced after a moment's thought. "Where is it?"

"For Heaven's sake be quick," ejaculated Smith. "I thought you had all the information at your finger tips."

"I think you're sitting on the very item we want, Mr. Smith," said Jack pleasantly. "We must be methodical in an urgent case of this sort, you know—it pays best in the long run."

Mr. Smith arose hastily with a very ugly word on his lips—a word which might have been indexed in various ways. He followed up the exclamation with an apologetic cough and glanced at me appealingly. I smiled back my forgiveness, even as I should

have done if he poor little man had burst into a torrent of raging profanity. Jack was busy with the index while we were exchanging glances.

"'Kissing, knapsack, knead—knee,'" he announced triumphantly. "'Knee, Remarkable case of housemaid's'—that is scarcely what we want, is it? I'm afraid there's nothing further referring to knees. We'd better look under 'cut.'"

"Rot," hissed Smith, writhing like a cholera-stricken Hindoo.

Jack ignored the expletive entirely.

"We should have looked under 'cut' in the first instance," he said calmly. "Give me the C—O—W to C—U—Z section, Dora."

I passed him he required volume, and he read: "Cursing, The evils of,;



"Smith sat down nervously on three feet of miscellaneous information, while Jack rapidly scanned the index."

'Cushion, How to stuff a feather'; 'Custard, How to prepare a sago'; 'Cut, How to stop bleeding in a.'"

"That's the very thing," cried Smith hysterically.

"Page 35, column two, paragraph six," said Jack. "I knew that I had the information somewhere."

He turned to the page indicated and read aloud:

"Slight cuts and wounds may be successfully treated with ordinary sticking-plaster, which should be cut into narrow strips, well warmed, and applied to the part affected. In the case of more serious wounds surgical aid should be obtained without delay."

Smith rose to his feet, swaying like a drunken man. I could see that he was struggling to regain his lost voice—that he wished to express his feelings in a way which Jack could understand.

"Try bleeding in vein," I suggested hurriedly, hoping to nip the impending explosion in the bud.

Smith laughed dangerously. He had kicked the R—O—T to R—U—M volume under the table and was slowly regaining the power of speech.

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," he remarked with admirable self-control. "Perhaps the doctor has arrived by this time. If you don't mind, I'll run home just to see how matters stand, while you look up the information together."

And in spite of Jack's assurance that the greatly-desired item would surely be found within the next two minutes, Mr. Smith beat a hasty retreat and left us alone with our consciences—and the encyclopædia.

* * * * *

Smith junior did not bleed to death, thanks to the timely arrival of the doctor, who appeared on the scene within a few minutes of the departure of the agonized father.

The end of the "Encylopædia General" was far more tragic. Realizing at length the proverbial stubbornness of facts, Jack steeped about ten thousand of them in naphtha and oil and burnt them to death on the asparagus bed, having first looked up "Paper, How to burn compressed quickly," in the eighth volume of the condemned work. As though to spite itself, and give the lie to its own teachings, the thing smouldered dismally for twenty-four hours, and several hundreds of assorted facts which managed to escape the holocaust were carried away by a strong south-westerly wind and deposited in the neighboring gardens.

The Woman's Sense of Honour

By Mrs. John Van Vorst in the Pall Mall Magazine

THERE was, in a large tenement house somewhere in the region known as the "slums," a certain janitress who for years had, among other services to the proprietor, rendered that of collecting rents. After giving proof of absolute honesty during a long period, she was suddenly arrested and accused of the following offence: To one of the tenants in the house she had, of her own free will, made a loan. As time went on and she was unable to collect this debt, she applied for the more prompt effecting of justice, a device which, although to her it seemed logical and legitimate, was the cause of her arrest. When at the expiration of a term the rents were as usual paid in to her, she took from the dues of her debtor the sum that was owing to her, paying herself and shifting on to the shoulders of the proprietor the responsibility of collecting the money overdue. This action on her part was accomplished in perfect innocence, nor could she understand the wrong she had done; she had not stolen, for the money she took was owing to her, and the person she took it from was the same who owned it to her. Why, then, should she go to prison?

Characteristic of the woman's sense of honor was this arbitrary questioning of justice, which no man would have essayed. Nor does the woman's training upon these matters resemble that of the man in any way, and so persistent is the difference that it deserves consideration. We speak intentionally of a man's honor and a woman's sense of honor, and, though there is no reflection implied, the apparent meaning is obvious. A man's reputation is formed by the outside world's judgment of him. The accepted opinion of a woman is that which her family hold regarding her; her standard of conduct is established by her own and her family's interests; and her sense of honor is consequently and inevitably subjective and personal rather than objective and unconditional. Her understanding is educated to consider more nearly the harm any act will cause to herself than its effect upon others. The fact that she defends something more precious than life, and rarer than gold, develops in her an intensity of loyalty which is in certain cases sublime, although the incidents to which such instinctive reasoning leads are sometimes amusing.

I once had occasion to inquire at an intelligence office for information regarding a servant, about whom the manageress gave me accounts so glowing that I exclaimed, "What you tell me is not exaggerated?"

She anewered in the tone of self-evident logic: "Oh, madam, what interest would it be for me to lie to you? You live right across the street!"

It is not difficult to suppose what ruses she might have combined for deceiving me had I lived in the suburbs or beyond the pale where the certainty of being "found out" proved an effectual restriction.

Another example of the subtle feminine argument I observed in the response given by a maid to one of my friends who had mislaid her purse. The servant was emphatic in denouncing any possibility of having seen the pocket-book; and fearing perhaps that she might fancy there was an undercurrent of suspicion, my friend said: "There was nothing in the purse, Mary." To which Mary stolidly responded, "Even so, I have not seen it."

In the acts of actual stealing, and in the other digressions which show an open disregard of the law, the masculine culprit, when caught, is submissive. The woman is rebellious to the last. Substituting her own ideas of what ought to be for the already preconceived notions of retribution,

she looks upon the law as "outrageous" or "absurd."

"How preposterous!" we heard two women exclaim at the steamship docks of a transatlantic line. The custom house officer was making his inspection, and having come upon these two ladies clad in sealskin, under a sun whose rays marked ninety in the shade, he had carried off the unseasonable garments for appraisal.

"Outrageous!" reiterated one of the women. "He had no business to ask us where we got our coats."

"No," replied the other; "but we were perfect geese—we ought to have lied."

A more extreme form of this opposition to invincible regulations is manifested by the women who are actually made prisoners. A well-known American warder said to me: "I have been in prisons for men and in prisons for women. Discipline in the former is child's play compared to the latter. As soon as a man realizes there is no use in resisting, he gives in. But the women, even when we put them in strait-jackets, always manage to extricate at least one finger and to agitate that in a rebellious manner!"

In the matter of conduct toward husbands and consideration due to the "better half" there is an especial code of honor. It has the stability that sanction by women of all countries gives it, but it does not resemble any code that a man would observe toward another man, nor which a woman would employ toward any human —except her husband. This code includes the right to search pockets, consult notebooks, open letters, read those already opened. It includes the right to confound household and personal accounts, to use on self the money intended by the master of the house for paying bills. This system is not frequently practised, perhaps, and less frequently admitted, no doubt; yet we remember one newly married woman who announced as a little triumph, "When I buy for myself something I don't like, I just sell it to the house!"

The peculiar indulgence which the conjugal state seems to call for as regards the weaker sex in matters of honor more or less delicate was thus strikingly summarized by a philanthropist accustomed to all sorts and conditions of people. Among the poor whom she visited there was a woman who, in fit of rage or jealousy, had killed a man. In relating to me the case, the philanthropist concluded sadly: "Yes, she killed him, and he wasn't even her husband!"

The digression from the strictest sense of honor are not, however, all humorous or all harmful in their results. Subsequent to a theft made in one of the poorer quarters of New York, the police started an investigation. Immediately the culprit gave herself up into their hands. She was a young working girl without parents or family. They imprisoned her, and it was only some time after that her secret was discovered. She was innocent. "But," she explained, "I was an orphan alone in the world. It made no difference about my going to prison. Whereas the girl who really stole, and whom they have arrested now, has a mother!"

Other demonstrations of the loyalty which is a law unto itself are given among this class, who, from want and misery, are driven to crime, while something in their souls remains as untainted as the blue sky that lies reflected in the puddle of mud.

During a visit to Saint-Lazare, the famous and historic prison for women in Paris, we were shown the principal hall at a moment when the signal was given for recreation. The poor creatures rushed for the courtyard where they could be at liberty. One woman alone was detained by the Superior. She was young and fine looking, and her aspect was so tragic that I asked what her offence had been, and why she was the object of an especial punishment. The Superior explained:

"She is here for complicity in murder."

"And some of the others are also, are they not?" I asked.

"Yes," my informant continued, "but if we let this girl down to the

courtyard she would be torn to pieces —not because she aided in murder, but because in doing so she betrayed the man she loved."

But there is still another side to the question.

In critical moments, no doubt, a woman's weakness is her strength. We have had this dramatically demonstrated in the first act of a justly popular American play, The Great Divide. Here, finding herself attacked by three men, the heroine appeals instinctively to one of them, who becomes, if not altogether her protector, at least momentarily her rescuer from the other men. It was because of her very helplessness that she was succoured.

A similar case in point was that of a brave young woman who took charge of a boys' reformatory, or rather temporary prison, where boys were placed on arrest while waiting trial. She was alone, without a man guardian, day and night.

"Aren't you ever afraid?" I asked her. "Some of the boys are sixteen, and as strong as men."

She smiled. "Once a boy attempted to strike me. In an instant there were ten others by my side to protect me. This would not have been the case for a man. He would have to fight his own battles. Mine are fought for me. The man would maintain discipline by his strength. I maintain it by my helplessless.

This very "helplessness" (and here comes the other side of the question), which is so effectual in provoking protection where there are several men and one woman concerned, becomes in single combat a totally different matter.

There are a certain number of things a woman can't do and a certain number she won't do, even to protect her rights. When she finds that the very rescuer who proved so gallant in supplementing her weakness by his force, will, in other moments, when his own interests are at stake, actually take advantage of this same weakness—then the woman becomes sly, cunning, underhanded if necessary. She has the slightly desperate feeling which comes with any sort of impotence. She is reckless, as those are who wish to avenge themselves and have no power to do so.

Looked at in this light it is apparent that her sense of honor grows dull through the course of action to which, in the effort to maintain her rights, she is driven, and this would lead us almost to the consoling conclusion that, in a woman's understanding of honor, whatever flaw occurs has been put there by man.

Why then is it that women so distrust each other?

The secretary of an important lawyer in Wall Street, who had through fifteen years of training and experience become so proficient that she was able, in certain cases, to answer the necessary questions and give the necessary advice to a client without consulting the lawyer himself, told me once, with a certain pride, of this confidence shown in her. Then she added: "No woman will ever take my word. If a woman comes while Mr. X. is occupied or away, and I propose myself—not as a substitute—but as an intermediary, a slight expression of scorn comes over the lady's face, and she refuses always."

We have observed that, in France, all establishments requiring any serious organization are under masculine supervision, even in such strictly feminine realms as dressmaking and cooking. The grands couturiers—Worth, Doucet, Paquin—and the great chefs are all men. From America we might expect something different, given the training and liberal education our women have. Yet the manager of a large business concern in New York, where a great quantity of women are employed, told me that it was impossible to entrust the management of his affairs, even temporarily, to a woman, not because of her incapability, but because of her failure to inspire confidence in the other women of the establishment.

"I once started," he said, "on a four weeks' holiday, leaving at my desk a woman who had been so long with us that she knew more in her

little finger than I did in my whole make-up. I hadn't got further than Chicago when a frantic telegram called me back. Things were going badly at the office. My feminine successor could command no authority whatever over the members of her own sex. They refused to "mind a woman!"

At the heart of all this distrust uncertainty, and seeming caprice, there is a great natural law. The instinctive rebellion which the prisoner in her strait-jacket shows against the application of legal force is embarrassing, no doubt. The resistance that women display in admitting the justice which decides against themselves or those they love is unreasonable. Their difficulty in conceiving that judgment should be applied without regard to individual cases is exasperating indeed. But all this is no accident, no chance of environment, nor outcome of training. It is the manifestation of an instinct of preservation, as strong as that which makes us struggle for life. The man, in his reasonable and well-balanced character, faces the world as it is. He sees things as they are and accepts them so. In the woman's attitude there is always less resignation. The very violence of her opposition to things "as they are" pre-supposes an ideal. Thus by the intensity of sentiment, which risks at times unsettling her sense of honor, the woman preserves those standards which carry man forward towards nobler and higher ends. Her ferocious loyalty—so troublesome to justice—and her passionate self-sacrifice—disapproved by reason—keep alive in the race the soul of man that does not live by bread alone.

Underpaying the Men in the Ranks

"System"

An employer one day took stock of his working force. He was not receiving from his employes the work, the efficiency, the interest and the loyalty, that were due. He directed his confidential man to make a thorough investigation and report to him the condition of his organization, the cause of its inefficiency and faults, the action necessary as remedy. The report showed that, while he had many unsatisfactory and incompetent employes, there were also many things "the matter with" him, the employer; and that in many cases the employes' disloyalty and inefficiency were directly due to faults of the executives who came in direct contact with employes.

* * *

To the president:

"How can I cut down my payroll?" was one of your stated objects in directing this investigation. You have resolved to reduce wages, and, in view of the fact that you will still keep the same working force, you think the same efficiency will me maintained in your establishment.

My talks with hundreds of employes the last three months point a flaw. Action and reaction are equal. Pay the thinking man what he is worth to-day, say twenty or twenty-five dollars a week, and get all that is in him. Pay fifteen a week to-morrow—and get fifteen dollars in return.

In talking with men who are about to leave us and applicants coming to us, I find that the reason most men seek a change is that they feel their salaries are not commensurate with their services.

They may be wrong; in a majority of cases they probably are. But that does not alter the fact of their dissatisfaction and the consequent slump in their interest and work.

The employer should do one of two things: either pay a man what he be-

lieves he is earning—or convince him he is not worth so much, but is being paid what he deserves.

One of the sources of this investigation has been inquiries among hundreds of persons who apply for positions with us monthly. I was struck by the fact that many of these came from one of the best and largest mercantile establishments in this city. I thought we might profit from the experience of this house.

"Why," I asked these men, "does this house have so much trouble in keeping its men?"

I found that they all leave for one reason—more money. This house is known to its competitors as "The Training School"; as soon as men employed therein reach a certain age and have knowledge that will enable them to be of service, other firms step in and overbid the large firm.

The prospective employe in this house is hired on the basis of this talk: "We have the finest surroundings in which you are to work that the mercantile field can possibly offer. The class of men employed by us is the best we can possibly get. We know every man's history connected with us. If you come into our employ and make good, your future is assured. If you ever leave us, our name alone will procure a position for you."

Quite right. This firm's name does procure for its men good positions. As soon as they are ready for graduation, so to speak, these men take other positions at better salaries. The house has set certain prices on given positions and will not pay more money. A man may stay in a position one year or twelve years—he may fill the position with brilliancy or mediocrity: the rule is followed—there are no deviations.

One of their chief correspondents is seeking a position with us. Some ten or twelve years ago he started in with this house as bundle boy, age seventeen, grammer school and one year high school education, environments the best, good family. Now he is nearly thirty, has a family of his own, salary fifteen dollars per week, in charge of eastern states in mail order department, and responsible for all mail, money or goods in the house, in transit or in the hands of the buyer if not paid for. Special delivery letters, registered letters, difficult correspondence cases, telegrams, telephones—all centre at his desk. If the sales management wants to know of territorial conditions, he is the man asked to furnish information. Advertising that goes to a locality is more or less originated by him. Kicks, claims and refunds all bear his O.K. and are paid by his direction.

Here is a man who has a department in which he is chief—who has spent years in learning the work of the department, and held the same position for other years. He knows the customers, their credit, methods and peculiarities. He knows how to ship the goods and to get the money in return. He is handling his work to the best of his ability and making good. He does not receive promotion because he is well up on the ladder and there is no higher place to put him. He has no chance to go ahead.

But he has added on years and expenses. It is requisite that he earn more money. He asks for a "raise." His superior tells him: "You are getting all your department pays. You know yourself that the man before you got the same salary we are now paying you. No—I am very sorry, but we cannot pay you any more now, not for some time, at least.

This man has ambitions—a family to support—old age to provide for. One of two courses he will follow: either he seeks another position which will pay him more; or he grows dispirited and unambitious, shirks his work, takes the line of least resistance so far as any actual labor is concerned. In the first case, the house loses a good employe and the cost of his education; in the second, it has a low-efficiency, unenthusiastic, disloyal employe.

This policy keeps the pay-roll down. Is it profitable?

I went to the employment manager of this mercantile house, and asked him that question, point blank.

"Let the other firms pay our fifteen-dollar men twenty-five. Haven't we been getting the work of the same man for ten dollars less? Isn't that profitable?"

But these men are capable of greater producing power than a fifteen-dollar position calls for.

They make good in higher salaried positions with other houses. Six months ago assistant manager of the clothing department at sixteen and one-half dollars a week, now advertising manager of one of the best clothing houses in Chicago, is a record made by one man turned out of this "training school." This man's record while with the house was twice the sales of the next best man, who incidentally is on the same salary today he was at that time. The firm itself said of this man: "He is a good man; his work was satisfactory; we think him reliable. He has been with us twelve years and he leaves to take what he thinks to be a better position."

A manufacturer would think poorly of the foreman who uses a machine to turn out a hundred-dollar-a-day product, even at a profit, when it is capable of producing a thousand dollars' worth of a higher product in the same period. Why doesn't the same apply to men?

In a great many instances this house is probably right: many positions and classes of work are worth only a fixed compensation. But if a man is actually capable of greater earning power, it is the business of a good executive to see that he is put where he can produce to his greatest capacity. If he goes to some other concern and makes good at a higher salary, that concern is the better managed.

Usually the "straw boss" is the man who is the immediate user or misuser of this policy.

But the ultimate responsibility is not his. For, whereas the head of a business would not preserve so short-sighted a course, he virtually forces it upon his department heads.

That deparment in this business which in your direction of this investigation you characterize as "the most inefficient branch of our organization," is a case in point.

A thorough examination showed that the chief faults were an overplus of complaints against it, due, first, to mistakes in its operations, and, second, to being constantly behind in its work. Further study brought out the fact that more changes occurred in its clerical force than in any other department.

This was my point of approach when I interviewed the manager.

"I know why my clerks leave," he said frankly, "it's because they aren't paid enough. Only the mediocre ones stick to their positions."

"Which is the reason, too, I suppose," was my bold comment, "that so many complaints are lodged against your department and you are always behind."

"I grant it," he said.

"Then why don't you take the trouble to put on better employes?"

"Because," he answered, "I am given a certain amount of money with which to run this department. You know that clerical wages have been gradually rising in the last two years.

"I made the mistake of sticking to my old wage-rate, and naturally I kept getting a poorer class. When I woke up to the fact that we were running behind in our work, instead of asking for more money I made the further mistake of asking for more clerks.

" 'You have the same number of clerks you had last year, with the same volume of business,' the management said. 'You have no reason for asking for more clerks. Something must be wrong with your methods.' "

"So," he concluded, "the grade of my clerks is steadily descending, and they are not only incapable of turning out the work, but mistakes are piling up against their inefficiency."

Here is a case, Mr. President, where we are losing our old, capable employes, and putting on transient, incompetent workers, because we will not pay higher wages—and the loss in business and the waste in errors

costs us three times the difference in wages.

No sane business man would advise that every employe be paid what he thinks he is worth; very few but what have a highly inflated idea of their value. But if a worker mistakenly believes he is underpaid, convince him he is receiving a just wage—or let him go.

The employe who sincerely believes he is doing more than he is paid for, is always doing less. And a green employe is better than a discontented one.

I would recommend, Mr. President, that the best way to reduce the payroll in this house is to increase the wages.

That sounds paradoxical, but the experience of two houses in our line will explain it. From many employes of both of these houses we have had applications in the past two weeks.

On investigation I found that, evidently in the same frame of mind on account of conditions of the trade as you are, in both houses retrenchment orders have gone forth.

The A— Company took the usual course, announcing a ten per cent. cut in salaries of a certain class of workers. Result—more than half of these are looking for new positions—with spite, rather than desire for more money, the chief motive.

The B— Company discharged ten per cent. of this class of workers, and then, explaining its position fully to those remaining, announced a five per cent. increase in wages, with the statement that it expected the ninety per cent. to do the work previously done by the full force. And from what I can learn these expectations are being fulfilled.

The first company has a discontented, demoralized force, one-quarter of which will probably leave and have to be replaced with new help, which means inefficiency and expense.

The second concern has a loyal, enthused set of workers, has got rid of its poorest operators, and is saving a clean five per cent.

Something for nothing is no more possible in handling workers than in dealing in mining stocks. He who stints is out-stinted. To him who gives good measure is returned better measure.



Telegraphing Pictures

Translation, from the Windsor Magazine, of an Article by Professor Korn, the Inventor

"Give me a fulcrum, and I will raise the world" wrote Archimedes. Doubtless there is a great deal in what he said, but no one could put at his disposal the means for which he asked, and this, all things considered, was perhaps as well.

Less ambitious than Archimedes, I am content to say: "Give me a thousand telegraph wires, or those of the telephone, and I will enable you to see the person with whom you talk, even if he is at the other end of the world." Unhappily, I am not given them to present, and for the moment I am obliged to content myself by transmitting telegraphically such photography as I can.

Telephotography is found in the particular properties of a substance called selenium, a non-metallic, element, in general chemical analogies, related to sulphur and tellurium. It was discovered by chance in 1873, when an ingenious Englishman, Willougbly Smith, who was employed in laying the submarine cable, was making some experiments. He was at the moment in need of a substance to oppose great resistance to the electric current, and he made choice of selenium, as its powers, compared to those of copper, silver, iron, etc., were known to be enormous. However, he could hardly, as he soon found out, have made a worse choice, for selenium is one of the most eccentric and most inconstant conductors in the world, giving, if used during the day, one result, and another one quite different if used during the night. Mr. May, the assistant of Mr. Smith, discovered that the resistance of selenium varied according to the amount of light to which it was exposed, and experiment showed that in light selenium is relatively a good conductor, whilst in the dark it gives much more resistance. As to the explanation of this strange phenomenon, let us frankly own that it must come from the science of the future.

One may imagine, however, how such a discovery excited the imagination of the experimenters. At once they saw the possibility of completing the telephone by an apparatus capable, so to speak, of showing the actual presentment of the person with whom one was talking at a place thousands of miles off. At first this feat appeared easy enough.

At the far end of the telephone, in a dark room, is projected, on a little disc of selenium, across which an electric current is passed, the actual image of the person. At the receiving station, thrown upon a screen by a ray of light, more or less intense according to the intensity of the electric current sent across the disc of selenium, as it runs over the different parts of the figure at the transmitting station, there would then appear on the screen its actual presentment. But to see this is always conditional on the operation being conducted so quickly that all the component parts of the transmitted image are retained upon the retina.

Ah, there was a seductive programme! Think of it! To abolish absence, one of the greatest ills of our poor humanity; to be able to see, at will, the play of feature and the loving looks of those dear to us when they are far away!

But, alas! all efforts failed before two insurmountable obstacles: the impossibility to obtain simultaneousness —that is to say, absolute synchronism —between the movements of the agency at the transmitting post and those at the receiving post, and the impossibility of duly regulating the intensity of the light rays sent by means of the variable currents. So much depends on the currents; as these are weakened by the resistance of the selenium disc which they traverse and do not synchronize with the movements of the collecting points which pass over the original image at the despatching station, these travel

over the original image. So much variation, indeed, was found to be the case that it was practically impossible to get, at the receiving station, an instrument at once so sensitive and so rapid as to both seize and follow the delineation and movements of the plaques-antennes.

This, then, is why all researches in television failed.

I understood that only one thing was wrong—that the experiment had been begun at the wrong end. It was necessary to commence by attacking the more simple side of the problem. For the difficulties are much less when it is only the question of transmitting a photograph, already taken, which is at one's service for as long a time as one wishes. If one considers that, by aid of instruments already too sensitive, six to twelve minutes were necessary for the transmission of an already existing photograph, one will understand what difficulties opposed themselves to the telephotography of real objects and, above all, to television. I set myself to work, and in three years came to the end of my task. Here is a descriptive summary of my apparatus:

Photography for transmission ought to be on transparent film, which should be rolled round a glass cylinder and shut up in a dark chamber, where it unrolls itself conformably to two simultaneous movements, one rotating round its own axis, like a screw simultaneously round and forward. This movement being regulated and made uniform by means of a small electric propeller—the speed of which can be controlled by means of a meter attached to it—the cylinder, as it revolves, presents points of the photographic film which it carries to the light by means of a little window which penetrates the dark chamber. The light traverses the photographic film, which is in quantity more or less strong, according as it passes through a part more or less transparent, and, in the interior of the cylinder, it strikes upon a prism which reflects it completely on a cell of selenium placed below. This cell, hollow, with very thin partitions, and of spacious surface, on which our projected light is largely displayed, presents much less resistance to the electric current than does the little disc we spoke of at the beginning, and it is traversed by the current of a battery of accumulators. This current, the intensity of which varies according to the quantity of light falling upon the selenium, transmits itself, with the modifications stated, the length of the wires, which are connected with the receiving station, however far off it may be established.

It is, perhaps, the establishment of this receiving station which constituted the most difficult part of my task. The question was, to convey, in proportional quantities of light, the variations of intensity of the current received. I constructed a little instrument, called a galvanometre a cordes, which was a very fine plate of aluminium; this, placed in the manner of a covering before a window made in the side of a receiving cylinder analogous to that used in the transmitting station, dances before this little opening under the action of an electric magnet, allowing to penetrate to it only some variable quantities of electric light concentrated by a lens.

A sensitive film is rolled round this second cylinder and is affected proportionately to the quantity of light which reaches it. By the action of the electric rheostat, description of which would be superfluous, the two cylinders, receiver and transmitter, at the two ends of the line, turn exactly with the same movement. Thus each point of the receptive film receives a luminous impression equal to that which the same point of the transmitting negative conveys, and is reproduced in chiaro-oscuro.

But here I encountered another difficulty: the collecting points of the transmission station do not instantaneously follow, in consequence of its variations of resistance, the variations of photographic values. In use their power of accommodation becomes obliterated, and retains, slightly, former impressions. It conveys the second impression less quickly than it does the first, and so on consecutive-

ly, so that these impressions come to hand one on top of the other, transmitting a blurred image, clouded and indistinct. In my system I have remedied this inconvenience by introducing into the telegraphic circuit, at the receiving station, a second cell of selenium, the inertia of which brings into the apparatus the same delays, but in a contrary direction, so that the two errors neutralize each other—or, at least, approximately. When it is a question of accelerating the methods, will this compensator fulfil its functions as well as at actual speed? If not, will it be possible to improve it? It is there, the business of inventors, for whom the way is traced for new stages.

As to the results of my invention, it seems to me that they should be very numerous and important. For the illustrated papers telephotography will become an ally as precious as the telegraph and telephone are for newspapers in general. As soon as the methods have become a little more rapid, it will be possible to produce the photograph of a scene which will have taken place at the Antipodes the day before. So that, supported by actual eye evidence, the story of a journalist will become more interesting, more impressive, and more comprehensive; and by degrees all daily papers will become illustrated ones. Another and a capital application of telephotography will be made by the police in criminal cases. Perhaps one will see, henceforth, that fewer assassins can disappear without leaving traces and remaining unpunished. The superintendents of police at the frontier stations of Feignies, d'Avricourt, etc., and those at the different ports will receive some such telegrams as the following:

"A crime has been committed this morning in Paris. The individual X is suspected and is believed to have taken flight. Watch the trains (or the embarcations) and arrest him. Herewith the portrait of the presumed culprit."

In the same manner this magazine could give its readers the features of Messrs. Jaures Casimir-Perier, etc., without the beard or moustaches which they have always worn; of Messrs. Meline, Coppee, Courteline, and others, adorned contrary to their custom with ample beards; and, in order to baffle the tricks of messieurs the assassins, absconding cashiers, and suchlike gentry, three portraits of the same person could be simultaneously sent in all directions, the first exactly as he appeared when he committed the crime, the second clean shaven, and the third with a false beard and moustache and whiskers. The police have good eyes, and, as the criminal would be traveling when his photograph was flying over the telegraph wires, he would be everywhere preceded by it, and his chances of escape would be considerably lessened, especially if steroscopic photographs could be transmitted.

Outside the above applications of the discovery, how many others will crop up which we do not think of! An innocent person is arrested far away from his friends. The telephotography will restore him to liberty, hours, days, weeks sooner than before. A traveler meets with an accident and is lying on a strange hospital bed without any papers to identify him. His telephotograph published in the newspapers would appear to inform his relations and friends. Used in a similar manner, microphotographs would permit of consultation with some great medical man who lived in some distant town.

The transmission of a photographed signature might prove extremely useful, if it were accompanied, for example, by the lawyer's stamp for authentication, the transmitting station keeping the original in order to be able to verify it.

These near realizations of telephotography excite our imagination and give us a glimpse of the much more complicated solution of the puzzle of television, as we said above. But dreams must not be allowed to hinder the march of telephotography. Let us say plainly what there is at this moment to hope for.

When one can shorten the transmission of a photograph to the third

of a second instead of six minutes, television will have become possible. We shall be able to see reproductions of objects brought from very far, as we now see animated scenes on the screen of a cinematograph. If this acceleration is impossible, there will remain the resource of our making use of a great number of wires, each of which will transmit a part of the object. But let us not forget what we said at the commencement, that in the present state of our methods it will be necessary for this end to arrange for at least a thousand telegraph wires and as many transmission stations. Television is not impossible in theory. In practice it would be very costly without being capable of serious application. But we do not want that. On that day when it will be possible to accelerate our methods of telephotography by at least ten times, which does not appear to be impossible in the future, we shall arrive at television with a hundred telegraph wires. Then the problem of sight at a distance will without doubt cease to be a chimera.

Meanwhile we must be content with what we have, and must make every endeavor to perfect telephotography. We have already done something. When we were children we were made to laugh at the simplicity of that good peasant who, wishing to send his son, an employe in Paris, a pair of new shoes, hooked them on to the telegraph wires with a label containing the address of the recipient, and was very much astonished at finding them the next day in the same place. Now, in a few months, this excellent man will be able to send, by this unsuspected way, his portrait to his lad. And at this thought I ask myself if I have not done harm to the progress of the scheme by assisting to revive in country places the belief in wizards.

Inventions We Owe to Savages

By T. C. Bridges in the Grand Magazine

Almost every day the truth of the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun receives fresh proof. The researches of archæologists have shown that the ancient Egyptians used bone collar studs and babies' feeding bottles similar in shape to those made to-day. The Moors had rubber stamps as much as a thousand years ago, and the same race sent sun-signals by means of the heliograph many centuries before our army adopted this supposedly novel invention.

According to Lady Lugard, the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, in the sixteenth century, had orchestras and concerts, played chess, and possessed fine libraries; and in 1618 a man went from Jenne to Timbuctoo to undergo a successful operation for cataract.

Hindu men of medicine understood the nature of disease germs and of bacilli before William the Conquerer ascended the throne of England; and at a museum in Nuremberg is to be seen a magazine rifle dating back to the fifteenth century. Safety pins are found in the ruins of Pompeii, a magnifying glass was dug up in the remains of Nineveh; while no finer steel has ever been produced than was forged by the artificers of Damascus in the days of the Crusades.

Facts of this kind are sufficiently humiliating to our vanity, yet hardly so damaging as the discovery that very many of those inventions of which we are most proud originated, not in the minds of the civilized races of to-day, but in those of tribes of red, black or brown men whom we are accustomed to designate as savage.

What is the fastest form of sailing craft? "A modern racing yacht" is doubtless the answer which most men would promptly give. They are

doubly wrong, for, in the first place, a large sailing vessel is faster than any yacht afloat, and, in the second, there is a craft which will beat even the Australian clipper or the five-masted American schooner. That is the flying proca of the Pacific savage. These marvellous little boats can not only outsail anything else which moves by wind power but can beat most steamers. Twenty knots an hour is the speed with which they are credited. We have borrowed from native races the idea of the double hull; and the catamaran is one of the most popular craft in the shallow waters of the Atlantic sea board of the United States.

Speaking of boats one of the forms most frequently seen upon English rivers is the so-called Canadian canoe. Here is a purely savage invention, a Red Indian patent upon which civilization has failed to improve. There is no other craft which, while itself weighing so little, carries so large a cargo and is withal so easily propelled, so elastic, and so seaworthy as the true birch-bark canoe of the North American Indian.

The paddle is the customary method employed by the savage for propelling his craft. But the oar is not a white man's invention. For centuries unnumbered the Eskimo has moved his "umiak," or heavy boat, by means of oars, the rowlocks being ingeniously supplied by loops of raw hide linked together.

Nearly all our carpenters' tools are savage in origin. The sources of the knife and hammer are lost in the dim mists of the remote past, and such tools in one form or another have been found in the possession of even the lowest and most degraded tribes. But aboriginal races are responsible for other and far more elaborate tools; the cross-cut saw, for instance. More than one tribe has evolved a saw. The Polynesian islanders made an ingenious and fairly useful instrument by inserting charks' teeth into a handle of wood. Other savages use a thin strip of wood or bone in connection with moistened sand, and are thus enabled to cut through stone or other hard substances.

Many dark-skinned tribes, when first discovered, were found to possess drills. The shaft is usually of wood, the point of intensely hard stone, such as jade. By means of drills the Samoan natives can bore holes in the shanks of their beautifully-fashioned pearl-shell fish hooks.

Tools of one kind or another were evolved simultaneously by different races in different parts of the world. It cannot be definitely asserted that we Europeans owe any of the contents of our carpenters' chests directly to the savage. Certain common inventions, however, there are which appear to have come to us almost unchanged from the tribes which evolved them. Among these tribes the Eskimo stand first. These little people, whose existence has for centuries past been one long struggle against the bitter cold and fierce storms of an Arctic climate have developed an ingenuity positively amazing. Certainly the sledge was known in Europe long before the discovery of the New World, yet never in so perfect a form as that devised by the Arctic peoples. The proof is that the white inhabitants of Canada and the Northwest, as well as all Arctic and Antarctic explorers, have adopted the Eskimo form of sledge, and in Alaska and other parts of the Far North employ dogs to pull them with harness of the Eskimo pattern. Snow shoes, both of the European and Canadian pattern, appear to be derived directly from savages. The long Norwegian ski are probably a Lapp invention. The Canadian snow shoe, made of a frame of tough wood supporting a web of raw hide, is practically identical with that which the first settlers found the Indians using, and is very similar to that which the Eskimo wear.

Snow spectacles are also believed to be, in their original form, an Eskimo invention. These people protect their eyes from the glare by little cups of wood with narrow slits cut across the bottom and inverted over the eyes. May it not be possible that motor car goggles are the lineal de-

scendant of the Eskimo snow spectacles? Pemmican, which the early fur-trading explorers of the North-west found in universal use as a winter food among the Indian tribes, was introduced into the British Navy victualling yards for the purpose of supplying Arctic expeditions with a portable, easily preserved, and nourishing food. There seems no doubt that this purely savage preparation was the origin of all the potted meats of which we now have such a vast and appetising variety.

But there are more foods than pemmican which we, the ultra-civilized, owe to primitive races. Whenever a sago pudding comes up for luncheon we should remember that this extremely light and wholesome food was discovered by the natives of Ceram, and was prepared and eaten by them centuries before it came to Europe. To-day this country gets through 15,000 tons of sago yearly.

On his first voyage Columbus found the natives cultivating the yam, or sweet potato. This vegetable is not much eaten in England, but in the United States, in South Europe, and in many other parts of the world it is a staple food. The world at large would not suffer half so much if the ordinary white potato—the "Irish" potato, as they call it in the States—were suddenly to disappear, as it would were the yam to be exterminated. Maize is one of the three most important cereals. Yet, in spite of its common name—"Indian corn"—there are probably few of us who remember that this plant forms another portion of our debt to the savage. Maize was originally derived from a wild grass, the euchloena, and as a sound variety of maize was found by the early white explorers of the New World in cultivation by aboriginal races, it is permissible to presume that it was these people who domesticated and improved it.

While on the subject of plants we must certainly not forget that greatest boon or greatest curse of modern civilization according to the point of view the reader takes—tobacco. Its very name indicates its savage origin, for the word tobacco is supposed to be derived from tabac, the Carib name of the instrument in which the West Indian natives smoked the leaf. The cigar is another purely savage invention. Columbus found the natives rolling tobacco in maize leaves into a cylindrical shape for smoking purposes and the modern cigar differs only from these early ones in the matter of wrapper. Is it not rather a startling fact that the British revenue is a gainer to the extent of more than thirteen and a half millions a year from a plant, the use of which was purely a savage discovery?

The finest, coolest, and most costly head coverings in the world were invented and are to-day made by brown men. I refer to the so-called Panama hats, for one of which His Majesty the King is said to have paid £80 in the Summer of 1902; while M. Jean de Reske is credited with having given £120 for a hat of the same rescription. How Panama hats got their name is something of a mystery, for they certainly do not come from the neighborhood of the ill-fated isthmus. The best of these hats are made in Ecuador by native labor. The fibre is derived from a certain grass which grows in the country, and also from palm leaves. It takes a lifetime of training to become an adept in the weaving of a Panama, and probably no other craftsman but a native would possess the almost miraculous patience needful to split the fibre to the thinness of sewing cotton, and to spend weeks and even months in the delicate plaiting. Actually, in making the finer kinds of hats, the weaving has to be done under water in order to prevent the fibre from becoming too brittle for use. No product of machinery can vie with these specimens of semi-savage handiwork. The perfect Panama is light as a feather, can be folded up like a silk handkerchief, and even, if run over by a loaded cart, can be straightened out, washed, and made to look as good as new.

The Zuni Indians of New Mexico deserve to be reckoned among the finest handicraftsmen in the world.

No possession is more greatly prized by the Western cowboy than a Zuni blanket, or zarape. These are so beautifully woven—all the work being done by hand—that some of the best are actually almost as waterproof as an oilskin "slicker." No other fabric known is at once so light and so warm. The patterns, which have remained unchanged for centuries, are geometrical and the dyes are native.

Mention of dyes calls to mind the fact that at least one of our most beautiful of modern dyes must be counted among the inventions which we owe to savage races. That is cochineal. The insect which produces this lovely scarlet, and the nopal plant on which the insect feeds, were discovered and cultivated in Mexico long before the Spaniards reached that country, and were brought by them to Europe.

A Cashmere shawl of the best quality is worth as much as three hundred pounds. For warmth and elasticity such a shawl is incomparable, and the patterns, said to be derived from the graceful curves of the River Jhelum, have been widely imitated in English and Scottish manufactories. Perhaps it would be hardly fair to class the Kashmiris as savages, seeing that in some respects their civilization is much older than our own. Still, they are a colored race, and their beautiful shawls have been made with the same perfection and without the aid of machinery since a time long previous to their first contact with Europeans. The shawls are woven on rude looms, many of which have been used for generations, and the making of a pair of shawls will occupy three or four men for a year. The hair of which they are made is so fine that it takes the fleeces of ten goats to make one shawl a yard and a half square, and weighing no more than thirty ounces.

It is difficult to say whether the builders of the first of the modern iron and steel suspension bridges did or did not get the idea from the bamboo suspension bridge which Oriental natives have been accustomed to build for many centuries past. We have historical record of a suspension bridge built across the Im-jin River, in Korea, in the year 1592. There was at that time a war in progress between the Chinese and Koreans on one side and the Japanese on the other. The Japanese, defeated, withdrew across the river, and it was to enable the Chinese forces to cross that the Koreans built a suspension bridge out of great cables twisted from a native vine called chik. The bridge was 150 yards long, but so well built that an army of 120,000 men crossed upon it in safety. The Dyaks build amazing suspension bridges out of bamboo; the natives of New Guinea, though usually supposed to be degraded savages, are experts in the same art; and when Pizarro marched through Peru he found terrific mountain gorges spanned by stout suspension bridges made of twisted lianas and capable of bearing very heavy weights.

No science is newer amongst us that that of medicine. It is only comparatively recently that the horrible and filthy superstitions and compounds of medieval pharmacy became extinct. The savage of two or three centuries ago was enormously the superior of his white contemporary in the healing art and though it is difficult to trace the useful drugs or medical processes from their native sources to European medicine chests, yet without doubt many white doctors and men of science have gained useful hints from the pharmacopœia of the so-called savage. As we all know, one of our most valuable drugs—quinine was brought to Europe from Peru. But, on the other hand, we have no direct evidence that the native races employed the bark of the chinchona tree as medicine. But we do know that the Indian peimans, or medicine men of South America, understand and use curative herbs, vervain, hen-weed, and many others, and have cured fevers by the aid of medicine of their own composition. They also understand inoculation for fevers, and there are instances on record of Europeans having been cured by this process when all white

men's medicines failed utterly of their object.

The Curados de calaber, in the countries bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, are proof from serpent's bites, their immunity having, it is said, been secured by inoculation with a mixture of snake venom and the juice of the mano del sapo, or "toad's hand." The Gallas, of British East Africa, are believed to have employed vaccination to secure immunity from smallpox long before Jenner's discovery. They inoculated in the nose, not the arm. In days when an unfortunate English patient was packed tight in a hot bed in a stuffy room, secluded from every breath of fresh air, the Zulus carried their wounded to high mountains, well aware that pure hill top air is the best of Nature's antiseptics.

It has only been possible here to skim the surface of this subject. But perhaps enough has been said to convince the reader that savages are not so savage as many suppose, and that white races need not be too proud to admit the debt which they certainly owe to native races, nor meanly kick away the footstool upon which they have risen.

Old Age Pensions in Germany

By Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc., in Chambers' Journal

ALTHOUGH the question of old-age pensions has over and over again been mooted and discussed in Britain, nothing of a practical nature has issued out of such deliberations. At present, provision for the workingman in his declining years is largely a matter of his own individual making. His sick and benefit clubs and the systems of insurance against disease, providing sick pay for a certain period, and the various societies to which he contributes, represent practically the resources at his command for his support in evil days or when he becomes too old to be reckoned amongst the effective units of labor.

In all probability the question of old-age pensions will be periodically revived. The question of providing for the aged units of a nation is one which cannot be solved by the workhouse alone. Apart altogether from the view that the laying by in an easy way of a certain provision for old age would represent a practical encouragement towards thrift and exercise a distinctly moral effect on the masses, there would also ensue from such a plan or practice the cultivation of a spirit of independence and the prospect of a degree of comfort which the spectacle of the workhouse as the end of a working life cannot by any means be supposed to represent. On all grounds we may, therefore, assume that if the masses could be persuaded under one scheme or another to co-operate with government in the institution of a scheme whereby reasonable provision would be made not merely for old age, but also against permanent ill-health totally incapacitating them for duty, we should in all probability be able to solve many of the difficult problems connected with this subject.

It may interest readers to know that in one country, at least, a scheme has been in operation since January, 1891, and is carried out in a highly successful manner. From a memorandum of certain details with which I have been provided, I find that the "Imperial Law of Insurance" of German working men and women against permanent ill-health and old age was passed in June, 1889. As I have said, this edict came into force at the beginning of 1891. The inception of this scheme appears to have rested with Willitm I. It has been described as the most valuable legacy left to his people. The Emperor devoted a very large amount of time and attention to the elaboration of this scheme,

and therein had the assistance of the leading men of his Empire versed not merely in finance, but in statistics, and in such details as naturally fall to be considered when a great scheme of this kind has to be evolved and inaugurated. Under the auspices of the present ruler of Germany, the scheme of his grandfather has undergone further developments, so that in Germany to-day the question of the support in old age are in permanent ill-health of the working classes of the country may be regarded as having been completely and successfully solved.

The first characteristic of the German scheme is that of mutual help and aid, whilst, as we shall see, a certain proportion of the required funds comes from the public purse. The individuals who benefit from the scheme have taken part in founding its financial basis. It is estimated that twelve millions of working men and women exist in the German Empire. On their backs alone, however, is not wholly laid the cost of the premiums paid. If we term this an insurance scheme we describe it in fairly correct terms. Of each premium, a half comes out of the pockets of the workers, the remaining moiety being contributed by their employers. In so far as the practical carrying out of details is concerned the expense involved in this item is nil, seeing that the whole business of national insurance is managed and controlled by the Imperial Post Office.

The German masses have no option in this matter between choosing or refusing to insure. The system is, in other words, of a compulsory nature. We read that every man-servant, every maid-servant, and factory workers both male and female—in a word, the whole working population of Germany—are bound by law to insure on completing the sixteenth year of life. In addition to the working classes, clerks and tradesmen in a small way are eligible for insurance provided their incomes do not exceed one hundred pounds a year. This latter class, however, are known as self-insurers. They pay the whole premium demanded, no employers being forced to contribute to this particular class of insurance. Turning now to the details of this excellent scheme, we find that the premiums are regulated according to the wages of the individual. There are four classes included in the scheme. The first class consists of those who earn eighteen pounds a year and under that sum (the amounts here are taken roughly without entering into fractional details); the second class includes those earning twenty-eight pounds a year and under —that is, to the eighteen pounds limit; the third class is formed by those whose wages amount to forty-two pounds a year; whilst the fourth class is represented by persons whose ncomes, whilst above forty-two pounds per annum do not exceed a hundred pounds.

The premiums are paid weekly, and are paid, as has been said, by the working classes and their employers in equal proportions. For the first class the weekly premium amounts in English money to about three farthings; for the second class the premium is represented by the weekly penny; for the third class it amounts to a penny farthing, and for the fourth class three halfpence. Practically, therefore, for every penny which is paid as a premium by the working man, the servant, and the like, the employer is bound to hand in a like amount. It is also his duty to see that both pennies are promptly paid each week. Viewed from the employer's standpoint, it might be thought that in the case of a large business concern the insurance premium may amount to a considerable sum. Yet, whatever be the amount, it is paid cheerfully enough, and is not regarded in Germany, as a rule, in any sense but as a beneficent tax. In the case, for example, of a German household, the practice is, therefore, that of insuring each servant by means of the weekly penny, to which is added the employer's penny. In the case of what may be called irregular workers, such as charwomen, the weekly penny is contributed by them, the regulation here being that the person

who employs the woman on the first day of the week pays the supplementary sum. If the woman only begns work on Tuesday, it is the Tuesday employer who discharges this duty. It is no uncommon thing in German households to find that the employer in the case of his servants not merely pays his own penny, but adds the servant's contributions as well. This latter fact says much for the deep interest which is taken in this scheme. of national insurance by employers of labor at large.

Coming now to those details which refer to the manner in which this huge insurance business is carried out, we find, as has been stated, that the post office is responsible for its supervision. It must be admitted that the proceedings may be regarded as involving some little trouble; but as the work in question is entirely of a routine description, and as the German nation of all others is accustomed obediently to conform to rules and regulations, it cannot be said that any great difficulty is experienced in working this great trust. The weekly premium is paid into the post office, and a stamp or stamps is given in exchange for the money. This stamp is duly pasted on a card which is the property of the person who insures. The card when full is exchanged for another, the value of the previous one being duly added to the new card. Saturday being the chief day for paying the premiums, is a very busy one at the post offices of certain districts, many hundreds of persons attending in order to receive the value in stamps of the premiums paid. The Germans have nicknamed the insurance the "stick law," in consequence of the large portion of time occupied in sticking stamps on the cards. In two years after the scheme of insurance was started, it is stated that over five million pounds sterling were collected. In twenty years the amount of the accumulated fund, it is estimated, will amount to twenty-five millions, and this latter sum, it is calculated, will double itself in eighty years.

The practical benefits of the scheme thus outlined are that an insured person, if thrown out of employment permanently from any cause of the nature of sickness or accdent, can draw a sick pension. Alternatively, if he or she lives till seventy years of age, an old-age pension is paid. In so far as the sick pension is concerned, it can be claimed in cases where less than one-third of the yearly wage has been earned. If the person recovers sufficiently to earn his or her full wage, the pension ceases. The amount of the pension is necessarily not great; but the German authorities appear to have kept in view the idea that the pension should be of such an amount that the sick or aged person, as the case may be, by aid of this money, may obtain board and lodging in a family to whose resources the amount of the pension would be a welcome addition.

The conditions on which pensions are paid may be regarded as liberal and generous. We find that a man or woman may draw sick pension after having paid the premiums for five years. If it so happened, however, that a man or woman had been permanently thrown out of employment during the first or second year of the working of this scheme, and if it was proved that he or she had been in receipt of honestly earned wages during the previous five years, the individual would become entitled to the benefits of the scheme. In the case of old persions who have paid in for one year, they can draw the old-age pension provided they have earned their livelihood during the preceding three years. With regard to the sums paid in case of permanent want of employment from sickness or accident, after five years' payment of premiums, the amounts, less fractions, are: for class one, five pounds fourteen shllings a year; the second class receives six pounds five shillings a year; the third, six pounds eleven shillings a year; and the fourth, seven pounds. It is also an interesting fact that the pensions increase proportionately with the years of insurance. Suppose an insured man has paid premiums for fifty years, his pension

under class one would amount to eight pounds a year, increasing respectively for the remaining three classes to twelve pounds ten shillings, sixteen pounds, and twenty pounds fifteen shillings. Any person, irrespective of sickness altogether, who has passed his or her seventieth year, and has paid premiums for 30 years, receives an old-age pension. For the four classes the amounts of such pensions respectively are: five pounds six shillings a year, six pounds fifteen shillings a year, eight pounds three shillings, and nine pounds eleven shillings A case is given in the memorandum from which I quote of a woman aged thirty-seven years. In her twenty-fourth year she lost her right arm. If the present system of insurance had been inaugurated in her time, from her sixteenth year she would have paid her half-premium, her employer contributing the other half. In eight years she would have paid about thirty-eight shillings; but for the last thirteen years she would have been receiving a pension of six pounds fifteen shillings, or over eighty pounds in all; and, what is more to the point, this pension would be paid her as long as she lived.

In the case of a man aged forty-nine years, incapacitated for eleven years for work through ill-health, he would under this scheme—under, say, class three—have paid a total sum of about six pounds four shillings, an equal amount having been contributed by the employer. For the last eleven years he would have drawn a pension amounting to about ten pounds five shillings a year. In eleven years he would thus have received about one hundred and twelve pounds, the premium still continuing during his lifetime. It is added that if the man's wife earned a certain wage of her own, and had sons and daughters contributing to the household expenses, such a house, even with its head disabled, would be in a fairly comfortable position. In the case of servant girls or female workers wro marry, the system of insurance may be continued, with this difference, that the woman pays the whole of the premium herself. If on marriage payments are discontinued they receive the sum which stands to their credit through previous payments. More interesting still is it to know that if a man dies without having benefited by the insurance, the widow, or the children if under fifteen years of age, inherit the sum which is standing to his credit. If a woman dies in similar circumstances, her children, if fatherless and under the age of fifteen, inherit her share

Such is a bare outline of what can only be regarded as a very beneficent scheme. Its main feature is that it is not worked on purely charitable lines, but on a proper business footing. There is no idea of pauperism involved in the details, seeing that whilst the State manages the business and employers of labor contribute thereto, the insured person has also contributed to the funds, and in this way is benefited partly through the exercise of thrift, compulsory as this exercise may be.

It is not necessary here to discuss the question whether or not such a scheme would commend itself to the British nation. There is, on the face of things, no obvious reason why it should not find favor in the eyes of the people. At least it presents us with a solution of a very difficult problem. The amounts involved in contributions towards premiums payable by the insured and by employers of labor are so small that even in the case of a large firm employing many hands we can only regard the amount demanded as proportionate to the earnings of the firm. The impost can in no senses be considered either as unfair or tyrannical, so that if our nation seriously set itself to discuss in a practical fashion the possibility of making provision for old age and for the disablement produced by accident or sickness, there can be very little doubt that amongst the points to be carefully and seriously considered we should certainly enumerate the German scheme of insurance above described.

Government Ownership in Canada

By Herbert Vanderhoof in the Technical World

MUNICIPAL ownership is not a campaign cry in Western Canada. It is a condition that excites no comment. It had no spellbinders to blaze its way. It is coeval with the cities wherein it exists, and that is to say, in almost every town from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Calgary in the foothills of the Rockies, and Edmonton at the northern outpost of steam railway transportation.

While older communities spend idle hours wondering if it is possible for municipalities to own their public utilities, the cities of Western Canada step boldly in. Forty years of national obscurity gave Canada good preparation for future performance. The Government machinery, municipal, provincial and national had been well tested before it felt the strain of a rapidly increasing population. Therefore, it was not hampered by Old-World traditions or handicapped by New-World inexperience. Fort William attempted municipal paternalism, and the attempt was successful. Port Arthur was not to be outdone, and her efforts, too, bore fruit. In the wake of these cities came Calgary, Prince Albert, Edmonton, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. And the first failure is yet to be recorded. Here they begin at the beginning; they construct while cities of the United States are reconstructing.

With the opening up of the vast areas of cheap land in Western Canada there occurred a tremendous migration of homesteaders. As the hitherto unknown, or at least unappreciated, possibilities of the new country were realized, the small stream of immigrants became a flood. But they were not drawn into the northwest by gold, as were the forty-niners of California, but by wheat. It will be interesting to compare the development of the west and the northwest, and to see whether or not history will repeat itself in the way in which the two localities have handled the problems incident to their growth.

The picturesque features of the Wild West, the wide open frontier towns, the gambling resorts and the shooting scrapes, which Bret Harte has handed down and preserved in American literature, are lacking in the northwest. Unquestionably the fact that a different class of men are drawn into gold camps, is largely responsible for this. Another reason is that a body of eight hundred efficient men—the Royal Northwest Mounted Police—keep a tract of land larger than Europe in as peaceful, law abiding a condition as one would to-day find in a quiet little Ohio village.

As a striking result cities springing full grown in a season on the rich plans swing into the advanced line of municipal government with municipal owned street car lines, water works, telephone systems and electric lighting plants. Single tax is being tried, and with success, in more than one community. To an observer fresh from the decade-old wrangles in cities of the States over the untried problem of city ownership, the way in which the Canadian towns rush into things is amazing. These people actually seem not to care to raise political issues. They carelessly begin undertakings in a day that would furnish material for a hundred campaigns and secure untold numbers of fat offices in American cities.

These new ideas are being made applicable, in a sense, to the larger governments also. While the Dominion Government is helping to build railways, the provinces are churning the butter for the farmer and marketing his eggs for him. Eighteen creameries operated by the Alberta Provincial Government, in one year manufactured one and one-half mil-

lion pounds of butter and marketed it at twenty cents a pound. There are as many creameries operated as private enterprises as there are Government creameries, but their total product is not so large.

The Provincial Government establishes refrigerators or warehouses for storing the butter, and holds it under insurance without expense to the farmer until there is a market demand. The chief warehouse is in Calgary, but there are branches in other towns. The Provincial Government superintends the work; sees that the buildings are properly constructed, and supplies the administration for the enterprise. It educates buttermakers, and gives their services gratis to the creameries. It sees that there is a sufficient supply of pure water and suitable drainage. The Government stamp, which is a guarantee of purity and sanitation, goes on every pound of butter manufactured.

The operation of the Provincial creameries has been remarkably successful, because of the quality of the butter offered for sale. Better prices are received for it and a surer market provided than would be possible through individual enterprise. It is the belief of the dairy commissioners that as great or greater progress will be made in the building of creameries during the next few years than has been made during the last five years, when the number has trebled. One of the great advantages to the farmers is in the educational features of the Government plan.

The popular demand for municipal ownership of public utilities is universal through the new Northwest. As these towns grow and face the conditions of the future, the attention of the world will be upon them.

Fort William and Port Arthur are adjoining cities. In fact the two are practically one. In this double city the people operate and own the water, electric light, telephone and street car systems. Port Arthur has owned its street car system for fourteen years and during the last few years has paid all operating expenses, one-half the city taxes, and has laid away a certain amount for a sinking fund, all of which the profit arising from the street car system has enabled them to do.

Meanwhile, their citizens use their present energies in a healthy rivalry and in devotion to their municipal ownership experiment. Every stranger who comes into Port Arthur has to make acquaintance with the town's manner and method of doing business before anything else is done. If he comes to talk about wheat he must hear first how the city telephones are run. Every citizen of Port Arthur carries about with him the last quarterly statement of the railway and light commission. He knows how much profit there was in the operation of the waterworks and the telephone system. Incidentally he will explain that Fort William is helping to pay the taxes due on Port Arthur real estate. When a Fort William citizen pays five cents to the street car conductor he contributes a mite to every individuad taxpayer in the rival town.

Although the street railroad charges a five-cent fare, the telephone service is much less than the old rates charged by a private company. The old company used to charge thirty-six dollars a year for a business telephone, unlimiterd service, which is now supplied for twenty-four dollars, and a residence telephone costs only twelve dollars a year.

Port Arthur is the only town on the American continent which owns and operates all of its utilities. The most conspicuous citizen of the town is a member of the railway and light commission. The membership of the commission is restricted to three, and one is elected each year. It is a great honor to be a member of the commission than it is to be mayor or alderman. The citizen who has been honored by his municipality as a member of the board must serve without pay. He is not allowed to issue a pass for a ride on any of the lines, not even to a member of his own family.

The falls of the Currant River are almost in the city itself and all the power necessary for use either in

manufacturing or for the purpose of electric operations of any kind is supplied by this convenient stream. The city has appropriated everything and the manufacturer must do business with it. Yet the controlling officials, serving without pay, save all of the salaries which go to eat up so much of the profits of public utilities elsewhere, and because of these and other reasons, one would hardly be justified in pointing to this town of 10,000 people as proof positive that municipal ownership is justifiable in American cities.

The total investment by the municipality was only $150,000, and last year the net income was $36,000. Of course it would be impossible to continue these proportional figures if the city should grow to a larger population, and of course it would be impossible for a city where millions were involved to have the officials devote their time exclusively to enterprises, without compensation. But Port Arthur's mayor, after briefly reviewing the recent reports of the various systems, said: "I confidently expect to see the day when the property owners of this town will walk up to the auditor's office and each receive a check as his proportional share of the profits from the operation of our utilities, after his taxes are paid."

The Province of Manitoba has adopted the idea of municipal telephone service, thereby, in view of the experience of the Canadian towns that have tried it, insuring cheaper rates and a more efficient service. The Government will build at least a thousand miles of long distance lines reaching from Winnipeg to Portage, Brandon and intermediate points, northwest by way of Neepawa and southwest to points in Southern Manitoba. In Moose Jaw municipal ownership is an established principle, the city owning its own water, sewage, and electric lighting plants. Whether or not the town regards its experiment as successful may be determined from the fact that Moose Jaw has spent over $850,000 on public works and buildings. Prince Albert has enlarged her municipal electric lighting plant and has constructed one costing $75,000, and in addition water and sewer systems costing $150,000.

In Edmonton, which has outgrown its old telephone system, the city, encouraged by the success of the smaller system, is replacing it with a much larger one.

It may be incidentally mentioned in this connection that Edmonton has the single tax system which has been found to accomplish the two very satisfactory results of promoting improvements on the land, and of discouraging the practice of buying land as a speculation and letting it be idle in anticipation of a rise in value. Edmonton did not adopt the single tax because its people were believers in the theories of Henry George, but to head off a "boom" that threatened when the municipal charter was granted. Some of the first comers knew the havoc that a boom would work to the new town, and they set about restraining and discouraging the land speculators. It was reasoned that to tax unimproved town lots at the same rate charged against improved property would to some degree compel land owners to build. That was what Edmonton needed—houses for the people who were coming in. So it is to-day that if one plot on the main street of the town occupied by a bank building is valued at $16,000, the vacant piece of property next door is assessed at the same figure.

Edmonton has added a modification of its own to this taxation system. Technically they do not have a single tax; there is a second tax on "business" on the basis of the floor space occupied. The scheme of taxing business according to floor space occupied grew out of a desire to reach financial institutions and the incomes of professional men. The rates are: Banks and other financial institutions may be taxed to the extent of $10 per square foot occupied. Mercantile houses may not be taxed more than $5 per square foot. Last year, banks, trust companies, and brokers' offices were assessed at $7.50 a square foot; jewelers were assessed at not more

than $5, and the rates ranged from that figure down to fifty cents a square foot for warehouses. Offices occupied by lawyers, physicians, and real estate agents were carefully valued and assessed. If a physician had his office in his residence, the room he used in which to receive patients was taken as a basis for his tax bill.

In Manitoba the McDonald administration came into power on the municipal ownership issue. As a rule the various municipalities own their street car lines, but find it advantageous to lease them to syndicates of private capitalists who give reduced fares to the people and also pay good returns or rents for their leases.

Perhaps the fact that the common good seems to be the primary aim, and that personal and political advantage apparently does not enter into calculation, is the reason that municipal ownership and governmental supervision is successful in these municipalities.

The American reader who follows this tale of how Canadian cities handle their public utilities, must carefully weigh the different conditions, before he rushes to the conclusion that what is good here would be equally good at home. Here many men who are busy with big problems of planting a civilization, where a short time ago the unbroken prairie swept uninhabited for hundreds of miles, willingly give up their time to handle civic problems of lighting and transportation. Therefore one is not at all surprised to learn that graft in office in these towns is almost unknown.

The time-honored custom of granting valuable franchises for street car lines, for waterworks and electric lighting privileges to private syndicates—humorously enough dubbed public service corporations—is not meeting with any favor in the Canadian West. The graft and the lobbying which is connected in innumerable instances with the granting of franchises in America, is singularly lacking in this new country of the north. The passive indifference which characterizes the attitude in which the towns and cities south of the line treat such vital questions is also entirely absent. The capitalists from the United States who regard Western Canada as an especially inviting field in which to grab franchises, will meet with a reception which will confirm their belief in the old myth which we all learned in the geographies of our childhood—that Canada is a cold and barren country—which is a myth, indeed, in every sense but this.



Even Temperament as a Business Asset

By Clifford T. Little in the Grocers' Magazine

An even temperament is one of the best assets for any business man.

Take a man who has what we call an even disposition and put him alongside the man who "goes off the handle" at slight provocation, and he will win out every time.

Force and activity are essential to the success of any man. Add an even temperament to natural force and ability and you generally have a strong man.

The man who loses his temper easily, who is always finding fault with his employers or his employer, is at a great disadvantage.

The man in business who can always control his passions, who never allows himself to become sour or crabbed or "go off the handle," the always serene man, is the man everybody wants to do business with.

The story is told of a Supreme Court judge who sat on the bench 26 years, most of which time he was in physical pain. He had been wounded in the Civil War. The wound never completely had healed. Surgery and medicine had done for him all that they could. His pain remained. Yet during all those years he sat upon the bench no colleague, no attache, no lawyer, no litigant or spectator ever saw him lose his temper.

In this remarkable example of will and self-control is a lesson to many grocers and merchants, to many clerks. Any number of employes cannot keep their jobs just because they do not control their temper. They can if they will, but they go blundering along the same old way, day in and day out.

We read in the newspapers that such a man has been made manager of such a railroad at a princely salary or that such a man who has become manager of such a store or such a department in a big store. In all kinds of business there are a vast number of executive positions. Hard as it is sometimes to find suitable clerks for retail stores it is still more difficult to find men suitable for great executive positions. When we read of the remarkable rise of some new manager of a railroad, we seldom think of the characteristics of that man. The unthinking man says "pull" or "luck," but nine times out of ten there is no luck and no pull. The only lucky or rather fortunate feature was that this man and his work attracted the attention of those who had the say. He may have done some special thing to attract their attention.

The chances are nine out of ten that he had the brains, experience and knowledge of the business. It is also probable that he was regarded as a man of even disposition. Quite likely his even disposition had helped him a good many times before.

An even temperament helps every man who possesses it.

Every man who has not an even disposition can have one if he will only restrain himself.

There are plenty of even tempered men who were not always so.

They saw the folly of letting their temper show itself and subdued it—it is all a matter of will.

There are some business men who have erratic ways and erratic tempers. Every man on the road knows them by the lack of decency they possess. These men do not realize it, but their crankiness and cussedness costs them a lot of good cash every year.

The way they let their tempers get away with them brands them to the traveling man or stranger as lightweights, when, as a matter of fact, they may be twice as smart as their neighbors.

The man who tells fabulous stories about the size of business he is doing, and there are many of these, the fellow who is tricky and always trying to be sharp, and the fellow with a

mean, grouchy disposition and temper, always ready to fly off, are all put in about the same class by the commercial traveler and others who desire to do business with them.

Not enough is said to young men about the need of a good disposition and a "keep sweet" temper. The average young man is ambitious and wants to get on in the world. A sweet temper alone will not do it, but it will help, and help materially, especially if the young man wants an executive position.

There are thousands of examples of men who are famous for never losing their heads in business. Much of the success of Henry H. Rogers is said to be due to the calm temperament and to the rigid hold he exercises over his passions. Charles Schwab of steel trust fame has never been known to lose control of himself while engaged in business. These are but two of many conspicuous examples of the same kind.

The man who allows himself to get angry too often says things he does not mean. This is a costly thing in business. Not only do such incidents make unnecessary enemies, but they actually cost good, hard cash. The even dispositioned man is the man who gets the bargains. It pays to make the salesmen like you. The salesman who speaks highly of you to another salesman helps you every time he does it.

Every man should have an ideal. It may be one man or it may the good qualities of two or three or a half dozen men. Pick out an ideal, preferably some successful man you know, some one who has force and initiative, and who is not too conservative or too risky, a man of good habits and one who never allows his temper to be ruffled. If one naturally is inclined to speak too quickly let him cultivate the habit of thinking what he is going to say before he says it, rather than say it and think afterward.

When great men are described their wonderful self-control and poise is often referred to, and it is this very self-control and poise which has had much to do with making them great. Drink, a little profanity said without thinking how it sounds, and allowing the temper to get the best of us are elements which hurt many men very much more than they realize.

An even disposition and a smile for all comers are real prizes. They are often greater assets than money in the bank.



The Farce at the Hague

By Frederick Palmer in Collier's Weekly

MEN who have seen war in the field smile when they think of The Hague. We know that although the dove may be permitted to hover around to eaves Infinite Satire will be the presiding genius of the counsel chamber. The relative importance of each delegate will be measured solely by the killing power of the nation which he represents; for heavy is the tax which international society lays on the "climber." Japan, which has just "arrived," paid for the privilege of her ambassadorial rank with the lives of a hundred thousand of her youths and a billion dollars.

In the eight years that have elapsed since the first conference there has been war between England and the United States, Germany and France, Austria and Italy—continual war among all the nations. Witness the record of the battles of the budgets as recorded by the Statesman's Year Book. The years chosen for comparison are normal, without any extraordinary war expenditures.

From 1897 to 1907 the cost of the leading armies and navies of the world rose from $946,361,379 to a total of $1,547,162,189, or an increase of 63 per cent. The United States, which is the newest "arrival" except Japan, is paying $117,550,308 for her navy in 1907 as against $34,561,546 in 1897, an increase of $72,988,752, or 240 per cent. We are beaten only by Germany in percentage of naval increase, with a rise from $13,843,000 to $53,734,304, or 288 per cent., while Italy—which had no increase in army expenses—is relieved as an old family among the nouveaux riches from any slight on the score of "shabby gentility" by an increase from $18,992,309 to $53,450,568, or 184 per cent., or by five times as much as France. Japan increased her navy by 200 and England hers by 63 per cent.

But lest these figures be misunderstood, it should be noted that England's actual increase of seventy millions in the ten years represented more than the cost of any other navy except ours. Moreover, higher prices of building in the United States leave the fact unquestioned that England has really added more fighting strength than any other power. For her money Japan far and away gets the most service; and our total of a hundred and seventeen millions represents little more sea power than Germany with her total of fifty-three millions. The cheap soldiers and cheap labor of our rivals put as at a disadvantage in our ascent of the international ladder.

Our army expenses rose from $28,146,880 to $99,361,209, or 253 per cent; Japan's from $4,823,360 to $19,747,870, or 309 per cent.; Great Britain's by 59 per cent., Germany's by 55 per cent., and even little Belgium's by 99 per cent. But the tables speak for themselves. They tell us that every power lives in a glass house. As for Uncle Sam, his habitation is so brittle that he could not safely throw anything harder than a sponge. In percentage of added totals of increase we stand second only to Japan with 493 against 509. Counting our pensions under the head of war expenses, our total is $357,000,000 annually compared with $229,000,000 for Germany and $326,000,000 for Great Britain. Even little Switzerland has increased her war budget by thirty per cent.

Why not end this debauchery of international extravagance? National prejudices answer. They never languish on the European Continent. England favors disarmament, but selfish interest prompts the high-sounding proposal with which she would embarrass an enemy. Her navy is more than double the strength of Germany's; and Germany is forging ahead faster in wealth and population than herself. To maintain the same

ratio, as she suggests, would be to give her permanent command of the sea. The Kaiser refuses the bait. His idea of disarmament would be for England to wait till his own navy reached a size proportionate to Germany's importance. To the cheers of the music halls, the British Admiralty lays down another Dreadnought in order to frustrate Prussian wickedness.

Oh, Germany is bad, very bad. She ought to be licked, all the British and French dovecotes agree. But no one volunteers. Only the miraculous vigilance of the British press scotching all plots has kept the German army from arriving in London some morning with the milk trains and vegetable wagons. Wordy abuse fills the air of the North Sea. Von Buelow's every sneeze has some lurking Anglophobic object; and all British thoughts are sinister to the Germans watchful for hidden motives of British perfidy.

And this illustrates the mood in which so-called friendly nations approach a so-called peace conference. What The Hague really amounts to is a clearing-house for small differences. A Conference on the Rules of war or on the Etiquette of Slaughter is an apter name than that given it by the Czar.

The climate of Holland is pleasant in summer. A new excuse for international dining is provided; also a new opportunity for distinguished men to receive high honors. The Conference will be one of the most delightful and exclusive clubs in the world. If peace were really achieved it could rob diplomats of their occupation of preventing war and soldiers of their occupation of waging war. The two professions are here partners in the enterprise of keeping the dove under the eaves in a cooing mood and Infinite Satire in unshaken possession of the speaker's chair.

As each subject for discussion is brought up, the soldier can tell his colleague, the diplomatist, wherein lies the belligerent interest of their common country. Following the methods of State legislators—as they did in the last conference—allies can trade votes and caucus on how they shall work together to gain a point. Every delegate is bound when he talks to the newspaper men—outside under the eaves where the dove presides—to put the onus of bloodthirstiness and inhumanity on his national enemy, or, wanting one, on the Germans.

Any delegate who wishes to be suspected of insanity and to create a world-wide sensation need only rise and say: "Gentlemen, in the event of war this proposal would be prejudicial to the nation which I represent, but as we come here to sink selfishness, in the name of humanity I will gladly support it."

Whatever is accomplished in the great cause of peace will be due to the insistence of A on certain measures which do not concern him, but which will be disadvantageous to his rival B, who will have to accept them in response to public opinion. If one nation holds out against any proposition, there is no way of enforcing the will of the majority except by making war, which would surely be an inconsistent thing for a peace conference to do.

The larger questions to be considered at The Hague were either left over from the first conference or revealed by the Russo-Japanese war.

None of the experts of the first conference fully foresaw the danger which was the most startling development of the defense of Port Arthur. Two Japanese battleships—the only two they lost—and one Russian battleship were sunk by mines. Togo had to give up approaching the harbor at all with his big ships. Afterward the mines floated about the Gulf of Pechili. Some merchantmen were sunk and how many Chinese junks went down history will never record.

To what extent, then, may a belligerent go in endangering the public pathway of neutral vessels? As an example, might France litter the British Channel with mines if she were at war with Germany, while England, engaged on neither side, wanted her shipping to proceed as usual?

"To any extent you please," says the nation with a harbor to defend.

"Not at all," answers the neutral. France having little commerce and being, generally speaking, on the defensive, would favor an unrestricted field, while England, which would strike with her powerful fleet away from home, would take a contrary view.

There is, too, the problem of the declaration of war, which means literally shouting "Ready!" to the other fellow in order to legalize the murder on both sides. It is an ancient custom, like the buttons on the forepart of the sleeves of some army uniforms —which were put there in the days when the King was trying to accustom the troops to the innovation of handkerchiefs—and owes its origin to the challenges which passed between knights before they engaged. Modern utilitarianism has improved on it, as it has on most polite usages.

The Japanese torpedo boats went among the Russian ships lying outside of Port Arthur before the Russian officers aboard knew that war had begun. Some matter-of-fact soldiers say that declaration is altogether an obsolete form and of no more practical purpose than an overnight-telegram delivered after the news it contained is received by letter. War will begin when one side fires on the other and, having watched each other through the weeks of breaking negotiations and having listened impatiently over the telegraph wires, neither will have any excuse for being taken unawares.

Certain peace idealists suggest a thirty day's wait after the declaration before beginning hostilities. Apparently they think that the two sides might cool down or die of suspense. By this plan President Roosevelt could press a button opening the game at a certain hour. But the suggestion is ridiculous and impracticable. Once they knew that war was inevitable the adversaries would be bound to exchange shots in sparring for position. A declaration seems the right thing, though it comes after the event. Nations under the leadership of presidents and kings ought to be as decent in their formalities as prize-fighters. Even the matador salutes the bull before the assassination, though probably the courtesy is lost on the bull.

Another question is what really constitutes contraband of war. Every one agrees that arms and ammunition are. Is cotton, is kerosene, is coal, is food, is lumber, is anything that may assist the enemy in any form or manner whatsoever if it comes into his possession?

"No!" says the man with goods to sell.

"Yes, anything that is going to your enemy's ports is contraband. Starving out your enemy is just as lawful as shooting him to pieces," says the belligerent maintaining a blockade.

So the Japanese decided. A besieged city may have ammunition but not food enough to hold out, when holding out even a week longer may decide the fate of the war. No one will deny that if the fall of Port Arthur had been delayed two or three weeks the Japanese would never have taken Mukden. One shipload of material would have cheered the garrison to the further effort which would have saved Kuropatkin from his final defeat. Has a belligerent a right to sink a neutral ship which he thinks is on the way with merchandise to the enemy? Shall he hesitate, even if he is in doubt about her purpose, when taking the time to convoy her to a home port might mean another contraband ship could pass over the route he is patrolling?

On the score of humanity toward prisoners and wounded and non-combatants there is need for little further regulation. War can not be more humanely fought than it was, both in South Africa and Manchuria. Necessity, and not intention, is responsible for the infrequent breaking of rules. Gunners can not always tell whether field hospitals and ambulance wagons are under their shells. Often they have not the alternative of discrimination, and sometimes they are suspicious that the Red Cross flag is being abused. Artillery always must and will fire at the spot where it

locates the enemy's guns, regardless of all conditions.

Nor is there any way to prevent firing on the wounded on some occasions. In a night attack at close quarters you must, in self-defense, try to kill any human being in the enemy's uniform who is moving. There is no time for examination of witnesses and a judgment by the court. A critical point in the lines may be at stake, and the issue may be decided in a few minutes. The defender who is only slightly wounded would not be red-blooded if he did not go on firing, and while he does he is still a belligerent.

In regulating naval warfare lies the greatest danger of the conference defeating its object by adopting too many rules. On the sea, where the destiny of the world is to be decided, he who is master will ever make regulations to suit himself. There is no clause laid down by The Hague which the British navy could not afford to break and probably would break in case of national danger. The expectation of obedience to regulations under conditions which make compliance humanly impossible may lead neutral nations into a popular outburst of passion that will force them into the struggle in which they would not otherwise have engaged.

"War is hell!" remarked General Sherman, as you have doubtless heard before. But probably you have not heard that, in private conversation, the General qualified his maxim to mean if you were beaten. The good soldier does not propose to be beaten. Mighty responsibilities command the officer to kill first and think of The Hague afterward.

The greater the power for slaughter unquestionably the less likelihood of war. And this brings up the question of the use of dynamite from balloons. The first conference adopted a time-prohibitive clause which has since lapsed. Its passage was due to the fact that no power had developed a good dirigible balloon, and a suspicion by each that some of its rivals might have succeeded better in secret than itself. Now that several have brought their experiments to a practical stage, which means a positive asset in killing, they take a different view. Besides, each thinks that he may have a better system than the others. Dropping explosives from a balloon is the precise counterpart on land of mines on the sea, which killed outright or drowned most of the crews of the Hatsuse and the Petropavlovsk in a few minutes. Its terror lies in its novelty. The medieval nations, which used to rape women and give no quarter, adopted an agreement against the use of that ghastly innovation, chain-shot. We, who refuse even to tie prisoners together and care for the enemy's wounded before our own, think nothing of grape and canister, which mangle and tear their victims.

The sooner an inventor finds a power by which all the fortifications of a port or an army corps can be destroyed at a blow, the better. It is the position and the power of modern weapons of destruction which is responsible for the universal peace which exists in the world to-day. The French, German, and Austrian armies now number few among their officers who have had a baptism of fire. The peace conference meets without a single war cloud on the horizon. The great European nations no longer enter lightly into war as they did in the old days of small, swashbuckling armies. Popular education is common, public opjnion is keen, and wood pulp is cheap. The old maxim that every generation must have its war is obsolete. European youth work off their bravado as conscripts on the drill grounds. The population who furnish the cannon food are not inclined to risk their lives and incur increased taxation without cause. No cabinet is going to the lengths of an ultimatum unless the people are with it. For war to-day more than it ever was before is a captain's and a private's fight; and to face the zipping of unseen bullets coming from smokeless rifles requires the backbone of a determined conviction that the object is worth gaining, beside which the old time

charge with the band playing was sheer animal impulse. The campaign for glory which painters illustrate is forever past. We are fighting by measuring the length of our swords without coming to blows. Each change in the ratios of physical strength means a readjustment of the powers which the prestidigitators of the foreign offices watch with concentrated gaze. The game is played with all the cards on the table; and that is the kind of game least likely to require the use of firearms.

In the battle of the budgets some nations have gained victories no less important because they were bloodless. The winners in the last decade were the United States, Germany, and Japan. England occupies a special position. She seems to be content to leave well enough alone.

In France, thanks to the patriotism of German mothers in bringing soldiers and producers into the world, the ambition for "revenge" is as dead as the presidential ambition in the breast of David B. Hill. But with her army and navy she can command friendships to safeguard her frontier. She now joins Austria as a defensive factor. Both are too preoccupied at home to consider a march southward. Therefore Italy has ceased to compete in the contest of armies and increases her navy to protect her seacoast. Russia, once a check on Germany, has been forced to halt in military expansion. She has vast populations, but lacks cohesion, funds and organized productive power to keep up the pace which Alexander III set for her.

Germany, undisturbed by any third factor, could march to Vienna or to Paris; she could take German Austria or the Russian Baltic Provinces. So the others form line against her, and the sum of their arms wins without a shot a victory as important as that of the allies against Napoleon. Unless the tenor of modern thought changes, no blood will be shed for sentiment or glory on the Continent of Europe. War will come with a change of the balance of power or the effort of Germany to get room for her increasing population and a field for her broadening efficiency, or when England resists any threat of losing her naval supremacy. Such an eventuality belongs to future generations. There is no need of a peace conference in order to keep the peace from Gibraltar to the Baltic.

The great nations will fight away from home if they fight at all in our time. Stalemate on the Continent of Europe does not mean stalement in the Far East, which is the future battleground of the world. There a great movement is in progress; there is the awakening of peoples who have yet to find themselves by the compass of war. Japan is strong and ambitious. Russia, fulfilling the destiny of her development, must press eastward. In any clash that comes the United States as a Pacific power is interested. We stand between the policy of remaining at home or stretching our muscles to our full strength, which would mean fifty battleships. It is the fact that we might build the fifty that makes us respected —not Mohonk conferences or brilliant expositions of the Monroe Doctrine.

We are peaceful. Oh, yes, very. We would vote unanimously that we were. So would the other nations. On a proposition to build no more battleships we would vote No. So would the other nations. Therefore, will the soldier delegates as they feed crumbs to the dove smile under their mustaches. They know that war will end at about the same time as animal life on this planet. It is the final expression of national entity If you look down the list of nations you will find that it is the miserable and the unprogressive which have practised disarmament. Populations festering in degeneracy believe in the gospel of the white liver, the dragging step, and the fatty brain rather than the doctrine of the Big Stick. The anemic Koreans standing by the wayside as the Japanese army passed used to remark in a petulant, abstract, superior manner that it was rude and unfair to rob an ancient people of their country. Venezuela has small army

appropriations, but heavy "extraordinary war taxes." The countries showing the largest increases in armament are the countries in which human organization is at its highest, in which the percentage of illiteracy is the lowest, and which lead the way in morals, culture, art, invention, scientific discovery, and every form of progress.

A strong arm and a sweet and reasonable temper form a golden rule for nations as well as men. If we had not had a strong arm, then Cuba would not have been freed, and if we had not a sweet and reasonable temper she might have only been delivered from one master to receive another. The eradication of the yellow fever from Havana, the redemption of Egypt to prosperity and order, the schools at Khartum, the dam at Assouan, a common-school system in the Philippines, the awakening of China, and the opening of Japan could never have been brought about by peace conferences. These reforms are the products of a positive agency in a positive and material world. When Maxim invented a rapid-fire gun with which a pale unit of civilized society could mow down a company of Fuzzy Wuzzies it was a triumph for progress. Modern war, so largely waged with the intellect, has inherent humanities far outstripping the mercies of the Red Cross. It gives strength to those who know how best to use it for the good of the world.

Charles R. Hosmer—Telegraph Operator

By C. D. Cliffe

If the stars came out only once a year we would all go out to look at them. This thought was suggested in glancing at the career of many prominent business men—men who are superlative successes and who are really not identified with public life; men whom we know well, see every day, move with, live with in very truth—yet for this very staleness of custom fail to appreciate their bigness, their real worth and their service to the world. A moment's thought brings before the mind's eye many who might be included in a list of such men, and among the dominant figures in business, Mr. Charles Rudolph Hosmer, of Montreal, is outstanding.

"Do you mean Charlie Hosmer, the telegraph operator?" might be asked. The answer would have to be in the affirmative and the one word added, "listen."

C. R. Hosmer, son of Hiram Hosmer, a sturdy and clever Yankee, was born at Coteau Landing, an obscure hamlet, not many miles from Montreal, on November 12, 1851. Without a semblance of what boys to-day call a chance in life, Charles Rudolph rose from being office boy to telegraph operator at the age of 14; to superintendent of a big telegraph company at 21, and finally promoter and perfecter of a system which belts the world: the Canadian Pacific Railway telegraph, over which he is the modest head to-day. In addition, his commercial ventures outside have been very successful, and he is a bank director, president of numerous large manufacturing and financial establishments, and yet in the prime of mature activity, looking as if he would defy well Dr. Osler's metaphor re chloroform for the sunset of crimson and gold.

Yet all his success has not turned his head half a degree.

The humble origin of Mr. Hosmer, and his sterling ancestry, were most helpful factors in his career. His schooling was not extensive, but his parents, though not wealthy, were thinking people and nothing sharpens the wits of men, preventing the disease of fat head, like the school of hard knocks.

So when Charles Hosmer swept

out the office of the Grand Trunk Railway at Coteau Landing, at the early age of 12 years, he was noted for good sweeping; he early acquired the study habit, and above all, that habit which has ruled and elevated a life of great service to men—work. His co-workers well remember the lad, poring over the dots and dashes of the first lessons in telegraphy; can recall how he worked at nights and was always at the key, until at the age of 14, he could send or take a message faster than many an older operator. He early had power over others, by having power over himself. The destiny or sequence of his life seemed to have been believed in by himself, for he always kept himself prepared and hence he never had to look for a position. While treading continuously the highway which leads to superiority, there is no disparagement in the statement that Charles Hosmer knew no more what he was getting ready for, than did Edison, Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Frank Munsey or Andrew Carnegie, all of whom worked at telegraphy at an early age and were masters of the craft in all its details. Athrob with copious energy, magnetic good health and strong will, young Hosmer took only one year after he actually graduated as an operator to dominate over his fellows as manager of his first telegraph office. He had no time for fatty degeneration of his gray matter; he was mastering the intricacies of electricity. It was only natural, then, to find him, not only a leader in his business, but like all men of strength of mind and poise, willing to impart to others what had taken him years to learn. He taught telegraphy to hundreds of pupils. For four or five years he occupied his spare time by teaching and studying. Always building "better than he knew" in his work, above all things was manifested his alert appreciation of the immense value of telegraphy in closing profitable business deals and in preventing bad ones. Often he would weave dreams of rare possibilities, conjured in his active mind, that could be accomplished by the alert quick wit to wire "Buy now," "Don't sell," etc., and his success in life has been based to a large extent on the judgment of buying and selling to advantage. A fine training for this work he had—in touch with throbbing centres of operators in the market all the time—and some of his best lessons, he declares, were taught over the wire. There, ticking away the thoughts of others he sifted the experience of many a blunder and hasty decision. All this was in the mind of the young man of 19 who was chosen manager of the Dominion Telegraph Co., at Kingston, Ont. Old for his years, his directors became inspired with his reserve power, his energy, his attention to essentials, his grasp of details and his unflagging devotion to duty. So, after a short service in Buffalo, N.Y., he was appointed superintendent of the service when just a little less than 22 years of age.

His work was now formidable and executive, and he saw deeper into commerce, still working at top speed under heavy pressure; his equipoise reached past the clutch for personal gain and his mind turned to the knowledge of telegraphy as a ciliviz-ing agent in business. Many of the telegraphic betterments in system and despatch had their rise in the restless, prophetic brain of Charles Hosmer. He believed then as now, that the message by wire is a science, and thus a unifier of nations and men. He looked into the causes of imperfect telegraphic service, mastered the line difficulties, the actual electrical side of the work, and carried practical knowledge into the business management by turning discontent and failure into progress and prosperity. After eleven years of steady growth and development the Dominion Telegraph Co. was merged into the Great North-Western Telegraph Co.

Young Hosmer in the hey-dey of his mental vigor believed in the here-and-now doctrine, and immediately organized the Canadian Mutual Telegraph Co., designed as the Canadian connection of the Mutual Union Tele-

graph Co., of the United States. With a delightful deftness, Mr. Hosmer managed this company for five years, so that afterwards he was able to play on the high chords of international telegraphy the variant tunes of time and change. In the year 1881 the C.P.R. was incorporated. With its birthright was included a charter to engage in the telegraph business. So then, it seemed but natural to find in 1886, Charles Hosmer, the man who had had no chance in life, chosen at the age of 35, to be head of the C.P.R. telegraph system under the modest title of manager of telegraphs. There he was, the living evidence of what hard work from 14 to 20 had done for him; there, was the cumulative consequence. No one could weep that he had not a university course, for he had used the forces of the university to educate himself, having come up through the various grades, from the post of operator at the key, to those of executive trust and responsibilities, in all of which he had shown marked capacity. Blunder and bitterness sometimes bring wisdom, but young men should mark that every single capacity of this success was backed by hard work. So it was, as Hubbard says: "Plan wisely, work hard; never trust to luck, and all the merry villagers will say: 'There's a lucky dog.'"

The C.P.R. then had a telegraph system covering Canada thoroughly, but it was only the precursor of a work which to-day is an enterprise, in point of magnitude and excellence of construction, on a par with many of the largest independent telegraph systems of the world. In the heavy task of organization Mr. Hosmer, like all leaders of men, chose good assistants. He saved his own abilities to do work that to others was impossible. That is to say, he chose men from his own type—and many of his first selections are still with the company—healthy, capable, eager, keen, restless, enthusiastic, honest workers. Further, Mr. Hosmer's personal pride to day is, that he would never lose a good man; if he was not a success in one department he would move him to some other, but always gave him a chance. Disraeli once said of a successful man, that he knew he succeeded in his business because he got other people to do his work." This is as true of Mr. Hosmer as it was of Disraeli and merely proves his ability.

In the interim the Canadian Mutual Telegraph Co. had been absorbed by the Western Union Co., of the United States, and Mr. Hosmer was able to obtain the use of the two wires of this company between Toronto and Buffalo for the C.P.R. Telegraph Co., thus giving them at once the much coveted direct connection with the United States. Mr. Hosmer's company took in the entire staff of the Mutual company, again showing a master hand, in securing men trained by his own methods and systems.

Tone in telegraphy, was one of Mr. Hosmer's fads and he was earnest and rigid in his discipline with men of the key. Bohemianism was always discouraged and his personal influence upon talented men in telegraphy can never be measured, but it suffices to say that it was always for good.

After twenty-one years Mr. Hosmer is able to sit in a cosy office on the top floor of a fine building owned and erected by his own company for telegraph purposes and enjoy the perfection of his own hard work and see that work followed up by men whom he selected years ago. His chief work for years has been to watch the varied commercial interests. It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Hosmer made his millions in the hard-working way and in the straight newly-blazed trails of commerce. Let those who think it was luck, try the same part and they will know better. Now that he is worth ample fortune some of his personal qualities may be dealt with in passing, because men who have made every dollar of their money themselves by their own wits and cleverness are well worthy of being copied and imitated by the young men of to-day.

Mr. Hosmer married when he was 26 and has been a great lover of home. His magnificent mansion on Drummond Street, Montreal, is typical of

the man. Very private and quiet in his social movements, his house is replete with every reasonable comfort of modern life. His two children, a boy and a girl, have been the idols of his life, and Mrs. Hosmer will tell of many delightful sacrifices that the father has made so that his family may never want.

Travel has been his great educator and his happiness has been, latterly, to run away into the serene atmosphere of the Mediterranean, during the Winter months; tour the world, always with his family, and make the most of life's joys, while all are well and able to partake. Simplicity and truth in small things are his principles, and by these his actual and ideal life may easily be measured. Associated intimately with such minds as those of Lord Strathcona, R. B. Angus, Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and others of Canada's greatest men, it is not surprising that he imbided the taste and love for art as a respite from the babel of operators in the market. Art treasures of rare value adorn the Hosmer home. Rare gifts may be seen there, some of the donors being millionaire users of the telegraph, who appreciated the prompt genius of Mr. Hosmer in serving them well at the key. He has always refused any part in politics, preferring to use his brain for the development of the country in other ways.

Probably his most notable fad is in helping young men along; men in whom he has found the germ of talent, and who sometimes did not have the money necessary to make use of it. Many a time Charles Hosmer has started men in business who have since risen to marked success. It is told in quiet confidence that a certain barber was once hard-up. He had been serving Mr. Hosmer for years, and mentioned his trouble. Mr. Hosmer did not say much, but gave considerable; enough to put the man out of difficulty and in a fair way to making a good business, which since then he has accomplished. Everywhere his openhanded generosity has been known, but Mr. Hosmer ridicules unnecessary publicity, and has always kept aloof from newspaper notoriety. Yet his warmest friends are among newspaper men. One of the most strongly appreciative sketches of his life appeared in the Telegraph Age, of New York, and was written by a Montreal newspaper man and a former telegraph operator.

To detail Mr. Hosmer's commercial interests in Montreal alone would require much space, as they include mining, insurance, light and heat, banking, express, railway and manufacturing. One of Mr. Hosmer's gifts is that of expression. While he is not a public speaker he possesses the faculty of conveying in forceful and direct language just exactly what he wishes to say. He has written several valuable articles for telegraph papers and in his spare time may do more. On one occasion, about 18 years ago, he wrote an article for Puck's "Girdle or Gleanings from the Postal and Telegraphic World." The distinct style may be gathered by a short quotation from this sketch, principally because what he said then was merged into history. Further he recounted some of the leading features of his charge at the time, a charge which has been the means of making a revolution in commercial life in all parts of Canada. "In former days the G.N.W. Telegraph Co. had undisputed control of the entire telegraphic business of Canada, and so great was the power that it exercised for good or for evil, that people began to ask themselves seriously whether such exclusive power should not belong to the Government, and be subject to popular control. As was the case, however, with English railways, so it was with the Canadian system, and relief was speedily found in competition. The engineers who carried the C.P.R. across the continent, also took with them the essential telegraph line, until in November, 1885, Canada found that she possessed, not only a great trunk railway, but also a telegraph system bringing every section of the Dominion into the closest contact and occupying an almost unique

position, of being practically operated as a portion of the C.P.R. system."

In this same article, the writer dealt with the able service promptly given by the company of which he was head, and their difficulties in covering immense distances, mentioning the enormous lengths of the circuits that had to be worked, etc. This is referred to in order to accentuate the many sides of the man, who was always busy.

"There are but two natural sources of wealth—the earth and the ocean—and to lose the right to either one, in our situation, is to put the other up for sale." So wrote the illustrious Tom Paine in sharp antithesis many years ago. By following the investment career of Mr. Hosmer, one would think he might have been studying Paine, for he went after wealth without neglecting or forsaking any of the sources.

As evidence, witness that he is a director of the C.P.R. Co., one of the vice-presidents and a director of the Commercial Cable Co., a director of the Postal Telegraph Co., and also of the Halifax and Bermudas Cable Co, director of the Montreal Gas Co., the Bank of Montreal, Merchants' Bank of Canada, Royal Trust Co., London and Lancashire Insurance Co., Canada Paper Co., The Laurentide Pulp Co., Edwardsburg Starch Co., Acadia Coal, and others; president of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., and of the E. N. Heney Co., Limited. He therefore cannot be an idle man. Personally, he is the embodiment of naturalness, as any really sensible man is bound to be. He is a member of many clubs, but is by no means what is known as a club man. He is life governor of hospitals and charitable institutions and a devoted worker in this connection, feeling that giving his money is not sufficient. He attends the American Presbyterian Church and is one of the most unostentatious of this extremely wealthy congregation.

One of his little peculiarities is best noted by those who make long-drawn calls or irritate and intrude; suddenly the thought comes to his mind that he is being imposed upon. In a flash, down will fall both of his short, practical hands, flat on the desk, with an almost explosive noise, and he smilingly remarks, "This is my busy day."

Personally, Mr. Hosmer is possessed of an unconquerable optimism. His smile is broad and cheery, and he would have made a great politician or professional man where personal appearance and facial sympathy count for so much. His striking feature is that broad smile; yet his well-shaped head with heavy crop of silver-sprinkled dark hair, is striking, while his magnetic grey eyes, straight and clear, seem to look through and button behind. His mouth—firm and even, with pursed lips, crowned by a dark, flecked with grey, moustache, rather heavy, too—smiles generally in harmony with the eyes; but if either one of these features, the eyes or the mouth, do not harmonize in the smile, watch out for vitriolic dashes and beware of his attack.

His easy, almost rolling, alert walk, as if on his toes, coupled with his immaculate dress, cause the observer to remark, "There's a man of affairs."

A charming conversationalist, he is the delight and life of many select companies, and those who are fortunate enough to enjoy his companionship, need not discuss the weather. His strong pastime now-a-days is a game of bridge, and he is an ardent lover of the game.

During his future years his friends hope that he may be induced to give some of his time to actual public service. His chief longing, as expressed by himself is: "More time to spend with my wife and family."

What Business Means to Me

An interview given by Andrew Carnegie to Herbert N. Casson, author of "The Romance of Steel and Iron in America"

System Magazine

"When you ask me what business really means," said Mr. Carnegie, in answer to my question, "I would begin by saying that the root of business must always be service to the community. The real business man is one who furnishes some commodity that the community needs.

"Dollar-making is not necessarily business. The man who stands in a broker's office, for instance, and watches the tape, is not a business man, but a gambler. What is speculation, anyway, but a parasite fastened upon the labor of all real business men? It creates nothing. It is the counterfeit of true business.

"Some people make a great mistake," he continued, "when they decry the acquisition of wealth. A man must get money before he can give it—isn't that self-evident? He must be ogoistic before he is altruistic.

"The lack of money in a community means squalor—ignorance—disease. Look, for example, at the wonderful changes that are now being wrought in some of the southern states, through the growth of business. Until recently they had no solid financial basis. There was no capital and no development of natural resources.

"To-day new railways and fine office structures and homes are being built in these states. Life has been raised to a higher level. Better schools and larger labraries are being established. And what has been the cause of this transformation? It was not politics. It was business."

"What about the modern corporation?" I asked. "Can it manage business more efficiently than an individual or a government?"

"Certainly it can," he replied forcibly. "I believe that franchises should be owned by the public; but it is a private corporation that can operate a business with the highest degree of success. There are abuses of the corporation systems, which will be checked as the years roll on. As long as men continue to think, there will be improvements. But we are on the right track and making fast time, so far as I can interpret the signs of the present day."

"And to you personally," I said, "what has been the definition of business?" "It has been he means to an end—nothing more," replied the master of a $300,000,000 fortune. "How sad it is to see men of great abilities who have become so entangled—so absorbed, in the affairs of their business that they find it impossible to retire; Yet I do not blame them. It is no easy matter to pull out of a business when you have given the best years of your life to it. It was hard enough for me, dour Scot as I am; so I know what it means to others.

"The only way that a business man can retire and be content, is to prepare himself by taking a lively interest, beforehand, in outside affairs. There was a certain leather merchant in an American city who illustrated the reverse of this. He grew rich, retired from business and began to attend banquets and social gatherings. But his wife was troubled to notice that he never took part in any conversation.

"'Why don't you talk, John?' she asked.

"'Good reason why,' said he. 'They never say a word about leather!'

"As to whom I would consider the right sort of business man—there was Peter Cooper. He was a good type. He was always busy, but he kept one eye on money-making and the other eye on the public welfare. He was a man of many interests. The win-

dows of his brain were not all on one side. And his fortune has been doing good ever since he made it.

"Another man in his class was Ezra Cornell. He, too, gave himself with his money. The aim of his life was not wealth, but the founding of a university on such broad lines that it could teach anybody anythng."

A third man whom Mr. Carnegie might have mentioned was Abram Hewitt. A large photograph of Mr. Hewitt stood upon one of the desks in the library where we sat; and on a previous occasion he had been pointed out to me as an ideal of high American citizenship.

Most of the photographs in the library represented men of letters, not men of business. The most prominent was that of the English philosopher of individualism—Herbert Spencer. A fine bust of Shakespeare and another of Burns stood upon the mantelpiece. Upon the walls hung framed souvenirs of gratitude from a score or more of the fifteen hundred cities and towns that had been enriched by his libraries. And above these were written mottos, not one of which referred to business or the gathering of money. The central precept, which strikes the keynote of the others, was the following saying of a fellow Scot, Sir William Drummond:

"He who cannot reason is a fool;
"He who will not, a bigot;
"He who dare not, a slave."

"A business man is called upon to deal with an ever-changing variety of questions," continued Mr. Carnegie. "He must have an all-round judgment based upon knowledge of many subjects. If his operations extend to many countries, he must know those countries, and also the chief things pertaining to them. His view must be world-wide; nothing can happen of moment which has not its bearing upon his action—political complications at Constantinople; the appearance of the cholera in the East; a monsoon in India; the supply of gold at Cripple Creek; the appearance of the Colorado beetle; the fall of a ministry; the danger of war; the likelihood of arbitration compelling settlement—nothing can happen in any part of the world which he has not to consider.

"He must possess one of the rarest qualities—be an excellent judge of men—he often employs thousands. He must know how to bring the best out of various characters; he must have the gift of organization—another rare gift; must have executive ability; must be able to decide promptly and wisely.

"The old prejudice against trade has gone even from the strongholds of Europe. This change has come because trade itself has changed. In old days every branch of business was conducted upon the smallest retail scale, and small dealings and small affairs breed small men; besides, every man had to be occupied with the details, and, indeed, each man traded or manufactured for himself. The higher qualities of organization and of enterprise, of broad views and executive ability, were not brought into play.

"In our day, business in all its branches is conducted upon so gigantic a scale that partners of a huge concern are rulers over a domain. The large employer of labor sometimes has more in his industrial army than the petty German kings had under their banners.

"Affairs are now too great to breed petty jealousies, and there is now allied with the desire for gain the desire for progress, invention, improved methods, scientific development, and pride of success in these important matters. So the dividend which the business man seeks and receives to-day is not alone in dollars. He receives with the dollar something better—a dividend in the shape of satisfaction in being instrumental in carrying forward to higher stages of development the business which he makes his life work.

"I can confidently recommend to you the business career as one in which there is abundant room for the exercise of man's highest power, and of every good quality in human nature. I believe the career of the great merchant, or banker, or captain of industry to be favorable to the develop-

ment of the powers of the mind, and to the ripening of the judgment upon a wide range of general subjects; to freedom from prejudice and the keeping of an open mind.

"There may be room for a foolish man in every profession—foolish as a child beyond the range of his particular specialty, and yet successful in that—but no man ever saw a foolish business man successful. If he is without sound, all-round judgment, he must fail.

"If a young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business, but the fault of the young man. Consider the wonders, the mysteries, connected with the recent developments in that most spiritual of all agents—electricity, with its unknown, and, perhaps, even unguessed powers. He must, indeed, be a dull and prosaic young man, who, being connected with electricity in any of its forms, is not lifted from humdrum business to the region of the mysterious. Business is not all dollars. These are but the shell—the kernel lies within, and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature."

"Business to me has been a means to an end.." And having accomplished the means, Andrew Carnegie has reached the goal. In his library in which we were sitting there was nothing in sight which belonged to the paraphernalia of business. It was the study of a litterateur or a university dean, rather than the office of a steelmaker from smoky Pittsburg. There was no telephone—no hurry-scurry of clerks—no clicking of typewriters—no fusilade of telegrams. It was hard to believe that this placid and companionable old man had ever been on the firing-line in the war for millions, much less to realize in him the champion warrior of them all.

The three subjects upon which his mind was running at the time of my visit had no more connection with business than the flash of a butterfly's wing has with the price of steel rails. The first was golf—he had just returned from a game with a doctor of divinity and several other cronies. The second was simplified spelling. "I convinced one man this afternoon," he said. "I told him to write 'tho,' and then to ask himself why, as a rational man, he should add 'ugh' to it. The fact is," he continued earnestly, "that the pronunciation of many words has changed, and their spelling should be altered to keep pace with these changes. The three final letters in 'though,' which are silent to-day, were pronounced in a guttural ending several generations ago. Every word I have no doubt, was originally spelled in the same way that it was pronounced."

The third subject that occupied his mind was a remarkable poem which he had received from a Scottish workingman. It was entitled, "Me and Andra," and the first verse, which he read to me, ran as follows:

"We're puir bit craiturs, Andra, you an' me,
Ye hae a bath in a marble tub, I dook in the sea.
Cafe au lait in a silver joog for breakfast gangs to you;
I sup my brose wi' a horn spuin an' eat till I'm fu'.
An' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly ony,
My sky is as clear as yours, an' the clouds as bonnie;
I whussle a tune thro' my teeth to mysel' that costs nae money."

In the quiet of Andrew Carnegie's library, the roar of the Pittsburg furnaces and the clash of the Homestead steel mills have died away. There is no longer any war with the Pennsylvania Railroad—no duel with Frick—no race for Lake Superior ore—no onslaught upon the foreign market.

The money-getting is ended, and it may well be; for this one man in his retirement is still receiving more millions of steel money than any other individual in the world. His pension is not far from forty thousand dollars a day—five times as much as the revenue of the monarch of the British Empire. Allowing him an eight-hour

day, his income during the hour of my conservation with him was five thousand dollars, as much as the annual salary of a United States senator.

This, from the money-making point of view, is what business has meant to Carnegie. He has been the quickest accumulator, and the freest spender, in the world. Less than fifty years ago, he put five or six thousand thousand dollars into the slot of the iron and steel business, and he has taken out, for himself and his friends, more than five hundred millions.

And yet it is unquestionably true that he has always regarded business as a means to an end. I have seen, in the home of one of his Pittsburg schoolmates, a brave essay on the problem of labor and capital, written by Andrew Carnegie at fifteen years of age. I have seen the place where he used to borrow books when he was a telegraph messenger boy. The first thing that he bought with his new wealth was education, and the second was travel. It is therefore nothing but fair to believe that his fortune, vast as it is, has been mainly to build a golden stairway by which he has ascended into the literary and philanthropic world.

The Blaze at Beeson's

By Elliott Flower in The Reader

THE case may be stated briefly as follows:

Abe Beeson had a country store in Arkansas.

Abe Beeson carried insurance to the amount of three thousand dollars, divided equally among three companies.

Abe Beeson's idea of insurance was that, in case of fire from any cause, he was entitled to three thousand dollars cash at once, but that insurance companies would always try to beat a man out of what was due him.

Abe Beeson's business was so poor that he several times mentioned his determination to "pull up and move on."

Abe Beeson's store burned.

Abe Beeson made immediate demand for the payment of three thousand dollars, and incidentally remarked that he was not to be "bluffed out of anything that was coming to him."

This being the situation, according to report, it was only natural that each of the three companies should send a man to investigate.

But Abe Beeson did not recognize the right of anybody to investigate his acts, and this was one of his acts, He merely wanted the money.

Abe met the first man to arrive.

The store had been in a little cluster of houses, some miles from any railroad, and Abe's home was a short distance beyond the cluster. The man thought he would drive to the home first and see Abe, but Abe, seeing him coming, walked down the road to meet him.

"Lookin' foh me?" asked Abe softly.

"Are you Mr. Beeson?"

"No," replied Abe, "I ain't Misteh Beeson; I'm Abe Beeson."

Abe had a soft southern accent that was very deceptive; it gave an impression of mildness and tractability. The adjuster decided that he would get right out of his buggy and talk the matter over.

"Don't reckon I'd do that," Abe remarked.

"Do what?"

"Git outen the buggy."

"Why not?"

"Yeh may want to git along in a hurry. What yeh down heah foh?"

"I was sent down to see about the fire."

"It's seen about a'ready," said Abe. "Yeh want to go back, 'less yeh got the cash."

"Cash? Certainly not. I came to investigate."

"Yeh want to go back," repeated Abe, and he shifted the gun he was carrying so that the adjuster found himself looking into the muzzle. It was done carelessly, the gun resting easily across one arm, but accompanied by a slight turn of the body, it had the effect of putting the adjuster directly in front of it.

"Don't do that!" he exclaimed, startled.

"Yeh want to go back—quick," said Abe.

Something in his tone led the adjuster to turn his horse without further question. It was menacing without being loud or angry.

"I'll be sittin' heah," said Abe, taking a seat on a stone beside the road. "If yeh stop, I'll plunk yeh. If yeh come back, I'll plunk yeh. When yeh get the money ready let me know."

The adjuster went by the scene of the fire without stopping. Abe was sitting back there in the road with the gun across his knees.

The second adjuster to arrive, having no knowledge of the experience of the first, stopped at the site of the store. No sooner had he done so, however, than he saw a man come loping down the road, carrying a gun. Still, his quick eye caught conclusive evidences of arson. Kerosene had been used beyond question, and a pile of charred rags showed where the fire had started.

"I don't reckon I'd do that," said the man wth the gun.

"Why, I came down to adjust the loss on this," explained the insurance man.

"The a'justin' has all been done," said Abe, he being the man with the gun. "I done it myself."

"But we—"

"Git out!" ordered Abe, with a sharpness unusual, and the adjuster hastily retired from the ruins.

"But, my dear sir—"

"Don't reckon yeh need stop," interrupted Abe. "I know yeh, an' I know what yeh want. Yeh want to fix things so yeh needn't pay the money, but yeh can't. I'll watch yeh go down the road."

With his rifle across his knees he watched this man disappear as he had the other.

Just what Abe's ideas and plans were no one but Abe knew. He acted as if he expected some one to come waving three thousand dollars in cash over his head as a guarantee of good faith. Or possibly he expected a check to be sent without question. Abe's store-keeping had not been of a nature to give him much to do with checks, but he knew what they were and how to use them. In any event, he was suspicious of insurance men, he would permit no investigation, and he himself was the only law he recognized.

The third man to arrive discovered this. The third man made some inquiries of neighbors.

"Yes," said one of these, with sublime simplicity, "I reckon Abe burned the store. He was goin' to move, an' he needed the money. He'll git it, too. Abe al'ays does."

So far as the neighbor was concerned, there never was a suspicion of anything wrong in this; it was the most natural thing in the world that a man should burn his house or store when it would be to his advantage. Abe was the only man in the vicinity who even thought of carrying insurance, so ideas on the subject were rather hazy.

Abe met his third adjuster about as he had met the other two. The third happened to be on horseback.

"We don't reckon to have strangers prowlin' round heah," said Abe' taking the horse by the bridle and turning it back.

"I came to see about the fire," explained the adjuster.

"It's seen about," returned Abe. All yeh got to do is to send the money. I'm waitin' for it." Then he added plaintively: "I'm 'most tired sendin' you all back foh the cash. I'm goin' to plunk the next man right off, 'less he has the cash ready. Yeh want to keep goin' now, or yeh'll git plunked anyhow."

Holding the gun in the crook of

his left arm, he hit the horse a resounding whack with his right hand, and the adjuster found himself holding to the pommel of his saddle as the horse raced down the road. He looked back once and saw Abe in the road, with his gun ready for action. Then he decided to keep on going.

There was some discussion in Chicago as to the best method of handling this case. Investigation proved that Abe Beeson was a dangerous man. He was not quarrelsome; he did not fight for the love of fighting, but he settled all questions relating to him in his own way. And shooting was that way. Everything indicated that the three insurance men had saved their lives by obeying instructions implicitly when he ordered them to leave. Indeed, some surprise was expressed that he had been so lenient with them.

About a week after the return of the last man word was received that Abe Beeson intended to sue on his three policies. Now, a suit is always an annoyance and an expense, and it was likely to be unusually troublesome in this case. The evidence would have to be collected at the scene of the fire, and there were three men who were quick to assert that the scene of the fire was unhealthy. These men were not cowards, but not one of them cared to work up a case against Abe Beeson in the vicinity of Abe Beeson's home.

Then it was that the three companies decided to combine on one good man, to represent all their interests, and leave the settlement of the case in his hands. Gifford Oakes was the man chosen.

Oakes was a man of wide experience as an insurance adjuster, and he had frequently demonstrated the possession of courage, tact and strategical ability, all of which were essential to success in his calling. His appearance was deceptive. He was tall, rather gaunt, and usually slow and deliberate in his movements; no one would size him up as a particularly active man, and yet, in emergencies, he could be amazingly quick of mind and body.

"You must be prepared for trouble," cautioned Deckler, the general manager of the company that employed Oakes. "The man is ignorant, suspicious and mad. He has been walking ten miles to an express office, to see if his money has come, every day or so since he drove the last adjuster away. He seems to think an adjuster's business is to cheat a man out of his money, and he says he'll shoot the next one that shows up."

"If he's honest," said Oakes, thoughtfully, "he's dangerous; if he's dishonest, he's a bluff."

"It's an interesting case, anyhow," said Deckler.

"It certainly is," admitted Oakes. "What's the easiest way to get to this place?"

Deckler told him where to leave the train, and explained that he would have to ride or drive from there.

"That's the way the other three went?" inquired Oakes.

"Yes. It's about the only quick and practicable way."

"Well, I think I'll try a slow and impracticable way, then," said Oakes. "A man never knows all the moves in a game like this until the play is started, but it seems to me the first move is to come from a direction that he is not expecting."

After studying a map and timetable, Oakes decided on a town that was beyond his objective point, and from this he rode twenty miles back to Abe Beeson's. Furthermore, Oakes timed himself to arrive at dusk, dismounted and tied his horse some distance away, and made a circuit to approach the house from the rear. To come in that stealthy way was a risk, but there was also a risk in any other plan.

The first that Beeson knew of the presence of his visitor the latter stood in the doorway. Beeson instinctively reached for his gun, which leaned against the wall, but Oakes was prepared for that, and covered him with a pistol.

"What yeh want?" asked Beeson in the soft voice that had deceived so many.

"I want to talk to you," Oakes replied. "I'm told you have a habit

of discouraging discussion, so I thought I'd make sure of your attention."

"Yeh got it," said Beeson, without the least trace of discomfiture or fear. At all events, he was not a bully cowed; he was a man. He recognized the advantage of the other and submitted quietly, even pleasantly. "Won't yeh sit down?" he asked.

"Thank you, no," returned Oakes "I prefer to have you seated while I stand." Oakes knew that Beeson was a widower and lived alone, but there might be another in the house, and he commanded the only other door from where he stood. The structure was little more than a cabin, anyhow, having only two rooms on the first floor and, presumably, two above. Besides, the standing man always has an advantage in such circumstances.

"Yeh seem to be some put out," suggested Beeson.

"Not at all," answered Oakes. "I merely want to have a friendly chat with you—that is, if you're Mr. Beeson."

"Not Misteh Beeson," came the gentle protest; "jest Abe Beeson, mostly called Abe. I'll take it kindly if yeh'll call me Abe; I answeh to it betteh. I 'most fo'get Beeson."

"All rght, Abe," said Oakes, still watchful, but a little more at ease, for the man did not seem to be as dangerous as he was painted. "I came to see you about your insurance."

"I thought yeh was one of them damn skunks," remarked Abe pleasantly.

"Better go slow," cautioned Oakes. "That's no way to get the matter adjusted."

"A'justed," repeated Abe. "I got the insurance papehs, ain't I?"

"I suppose so."

"An' ever'thing's gone, ain't it?"

"I guess there's no doubt about that."

"Then pay me."

"Please keep still, Mr. Beeson," cautioned Oakes, detecting a movement that seemed like a preparation to spring for the gun.

"Abe," corrected Beeson.

"Well, Abe, then. After what I've heard of you I can't afford to take any chances." Still, the man's soft manner of speech and the entire absence of braggadoccio had its effect, and Oakes was really less cautious than when he entered. "Now, Abe," he added, with an abruptness that he hoped would prove disconcerting, "you burned that store yourself."

"Well?" said Abe inquiringly, as if it were a matter of no moment.

"But you can't do that," asserted Oakes.

"Yeh said I did,' remarked Abe. "If I did, I could, couldn't I?"

Oakes found that he was the disconcerted one.

"I mean," he explained, "that you can't collect insurance on a building that you burn yourself."

"Can't?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what yeh take my money foh? What do I git? What's the use of insurin' at all?"

The man was in earnest, and Oakes decided then that it was a case of ignorance and not of attempted fraud. He believed he had a right to burn his building and get the money for it, and this doubtless led in a measure to his suspicion of the investigators. There was nothing to investigate. Consequently Oakes was considerate enough to explain the matter carefully—going over the terms and showing how impossible it would be for companies to do business on the basis suggested.

"Arson is a crime," he said in conclusion, "and a man may not profit by his own criminal act."

"Then yeh don't pay me at all?" asked Abe, seemingly bewildered.

"Well, I'll give you a dollar apiece for the policies and a receipt in full," replied Oakes. "That will pay you for your trouble in signing a release. But I want those policies, and I want them now."

"Will yeh show me where it says all yeh've talked?" inquired Abe humbly. "I ain't never read all it says. I read hard."

"Certainly, I'll show you," returned Oakes. "I want you to understand

that we're perfectly straight in this matter."

Abe reached slowly into his inside pocket, and Oakes was instantly alert. His revolver covered Abe, and his eyes followed every motion.

"Don't reach for anything else," he cautioned. "I'll shoot at the first false motion."

"I know yeh will," returned Abe. "That's why I'm goin' slow."

Holding his revolver in his right hand, Oakes opened one of the policies with his left and put his finger on a clause. Abe bent over it, knitted his brows and slowly spelled out the words.

One word seemed to stick him, and he went over it twice. Oakes, impatiently, finally leaned over to help him. The next moment he discovered a cold, steel barrel between his face and the paper, and a calm, even voice was saying, "Move an' I plunk yeh. Drop yeh pistol." Oakes, his revolver momentarily turned away, knew that he was helpless, and he obeyed. "Yeh betteh move back a little," was the next suggestion, and Oakes straightened up and backed away, being careful to keep his hands in sight. "I 'most al'ays have this, too," Abe added, referring to the revolver he was holding, "but it wasn't handy to get it while yeh was lookin'. Yeh betteh not move yeh hands any."

Oakes's revolver had fallen on the table, and Abe let it lie there, but, alert and watchful, he got his gun from its place against the wall. Then he searched Oakes for other weapons, and, finding none, placed his own and gun on the table and resumed his seat. Oakes had backed out of reach of the table, but the gun—a short rifle —was pointed directly at him and lay close to the hand of Abe.

"I know the gun betteh than the pistol," the latter explained, and then he added: "I reckon yeh don't want them papehs now, do yeh?"

"I don't believe I do," Oakes replied, "but they won't do you any good."

"It seemed like yeh prized them a mighty lot yehself," remarked Abe. "Don't think yeh'd want them so bad, 'less there was money in them. Looks to me lke yeh oveh-played yehself."

"That was to avoid annoyance," explained Oakes. "What can you do with them?"

"Well," said Abe, "I reckon yeh might write an ordeh fo' the money an' somethin' to say that ever'thing's all right, an' then yeh can go."

Oakes's mind had been busy, and his eyes, too. Almost directly behind Beeson was a window, and Oakes had finally fixed his eyes on that. He now glanced away quickly, glanced back, and nooded slightly. The pantomime was not lost on Abe, who turned instantly to prevent an attack from the rear. He had thought of the possibility that Oakes was not alone. He swung back with equal haste, but he had given Oakes time to jump for his pistol and over turn the table.

"That was pretty well done, wasn't it, Abe?" asked Oakes, covering his discomfited opponent.

"I call yeh a good man," was Abe's tribute.

"Well, I'll just make sure of those policies this time," said Oakes, gathering them up with one hand. "You don't need them, for they'd only lead you into an expensive and useless lawsuit. Now, if you care to give me a receipt in full for all claims on each policy, I'll still pay you a dollar apiece for them. But you needn't do it, if you don't want to."

"Don't seem like I betteh let three dollahs get away," remarked Abe; "but I write slow. Tell we what.

Oakes pushed Abe's gun and pistol away with his foot, and then dictated the receipts. He put them in his pocket, dropped three silver dollars on the table, picked up Abe's weapons and backed to the door.

"I'll leave your things down the road a bit," he said, "but it won't be safe to come after them right away."

"Will yeh do me a favah?" asked Abe humbly.

"What is it?"

"Don't tell folks heah that yeh did it."

"I won't," laughed Oakes.

And he didn't.

The Maid From Montreal

By F. K. Scribner in The Argosy

It happened because at the psychological moment, when we had accepted an invitation for a ten-days' yachting trip with the Van Arsdales, the nurse's second cousin fell off a ladder, fractured three ribs, and was carried home in an ambulance.

He should have been taken to a hospital, anyway, and even if he wasn't there was no necessity for our nurse feeling called upon to rush to the rescue. My wife and I argued until we had exhausted the vocabulary, but the lady of the white cap and apron was obdurate.

The second cousin's wife had a good position in some sort of a factory, and could not be at home to nurse the invalid; nothing would do but the call to duty must be obeyed; blood was thicker than water.

It made no difference that we had counted upon the Van Arsdale outing for weeks, and it was too late to withdraw our acceptance; to New York she must go, and even the handsome bonus I dangled before her eyes counted for nothing.

If the cousin had been killed outright the thing would have been simplified; we could have spared the nurse for a day to attend the funeral. As it was, it would be a good month before she was willing to return to us, and in the meantime the cruise around Long Island was to take place.

For two days my wife was in despair, and I racked my brains for a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Of course there were plenty of nurses in the city, but to get a new one would only partially relieve the situation: we could not think of leaving the children with some one of whom we knew nothing.

Then, suddenly, the clouds parted and a way seemed open before us. It came in the nature of a letter to my wife from Montreal.

Her old college room-mate, with her husband and family, were about to start on a protracted visit to somebody; they were going to leave their nurse behind, a nurse peer among her kind. And the girl would want a situation for the summer.

I received the news when I came up from business at the end of a hot day; all during that two hours' sweltering train-ride I had been thinking of the cool breezes of the Sound, and cursing nurses in general. The expression upon my wife's face when I stepped on the verandah told me something had happened.

"Is she coming back? Is the man dead," I asked excitedly.

"Better than that," my wife replied with a happy laugh, and fished the letter out of her pocket.

I shared in her enthusiasm.

"Better wire at once; they will leave Montreal to-morrow. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken—'" I began, but she interrupted.

"I sent a telegram late this morng, and here's the answer."

She thrust the yellow slip into my hand. I glanced over it hurriedly.

> The best nurse in the provinces; had her four years and often left the children with her. Delighted to have her go to you. Let us know; leave to-morrow at two.
>
> Emma.

"Good for Emma!" I cried. "I presume you can rely upon anything she recommends?"

"Implicitly," my wife answered. "She and George are very particular, especially where their children are concerned, and she knows we are. This is a perfect godsend."

"Then we'd better take her?"

"Better?" cried my wife enthusiastically. "We will take her, Charles. And we'll go on the yachting trip and not worry for one minute about leaving the children behind."

I turned toward the steps, jamming my hat more firmly upon my head.

"Then I'd better make tracts for the telegraph office; it closes in half an hour. I'll send a night message, and it will reach them in Montreal the first thing in the morning; we want to nail such a good thing instantly. What did you say the address was?"

She gave it to me, and I covered the half mile to the telegraph office in record-breaking time. I sent this despatch:

Mrs. George Baker,
73 Y Street, Montreal, Canada.
Want nurse by all means. Send her on to us here in Canterbury, on first train she can get out of Montreal.
C. V. Harris.

We spent the evening in planning for the yachting trip, and retired in a more cheerful frame of mind than since the tumble of our late nurse's unfortunate relative. But a shock waited us with the coming of the new day.

My telegram must have reached the Bakers early, for while we were yet at the breakfast table a reply was forthcoming. I read the message in silence and passed it over to my wife.

C. V. Harris,
Canterbury, New York.
Nurse will be glad to take situation, but cannot send her on alone. Not used to traveling, and extremely timid. Some one must meet her here.
E. Baker.

"Well?" said my wife, looking across the table at me.

"Well!" I answered grimly.

She gave a little nod.

"Of course you will go to Montreal, Charles," said she sweetly.

I laid down my fork.

"And the thermometer at ninety, if it's a degree. My dear, do you consider? A journey to Montreal and back will require two days, or rather nights. You know how I detest riding in a sleeper; and the office—"

"I consider leaving the children; we can't give up the yachting trip because you dislike riding in a sleeping car, can we, Charles? And the office can do without you—for twenty-four hours."

My wife spoke in a tone with which I was familiar.

"But to take such a journey, just because a fool girl is afraid to—"

"But as she is afraid, and will not come alone—you can see how it is. Oh, Charles!"

I did see. It meant at trip to Montreal. I pushed back my plate savagely and glared out of the window.

My wife smiled sweetly.

"It will not be any trouble for you at all," she explained. "You can leave New York at seven-thirty to-night and reach Montreal early in the morning; then you can leave there at seven to-morrow night and be here before noon the day after. It will give you a whole day in Montreal, and you won't even have to go to an hotel."

"Thanks," said I, "I presume I can sit in one of the parks, or perhaps take the lady for a drive; it may make her better natured."

My wife came around to my chair and kissed me.

"You won't even have to carry a dress suit case; I've half a mind to go with you. If it wasn't for leaving the children we could take a nice little journey together," she said coaxingly.

"Oh, we might take the children; a long ride in a stifling car would do them good. We might ask a few friends to go with us; Montreal is a nice place in the middle of July," I growled.

She ignored the sarcasm.

"Hadn't you better go right down and telegraph? You know Emma will be leaving at two this afternoon. Make it clear just where you will meet the nurse, and find out how you can recognize her."

I lighted a cigar and tramped through the heat to the telegraph office; fortunately it was on the way

to the station. I was mad, and the message I sent was to the point.

> Will meet nurse at six-thirty to-morrow evening in waiting-room, Windsor station; train leaves at seven. Wire description.

It was not until I had almost reached New York I remembered I had not kissed my wife good-by, that I would not see her again until I returned from Montreal, and that the answer to my telegram would be sent to Canterbury, not to the office address. When I reached the latter I telephoned; my wife replied cheerfully; she did not seem to mind my abrupt leave-taking. When the answer to my wire arrived she would call me up.

It came just as I was preparing to go out to lunch.

"Emma telegraphs the nurse will be at the station as you suggested, but wouldn't it have been simpler to have met her at the Baker house? Still you will not have any trouble in knowing her. She has light hair, blue eyes, and is about twenty-five. Take good care of yourself, Charles, and don't sit up all night."

"But," I yelled back, "what's her name? Didn't they send her name?"

"I guess Emma forgot that; but it is hardly necessary—with the description you have," came the reply buzzing over the wire.

I hung up the receiver and swore, it might be just possible that more than one girl with light hair and blue eyes should happen into the Windsor station. It was too late to wire again to Montreal; the Bakers would be upon their journey within a quarter of an hour.

I passed the afternoon in a state of ill humor, secured my ticket and sleeping car berth for Montreal on the seven-thirty, and spent half the night in the smoking compartment. It was stifling behind the thick curtains of the berth. When I finally alighted in the Canadian city I had a racking headache, and resorted to a drug store for relief; afterward I decided to act upon the suggestion my wife had made over the telephone. I drove around to 73 Y Street.

But I might have saved the expense and trouble. The house was closed. I could have inquired next door, but it never occurred to me; I drove back to an hotel, ate my lunch and spent the afternoon in the lobby, trying to keep cool.

As evening approached I began to fancy the worst of my troubles were over; I had got through one night and a long day, and twelve hours more would see me back in New York—with that precious nurse. Had I known what was before me!

Somewhere about six-thirty I strolled into the waiting-room of the Windsor station. I had decided to get supper on the train; it would help pass away the time, and doubtless the new nurse had had nothing since the midday meal.

There were a score or so of persons in the big place. I walked leisurely around, examining the different females from the corner of my eye, looking for light hair, blue eyes, age twenty-five.

There were all sorts scattered about upon the benches, but only one answered the requirements; she was seated in a far corner, had an air of extreme timidity, and appeared to be waiting for some one.

I cut several circles, approaching a few feet nearer at every round. I suddenly began to realize that tackling a totally strange female was not such an easy matter. I was unused to that sort of thing, and there was danger of an embarrassing mistake.

The hands of the big clock over the door marked fifteen to seven; only a quarter of an hour before the train started. I had secured two berths during the afternoon, and the time for action had arrived.

I summoned all my nerve and approached the lady of the light hair, blue eyes, apparently about twenty-five. I say apparently: I was always poor at guessing ages, especially when it comes to women.

As I stopped before her the girl looked up quickly.

"Good evening," I said, pleasantly; "I see you are in good time."

Her face flushed furiously, then turned paler, and she returned my gaze haughtily.

"The train will leave in fifteen minutes," I continued, and reached for her travelling bag.

She drew back, made a grab at the satchel, and her lips began to tremble.

"Sir! said she in a freezing tone.

I saw I had made a mistake; I had forgotten to introduce myself.

"I am Mr. Harris, and I've come to take you on to Canterbury," I explained.

She drew herself up, and her eyes began to flash.

"What do you mean, sir?" she cried angrily.

I remembered that she was blessed with extreme timidity, and to be accosted by a total stranger in a public waiting-room was doubtless something of a shock to delicate nerves.

"Oh!" said I reassuringly, "the journey is not a long one, and you'll be at home before you realize it. The children will be glad to see you."

She arose and looked quickly around the waiting-room.

"If you insult me further I shall call for assistance," cried she desperately, and then broke suddenly into a fit of weeping.

What course I might have pursued, for the hands of the clock were approaching seven, still remains an uncertainty. Here was our nurse on the verge of hysterics, and if we missed the train it meant a night in Montreal.

I braced myself in desperation, when the matter was snatched rudely out of my hands.

A fussy old gentleman, armed with a bundle of magazines, bustled through the doorway, and casting one hurried glance in our direction, rushed across the waiting-room. Already the few people who had not departed to get a train were gathering round; the old gentleman pushed his way through these and trotted up to me.

The girl gave a little cry and fled to him, uttering some words which I could not plainly distinguish.

The old fellow turned upon me, his face flaming with anger.

"You miserable cur!" he shouted. "I'll have the law on you for this: addressing and insulting defenseless women."

He looked widly around for an officer, but, fortunately for me, none of this fraternity happened to be in the vicinity. The old gentleman looked hurriedly up at the clock, hesitated, then shook his fist under my nose.

"If I didn't have to make this train you'd hear from me for this, you—you scoundrel," he stormed.

The hot blood rose to my face, but realizing that I had made a mistake, I replied, in as calm a voice as possible under the circumstances:

"No insult was intended, I assure you, sir. I was to meet a—a nurse, and her description—light hair, blue eyes—you see, I thought this lady might be—my name is Harris, and —"

"Damnation!" roared the old fellow. "So you took my daughter for a nurse, did you? If I had time I'd—"

Most of the crowd were laughing; even the girl began to smile feebly. Feeling myself a fool, I burst out:

"I was to meet the—the creature here to-night—to take her back to New York; you see, my wife expected—"

"Drat your wife, sir," he shouted angrily, and grabbing his daughter by the arm hurried her through the door which opened on to the train platform.

I glanced up at the clock. It lacked just three minutes of starting time.

And then the gods turned a smiling face upon me. From somewhere near at hand appeared before me a trimly clad figure carrying a dress-suit case. Her eyes were heavenly blue, her hair was light, and her age could not have been more than twenty-five.

She looked me up and down hurriedly, seemed to hesitate, threw a rapid glance around the room, then opened her lips.

"You are Mr. Harris, from—from New York, and you are waiting for —"

There could be no mistake this time.

"Thank heaven!" I cried under my breath, seized the suit case from her hand, and gesticulated widly toward the door.

"Our train leaves in two minutes; come on!" I almost shouted.

The gong was sounding as we climbed aboard, and I dropped the case on one of the seats I had reserved. The girl sank down by the window and shaded her face with one gloved, small hand. Until the train was well out of the station she did not alter her position.

"Scared half to death and embarassed," thought I; "no more hysterics for mine," and I made for the smoker to give her time to get used to her surroundings and recover what little equanimity she might possess.

The buffet porter aroused me from my meditations.

"Anything you'd like, sir?" asked he, and shoved a menu under my nose.

The little incident in the waiting-room had destroyed my appetite, but I suddenly remembered the new nurse and that perhaps she was supperless. I threw away my half-smoked cigar and walked down the aisle.

The girl was gazing fixedly out of the window, but as I stopped before the seat she gave a little start and turned her head suddenly.

An expression of relief flashed into her eyes and the shadow of a smile crossed her lips.

"Oh!" said she, "it is you, Mr.—Mr. Harris."

Really I began to feel sorry for her; she could not help having timid nerves. I resolved to put her at her ease.

"Well, we're well started, and it will be New York early in the morning. There is nothing to feel nervous about. Have you never travelled before?"

She raised her hand for a moment to her lips, then looked up into my face.

"Very little, sir; but—but I like children, and your little baby will be—"

"Baby?" I retorted. "Not a bit of it. Eddie is seven and Maud just turned four. Didn't Mrs. Baker tell you about them?"

Then, as she did not reply:

"But I suppose in the hurry of getting ready for their journey she didn't think of such small matters. Fortunate she didn't want to take a nurse wth her, else my wife couldn't have got you. You'll like Canterbury, Miss—"

She looked at me questioningly; I hastened to explain.

"You see, Mrs. Baker failed to put your name in her telegram, but the description answered—when you finally got to the station."

I glanced up and down the car; the other girl and her irate father were not there. Thank goodness, their berths were in another Pullman.

The new nurse nodded as I finished my last remark.

"It was not like Mrs. Baker, she is usually so thoughtful, but the hurry must have made her forget to give you my name. It's Healy—Nellie Healy, sir."

She seemed to be recovering from her timidity.

It had already dawned upon me that this girl was extremely pretty, though there was a certain look in her face which puzzled me. Why, in the name of common sense, should she be nervous a that stage of the game? I resolved to be just sufficiently familiar to put her at her ease, but not so familiar as to frighten her and bring on the timidity again.

"Well, Nellie," said I easily, "I'm sure you'll like your new place, and Mrs. Harris will explain everything to you—just what the children require. Have you had any supper?"

"No, sir," she replied demurely; "you see, I hurried so—"

"Then I'll have the menu brought to you; the porter will set the table right here, and—order anything you want."

I was moving off when she spoke again.

"Mr. Harris," said she, in a nervous voice, "will I have to sleep in this car with all these people?"

"Why, yes," I replied, "but you must not let that trouble you; hundreds and hundreds of people do it."

"But I have read in the papers how easy it is to rob persons sleeping behind only a curtain for protection."

"Don't let that worry you, either," I rejoined reassuringly.

"But, you see, I've got quite a little money with me, all Mr. Baker gave me yesterday: if you only would keep it until—we get to New York I wouldn't feel so nervous about it."

"Certanly," I answered, smilingly; "I'll take care of it for you."

She thrust her hand beneath her waist and drew out a little packet securely wrapped in brown tissue paper, looking nervously around as she did so. With a quick motion she thrust it into my hand.

"Hide it where no one will find it, sir," she said in a whisper.

I dropped the packet into an inner pocket, glad that one cause of her nervousness was so easily relieved.

"I'll return it in the morning," said I lightly, and made my way back to the smoking compartment.

There I interviewed the buffet porter, ordered a sandwich and a bottle of beer to be served to me there, and told him to take the order of the girl in lower nine.

At the end of an hour I received my bill, glanced at it carelessly, then sat bolt upright. If the new nurse was unused to travel, the novelty had certainly not impaired her appetite and—one item which stared me in the face was—a Manhattan cocktail.

I paid the bill, and leaned back to think. Our old nurse—all the old nurses we ever had—and Manhattan cocktails were strangers. That sort of thing couldn't go on; I would speak to my wife about it. Nellie Healy, the timid, the unsophisticated, drinking cocktails in a public Pullman!

After a time I returned to the body of the car and found her gazing out of the window. She looked up with a little smile.

"If you don't mind, sir, I'd like to—to—they have to make the beds somewhere, don't they?" asked she.

"I'll speak to the porter, but you'd better wait till we stop at the next station; the customs man gets aboard there, and he'll want to see all the baggage," I replied.

Then, as she looked frightened and bewildered, I hastened to add reassuringly:

"It is simply a matter of form, and I don't suppose either of us has anything he would even care to look at; on the whole, they are first-rate fellows."

I began to wish the journey was at an end; if I had to keep on explaining things in order to prevent this girl going into a funk I would be at my wits' end presently. I secretly dreaded the hour when she should crawl in behind the curtains; a nervous female on a sleeping car—especially when you have her in charge—is something to be avoided.

I took the seat in No. 8 and settled back to wait for the appearance of the customs official, thinking it the part of wisdom to be on hand when he should tackle her. A quarter of an hour's run brought us to the point where he boarded the train, and when the blue cap fronted by the golden eagle put in an appearance I nodded to her reassuringly.

The official came up the aisle, asking a question here and there, and looking into a bag or two; then he stopped in front of me and put the usual thing.

I had only a small hand-bag, and he just glanced inside; then he turned to No. 9.

The girl looked up with a frightened expression, just the sort to put the examiner on his guard.

"Anything dutiable, miss?" he asked.

The girl gazed at him for a moment as though he had demanded that precious packet of money I had dropped into my pocket.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," she stammered. "I just left my last place, and —"

The official smiled.

"Open your bag, please, and we'll see," said he pleasantly.

The girl literally tore open the straps and threw back the cover; the

official fumbled about for a moment, smiled once more, and passed on. I beckoned to the porter, asking him to make up lower nine.

"Sit over here," said I to the new nurse, "and when it's ready you can go to bed as soon as you please. Don't forget to pull the curtains together; I'll wake you in the morning."

I went back to the smoking-room congratulating myself that the worst of it was over. If I had only known!

I smoked the part of a cigar and was thinking of turning in myself, when I suddenly remembered. I had not asked that girl about a trunk. If she possessed one it might be reposing somewhere in the Windsor station.

I began to kick myself mentally, when I recollected that, anyway, there had been no time to attend to baggage; I could face my wife with a clear conscience on that point.

The only other man in the smoker was a clean-cut individual with a carecully trimmed pair of grey mutton-chop whiskers, and as I started for the door I stumbled over his feet. I apologized, and by way of pleasantry remarked that it was a deucedly hot night for traveling.

"Until one gets used to this sort of thing and knows how to get the most comfort out of nothing," he replied. "Don't crawl in behind those infernal curtains and lie in a hot box all night; I've got a section, but can bet I'm not going to be cooped up. Get a couple of pillows from the porter, open your windows and you'll be fairly comfortable. Ever try that way?"

But I had passed one night without sleep, and decided a bed, even in a sleeping car, was what I wanted. I turned in and presently fell asleep, it seemed only for an hour, when some fool yanked open the curtans and looked in on me.

For the next hour or so I lay sweltering, but consoled myself with the thought that the blundering idiot hadn't poked his head into No. 9; I reckon the car would have heard from it.

At sx o'clock I got up, dressed, and woke up the new nurse, hastening to explain that I wasn't a robber, but that we were due to reach New York in three-quarters of an hour and I didn't want her to be late. She answered, and I retreated to the smokng-room; I wasn't going to do any more explaining on that train—so I thought.

We must have been somewhere near Mott Haven, and I was going back to see what had happened to the new nurse when my friend of the mutton-chop whiskers, who had been sitting next me by the window, put out his hand and touched my arm. I turned in surprise, which changed to astonishment when his fingers closed upon my coat sleeve.

"Just sit down a minute," said he sternly, "unless you want to kick up a row in here and put the passengers on."

I tried to jerk away, but his grip was too firm for that.

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded angrily. "If you are drunk or crazy it's time you were—"

"Neither, my friend," he retorted pleasantly. "But your game's up. Better submit quietly, or I'll have to put the irons on you right here."

Astonishment deprived me of speech for the moment, then I found my voice and replied, as calmly as possible:

"I suppose you are an office of some kind; that, or a fool. I want to say right here that I won't submit to this nonsense. Let go my arm."

"Gently," said he sternly, and the lines about his mouth grew tense.

Then it flashed upon me that he was doubtless an officer and I was the victim of one of those asinine mistakes which so frequently happen. He took me for some one else and had arrested me.

"Look here, my friend," sad I, "you doubtless imagine you are attending to your business, but you're a long way off the track. My name is Harris—C. V. Harris, of Harris & Davidson, brokers, in New Street; here's my card."

I pulled one out and stuck it in front of him, but he merely glanced at it.

"You may be Mr. Harris, broker—

diamond broker—but you're the man I want, just the same. You can do your explaining before the commissioner."

Now, there are times when a man wants to keep his nerve. Mad as I was, I realized that to raise a row right there would only make matters worse; he was bigger than I, and stronger, and evdently thought he knew what he was about.

To pitch into him would only be to draw the attention of the whole train, and I'd be marched out, the centre of a gaping crowd. I forced myself to speak calmly.

"Very well," said I; "some one's going to suffer for this; I'll prove who and what I am before the proper authorities. Would you mind telling me on what charge I'm arrested?"

He smiled grimly.

"Would you mind letting me have a look into your pockets?" he answered coolly.

"Oh," thought I, "so that's it? It's either robbery or he thinks I'm smuggling something. We can settle this thing right here."

I dumped out the contents of my pockets, which willing action brought a look of surprise to his face. There was my wallet, three cigars, some letters, a couple of note books, a few odds and ends, and the little packet of money the nurse had entrusted to my care. That was all.

He looked over the articles spread upon the seat, and suddenly his hand went out and closed on the tightly wrapped tissue paper. In a moment he had one end open, peeped in, and a grim smile crossed his lips.

He carefully stowed the packet away in his pocket, and looked sharply into my heated face.

"You're a cool one, but you knew you'd be searched, anyway, I reckon," was the statement which greeted my ears.

I could at that moment have committed murder without a regret, but we were well through the tunnel and in a couple of minutes more must pull into the station; already some of the passengers were passing the door of the compartment, and to create a scene would be the worst thing imaginable. I gulped down the overpowering desire to strike out at the sneering face before me.

"As it appears you are determined to go ahead with this thing, I'm not such a fool as to raise a row here," I said desperately. "But there's one thing before we leave the train. I've got a nurse back there, and she's a stranger to New York; I presume your official duties will permit you to allow me to get her started on the right track before you carry this outrage any further. Then I'll accompany you to the commissioner, or to the devil, if you say so."

I can swear that the fellow grinned in my face, and he looked more the well-to-do gentleman than a plain clothes man.

"Oh," said he lightly, "I guess your nurse won't get lost in the wicked city. Here we are—come along."

It was too much. I jerked myself loose, but he made a quick movement and grabbed me by the collar.

"Another move like that and—" The jingle of the handcuffs in his pocket put point to the unfinished sentence.

I realized that I was powerless; a line of passengers were streaming past the door. The last was the ebony-faced porter. He glanced inquiringly into the compartment.

"New York, gentleman," he announced.

I controlled myself as best I might.

"See here," said I, "there's a girl back there in number nine. Put her in a cab, will you? Send her over to the West Shore station; tell her to follow these instructions."

I took out one of my cards and wrote hurriedly on the back:

"Take 9.15 train from Weehawken; get out at first stop—Canterbury—and tell them to drive you up to the Harris place."

I pulled out two bills, a one and a five, and handed them with the note to the porter.

"Give her the five and keep the other for yourself; I trust you'll attend to this at once," said I.

The fool who stood at my elbow was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"I guess we'll be moving, Mr. Harris," said he, and I felt his hand on my shoulder.

He walked back with me and I got my bag; then, the last of the passengers to leave the car, for the nurse had also disappeared, we alighted from the train. On the broad platform a man was waiting who glanced at me sharply and nodded to my escort.

"The cab's outside," said he gruffly, and I marched along between the pair of them.

I had resolved to hold my peace until I was before the commissioner. Probably he would not be a blathering idiot, and the tangle could be straightened out. Some one was going to suffer before the game was over. On that I was resolved.

A cab was waiting outside the station and my captors headed for it. It was just then, as my foot was upon the step, I caught sight of the girl I had brought from Montreal. She was getting into another cab; the porter had followed my instructions.

I don't like to think of that ride downtown, or of the two hours I was kept waiting, under guard, until the commissioner appeared at the Federal Building. Because I was taken there, and not to police headquarters, I knew myself for a government prisoner: the charge would probably be "smuggling."

I even smiled when I thought of it: how easy it would be to confound those fools when it came to a showdown.

It was a little after nine when the commissioner put in an appearance. I was taken into his office and arraigned before the desk.

There was quite a little gathering in the big room—Inspector Somebody or other, several important-looking clerks, and half a dozen reporters. I saw one of these latter engaged in making a hurried sketch of me.

I looked at the commissioner, and my spirits rose. He was apparently a pleasant official, who would not fly off on a tangent, but would listen to reason and judge accordingly.

He looked me over, leaned back in his chair, and nodded to the inspector. The latter nodded back, and gave vent to the following oratorical effort:

"The prisoner before you, your honor, was arrested by one of our secret-service men in a Pullman car on the seven o'clock express from Montreal. As your honor knows, the department has been on the lookout for a gang of clever smugglers who have been working the Canadian border for the past three months; thousands of dollars' worth of gems have come into the city free of duty, and we have been exhausting every resource to get at the source of leakage.

"Finally our agents in Montreal got a clue, and it has been followed up with gratifying success: a gang of half a dozen, with headquarters in Montreal and this city, was the party wanted. We discovered the identity of one of these smugglers, and two of the smartest men in the service have kept their eyes open. We didn't want to arrest on suspicion—we wanted to take the gang, or at least one of the prime movers, redhanded."

He glanced at me, then continued:

"Your honor will observe how clever these smugglers considered themselves to be when I inform you that they carried on their work without the little subterfuges so commonly employed by their kind. No hollow canes, false shoe bottoms, secret pockets in trunks and suit cases; they counted on their very boldness to throw us off the track. This was demonstrated last night.

"The day before yesterday it was learned that the member of the gang whose identity we had discovered was about to take a journey from Montreal to this city. This person was a woman, the cleverest of the whole lot. She was shadowed, followed to the Windsor station last night, and there, as we hoped, was joined by a confederate—the prisoner before you.

"One of our men followed them into the sleeper and saw the woman pass to her companion a little package, which the latter dropped carelessly into his pocket. Naturally, so simple an

action between a lady and gentleman traveling together would have passed unobserved—had neither been under surveillance and suspicion.

"Our man decided not to act then, for the train was still on Canadian territory; instead, he permitted the pair to retire unmolested, but sat up all night with his eye on their respective sections. In response to a telegram a second officer boarded the train en route, and this morning, just before reaching the city, the pair were put under arrest. Both expressed indignation, but this is all the evidence we required. This package was taken from the prisoner by Detective Morrowson."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out that brown tissue paper covered packet which the new nurse had entrusted to me, and which the fellow with the mutton-chop whiskers had later appropriated. With a quick movement he tore off the wrapping and laid upon upon the desk before the commissioner a dozen or fifteen sparkling diamonds.

For a moment the room whirled around me and I gasped like a fish taken from its natural element. Then I heard the commissioner speaking, and a dreadful calm succeeded my emotion.

I realized it all then. It was the new nurse; the timid, unsophisticated Nellie—the cleverest of a clever gang of smugglers.

Commissioner Spears rolled one of the diamonds over with his finger.

"It seems to be a clear case; and you have the woman?" said he.

"In another room, your honor," replied the inspector.

The commissioner turned to me.

"Well," said he, sternly, "do you care to make a statement?"

I did. I saw myself in about as tight a box as one can well imagine. I knew I was innocent, but I also knew the man with the mutton-chop whiskers was not the fool I had judged him. The smuggled diamonds had been passed to me, had been found in my possession; I had been used as an easy tool.

But better to prove myself such than to accept the other alternative. I stood up there and poured out my tale from beginning to end. I grew dramatic, wept almost in sympathy with myself, and, when I finished, even the commissioner was grinning broadly.

"A novel defense, a most novel defense, Mr. Harris," said he quietly. "Of course you are prepared to prove what you say?"

"Yes!" I almost shouted. "Right here, if your honor will permit me the use of your telephone."

He nodded toward the instrument on a little stand in the corner.

Go ahead, Mr. Harris," said he quietly.

I called up Davidson, my lawyer, and my lawyer's partners; also a bank president, and two of the members of my club. Then I called up Canterbury and got my wife on the wire.

"Arrested and held for smuggling; all because of that beastly nurse business; come down to city at once—Commissioner Spear's office, Post Office Building. Bring all those infernal telegrams from Emma; get copies of the messages I wired to Montreal. If you can't leave the children bring them with you, or lock them in the cellar." I sent the words hot over the wire.

I heard my wife gasp "Oh, Charles!" and knew that she had left the instrument. I arose and confronted the commissioner.

"Sounds like a good beginning; we'll hold this case over for a while," said he, with a friendly nod.

They began to wander in presently. First my lawyer, then Davidson, the bank president, and one of the club fellows; all substantial citizens whose word went for something. The commissioner explained; every one smiled but the lawyer; my character was lifted out of the mire and elevated to a pedestal.

The inspector and the secret-service men were frowning; there was a twinkle in the commissioner's eye as he said softly:

"If Mr. Harris will step into my private room we will further adjourn

the hearing until the arrival of his wife."

I sat by the window, guarded by one of the secret-service men, and listened to Davidson's pleasantries for a couple of hours or so. Then the door opened, and my wife rushed into my arms.

There was another case before the commissioner, and we had to wait until it was finished, but at last my turn came again.

My wife had brought all the telegrams, and the commissioner read them carefully; then he asked her a few questions, took off his gold-rimmed eye glasses, and looked at the inspector.

"It seems to be a case of mistaken identity; I think Mr. Harris has proved conclusively that he is the victim of an unusual conspiracy; we will call it that," said he.

The inspector acknowledged the truth of the remarks, but he didn't manifest any evidences of pleasure.

"Discharged!" quoth the commissioner briskly, and I was a free man.

My lawyer was frowning ominously; he drew himself up, faced the desk, and delivered himself of a brief statement.

"We shall begin a suit for heavy damages, your honor; it is outrageous," said he solemnly.

The case, as far as I was concerned, was over, but I turned to the commissioner.

"Your honor," said I, "might I request a favor?"

"A dozen; you certainly deserve it, Mr. Harris," he replied.

"Then," said I, "I'd like to ask that —that woman just one question."

He nodded to one of the detectives.

"I'll grant the permission," said he.

They took me to the room where Nellie Healy was waiting under guard. As I entered she looked up, saw me, and a smile crossed her face. I did not return in kind.

"My girl," asked I gravely, "would you mind telling me how you worked it? I confess that I am curious."

For a moment she hesitated, then began to laugh.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, if it will do you any good. I overheard all you said to that old party in the Windsor station, and saw a good chance to make use of you. Later, on the train, you gave me the rest I needed to know to work the scheme. Don't you think I'd make a good nurse for the children, Mr. Harris?"

I turned and left her without prolonging the conversation. As the secret-service man closed the door behind me I heard her last words:

"And thank you so much for that nice supper, Mr. Harris."

When we were well out of the building and bowling up-town in a cab, I asked my wife where she had left the children.

"With the Richards," she answered. "And, Charles?"

"What?" said I crossly.

"Mary 'phoned yesterday that her cousin died suddenly; he was injured internally. She will come back to us if we want her."

"All right," said I, "we need her, don't we?"

"But what will Emma think? You know we agreed to—"

"Drat Emma, and this whole confounded nurse business," I answered savagely.



A Revolution in Travel

By Grandin Nevins in American Magazine

A TRAIN of Pullman coaches mounted upon a single row of wheels beneath the centre of each car, running upon a single rail, now dashing up or down hill, now taking a "bridge" consisting of a mere thread of steel strung a hundred feet above the glistening surface of a river and all the time dashing onward at a speed of from 60 to 140 miles an hour; this is the sort of a train in which you may ride in the future.

No announcement in the field of mechanics ever produced a greater sensation. Not even the story of the X-rays penetrating solids or the wireless telegraph canonading etheric waves across the water seemed more improbable. Yet the claim for the gyroscope railway is made seriously by Louis Brennan, C.B., the inventor of the famous dirigible Brennan torpedo purchased by the British Government for $550,000. Further, a six-foot model of Mr. Brennan's new car has been operated and put through rigid tests before the Royal Society of England, and the British Government, though usually slow in accepting extravagant claims for a new invention, has made appropriation for the building of two full-sized cars, forty feet long and twelve feet wide, with a view, if further experiments succeed, to adopting this new system of transportation.

For many years the inventors of the world have been trying to devise a practical railroad train that would run on a single rail, but, up to the present time, the only successful mono-rail system is one operating in Germany, the cars hanging suspended from a single rail overhead. This, however, is not greatly superior to the old two rail system. Engineers and inventors, long knowing that out of every 100 horse-power of the present day railway locomotive, 88 horse-power are lost in friction, rocking of train, etc., have dreamed of saving some of this waste, just as they have dreamed of saving some of the 85 per cent. loss in coal burned to make steam. A gain of 10 per cent. would have been enormous. Mr. Brennan claims he can save 50 per cent!

Every body who has spun a top has wondered at its curious motions and those who have spun a gyroscope, which is merely a top supported at both ends in some sort of a frame, have marvelled at its ability to rotate steadily in any set plane with only one end supported from a string or stick. It is a self-balancer and seems to defy the laws of gravitation. Now, if a simple gyroscope have one end fastened to a wheel and be firmly attached to a toy car, the whole apparatus may be pushed along a wire, and so long as the gyroscope spins, the car will keep its balance. This is exactly what Mr. Brennan has done, though on a larger scale, in his experiments. Curiously enough, and this should make us chary of disbelief, the simplest things in science and invention have led to the greatest discoveries. The swinging sanctuary lamp gave us the pendulum clock; a falling apple impressed Sir Isaac Newton to a discovery of the laws of gravitation; the boiling tea kettle was the father of the modern steam engine; the accident of a breaking wire brought forth the telegraph.

Practically Mr. Brennan's gyroscope is made up of two steel wheels revolved at high speed in opposite directions, the wheels being supported on the best possible bearings and all encased in an air-tight enclosure. So perfect has the apparatus been constructed that, when the power is turned off, the wheels will revolve for forty-eight hours before coming to a dead stop. Each car must have its own balancing apparatus, 5 per cent. of the total weight of the car being required for this purpose. Any power may be used to propel the train or to spin the gyroscope wheels, but

a high spinning rate must be attained. With these conditions, it has been found possible to run the model trains at great speed and over all sorts of country. So long as a sufficiently high rate of revolution of the gyroscope wheels is maintained it is not possible to upset the car. The inventor claims that the sharpest curves —curves with a radius of the length of the car—may be taken at top speed without jar or jostle or vibration. More, instead of the rails being perfectly level, as are the tracks of our railroads to-day the rail may undulate up and down over rough ground, the car gliding along without danger of derailment or incenvenience to passengers. In fact, he goes on, riding in one of these cars so indescribably smooth is the motion and so conspicuously absent is the nerve-racking vibration that you would never suspect you were riding in a railway train, and traveling in this wise you might sit for ten hours without feeling more exhaustion than if you had spent the time in your pet rooms in your own hotel.

Anywhere inside the body of the car, front or rear or middle, are a pair of fly-wheels mounted side by side and spinning in opposite directions. These wheels are run by electricity at a speed of something like 4,000 revolutions a minute. And this is all there is to the mysterious contrivance.

Up to now, although the Indian Government and the Army Council have ordered gyroscope cars measuring 40x12 feet, the only car which the inventor has built is a 6-foot affair with which he demonstrates the possibility of his invention on an enormous circular track made of gas pipes and laid in his own garden. The model was driven by electricity and moved at high speed over the crude rail, leaning inward as a bicycle leans when turning corners and without the sembalance of danger of leaving the track even when taking the shaprest curves. The car shot up a hill of one foot in 5 carrying a weight equivalent to twenty tons for the full-sized machine. To test the ability of sticking to the rails under all conditions the car was removed from the track and placed upon a net work of wire coiled into all sorts of fantastic patterns. Finally the loaded car was sent across a thin cable stretched 100 feet in air. A second time it crossed, carrying a boy and a third time it was sent over with a man.

To test the gyrostatic action of the car a weight corresponding to three tons in the full sized car was loaded onto one side, and strange to say, the loaded side actually rose in the air. More, as you pressed a hand against the side of the car it pressed back, combating or opposing the force to upset it as if it were a living thing; and even when the current was cut iff from the motors the car maintained perfect equilbrium by the stored up energy in the moving fly-wheels for several hours.

Should it be advisable to stop the car and the fly-wheels while the vehicle is on the rails on a level, a lever releases a prop on each side of the car and it stands steady as a table upon its legs. In order to make up a train of the cars it is possible either to attach a motor to each wheel or to every other wheel or else to use a car provided to pull a train like a locomotive, a gyroscope being all that is necessary to maintain in each coach, any car being capable of coasting down a hill with free wheels.

Wherein lies the superiority of the new invention over our present trains? No one doubts that, if Mr. Brennan's claims be demonstrated with full-sized cars, he will revolutionize our railroad system and make for the world as great an advance as that by the introduction of steam power. Cars of any size may be built, millions saved in construction and rails laid rapidly enough to keep up with an army on the march.

The future may bring for us, instead of bridges over the rivers, cables over which will whiz gyroscope trains; instead of unsightly elevated railroad structures that cut off light and cause the maddening rackets of our big cities, wire cables over which cars fill move without noise; street

cars on one rail instead of two; automobiles run like bicycles on two instead of four wheels, and who knows, perhaps even air ships may use the gyroscope to keep on an even keel.

Is it a dream? Perhaps, but no discovery was ever made by any one who did not have visions of scientific or material progress. That's the way the world moves.

In a Border Mining Camp

By F. W. Rolt in The Monthly Review

It is generally supposed that after his thirtieth year, it is the bounden duty of a good citizen to settle down as soon as possible into the stereotyped decorum of middle age. I am happy to say that in my own case I have found this view of affairs to be quite incorrect. For at a time of my life several years later than the period which I have named, it was my happy lot to be spirited away by the wand of an irrepressibly humorous destiny, and dropped gently into a remote corner of the mountains of British North America, where a new and vgorous mining camp was just springing into lusty life.

It will probably be assumed that the "Auri sacra fames" had something to do with my movements, but unluckily, perhaps, I was never conscious of having been stung by that particular gadfly, and, indeed, I think I may say that I drifted into Golden Gate more by accident than by design. However, I had not been there many hours before it struck me that unless I was much mistaken I was on the edge of a new and thoroughly original experience.

The town, so-called, was, it is true, not much more than a collection of ramshackle wooden shanties, hastily built, and dotted about at random on the slopes and terraces of a wild hillside, still for the most part covered with primæval forest. On every side frowned down upon it a desolation of mountains, torn by raging torrents into many a gloomy canon and gorge, and surging up as far as the eye could reach, tier upon tier, range beyond range, until their outlines faded into the blue mists of the horizon. The streets and alleys wandered aimlessly among upheavals of naked rock, and lost themselves in sudden yawning hollows and precipices. One day they were inches deep in thick white dust, the next day weltered in Manchurian-like morasses of mud, through the midst of which I recollect I used to plough with complete unconcern clad in long rubber duck-shooting waders, the flaps of which reached to the waist, a style of foot-gear which, by the bye, I can strongly recommend to any who is anxious to cultivate chronic rheumatism.

When I wended my way to the house in the "suburbs" where I rented a room from some pleasant Irish friends, the path led by a devious route skirting an awe-inspiring mudhole about half an acre in extent, across a small but unexpectedly vicious mountain torrent, and through a tangled thicket of dense under-brush, which on moonless nights was as dark as a wolf's throat, from whose depths I have often heard other belated nighthawks, like myself, bawling in vain for help and guidance.

But despite these and many other little inconveniences, Golden Gate was above all things a pre-eminently happy place. From dawn to dark and back again—for nobody took any particular notice of the times and seasons of day or night—hope reigned supreme in the breasts of the curious odds and ends of humanity who came hurrying from all quarters of the continent into this new Eldorado, and because they were all hopeful they were all good humored and merry beyond belief.

Among them there were of course

large numbers—perhaps a majorty—of solid decent citizens, but the people whom I found most interesting and in many ways most instructive did not by any manner of means belong to this class, being more or less men of broken fortunes, frontiersmen who loved adventure and hated a settled life, waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of the ever-restless Border. It was a point of honor never to inquire into any man's past record, nor to allow it to trouble his future chances of success, a charitable leniency which must have been very advantageous and convenient for certain of our prominent citizens, whose antecedents, had the truth been known, were somewhat varied and picturesque. Of course, a population of this kind, many of whom had a supreme contempt for the sober, peaceful ways of older and longer settled communities, needed strong and dextrous management, and fortunately for us the administration of the law was in the hands of a masterful and masterly Warden of the Marches—in the person of Jack Dunkirk, the mining recorder, chief of police, and representative of all the local executive power. . To borrow language used of a far greater name, "Stark man he was . . . and he loved the free prospector as if he had been his father." He was of great stature and strength, and when he strode along the streets in the morning, on his way to his office, the boys fell back in admiring and whispering groups, to let him pass, and I used to think that he looked like a modern manifestation of Jupiter Omnipotens condescending to earth among tribes of lesser mortals.

His fame and popularity were widespread, in fact he had at that period already won his way into myth and fable. I never heard of his going about armed, but he carried with him a strong and pliant cane which no doubt could become a terrible weapon when wielded by that mighty arm. His methods as policeman were distinguished by unconventionality and common-sense. Brawls and fights were, of course, matters of tolerably frequent occurrence in a community like ours, which devoted a great part of its spare time to drinking and gambling, and sometimes they were pretty savage affairs, in which biting of ears and gouging of eyes and such-like ferocities were not unknown. On an occasion of this kind often have I seen a ring formed in saloon or street and a rough-and-tumble fight in full swing. Suddenly a hush falls upon the crowd, the ranks divide, and in strides Chief of Police Jupiter Tonans, cane in hand and stern authority upon his brow. He takes his place unchallenged in the front, and watches the antagonists with silent and frowning attention. After a time their fury slackens, and they would fain have done, but Jupiter with an angry nod threatens them to proceed, and curtly announces that if they won't fight one another they will have to fight him. In such a dilemma only one choice can be made, and they fall too again with sinking hearts, until Jupiter decides that they have had enough punishment, that they won't be in a hurry to get to fighting again, and graciously intimates hat they may now be permitted to stop. Then he walks unconcernedly away, amid all sorts of queer tributes from the bystanders, expressive of their admiration of the great man's personal prowess.

Many were the stories that used to circulate round lonely camp fires or at saloon gatherings of the achievements of this redoubtable champion of law and order. Our town lay only a few miles inside the Canadian boundary line, and was, therefore, at once a happy hunting ground of Western "toughs" and "bad men" and "bunco-steerers" "from the other sde," as we called the adjacent State of Washington. But from the very first of these modern knights errant of road seem to have recognized that in Jack Dunkrk they had met their master, and that it behooved them at least to assume airs of good behavior, as soon as they found themselves on the Britsh side of the forty-ninth parallel, which in these parts is the international boundary line. In their

own country they were accustomed to take advantage of all sorts of laxities and imperfections in the administration of the law, and they waxed fat and rampant in their misdemeanours, in a community which is inclined to be easy-going and merciful, except on the rare occasons when it wakes up with a jerk, and handles its malefactors, while the fit lasts, with an energy that borders on the ferocious. This curious condition of affairs was brought home to me very forcibly some years ago by the following characteristic little episode: I started early one summer morning to ride from Bodie, a mining camp in the Indian Reservation in Northern Washington, to Summit City, fifty miles away across the border in British Columbia. At mid-day I stopped to eat and rest and bait my horse at a rough little village in a grove of cotton-wood trees, where a ferry boat runs across the Kettle River. There is a country store much frequented by prospectors and farmers, a building half hotel, half farmhouse, where you can get a very eatable meal; a large rambling collection of stables and barns, where the stage coaches used to change horses, an Indian burying ground where the Indians, who are Roman Catholics, come sometimes to pray; and the usual collection of loafers waiting about for the chance of a drink in the bar-room. After lunch I lit my pipe, and strolling over to the store, was soon the centre of a knot of friendly inhabitants, all eager to hear the latest news from Bodie, which was in those parts something of a metropolis of civilization and society, though anywhere else it would have been reckoned a sorry enough spot. Remembering that "two things greater than all things are, the first love and the second is war," I bethought me of the latest adventures of Mike Flaherty, "the bad man" of Bodie, who some years ago, after murdering a "pal" in cold blood, had broken jail, and escaped the hanging which he so richly deserved. So I told them how on the night before I left Bodie this abominable ruffian had violently and of pure wantonness, assaulted a well-known mine foreman, who, I am happy to say, had retaliated with compound interest, and nearly beaten him to death with the butt-end of his "gun"—Anglice, revolver. My audience listened to this moving tale with bated breath, and there was no doubt that their sympathies were all on the right side, that they execrated Mike Flaherty and applauded the drastic methods of the mine foreman. But of the fact that the law had been outraged, and ought to be most promptly vindicated, they seemed not to have the least idea, and the discussion was finally summed up by a very respectable and intelligent-looking carpenter, who remarked with a deep sigh, that was almost a groan, "Ah! that's the way to treat them 'bad men'—smash 'em with an axe, or beat their heads in with a club." And the crowd echoed their approval, "Yes, that's the only way to handle them 'bad men.'"

So having done what I could for the entertainment of the village, I saddled my horse and rode away, thinking as I rode of our method of handling "bad men" in British Columbia; of Cariboo, where, as I have been told, they once hanged eight men at one assize; of a famous late chief justice who condemned a man to death and, as no hangman was forthcoming, slipped with his own hands the noose round the criminal's neck; and last, but not least, of our own Jack Dunkirk, terror of marauders and bulwark of the law.

One story of Jack Dunkirk's doings is so characteristic that I cannot leave it untold. A drunken "tough" with bellowings and howlings makes night hideous beneath the very windows of Jove's private mansion. The great man is aroused from his healthy slumbers, and emerges—a portentous apparition—clad only in boots and breeches and night shirt. Once, nay twice his dreadful warning rings out into the night: "Sam Rogers, you shut your mouth; if I hear any more of your noise I'll kick you out of town and down the wagon road into the Wild Horse River."

Alas for human folly! Silence

reigns for a few minutes. Then Sam Rogers forgets this awful threat, and is suddenly clutched, propelled most violently from behind, and bidden in a voice of thunder to leave the town and to tarry not upon his going, until he reach the aforesaid navigable stream, which at that time was the principal entrance into and exit from our remote mountains.

Oddly enough, there is a moral to this little tale! Sam Rogers seems to have abandoned his evil courses, for many years later—only the other day, in fact—is it not of record that he returned to Golden Gate from his violently enforced exile, and presented himself at the office of the great potentate at whose decree he had suffered banishment. There followed mutual recognition and hand-shakings and hearty goodwill all round.

Thus was Jack Dunkirk as policeman "illustrious and consummate," and as administrative officer he was even more admirable. From morning to night his office would be besieged by hordes of ignorant, dirty prospectors all intent upon recording their claims, registering transfers, passing cover the counter greasy "notes" or "bills" in payment of fees, and conducting themselves like a jostling, crowded herd of halfwild steers. Amid this scene of confusion, in a very Babel of tongue—for many applicants were foreigners, Swedes, Danes, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians (known, of course, as "Dagoes"), who spoke English most imperfectly—the target of endless importunities, towered the figure of the imperturbable Mining Recorder, now no longer the terror of "bad men," or the stern corrector of midnight brawlers, but the serene and unruffled guide, counsellor, and friend of innumerable ignorant, bewildered, grown-up children. My friend and one-time partner, "Cap" Carter, who was since drowned, or made believe that he was drowned, in the neighboring Chinook Lakes, was not a good man nor a discriminating judge of fine points of character. But the sight of Jack Dunkirk in the Record Office was too much for him, and drew from him a fine, and almost involuntary tribute of praise:

"By gosh (says he), that feller's not human; he has all the damned fools in British Columbia buzzin' around him like a wasp's nest, and he never so much as says a cross word to none of 'em. I tell yer, mister, he ain't human!"

Upon a tomb in one of the English cathedrals some enthusiastic hero-worshipper, in a burst of admiration, has celebrated the virtues of the departed with the words, "Oh! what men!" The phrase often recurs to me as I run over in my mind the collection of oddities and eccentricities with whom I came in contact in the streets of Golden Gate in those careless days. There was old Tom Robson, a tough "Cousin Jack" from Cornwall, who had been prospecting and mining and timber cruising in the west for many years. A very rough diamond indeed was he, as hard as nails and sturdy as an oak, so that in the coldest winter weather I have seen him lounging about in a snow storm with nothing on under his coat but a low-cut woollen sweater, which left his brawny throat and neck and the upper part of his hairy chest naked and entirely unprotected. I watched him once roll down over a steep mountain-side mixed up helter-skelter with his fallen horse, and when I ran round to the bottom to pick up the fragments, I found him sitting in a thicket of brambles comparatively unharmed but for the fact that the wind had been temporarily beaten out of his dogged old carcase and that the blood was running from a cut upon his forehead. His battered, weather-beaten face presented such a fantastically ridiculous picture of furious blind rage and comical bewilderment that I thought of Falstaff and Trinculo and all sorts of absurdities, and burst out laughing at him. For a moment he looked so angry that I thought he was going to punch my head; then I suppose he caught the humor of the situation, and fell to laughing loudly, too. A great man he was in a rough-and-tumble fight—the more savage the better as far as he

was concerned—and a terrible drunkard when the fit seized him. I need not say peace to his ashes, for no doubt he is still alive; in fact, I doubt whether so gentle a thing as death could kill him. A lawyer friend of mine once had to cross-examine him in court, and by way of starting pleasantly remarked: "Mr. Robson, I'm told that you're something of a fighting man!" Old Tom put his hand to his ear, being very hard of hearing, and bawled out. "Fighting man, did ye say: fighting man: you step outside with me for a minute and I'll show you whether I'm a fighting man or not!" He came of a long line of miners, and had a sort of natural scent for a prospect, though I never heard of his finding anything particularly good. But, perhaps, prospectors are like card-players, and luck favours the young and inexperienced among them.

As you strolled along the streets on a fine spring morning you would find yourself rubbing shoulders with many local celebrities who would greet you with great cordiality, and invite you to drink with them a great deal more often than was good for you, and to gamble with them all day long and all night too if you cared to do so.

Conversation, of course, never strayed very far from the all-absorbing subject of mines and prospecting, and incidentally you would soon be invited to buy shares in a newly-formed mining company, or acquire an interest in some mining claim of highly problematical value. Needless to say, there were lots of sharks to be met with who were on the lookout for any greenhorn with money. But it is part of one's business in a mining camp as elsewhere, to learn whom to distrust and whom to cultivate, and it was no very hard matter to be hail-fellow-well-met with every one without getting too closely involved with any particular schemer. The best plan in Golden Gate, as in most places, was to hold your tongue and let the people round you do the talking. They all had their own adventures to tell and were by no means slow about doing it, and while it was very probable that you would find something strange and interesting in their anecdotes, you could make up your mind once for all that they would not even pretend to be amused by yours. At all events, many a pleasant hour have I spent lounging about the streets, or in the bar-rooms, or sitting comfortably smoking beside a warm stove fire, while bronzed, hatchet-faced Frank Launce described to us how he went prospecting forty years ago in the Arizona Mountains, when the Apache Indians were still an untamed tribe, and an intruder into their country carried his life in his hand every day; or Charlie Wilson, of the venerable grey locks and wild blue eyes, spoke dreamily of the wonderful "Lost Claim" of fabulous wealth which lies hidden high up in the Bitter Root Range, where he and his friends had sought for it in vain this many a year. Then, "with a whoop and with a holloa," Liverpool Jack would break in, and in a burst of confidence tell you: "Why, bless your heart, I've served in the British Army and British Navy, and the American Army and the American Navy, and I'll be darned if a man can't have more fun in the British Army in a week than he can have in the American Army in a year!" I remember feeling myself thrilled with a glow of patriotic pride when I heard this somewhat ambiguous tribute to the merits of our most glorious national institution, and I have no doubt that "Liverpool Jack" had "sized" me up accurately, and had counted upon producing a favorable impression by his remark. He no doubt was by origin a Liverpool "Wharf Rat," but much foreign travel and many vagabond adventures had expanded him into a companionable enough ruffian. He decoyed me once to go with him to inspect a mineral claim which he wished me to buy, and I went, knowing full well that his glorious description of the property was a tissue of impudent falsehoods, but reckoning also that I should be rewarded by hearing many quaint tales.

After several hours hard and hot riding, followed by a long and tedious

scramble up a blazing sun-scorched rock slide, he paused upon a naked and barren granite bluff and proclaimed triumphantly that we were now walking upon the ledge itself. "Ain't she a beauty," he kept repeating enthusiastically. "She's the biggest thing that ever happened! Ain't she a dandy!"

I sat down and groaned inwardly, and he must, I fear, have noticed that I was dejected and disappointed. But he would not admit defeat, and continued to expatiate on the glories of the ledge, even while I turned silently away and commenced the painful descent, too tired and disgusted to utter a word of expostulation or reproach. All the way home he tried to keep my fainting spirits with ingenuous stories of love and war, reminding me for all the world of a dog who has done wrong and knows it, and tries to propitiate his lord and master with curvetings and gambols.

An eccentric personage of quite another variety from whom I used to extract much innocent amusement, went by the name of "Highly Metalliferous Brown," and was the victim of a positive passion for laying down the law on geology, mineralogy and topics of a kindred nature. He was a very tall, rather striking-looking man, with black hair and dark eyes, and particularly long, well-shaped hands, with which he would trace imaginary diagrams in the air for the instruction of his audience, who, If I am to judge by myself, never had the faintest glimmering of an idea as to the drift of his disquisitions. It was his habit to discuss the geology of the "camp" with the voice and air of one crying in the wilderness—the fervour of the prophet mingled with the sullen discontent of the unappreciated genius. Geology at the best is a hard and abstruse subject, but as handled by "Highly Metalliferous Brown" the thing became a dark, weird, impenetrable mystery. In any other country, and under any other conditions, this man would have been voted a bore of the first magnitude, and avoided like the plague, but here he was allowed to talk as much as he pleased, and though no one paid much attention to him, he was regarded more or less as a credit to the community, and a demonstrator of the unrivalled possibilities of the district. New comers and "tenderfeet" were always introduced to him with a view, I presume, to being put through a sort of matriculation, and as a means of inoculating them with some measure of his gloomy prophetic enthusiasm.

I have never heard a word as to the history of this strange creature, nor do I know whence he came nor whither he has gone. He turned up apparently from nowhere and vanished in due course as silently as he had come. But if he is still living I have no doubt that he is still following the same way of life, and like scores of other oddities, some of whom I have attempted briefly to describe, is spending the remainder of his years in drifting from one mining camp to another, as fresh discoveries continue to be made in the wild sea of mountains that stretch from Lower California up through British Columbia into the frozen heart of Alaska.

Meantime, while we have been occupied in making the acquaintance of these and many other worthies, the street has been alive with a constant stream of mounted men going to and coming from the mining claims which have been staked out all over the mountains for who knows how many miles round the town. A glimpse at these horsemen and their surroundings will enable one to understand something of the daily life of the prospector and miner.

"Pete the Packer" goes by with his string of pack-horses tied each one to the tail of its predecessor, and loaded with a queer assortment of prospecting tools and requirements: boxes of dynamite, stoves, stove pipes, anvils, hammers, long-lengths of miners' drill steel, tents, sacks of flour, provisions of all kinds, piles of blankets, rough quilts and matresses, and a hundred other odds and ends. All this equipment is to be transported to the lonely log cabin that has been hewn out under the great cedar

trees many weary miles away in some distant mountain range, where its owners will spend the long toilsome months striving with shaft and tunnel to wrest from the hard rocks the treasures that may perhaps repose within. Much skill is required, as may be supposed, to stow away such a quantity of incongruous and intractable articles upon the narrow frame work of a "cayuse," or pack-pony's saddle, so to hang and adjust each load that its weight is evenly distributed on either side of the animal, and to fasten the whole with that most complicated and voluminous arrangement of ropes known as the "diamond hitch." I have often wondered how the method of loading of pack-horses in the mountains of the Northwest compares with that in vogue in these islands before the era of wheeled traffic, but I have never seen any allusion to the subject, nor met any one who could throw any light upon it. The men accompanying the pack-trains, who were, of course, themselves nearly always mounted, wore red and blue shirts and curious blanket coats cut somewhat in the style of Norfolk jackets, of parti-colored design, that reminded one of the pictures in children's books of Joseph's coat of many colors. Sometimes, when I have been riding home in the evening down some steep-pitched mountain trail, I have caught sight far below me of the pack-train toiling painfully and slowly up the long inclines, the bright colors of the men's attire standing out in vivid contrast to the sombre grey rocks and the deep green masses of cedar, balsam, hemlock, and pine. A little later and a little higher up they will reach the night's camping ground, where loads will be unpacked, tents pitched, and soon the smoke of their fires will begin to curl up in blue wreathes among the trees. There will they lay them down in peace and take their rest, in the deep silence of the hills, broken only by the muffled tread of the horses as they wander round the camp in search of fresh grazing, by the distant howl of the timber wolf, or the shrieking bark of the coyote, and by the murmuring of the never far distant streams, which mingles drowsily with the rustling of the night wind in trees. In the freshness of the early morning, before the sun has climbed above the jagged edges of the mountains, if you peep quietly out of your tent, you may chance to catch a glimpse of the lonely wandering caribou, or of the deer, browsing, secure and unalarmed, in the dewy forest glades.



John Bull's Bread-Basket

By Herbert Vanderhoof in Metropolitan Magazine

With a long-drawn "Whoa!" the driver pulled up. We were on the slope of a low pass which seemed to separate two vast vales. To the south were bluffs covered with poplar, just turning from green to gold. To the north, perhaps a hundred feet below, lay a lake dotted with wooded islands, and along its farther shores we could see the scattered homes of many settlers. Fine cattle were feeding in fertile fields, where grass, wild, peas and Saskatoon berries grew knee high.

This, then, was the gateway to the Saskatchewan Valley, famous buckle of the hard wheat belt. The scene should be known for one of the fairest in the world. Here at our feet lay the heart of Canada's grain fields which stretched east and west for 900 miles, north and south for 500. "Canada lies west"—gazing, one realized the force of the prophecy. In these rich, black, waxy lands, magnificent with potential harvests, lay the new-found strength of a nation. In this one-time wilderness where Indians had lurked in ambush, now smiled neat homes, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandahs. This valley, which was once a famous hunting ground, the scene of fierce tribal wars, had become a place of peace. To the north, not so many miles distant, and pushed but a little way back since the earliest day of the voyageur and courier du bois, lay the primeval forest, trodden no longer by the waiting red man, but untamed yet, almost unhandseled; where the winters closed down, wrapping them in a silence broken only by the loon's cry or the crash of a snow-laden tree—the same sounds, the same aching silence endured in the old day by the family of the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company post.

"So this," said I to the driver, "is what you call 'John Bull's bread-basket?' "

"Who has been telling you that?" questioned the big-boned Canadian, flecking a fly from the neck of the cayuse. "Some newspaper chap or poetry writer, I'll bet—not any of our people. You see, there are fellows in every country who are never satisfied to tell the truth—just natural-born liars, so to speak. The fact is there is as much wheat grown in the State of Kansas as we raise in all of western Canada. But we haven't started yet, and Kansas has been at it a long time. We've got the climate and the soil, but we need farmers. Canada ain't any nation's bread-basket yet, but it may be some day. The Government crop experts tell us we can produce one billion bushels of wheat each year, and if the time ever comes when wo do, not only Great Britain, but Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth will just naturally keep their eyes on Canada."

As the driver shook the lines and the lithe little cayuse scampered away down the slope, I remembered the statement of my host of the night before to the effect that western Canada's grain crop alone in 1906 had yielded approximately one hundred million dollars—nearly four times the value of the entire gold output of the whole Dominion—and at present in the wide stretches of the grain provinces were only 805,000 men, women and children. One hundred million dollars in grain produced by less than one million persons, who do various other things in the meantime—build railways, dig canals, irrigate small empires, rear fifteen-storey buildings, bridge great rivers, sleep, eat, drink and saw wood—was not bad, even if that happy day when the eyes of Uncle Sam and all the other nations on earth should be turned upon Canada were still a thing of the future.

Then I thought of other millions which my host did not mention: the

millions wrought from the forests and out of the mines, and still other millions from cattle, sheep, hogs, honey, fruit and garden truck. And I remembered that the work had only just begun, that only a few trees had been felled in the forest, only a few acres of a vast domain of wheat land had been broken, and I asked myself whether, in five or sx years, when 3,000,000 people are working away where less than one-third that number work to-day, when the railways now in course of construction have been completed, when unexplored areas have been opened up—whether the annual production would not be more then treble what it was in 1906.

Have you ever noticed the farm-boy let down the bars into a new fresh meadow, while the cows impatiently crowd around him, craning their necks, reveling in anticipation? The bars down, they do not remain to graze near the gate, neither do they begin at one side and work painstakingly across the field. North, east, south, west, they scatter over their new preserve, trampling down more than they eat. It is the embarrassment of riches.

And here is your simile from the grass and the herd: Western Canada was the big, new meadow reaching from the international line to the Peace River of the north eastward to Hudson's Bay, and westward to the rockies. As it is with the cows, so it was with the pioneers when the barriers between east and west, north and south, had been removed by the extension of railway facilities. Into the meadow poured the pioneers, reveling in the great good land which for a century and a half had been the domain of fur monopolists, fortified by Government influence and armored arrogant conviction that for them alone had nature evolved the immense potentialities of half a continent. The first settlers, on reaching the prairies from the south and east, spurned the land that lay nearest at hand, scattering far and wide to the utmost corners of the new-old world. Many sought a hardy livelihood trading in peltries with the company; others fished or cut timber, and still others prospected for gold. But a vast majority turned to cattle raising. It became the dream of the early pioneers that one day western Canada would become the beef market of Old England. And not till the coming of the wheat did the dream change. When the trail of the Hudson's Bay Company was still over the country the rancher was not welcome—yet he came. The cowman did not want the farmer, but the farmer in turn ousted him.

The day of the fur baron passed; the day of the cattle grower was done. Canada at last had come into her own.

Here, as elsewhere, the coming of real civilization waited upon the railroads. Nature gave to western Canada, in her magnificent lakes and riverways, an unequaled system of interior communication, but they were like unto the separate links of a chain until man undertook to connect them and to cover the whole face of the vast country with a network of steel tracks.

In 1881 there was not one single track of railroad in Manitoba and the West. To-day 8,000 miles are completed and in service. Out of the country which these lines tap came 85,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1905 and nearly a 100,000,000 in 1906. The farmers on these prairies in 1905 shipped for export 55,000 head of cattle, averaging 1,325 pounds each; in 1905, 80,000 head. To harvest the crops of the prairie west an army of 23,000 men was imported, and more were needed. This was the country which was slow to find itself! From the Atlantic to the Pacific Canada operates 24,000 miles of railway; from the tidewater to the Great Lakes she has built a system of canals which cost her approximately $1,000,000,000 —a sum which she paid courageously with a promptness entirely out of keeping with the fact that her population to-day is less than ours was more than a century ago.

And despite the fact that her railway mileage per capita already is

greater than that of any other nation on earth, there are to-day in Canada under contract, or in actual construction, 9,000 miles of new lines.

In the work of widening the field for personal rights and personal opportunity the Canadian Pacific was the pioneer. It was the road which opened to the traveler the last wilderness, to the world the last west. In the years that have sped since Lord Strathcona, on November 7, 1885, drove the last spike in the transcontinental line, a new nation has been born. What part in the accouchement ceremony has the railroad played? Remember this was Prince Rupert's land —a world of mystery over which the "fur trust" held sway. Is it not something to win and build an empire, to make it ready for the occupancy of the people of the earth? It it not a great and significant thing to institute competition where the most exacting of monopolies had reigned supreme, to substitute democracy for an absolutism, to offer a fair chance for all in place of special privilege for the few? Take a peep at the big map in the land commissioner's office. A bright-headed tack shows every settler in every district in this new-old land of virgin prairies, forests primeval, singing rivers and laughing lakes —and the railroad brought him here. Study the tacks. They tell the story of the most remarkable population movement known to history.

In the last ten years Iowa has sent nearly twenty thousand of her sons and daughters to settle in western Canada. From Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Washington, Idaho, the farmers came. Minnesota sent eight or ten thousand a year, North Dakota seven thousand a year, Mchigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, say, five thousand each. The Canadian Pacific is building nineteen new branches—it is spending six million dollars for rails and seven and one-half millions for rolling stock. But build as it will, it cannot keep pace with the needs of the day; the crops threaten to swamp all transportation. The railroad is moving fast, fast—but the inrushing thousands are moving faster.

The Canadian Northern, following where the older company led, has reached out into rich fields. Its new line to Edmonton goes straight through the heart of the Saskatchewan Valley and taps as fertile an agricultural district as the world has ever known. The rapidity with which towns have sprung up in this district is inconceivable to the man who has never listened to the song of the saw or the sharp conversation of the hammer with the nail in the building of an empire.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, a giant project, just now is engaging the energies of the Government and the genius of Charles M. Hays, the Yankee railroad man who rebuilt the old Grand Trunk. Other railways have been built by adding one rail to another; five thousand miles of the Grand Trunk Pacific are being completed simultaneously, and branch lines are taking form before the main line has known an engine. And recently "Jim" Hill, with a great Canadian enterprise, returned to his native country to get a share of. the good things. Verily, these be brave days for the railroad man in western Canada.

When the railroads came the means of transporting wheat suggested the growing of wheat, and rapidly the grain trade assumed size and loomed up on the horizon as a new big factor in the country's development. In 1877 the Hon. William Hespeler built western Canada's first grain elevator at the town of Niverville, in Manitoba. In 1886 official authoritative statistics of Canada's yearly crops began to be compiled. In that year western Canada's wheat exports amounted to only 4,000,000 bushels. In 1890 they were 11,500,000 bushels, and by 1900 the total had jumped to 17,000,000 bushels.

Six years ago western Canada began to attract notice by exporting to the outer world annual grain values of 50,000,000 bushels and over. It was a beginning. This year the western Canadian wheat crop has neared the hundred million bushel mark, and as yet the plow has scratch-

ed merely the edges of the great rich grain belt.

My driver in the Saskatchewan Valley had given me a clue, and by following it I got a somewhat adequate grasp of the situation by instituting a comparison between the State of Kansas and the whole of western Canada. It was then that I saw what a mere pittance the 100,000,000 bushels of to-day are compared with the harvests which the years of the future will reap.

Since 1901 the wheat crop of Canada's prairie provinces has amounted year by year approximately to the same total as that of Kansas, but against the 53,000,000 acres in the State of Kansas, the possible wheat belt of Canada boasts a total area of no less than one hundred and seventy million acres. Of this about five million acres were sowed to wheat in 1906. If Canada ever utilizes the whole of her wheat-growing possibilities, and if her present average yield per acre is maintained, she will turn into the world's bread-basket more than thirty times her present annual production. But there are "ifs" here, you say. Very well—for argument's sake cut 170,000,000 acres in half. This leaves 85,000,000 acres. Then, to be on the safe side, reduce the average allowance per acre to 10, a reduction of 50 per cent. Multiply 85,000,000 by 10 and your answer to this little problem in simple arithmetic is 850,000,000 bushels.

So much for quantity. Fortunately quality in products is an attribute upon which Canadians particularly insist, and endeavor to produce. To them as a nation, and to one man in particular, the whole flour-consuming population of the world is under obligation for the separating from a host of other varieties one that is pre-eminently a high-class milling wheat. The discovery of the celebrated Red Fife was made some sixty years ago by a Canadian farmer named David Fyfe, and by him propagated until its value as a milling wheat had been demonstrated and seed secured sufficient to supply first a few townships, then counties, then the Northwestern States, and, finally, all the Spring wheat country of North America. The standard of the quality of Canadian wheat is most rigidly maintained by an act of Federal Parliament, called the Grain Inspection Act. This act fixed the standards of different grades of wheat very much upon the same basis as they are fixed in the States, but with this difference, that the standard for Canadian No. 2 northern is as high as the standard No. 1 in the United States. Above this grade there is No. 1 northern and No. 1 hard.

A week ago, at Indian Head, I talked with a man named Wilson. In 1897 he had bought 320 acres at $5 an acre. "It was more land than I had ever dreamed of owning, but I had the money and I wanted to spend it," he said. "I was scared a little at first, afraid I had bitten off more than I could chew. But I needn't have worried.

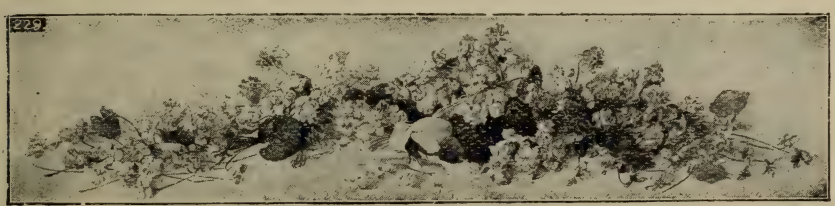
Of a truth he need not have worried. Those acres which he had purchased were so unexpectedly fertile and, in the first season of his ownership, they yielded so bountifully of their wealth that prosperity smote him hip and thigh. He bought more, and again more. "This last season I took 22,000 bushels of wheat and 9,000 bushels of oats from my farm," he told me. "I own 1,700 acres, one-third of which I have always allowed to lie fallow. The farm I paid $5,000 for is now worth $60,000. But my case is one of many. There are hundreds of farmers around here who have done better than I. From Indian Head station alone more than a million and a half bushels of wheat are shipped every year."

A year or two ago Hugh McKellar, formerly Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Manitoba, and recently an active force in the upbuilding of Moose Jaw, a thriving city which the recent census declares is the metropolis of the Province of Saskatchewan—a year or two ago, I say, this Hugh McKellar raised a smile in eastern Canada by declaring that the west would some day yield wheat for the world to the tune of one

billion bushels each year. Gradually this smile is fading. The rapidity of development is necessitating a constant revision of the old figures, not on the yield alone, but on the possible acreage—and always to the advantage of the west. For instance, the irrigation works of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Calgary, have brought into the market 1,500,000 acres of cultivable land at one time counted valuable for the grazing only. And during 1904 a new element entered into the calculation of ultimate wheat production through the demonstrated success of Winter wheat; that is, wheat planted in the Fall and harvested three weeks before wheat planted in Spring matures. Phenomenal yields of Winter wheat, forty to fifty bushels to the acre, were shown in parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. But large as these were they were not so astonishing as the success achieved in southern Alberta on land previously employed as a cattle range. The variety of Winter wheat known as "Kansas Turkey Red" developed remarkable productiveness.

Estimating an annual increase of 20 per cent. for several years in the acreage under wheat, an estimate fully attained by the actual conditions of 1904, 1905 and 1906, we have a total acreage of 8,580,000 in 1910, which, at an average yield of twenty bushels to the acre, would give a crop of 171,600,000 bushels. This is about the amount annually imported by Great Britain, and it does not seem unreasonable to assume that Canada may soon be able to feed the Mother Country. Of course not all the wheat can be exported. Beside the item of home consumption—a growing feature, with the expansion of city life—there is an amount needed for seeding, requiring on the average a bushel and a half to every acre cultivated. We shall not, therefore, have 171,000,000 bushels to export as soon as that amount is harvested, but each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and the development of only one or two additional years would cover the shortage. Thus it will be seen that the day when western Canada has fully earned its title of John Bull's bread-basket is not remote.

If it is true, and few will gainsay it, that the seat of the new-found strength of our neighbor to the north lies in the prairie country, then it may be stated without fear of question that the story of Canadian wheat is, in fact, the story of Canada.



The Deputy

By B. M. Sinclair in Lippincott's

Lots of people have showed a consuming curiosity over the Bill Bruner business, and why he wasn't cinched when the gang he headed was broke up and scattered. I know why, all right, and I'm here to elucidate.

I'm some patriotic, and so when old Cullen, the sheriff, hazed me into a corner at Malta and asked me if I wouldn't help round up Bill Bruner and his gang, and said his deputy was laid up with a boil on his neck, and wouldn't I help him out, I permits my self to be swore in—especially when Cullen remarks that there's good money in it if we bring in Bill Bruner and collect the reward, which he said he'd split in the middle with me. Two of the Bruner gang had been pinched and sent up for six years apiece, but that didn't stack up very high, unless Bill himself was put where the coyotes couldn't bite him. So Cullen was good and anxious to gather him in; election day wasn't so far off yuh had to go to the calender to hunt it up, and Cullen had his eye on a second shift at the sheriff graft.

I won't say he couldn't 'a' chose a better man than me, but he must uh knowed what he wanted in the line uh deputies; and, any way, I stood ace-high on riding and shooting and knowing the country like my letters. So I laid in a stock uh shells for my six-gun, and Cullen staked me to a rifle, and we loaded up a pack-horse and moseyed out to uphold the majesty uh the law. We started at sun-up and rode about forty miles out where the country is large and lonesome and spreads out over all outdoors nobody laying much claim to it. Cullen said Bill Bruner was rambling around loose somewhere out that way. But, Lord! there was sure plenty uh room for all of us without knocking elbows, and if we run onto him, it looked to me like it would have to be straight, fool's luck. That night we camped under a cut-bank, and I began to feel more at home than I did in town, even if Malta ain't such a hive uh humanity. Cullen seemed kind a despondent because we hadn't got sight uh Bruner yet, and he wasn't the best uh company.

Second day out, it comemnced to rain. We got into our slickers and plugged along, telling each other it was a good thing for the country, and we hoped it wouldn't get tired and quit before it done any good. We was glad to see the range get a wetting up, and we didn't mind a little dampness. We camped that night on the dry side of a huddle uh rocks, and when found something beside our matches and tobacco that would burn, we got a fire going and started in to fry bacon and boil coffee, philosophical. The coffee came out all right, but the bacon wound up more boiled than fried; the wet was coming down for keeps. We turned in, some gloomy, and slept with a like in every hollow of the tarp we had on top uh the bed.

Next morning it was still leaking ice water, and we commenced remarking that it could quit any time now without any objections from us. It didn't, though; it kept coming right down till it went through our slickers, even. Cullen quit worrying about Bill Bruner and looking for clues, and wanted to know if I couldn't locate a ranch close handy by. He said Bill Bruner wouldn't de dubbing around in the rain, and we'd likely find him laying low at some ranch.

I'm some patriotic, as I said; but patriotism don't flourish none on rain-water and coffee-wash and parboiled bacon. I was like Cullen; I wasn't half as anxious to come across Bill Bruner as I was to get a roof over me; and the sooner I got it the happier I'd feel. So I says, after doing a stunt uh thinking:

"There's a ranch and an old sheep

camp, both within riding distance; which one'll yuh take in yours?"

Cullen studied a minute, and I could see he was fair pining for shelter and a square meal; and the old swine didn't give a cuss whether I got in on the comforts uh home or not. "We mustn't take no chance on missing our man," he says, judicial. "And as sheriff it's my duty to go where he's most apt t' be. So," he says, looking righteous, "I guess I better head for the ranch. . You can take the outfit and go on to the sheep camp, and join me when the storm lets up. No objections, have yuh?"

"None whatever," says I—and I sure hadn't; for the camp wasn't more than six or eight miles, with the storm at my back. And the ranch he'd hid for was a good fifteen miles, and the rain beating in his face all the way; and when yuh got there, the old fellow that owned it was one uh these arguing jaspers that'll make a man plot murder by the time he's listened to him awhile. And the grub he sets up is something fierce. No, I was dead willing to take the pack outfit and the old sheep camp for mine.

So we parted company right there, and I took the pack-horse and started up the creek, and moseyed along for a mile or so, thinking how it don't pay a man to always be feeling for soft snaps. Then I turns a bend in the creek bottom I was following, and comes slap onto a suspicious-looking individual riding a K-L horse. He seen me at the same time and kinda pulled off sideways, like he was aiming to do the vanishing act. The K-L had been losing some horses, I'd heard, and the way the fellow acted didn't look to good to me. So I spurs up some to overtake him.

"Hi stranger!" I yells, "don't be in such a hurry!"

He was, though; and his hurry got more violent. So I took out my gun and cut down on him a couple uh times, and he pulled up reluctant and waited meek till I come up with him. I had a big hunch that I'd made a ten-strike accidental, and this was Bill Bruner. He sure eyed me unfriendly—but my gun was looking his way, so he couldn't do nothing worse than scowl.

"What d'yuh want?" growls his nibs, giving me and my gun the bad-eye.

"I just wanted to see the color uh your hair," I smiles back. "Yuh was going so fast I couldn't make sure whether it was red or not."

He looked plumb murderous. "Well," he snorted, "if you've found out, I'll ride on."

"Oh, I don't know," I says. "I was thinking we'd travel together, cully. I'm plumb lonesome. What did yuh say your name was?"

"Peter Marks," he snaps. "I'm a horse buyer, and in a hurry. And, hang yuh! what yuh holding me up this way for?"

I looked him over, and, near as I could recollect, he answered Cullen's description uh Bruner; so I settles down to business.

"Where did yuh get that K-L horse?" I asks.

"Bought him."

"Well," I says, "I'll gamble his owner wasn't none satisfied with the deal. But if yuh got the bill uh sale handy, dig it up; I know old Smith's handwrite."

He cussed some, but he didn't show up no bill uh sale. So I dug up the handcuffs Cullen had staked me to, and got 'em on him all right, and annexed his six-shooter. Then I headed him up creek for the camp, tickled to death at the way I'd put it all over Cullen. Yuh see, I was so new to the business I fair squeaked.

I hazed him right along, and him cussing and explaining things by turns. But his explanations sounded some thin—which I won't say for the cussing; you could chop off chunks uh that with an axe. When we got up to the camp, a fellow came out and stood on the dry streak under the eaves, with his thumbs stuck in his chap-belt, and regarded us meditative.

"Hello, pardner!" I sings out. "Any room at the inn for me and my protygee?"

He looks at the irons on my prisoner, and grins. "Sure," he says, "if you got your own blankets, and

ain't too fastidious about the chuck. Say, how about smoking material? One uh the guests is plumb out and wants a smoke bad."

I got down and handed over my papers and tobacco, and told him who I was and who I'd got hobbled. He said he was almighty glad to see somebody that had nerve enough to take in Bill Bruner; he'd lost a couple uh good saddle horses himself, he said, and I could gamble he'd watch his nibs faithful while I picketed the horses.

He had a good fire going when I got in, and when I unpacked and started to cook some supper, he pitched in and mixed as good flapjacks as I ever put my teeth into. Then he helped me search Bruner; and the first pass we made, we glommed a wad that stacked up over two thousand dollars. There was also a big, wicked jack knife, and a lot uh stuff that didn't amount to nothing.

I give the new man Bill Bruner's gun to keep whilst we stopped together; he didn't have one of his own, and he said he'd feel a heap better, camping with a horse thief, if he had something to shoot with.

So then, having warned Bill aplenty, I took the hobbles off his wrists and let him eat supper. He was a surly cuss, and mighty poor company, but the other fellow and me got real sociable and acquainted. His name was Fawn Elley, and he'd been riding for the Seventy-Nine over on the Musselshell. He'd started over to strike the K-L for a Winter's job, and the storm headed him off, so he was going to lay up here till it quit raining. He'd got there about an hour before we pulled in. We found out we knew a lot uh the same fellows, so we was chumming to beat four of a kind before we got through eating.

After supper we smoked and talked, whilst Bill Bruner kept quiet and nursed the grouch he had against the world—and against me in particular. Then I found a deck uh cards on a shelf, and asked Fawn if he wanted to play. So we played pitch awhile. Then Bill he kinda come out from under his blanket uh gloom, and said if we had nerve enough, and would give him back the roll we swiped off him, he'd take a hand at draw poker. I was agreeable, but Fawn said he wasn't loaded with dough, like our friend was, and couldn't stand anything higher than penny ante.

We used matches for chips, and played penny ante till Fawn said he was as near broke as he cared to be, and he guessed he'd have to draw out; but I'd been taking in matches off Bill Bruner till I felt plumb generous, so I staked Fawn to all I'd won off Bill, and we went on playing.

Well, we played till the roosters would uh crowed, if there'd been any, and Fawn and me won quite a wad of Bruner's roll. He didn't seem none enthusiastic, and hinted strong that we was giving him the worst of it right along. Him and Fawn got to passing remarks considerable about it, and so I hobbled Bill again and told him to shut up and go to sleep. We went to bed, and I laid awhile listening to the rain singing its little song on the roof, and thinking uh Cullen's face when I hazed Bill over to him —and that was the last I knew for awhile.

When I come to, Fawn had a fire going in the stove that was there, and was whistling "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" kinda low while he cut bacon with his jack knife. I laid there a minute and listened to him. Then my prisoner turned over and commenced to cuss malignant, so I got up and pulled on my boots and told Fawn I'd cook the flapjacks.

"Looks like it was going to fair up," says Fawn. "I reckon we can pull out right after we eat. So if you want to take hold and get the rest uh the breakfast, I'll go wrangle the horses—yours and mine."

I said, "All right," and got busy. I was feeling pretty good, and willing to talk to somebody; but my prisoner turned sulky and wouldn't answer when I spoke, unless I grabbed the frying pan and offered to bat him over the head. We didn't converse none to speak of; I was using the frying pan constant for other things.

Time I had breakfast ready, Fawn

come in and said the horses was ready outside, and passed me up a compliment on mine, which I called Rabbit on account of him jumping high and long when he got strung out. He said he'd like to own that horse, if I'd sell him. But I wouldn't, and told him so emphatic.

"Well," he grins, "yuh want to keep cases on your friend Bruner, then; for I reckon that same caballo is mighty tempting to a gent like him."

I made Bill Bruner help me pack, and Fawn held the horse for us. When we'd got the pack on, we started in to saddle up. I was just shaking out my saddle blanket, when somebody behind me yells: "Drop it!" —and it wasn't my prisoner, because he was in front uh me, where I could watch him.

I whirls around quick, and say! I like to fell over my jaw, it dropped so far and so sudden. Fawn he was standing there looking at us over two guns, and he was grinning kinda nasty, with his eyes drawed together till they looked like a wolf's. I wasn't raised in the woods; I've saw that look before. So I know when to pull my gun, and when not to commit suicide. I hangs right on to my little old Navajo and goes on shaking. "What t' 'ell, Fawn?" I inquires, like it was all a joke.

"Drop that blanket, Mr. Deputy, and put up your hands," he snaps, extremely business-like.

I done it. As I said, I wasn't raised in the woods. I ain't a plumb fool, like the kind yuh read about in stories, that jumps straight at a gun like that without batting an eye.

"Now, Mr. Prisoner, you take his gun and hand it over here—belt and all. And just dig up what money he's got on him. And don't be all day."

Well, my prisoner done it, and done it quick and thorough. He looked kinda dazed, but he didn't say nothing.

Fawn he tells my prisoner he'll trouble him for them two thousand dollars, and there's objections raised, and then a gun barks. I'm still scratching wood a foot higher than my head, and you can gamble I don't turn around to rubber: but my ears is taking in great wads of information to make up for what my eyes is missing. I size it up that he shoots wide, and when his victim still shows some reluctance about handing over his roll, Fawn up and taps him on the head with one uh the guns. There's some language which I recognize emanating from my prisoner, and directly he's standing beside me and trying to scratch higher than I'm doing. We ain't either of us what you could call joyful.

"Mr. Deputy," says Fawn, and I judge he's conversing from the top of his horse, "I'm obliged to you for all these little tokens, and glad I met yuh."

"Go to the devil," I answers. "If yuh ask me, I'm plumb full uh regret."

"I'm grateful for all this money, and the pack outfit, and the horses—most especially your Rabbit horse which is a peach. Yuh needn't blast that poor devil's reputation no longer —I'll gamble he's a poor, harmless horse buyer, like he claims. Any way, it's a cinch he ain't Bill Bruner—because I'm him. So long, boys."

We can hear him ride off, still whistling "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" kinda low and pensive. Lord! how I hate that tune! I turn my head and look at my prisoner, that ain't my prisoner no more, and he looks at me.

"You blasted bone-head, maybe you'll take a man's word next time," he growls.

I don't say anything back. So we stand there a minute longer, listening to the pluckety pluck of four horses galloping away over the wet sod. It sounded as dismal as anything I ever listened to—and the nearest ranch twenty miles off. When it comes kinda dim, we turn around and watch 'em out uh sight over a ridge where the sun is peeking at us sarcastic.

"A fine deputy, you are!" grunts the horse buyer, rubbing a red welt at the edge of his hair. "A doggoned fine deputy!"

I sighs deep and regretful, but still don't say anything. It ain't my turn.

Learn to do One Thing Well

By Dr. Madison C. Peters in the Chicago Tribune

ONCE in a great while a man appears like Da Vinci, who, besides his devotion to painting and sculpture, excelled in architecture, engineering, mechanics generally, botany, anatomy, mathematics and astronomy. He also was a poet and a splendid performer on the lyre. But such men are the exception and prove the contrary condition to be the rule.

Goethe said, "Wherever thou art, be all there." Agassiz was asked his opinion touching the chemical analysis of a plant. He answered: "I know nothing about chemistry." He was a naturalist. This is the age of the trained man—even specialists have their specialty. It does not pay to know everything. Only sophomores are omniscient.

The men who have been most successful in their callings have been the men of one idea, an all controlling idea, of which they made a hobby and which they rode to the mill, to market, and to meeting—about which they dreamed, talked, laughed, wept, and prayed. Columbus rode a hobby from court to court till he found two Jews, Louis de Santangel and Gabriel Sanchez, enormously rich merchants, who supplied the funds needed to fit out Columbus' caravels.

Morse was in Washington riding his hobby, the telegraph. One day, on leaving a congressman, the representative said to one of his constituents: "What do you think that old fool wants me to do? He wants me to help him to get a bill through Congress so as to stretch a wire from Baltimore to Washington, so that one fool over in Baltimore can talk to another fool over here in Washington."

Morse kept on riding his hobby until the telegraph encircles the globe and makes thought omnipresent. Harvey is distinguished for the circulation of the blood, and that alone. Arkwright, the cotton gin; Watts, the steam engine; Fulton, the steamboat; Jener, vaccination; Edison, electricity; Howe, the sewing machine; Garibaldi, liberty; Bismarck, the unification of Germany; Wendell Phillips, the abolition of slavery; Lincoln, emancipation.

President Hayes said to Major William McKinley on his entrance into Congress: "To achieve success and fame you must pursue some special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one particular thing—become a specialist. Take up some branch of legislation and make that your specialty. Why not take up the subject of the tariff? Being a subject that will not be settled for years to come, it offers a great field for study and a chance for ultimate fame."

McKinley began studying the tariff, became the foremost authority on the subject, and the McKinley tariff bill made William McKinley president of the United States.

The miscellaneous man is well described by Pread:

His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slips from politics to puns,
It glides from Mahomet to Moses,
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their courses;
And ending with some precept deep,
For skinning eels and shoeing horses.

As with knowledge, so with work. The successful worker to-day is he who singles out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty, and to that devotes himself thoroughly. The specialist does not have to look for a job. The job is looking for him.

America is a poor country for the average man. Everything is crowded—downstairs. There is room at the

top. The men who climb to lofty positions over the heads of a hundred others not always are men of conspicuous ability, but availability. The man who knows how to take hold of things by the handles has the call. The secret of most men's failure is mental dissipation, wandering energies, squandering energies upon a distracting variety of objects, instead of condensing them into one. It is not the diffused electricity, but the concentrated thunderbolt that is terrible in its power.

The gunnery that is most successful must play continually upon one point. Young's phrase, "Time elaborately thrown away," applies to the man who attempts to know or do everything. There is a business which is not business.

A personal friend said to Lincoln, "Mr. President do you really expect to end this war during this administration?"

"Can't say, sir."

"But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you mean to do?"

"Peg away, sir; peg away; keep pegging away."

And "pegging away" did it. Cyrus Field spent thirteen years of anxious watchings and ceaseless toil, wandering in the forest of Newfoundland, in pelting rain, or on the deck of ships, on dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, crossing and recrossing the ocean fifty times before he at last laid the Atlantic cable.

Industry is a good quality, but it never will win without concentration. The man who dabbles in too many things, who scatters himself on several lines, divides his purpose, wastes his energies, smothers his enthusiasism, and usually fails. To succeed you must be unanimous with yourself. An old German proverb says: "To change and to change for the better are two different things."

It seldom is that the most brilliant men achieve the highest success, but the stickers. Persistency is more effective than brilliancy. When President Johnson tried to drive Stanton from the cabinet Charles Sumner sent the secretary this message: "Stanton, stick." He stuck, and the nation benefited.

The men at the summit were not pulled to their positions. They pushed their way there. When Daniel Webster was speaking at Bunker Hill the crowd pressed so hard towards the platform, endangering those seated thereon, that Webster, seeing their peril, shouted to the people, Keep back!" "It is impossible!" cried someone in the crowd. The orator exclaimed "Nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill!"

And few things are impossible to the persevering, invincibly determined man. You must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. The world admires and crowns the determined doer. Like the postage stamp—stick till you get there. The only "good time coming" you are justified in hoping for is that which you make for yourself.



Thoughts

By Ella Spinks

If the people in this world knew today the power of right, generous, clean thoughts and the retarding stumbling power of wrong, fearful, hard thoughts, they would, methinks, turn on the searchlight of wisdom. They would find out just what and how they are thinking and thus stem and turn the tide of thought into healthy, loving channels, gaining for themselves and those around them, better health, morals, higher and more spiritual understanding. This makes us ask, What are my thoughts? It is the beginning of new things; it is the still small voice. Angels are good thoughts and good thoughts are angels. Sickness is thought and so is sin. It is of great moment to understand this, because thought takes the form of firm belief and leads through suffering even to death if it is not changed and re-educated. Is it better to think of sickness and sin as realities or to think they are evils that can be overcome and that health is our God-given estate and that right is the master of wrong?

We do not know, most of us, when holding unkind, uncharitable, perhaps wicked, thoughts, that they do most surely revert on those who hold them and bring undesirable conditions. Webster states that indigestion is caused by bad temper. Hate, resentment, dishonesty, immorality depict themselves in like ways, such as rheumatism, fever, headache. It is necessary to really search our thought here because some hold wrong thoughts and are hardly conscious of it. They are more to be pitied than blamed; but ignorance has to be uncovered and corrected. What is the remedy for all this? If wrong thought causes such havoc, the only course to pursue is to substitute right thought; destroy hate with love, cultivate gentleness, patience and kindness, look for and see good, hunt up our neighbors' best qualities, where before we saw only the worst and perhaps did not want to see the best. By holding these good thoughts ourselves, we uplift and help those who come in contact with us. You will hear a friend say: "Fine fellow, that Mr. Jones! He seems only to see the good in everyone. The other day I went to see him on a business deal, intending, without being actually dishonest, to slightly misrepresent things, thereby making my profit larger. I found I could not but be square with him. He trusts me so and seems to think the best of me.

If the thought is worry, trust God more, turn to the 91st Psalm and apply it practically to everyday needs. Our children do not worry, but know that they will be provided for. Is our Heavenly Father's love less than our human love? All good which we are capable of using properly is ours if we only open our eyes and see. Do not let any wrong thought rule you. Turn your face as the flowers do to the light.

Now, the world's thought for centuries has been: that life and intelligence is in matter, and that matter has a law to hold over us. Violating or disobeying that law, we must suffer. Consequently, we are afraid of this law of the flesh. We thought flesh had ills which we all were heir to, and nothing could prevent the liability. Now comes the precious news. Individual happiness and prosperity improves communities and causes national and international peace. Then, as our talents lie, some with the pen, some the song and others by the power of eloquence, let us write, sing or speak this new thought to the world.

Hungry and needy ones will say, "I'll try it. I'll change my thoughts. If my old way of thinking has led me into sin and error, I'll correct and start anew." But how can this be

done? There is a book written and published, the reading of which will so change the thoughts and old concepts that every erroneous condition of life is changed and even the good bettered. This book is called "Science and Health," with key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker G. Eddy. This book teaches mortal anew. Its teachings may at first seem visionary and even impossible, but as an actor was heard to say, if it did not do anything else for him it gave him peace of mind. It does more than that—it heals sickness and sin. It exposes the falsity of material sense, regarding man, and takes him, through spiritual sense, to his at-one-ment with God—God, the only cause and creator and the principle of man and all his actions.

Suppose yourself in a sick room where the doctor has pronounced the case hopeless. The relatives grieve and sorrow, but think it is hopeless. the patient resigns himself and knows no alternative but to die. Some one understanding the teachings of Christian Science, the science of Christ, puts to practical use what he has read and the second verse of the eighth chapter of Romans, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made you free from the law of sin and sickness.

An English Earl's wife, in India, had her bands loosened after eight years' suffering, by reading "Health and Science." Hundreds and thousands bear testimony to the healing of right thoughts and changed beliefs. If you had a fortune unexpectedly left you, old conditions or what others thought would not prevent you from accepting your heritage. Now this truth is more than fortune. Let everyone see they take their share.



Attractions of Eastern Canada

Intercolonial Railway's Series of Booklets

Attractions of the Maritime Provinces for the Tourists and Sportsmen—

Well Illustrated and Excellently Printed Booklets, Which Should be Read by All

Eastern Canada possesses attractions for the tourist and sportsman unsurpassed by any other portion of North America. Glowing skies, magnificent coast scenery, behind which lurk lovely harbors, rivers leading to lakes which Frechette calls "sapphires dropped from the caskets of fairies"; forests of pine, spruce, waving birch and "quivering poplar," dark cedar and brilliant maple, and withal the cool air, which is life to the weary resident of the city who is fortunate enough to visit this land. For the sportsman these rivers and bays abound with fish of all descriptions, and in no part of America is there so much game, moose, caribou, deer, bear, etc.

For the lover of history and romance there are also many interests. Long before the Pilgrims landed on the gusty coast of New England venturesome fishermen from St. Malo and elsewhere in the old world came to ply their calling in the northern waters, which Jacques Cartier named the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleur in 1534, and around the coasts of which, now forming the shores of the Province of Quebec and northern New Brunswick, linger the shadows of romance, fame and glory.

To present a few of the attractions of this beautiful summer land, which nothwithstanding the thousands who travel over the road each year is yet a veritable terra incognito to the average tourist and sportsman, the passenger department of the Intercolonial Railway has prepared a beautiful and useful series of booklets. For general information this series is far in advance of anything of the kind ever presented to the public by this railway before, and should be in the hands of everyone seeking rest and sport.

The first of these publications is entitled "Tours to Summer Haunts." It is a pamphlet of some hundred pages, printed on coated book paper and generously illustrated with artistic half-tone reproductions of scenes incident to the text, with sub-heads in marginal indent, supplementing which is a schedule of tours and excursions from Montreal to the principal points of interest in the Maritime Provinces. The text details the character of the country, the historic and scenic points of interest, and facilities offered to votaries of rod and gun, all interesting and instructive reading for even those who have no opportunity of visiting the places described. Then follow "Fishing and Hunting," "The Hunting Grounds of the Micmacs," "A Week in the Canadian Woods," "Big Game of the Southwest Miramichi" and "The Maritime Express," all of which are eminently practical subjects, indicated by their respective titles.

"Fishing and Hunting" has the game laws of the different provinces compiled in addition to tabulated information concerning the varieties of game and fish to be found in each locality along the whole line. It is a splendid effort to present desired information in concise form, and meets the requirements admirably.

"The Hunting Grounds of the Micmacs" presents to its readers a short historical reference to the tribe for which it is named, and directs the lovers of rod and gun where to find victims.

"A Week in the Canadian Woods" and "Big Game of the Southwest Miramichi" informs the hunter and tourist of the attractions of the territories indicated by the names.

"The Maritime Express" is really an annotated time-table describing the locality of each station, and giving valuable information regarding business, sport and other data necessary or desired by travelers from Montreal to the eastern termini of the road.

The booklets are legibly printed, well illustrated with half-tones, and each has a full four-page map of the country traversed by the railroad.

The Weir Wardrobe of Canada

Phenomenal Success of Rod. Weir's Patent Industry

In the pioneer days of Canada the matter of store fixtures was of minor importance to the average storekeeper and was looked upon more as a luxury than a necessity. Few merchants could in any way realize the benefit that might be derived by the adoption of new and modern fittings for the purpose of store fixture economy.

Little by little and step by step a better class of fixtures appeared in the better class stores, and the average merchant, in order to protect himself, felt called upon to adopt in a measure the method of his more prominent and successful competitor.

One of the greatest innovations within the last few years has been the wardrobe system, which less than five years ago was looked upon with ridicule by some, and by others as a detriment rather than a help to the successful handling and selling of ready-to-wear stocks.

In times such as these, when every merchant has to battle with the fiercest competition the world has ever known, it behooves him to be on the lookout for any means by which he may minimize the cost of displaying and marketing his merchandise.

Few stores can be found so well manipulated that in them shop-worn goods may not be seen—goods which not only lock up a certain amount of capital which might be better utilized in other ways but render the merchant dissatisfied every time they come to his notice, without his knowing exactly how to dispose of them without monetary loss.



OFFICERS OF THE WEIR WARDROBE CO.

E. E. MOTT, Superintendent. ROD. WEIR, Managing Director. J. A. HEBERT, Sec.-Treas.

In clothing or ready-to-wear stores where goods are kept in piles on tables, the general inclination of the salesman is to show the newest and brighest goods, thinking that the prospective customer must know the old-timers as well as he does himself, which, by the way, is in many cases an erroneous idea. The fresher goods in this way are usually to be found on the top of the piles, while the goods at the bottom are seldom, if ever, shown, especially as the salesman, thinking the chances for their sale so very slight, is only too willing to refrain from upsetting a pile of thirty

or forty garments and make himself extra work, as he considers, for nothing.

With the use of the wardrobe system, the goods being hung and classified according to their various sizes, such a state of things is done away with, as the salesman, in drawing out an extension slide with all one size garments on it, is compelled to show not only the new goods, but the old ones as well, and in many cases the customer seeing them on an equal level decides in favor of a garment which has perhaps been in stock for a considerable time.

Again, one of the greatest benefits of the wardrobe system is that space may be used from the floor to the ceiling instead of the old way of merely utilizing the centre of the store.

After a great struggle to overcome the prejudice of a number of the leading merchants, exclusive stores were opened and primitive wardrobes installed. Crude as they were, the wardrobe system in these stores so enhanced the value of the garment hung therein that it became apparent that instead of being a luxury the wardrobe was an absolute necessity to any merchant carrying ready-to-wear garments if he wished to keep his stock in proper saleable shape.

The aforementioned facts led to the origin of what is now known throughout Canada as the Weir Wardrobe System.

The patentee, Mr. Roderic Weir, having studied and had personal experience in the handling of ready-to-wear garments in both manners, felt that the time had now come when all merchants seeking to improve their business and enhance the value of their stock would be open to purchase a fixture which would not only benefit themselves but be a labor-saving device to their salesman and insure their goods going to the customer in a fresh and bright state instead of the old manner of sending goods out with



Mr. Wes. Theobald Turning First Sod for Addition to Weir Wardrobe Factory.

the stamp of "ready-made" plainly visible.

Mr. Weir, after working for eighteen months and obtaining several patents and improvements on his original wardrobe ideas, commenced in a small way to exploit and place his goods upon the market, deciding that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander and when it had been proved that a certain brand of clothing could be sold better, kept better, and have a greater intrinsic value by the use of the wardrobe system, there was no reason why any vendor of ready-to-wear garments should not have the same opportunity to place himself and his goods on a par with any others, provided that all things were equal, the object being to put on the market a wardrobe system which would fill the requirements and at the same time not be of such an expensive nature that it would become a drag on any merchant, however small, who might wish to purchase it.

Applying to the Manitoba Government for charter, he formed a company in Winnipeg, and from there operated, having all the goods manufactured, for a time, in Ontario.

Realizing the great increase in his western business and the importance of not localizing the output of the company, he went to Ontario and there obtained a sufficient volume of business to warrant the purchase of a factory for the company's own exclusive use. For this purpose, the company was re-organized and an Ontario charter, under the name of the Weir Wardrobe Co., of Canada, Limited, capitalized at $100,000, was obtained, and men of the highest business integrity became the stockholders of the new company, Mr. Weir continuing his previous position as managing director.



Senator McMullen Laying Corner Stone of new Addition.

A factory was purchased at Mount Forest, a solid brick structure, four stories high, which looked at the starting point to be far too large for the requirements of the business. Today, after 15 months' occupancy of

the original building, the company have erected and is now occupying an addition to it, a building that gives three times the original floor space, and tenders are now out for the erection of new dry kilns, which when completed, will make the Weir Wardrobe factory of Mount Forest one of the finest buildings of its kind in Canada. The buildings, kilns, engine houses, boiler houses, stables, etc., and lumber yards, cover a space of over three acres, while the offices and show rooms of the company are on a par with anything that can be seen in any factory. The lawns in front of the factory and the model way in which the building itself is kept makes it one of not only beauty and utility, but of benefit to the people living in the surrounding district.

The factory has capacity for 150 hands, and the company, starting as it did, a one-man game, less than four years ago, shows a progress which certainly says much for the demand of up-to-date store fixture appliances throughout Canada.

Mr. Weir's patents cover various unique and labor-saving devices, amongst them being metal roller-bearing extension slides, flexible store wardrobes, collapsable staircases for ascending to the top of wardrobes, suit counters, and over twenty different designs in combination house wardrobes, made either for men's or women's use, from a modest price up to the highest grade that the most fastidious could wish for.

The company employs a number of the brightest salesmen on the road, their western business being in charge of Messrs. Ruttan and Chipman, who take entire control of the same with very satisfactory results.

Silent salesmen, show cases and fixtures for general store equipment, are shortly to be added to the lines this firm make, and any merchant wishing to re-construct his store will be able to place it in the hands of this energetic firm, both with confidence as to their ability to advise what is best and the sure knowledge that for anything he may purchase he will receive the fair market value.

The Manitoba charter still continues in force for the exploiting and disposal in other countries of their various patents, a company being formed in the United States and a factory purchased at Mason City, Iowa, under the style of the Weir Wardrobe Co. of America, which is operating very successfully.

Mr. Weir hopes shortly to leave for Europe and form a company there for the manufacture of their goods in Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries.

The town of Mount Forest, in the county of Wellington, Province of Ontario, where the home of the Weir Wardrobe Co. is located for Canada, is most liberally endowed with all the qualifications necessary to become a first-class manufacturing centre, several good factories being already located there.

Surrounded by a beautiful country with two railroads running through it, and carrying with the above cheap rent and produce, it is a point which any mechanic or workman employed in a factory might be only too pleased to make his home.

The difficulty in securing good mechanical labor at certain times makes this a very important feature, as there is every opportunity for factories coming to a town of this class to keep their employes for any reasonable length of time under such conditions.

A spur track is in contemplation through the centre of the manufacturing district and parties on the lookout for first-class opportunities wherewith to establish a manufacturing industry, could not do better than lay their proposition before the Board of Trade at Mount Forest, from whom they would receive most generous treatment.

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: ::

ARMY AND NAVY.

The Tragedy of Gordon's Relief. Walter Wood .....Royal
How I Saw the Monitor-Merrimac Fight .....New England
To Khartoum. Sir Henry Craik .....Cornhill
Grim Guardians of Our Coast. Rene Bache.....Technical World
The Passing of Historic Forts. F. G. Moorhead.....World To-day
The Navy in the Dead Sea. Arthur H. Dutton .....Overland Monthly
Major Ferguson's Riflemen. Jonas Howe .....Acadiensis
Present Strength and Distribution of the Fleet. A Naval Officer.....
.....Monthly Review
A Reserve of Rifles—Essential Item of Defence...Spectator (May 18)

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

John S. Sargent, R.A., the Work of a Great Portrait Painter. Cecil Chard ....Pall Mall
The Making of a Picture. Dion Clayton Calthrop .....Pall Mall
A Hungarian Portrait Painter: Phil. A. Laszlo....
....Dr. Gabriel von Terey....InternationalStudio
The Art of the Painter-Etcher. Alfred East, A.R.A.,.etc..Int. Studio
Architectural and Decorative Work of Baron Krauss.....Int. Studio
Art of Mr. J. W. Doyle Penrose. Austin Chester.....Windsor
The Kiss in Art. K. Chaldes.....Pearson's
The Higher Photography. Rupert Hughes .....Appleton's
Art as a Factor in the Struggle for Existence. Felix Clay.....
....Monthly Review

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

The College Graduate in Trade and Industry. Harlow S. Person....
....Education
Clamming Along the Mississippi .....Outing
San Francisco's Struggle With Graft. W. H. Thomson..World To-day
The Telephone Exchange. S. J. Larned .....World To-day
Filigree Workers of the Southwest. Jno. L. Cowan..Overland Monthly
Canada's Excuse for Existence. Douglas Hall .....Overland Monthly
How Stockbrokers "Beat Up" Business. R. Belfort .....Grand
Fireworks in the Making. Rene Bache .....Technical World
Largest Hydraulic Gold Mine in the World. H. H. Livingston....
.. ....Technical World
Six Wheeled Motor Cars. D. Beecroft .....Technical World
Turning Dirt into Dollars. C. H. Hare .....System
Successful Systems in the Making. G. Wm. Barnum .....System
Larger Aspects of the Mississippi Highway. L. E. Colley....System

The Retailer's Silent Selling Partner. O. N. Manners.....System
Daily Schedules for Factory Orders. R. C. Hopkins .....System
The Chalk Line of Business. Chas. M. Steele .....System
Bubbles—And Why They Burst. R. J. .....System
From Cremona to Cremorne. "Hop." .....Lone Hand
Campaigning with a Railroad Army. G. Willets .....Railroad Man's
Get Results by Means of Associations. Jno. M. Glenn .....System
Distribute Shipments Over a Longer Period. W. B. Biddle ....System
Cost and Engineering Problems of Channel. Isham Randolph..System
Records of a City Sales Department. C. W. Hill.....System
A Combined Voucher Check Record. L. C. Brooks .....System
How the Due Book Ate Up Capital. W. L. H. .....System
Cost Records for Public Service Companies. M. B. Landers...System
Answering Mail by Wholesale. David Lay .....System
Banks as Subscription Agents. Carl Crow .....System
City Built on Rubies. W. G. Fitzgerald .....Technical World
Railroad Creeps Out to Sea. Frederick Blair .....Technical World
The Mineral Industry of Canada. Frank J. Nicolas.....
....Am. Monthly Rev. of Rev's
Some Principles of Fire Insurance.....Saturday Review (May 25)

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The Wine Crisis in France ....Spectator (June 8)
The Suez Canal. Chas. E. Russell .....Everybody's

CHILDREN.

The Real Boy's Camp. R. Dunn .....Outing
Vacation Fun For Children .....Ladies' Home Journal
Some Things You Should Know About Child Labor....
....Woman's Home Companion

EDUCATION.

School Reform in Boston. David Spencer .....Atlantic Monthly
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Art Study in Public Schools. Franklin B. Sawvel.....Education
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FICTION.

Complete Stories.

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The High-Graders. Roland Ashford Phillips .....Popular
The Second Derringer. Henry Gallup Paine .....Ainslee's
The Spirit of the Copper Queen. Mrs. John Van Vorst.....Ainslee's
My Cousin the Bookbinder. E. V. Lucas.....Putnam's
Carmelita. James Hopper.....Pacific Monthly
The Silver Flask. A. E. W. Mason.....Metropolitan
Wicks' Waterloo. Arthur Morrison.....Metropolitan
Meldrum's Luck. C. Randolph Lichfield.....Royal
The Man in Hiding. Berta Ruck.....Royal
The Episode of a Necklet. Sidney Pickering.....Pall Mall
The Reprieve. Annie Hamilton Donnell.....New England
The Measure of the Rule. Robert Barr.....Idler
While Marshy Tarried in Shiloh. Holman Day.....People's
Billy Mac's Proposal. Wm. MacLeod Raine.....People's
Steel. Brian Hooker.....Smart Set
A July Madness. Maude Leonard Towson.....Smart Set
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....National
The Black Opal. F. Martyn.....Grand
The Outrageousness of a Mere Boy. Ashton Hilliers.....Windsor
Through Circus Rings.....Argosy
Her Mounted Cop.....Argosy

The Maid from Montreal.....Argosy
When Twenty-six Was Late. E. W. Cooley.....Railroad Man's
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The Oil Concession. H. B. M. Watson.....Pearson's (Am.)
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Care of the Ears and Nose. F. Hackett.....Home
Bathing Without a Bathroom. Emma E. Walker, M.D....
....Ladies' Home Journal
Foundation of Muscular Strength. L. E. Eubanks..Overland Monthly

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

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The Professor's Garden Experiment. Helen E. Owens..Suburban Life
Modern Homes, XII—Wychbury. T. Raffles Davison.....Idler
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Dinny O'Neill. Seumas MacManus.....Lippincott's
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Curbing a Human Flood. J. E. Watkins.....Technical World

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The Investments of the Masses. L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P.....
....Contemporary Review
President Roosevelt on Railroad Investments..Am. Monthly Rev. of Rev.
Latest Lights on Small Holdings. F. A. Channing....Monthly Review
French Finance.....Saturday Review (May 18)
The Cheat of Overcapitalization. Will Payne.....Everybody's

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Meredith—Poet and Philosopher. Furnley Maurice.....Lone Hand
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Spinoza. Emanuel Sternheim.....Monthly Review
Days With a Great Angler. Geo. A. Dewar..Saturday Review (May 18)
Mark Twain.....Spectator May 25)

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Social Amusements in the Country. E. P. Powell.....Suburban Life
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The Whitest Thing on Broadway. Jeannie Pendleton Ewing...People's
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Word-Coining and Slang. .....Spectator (May 18)
Guardians and Corruption.....Saturday Review (May 25)
When New York Dines a la Boheme. C. F. Peters.....Bohemian
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The Milk Supply of Our Large Cities. Carrington Phelps..Metropolitan

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Government by Impulse. Samuel P. Orth.....Atlantic Monthly
The Power that Makes for Peace. Henry S. Pritchett.Atlantic Monthly
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....Political Science Quarterly
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The Imperial Conference, 1907.....Empire Review
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The Second Hague Conference. Sir T. Barclay..Fortnightly Review
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The Newest View of Christ. W. S. Lilly.....Fortnightly Review
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Inventions We Owe to Savages. T. C. Bridges.....Grand
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Progress of Wireless Telegraphy. A. E. Kennelly....
....Am. Monthly Review of Reviews
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....Am. Monthly Review of Reviews

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Vacation at Home. Harriet W. Clark.....Suburban Life
The Rod on the Pacific Coast. Chas. F. Holder.....Pacific Monthly
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Little Motor Trips Around Manhattan. A. B. Tucker.....Recreation
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The Testing of Champions.....Spectator (June 8)
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QUANTITATIVE PUNCTUATION. By J. D. Logan, A.M., Ph.D. Toronto: William Briggs. 50 cents. A new method of punctuation, doing away with use of the colon, semi-colon and exclamation point, by using the short sentences of modern-spoken English, in prose composition. It is based on the evolution of the long, involved sentence of by-gone days, into the terse sentence of the modern business letter. Useful for business correspondents.

CONDITIONAL SALES ACTS. Annotated by Mr. Justice Barron. Toronto: The Carswell Co., Limited. This is a new edition of a work first published by Judge Barron in 1888, and which has been of great service to the legal fraternity, and should be a useful handbook for business men generally.

Sporting.

TEXT BOOK OF JU-JUTSU. As practised in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi. London: Health and Strength Library. Cloth, 2s. 6d. A book on the art of Japanese wrestling, with all the various operations of attack and defence clearly illustrated with cinematographic pictures.

KNOTS AND SPLICES. By Captain Justum, Cardiff. Glasgow: James Brown & Son. Cloth, 1s. This appears to be a very useful little book, particularly to amateur yachtsmen. It contains a complete exposition of the art of knotting and splicing ropes; each particular knot or splice being illustrated by a diagram.

Historical.

GREATEST FACT IN MODERN HISTORY. By Whitelaw Reid. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth. This is an attractively printed brochure containing an address which was delivered by the American Ambassador to England, before the Senate of Cambridge University, at their solicitation. Mr. Reid graphically and tersely glances over the course of events which led up to, and culminated in, the revolution of the American colonies. The revolution he characterizes as the greatest fact in modern history.

IN THE DAYS OF GOLDSMITH. By Tudor Jenks. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cloth, illustrated, $1 net. The latest addition to the Lives of Great Writers Series by the same author, in which have already appeared biographies of Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare and Scott. The writer treats his Goldsmith in a sympathetic manner, trying to get away from the caricature delineations of earlier bio-

graphies, who drew their inspiration from the figure portrayed in Boswell's Johnson.

Fiction.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BEAVER. By S. M. Baylis. Toronto: William Briggs. Book of short stories and poems. The stories deal with Canadian subjects, the scenes of most of them being laid in French Canada. The author makes loyalty to Canadian institutions and Canadian aspirations a prominent feature. The local coloring is excellent and the literary style of more than ordinary merit.

CRUISE OF THE SHINING LIGHT. By Norman Duncan. Toronto: Henry Frowde. $1.25. A tale of the bleak Labrador coast, with a love story cast among the simple fisher folk. A character worth studying in the paradoxical old salt, Nicholas Top.

SECRET, THE. By E. P. Oppenheim. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.25. A secret of international diplomacy, forms the backbone of this twentieth century romance. How a wealthy young Englishman becomes involved in this secret and how, working in conjunction with a man supposed to be dead, he passes through all manner of dangers to save his country, is its main theme. A subsidiary interest is interwoven in the person of a young American woman, who is at first hostile and afterwards friendly to the hero's side in the struggle.

STRONG MAN'S VOW. By Joseph Hocking. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.25. Like all Mr. Hocking's stories, this is intensely interesting, being the history of a vow taken by an ignorant and uncouth youth, to marry the beautiful daughter of the Lord of the County. How he rose from his humble position, and how his vow was fulfilled forms the basis of the story, which has an unexpected but happy ending.

MR. PERKINS OF PORTLAND. By E. P. Butler. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. $1. The pages of this book are full of fun of a serio-comic type. The vagaries of Mr. Perkins run along one line, that of advertising. His fertile brain seizes upon the most unlikely things and converts them into sources of untold wealth by the Midas-like touch of his advertising genius. To him who reads between the lines the author appeals to be poking run at the gullibility of the great American public. But, then it is a kindly fun. He laughs with, not at them, and is easily forgiven. Mr. Butler wrote "Pigs is Pigs," a story well known to all readers of "Busy man's."

PRINCESS VIRGINIA. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Toronto: Musson Book Company. Cloth, $1.25. The love story of a princess of the blood royal and the young Emperor of Rhaetia. The princess, who had lived in seclusion until her twentieth year, determined to win the love of the emperor. Assuming the name of Miss Helen Mowbray, she went with her mother to Rhaetia. By fortunate chance she met the monarch under somewhat remarkable circumstances. Later she was instrumental in saving his life. The outcome, after several trying experiences, was what would naturally be expected.

LANGFORD OF THE THREE BARS. By Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25. A story of the wild and woolly west, relating the struggles of the small ranchman with cattle thieves. John Williston, who, with his pretty daughter, Mary, operates a small ranch, discovers the retreat of Jesse Black, the chief of the cattle thieves. He communicates with Paul Langford, a powerful ranchman, operating the "Three Bars" ranch. After many adventures the cattle thief is finally killed by one of Langford's men, and the county attorney, Dick Gordon, is free to do his duty properly. Two charming love stories run through the book; one between the attorney and the court reporter, and the other between Langford and Mary Williston.

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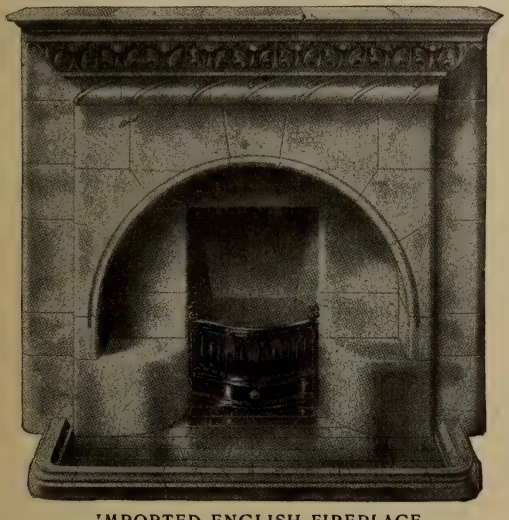
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Humor in the Magazines

Here is some cynical advice to the young man who has become engaged:

Young man, don't be cast down. You will have greater need to be cast-iron.

Though you have unfortunately caught the one you were chasing, look on the bright side of the incident. If you had not caught the girl you were after, the one that was after you would, most likely, now have you in her clutches.

It is better to clutch than to be clutched, if there be any choice in such evils.

Anyhow, you have her now, and must keep her. But she won't take much keeping. She won't try to get away.

It does not matter now about calling her "Miss" Brown. Now that you have entered into this holy compact, what name you will call her by is of no moment. She will only come when she wants to, anyway.

You are now performing the prelude to that Oratorio, of which the marriage ceremony is merely the first note.

For the full performance you will need a choir.

And you will most likely get it. Perhaps you will get a ream.

But you are not yet married. You are only engaged, and hope is not dead, but sleeping.

You have now a good chance to learn more about the species. You have caught a specimen.

But you will find limitations.

An engagement is merely a continuation school to carry you on to the university of marriage.

Make the most of your chances of tuition. It will not cost you much in fees. Merely all you can earn.

If you are exhausted, and out of breath with the chase now that you have caught her, you can have a rest, for she will do the talking now. This will be no trouble to her, and need be none to you, because she will not say anything with any real meaning.

It is a recognized custom for engaged couples to give their brains a rest. Nothing rests a girl's brain like talking.

Don't let the idea of your future mother-in-law vex you.

The obnoxiousness of the wife's mother is mostly a played-out joke.

You are quite as likely, in reality, to find your father-in-law a long sight worse.

Don't keep your eyes entirely upon your capture. Heaven orders these unions—but often countermands one order and sends a fresh one.

You may come to think you have erred in your choice—that there is another.

Then you will want to lose the unlosable.

Hold her tight, and she'll pull away.

* * *

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

"Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains, and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabers!" said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my counthry, and we passed a field of turnips and a field of carrots, also a field of cabbage and parsley, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was broth!"

* * *

A very aggressive crusade in favor of temperance has recently been going on in a certain Scottish city, and a young minister, whose eloquence is marred only by the unfortunate remarks he sometimes makes, has persuaded several heavy drinkers to enter the temperance fold.

Meeting one of his converts one afternoon he inquired how he was getting along. The man kept well back, and the minister's suspicions were aroused.

"Ah, Robert," said the reverend gen-

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tleman, sadly, I'm afraid you've been drinking. I can smell it in your breath."

Robert didn't deny the impeachment—in fact, he couldn't—and just remained speechless, his eyes fixed on the ground in front of him.

"Now, Robert," continued the minister, "you never smell the odor of liquor in my breath."

"No, sir; I never did," was Robert's reply; then, in a most anxious tone of voice, he added: "What d'ye dae for it?"

* * *

Prior to the last solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for his sergeant and observed: "There will be an eclipse of the sun to-morrow. The regiment will meet on the parade ground in undress uniform. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed as usual."

Whereupon the sergeant drew up the following order of the day: "To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on the parade ground, where the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

* * *

Two fishermen named Smith, living near each other, had met with misfortune, the one having lost his wife and the other his boat.

A lady visitor called on the one who had lost his boat, thinking it was the one who had lost his wife. "Good morning, Mr. Smith. I am sorry to hear of your sad loss."

"Oh, it ain't much matter, mum. She warn't up to much."

"Dear me, you don't say so."

"Aye, she was a rickety old crock. When I went out with her I was always in danger of my life. Indeed, I offered her to my mate only last week, but he wouldn't have her. I have had my eye on another for some time now."

But the lady could stand no more of the old man's denunciation of the weaker sex, and hurriedly took her departure.

An Irishman had to go to law, and in consultation with his counsel he was told that he had a good fighting chance. Paddy who was anxious to win the case, was meditative for a moment, and then he said.

"Do you think it would be any good to send the judge a pair of ducks?"

"No, no; you mustn't do that," said his lawyer. "If you send him a pair of ducks he will be sure to decide the case against you."

A day or so later the case was heard, and Paddy won with flying colors. In the course of the congratulations Paddy remarked:

"It was just as well I sent the judge them ducks."

"What!" exclaimed counsel. "Did you send the ducks?"

"Yes," said Paddy, quite pleased with himself: "but after what you said I sent them from the man on the other side."

* * *

"John, the cook has left——"

"Now, Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office all tired out and hungry——"

"But, John, dear, I merely want to say the cook has left—"

"Yes, I know you 'merely want to say.' And I merely want to say that it's a great shame that this household is eternally disorganized. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why——"

"John Smith, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding, and a pint of claret on the dining-room table for you."

"Well, Gwendolyn, why in the name of common intelligence didn't you say that at first?"

* * *

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Eutychus, the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling out of a window, was taken up dead.

"What," he asked, "do you learn from this solemn event?"

The reply from a little girl came:

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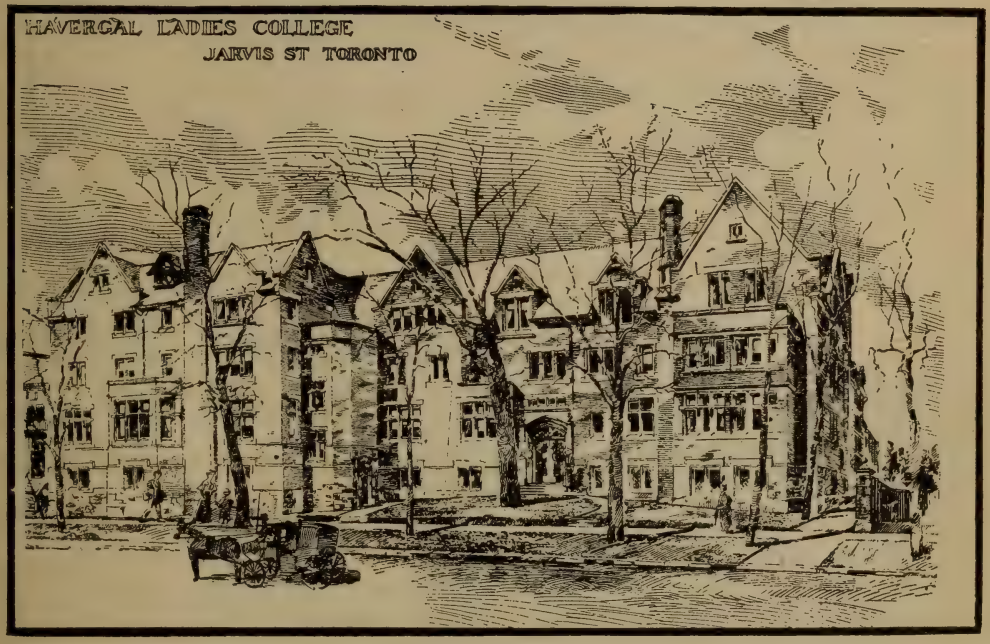
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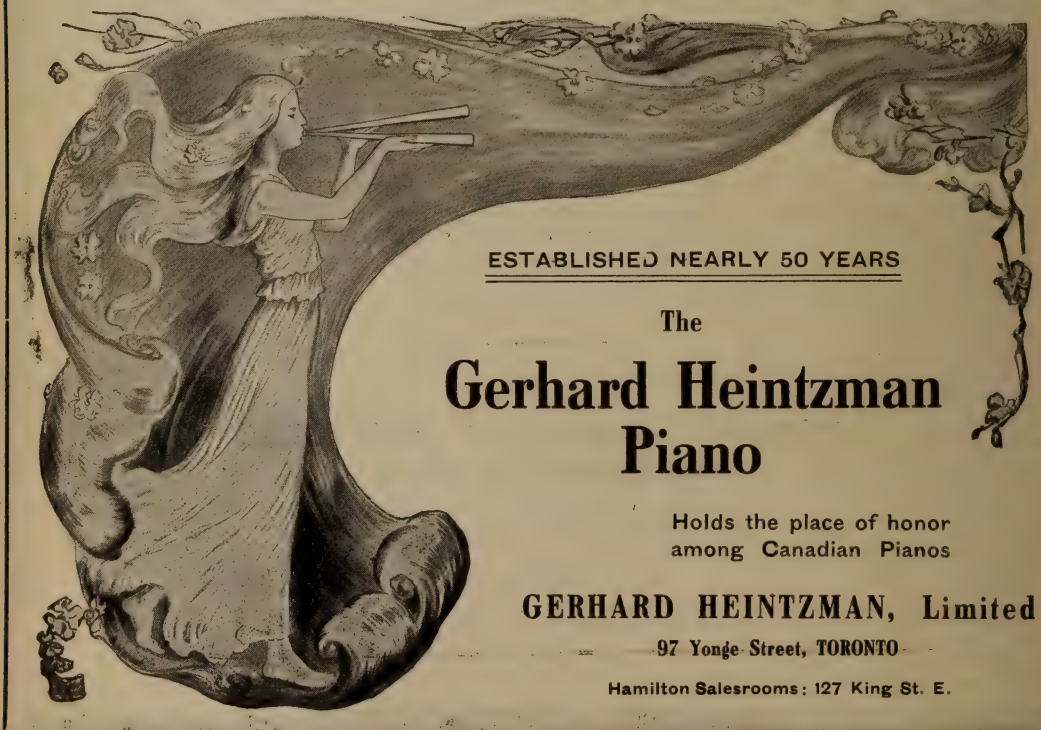
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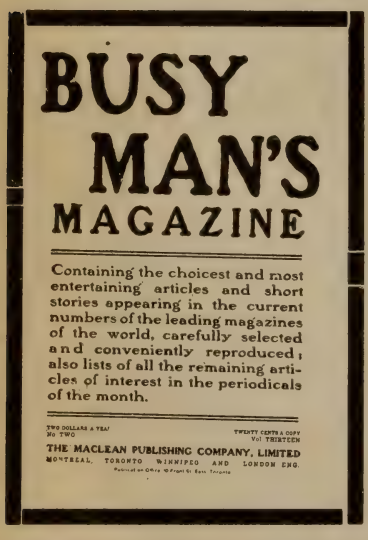
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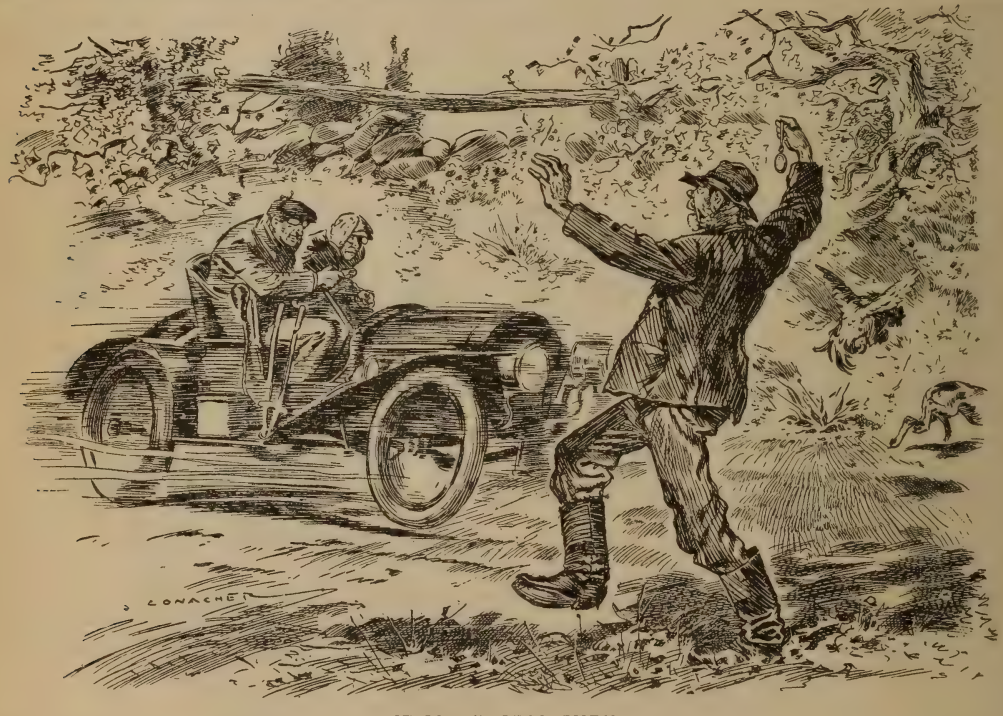
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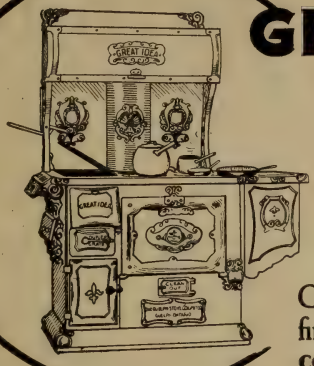
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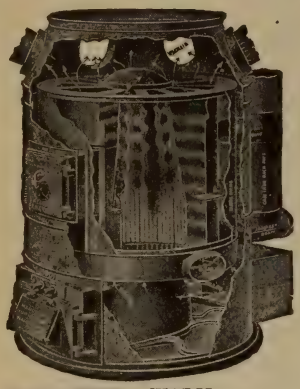
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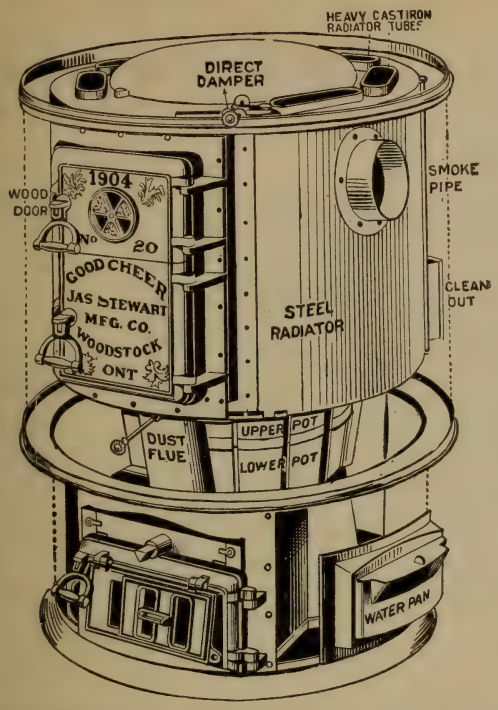
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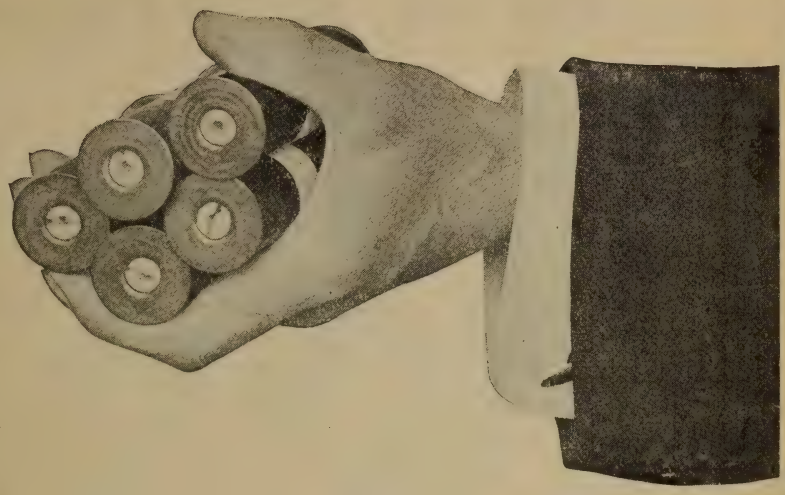
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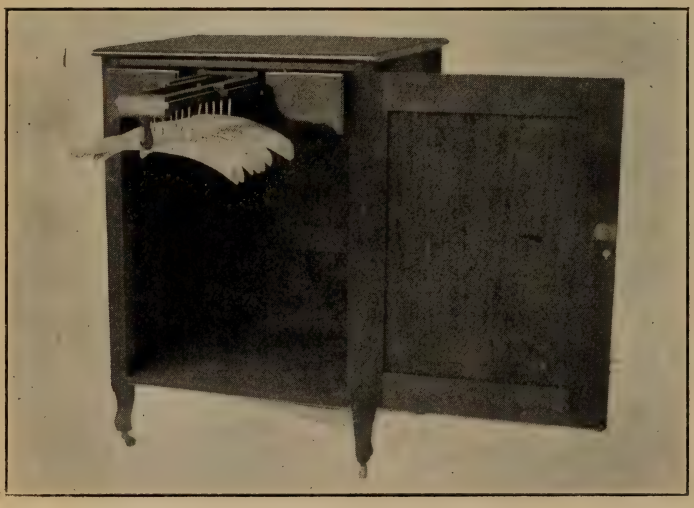
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XIV AUGUST 1907 No 4

Railroads Race to the North

By Aubrey Fullerton in Technical World

THE mushers and the huskies have been driven back to the wilderness, and very soon they will be done out of even that. What was wilderness five years ago is now a harvest land, and what is wilderness now will shortly be as all the rest is. The railroads are doing it.

In the days of the old fur-trading the dog-trains came to Detroit and St. Paul; twenty years ago one was only occasionally seen at Winnipeg; not long since they stopped coming to Edmonton, three hundred and fifty miles north of the boundary; and now it is only in the country that we call the north land that they are to be seen at all.

But even the north is being narrowed. The railroads are reaching up and up, and the mushers and dog-trains are being driven back to the side trails where railroads will never be.

There never was so much and so ambitious railway enterprise in the Northwest as there is at this moment. Five thousand miles of road are under contract in the country between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, on the Canadian side of the border. It is within easy memory when this entire region was trackless, a virgin reach of unused land, and now it is being networked by new main lines and branch lines that will soon leave no part of it out of reach. This represents the activity of four great railway systems already in operation or fully organized. Smaller and more local undertakings are in project in the same territory by a number of embryo companies, and some daring schemes are shaping also in the far north, toward the Arctic Circle. The pathfinder and pioneer in one is to-day the railway surveyor.

The largest single enterprise now under way by any railroad interests in America is the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific right across Canada. A new transcontinental highway that will add 3,600 miles to a nation's railway mileage means brain and brawn. The eastern section of this road—that is, the half east of Winnipeg, which is being constructed as a national road by the Canadian Government—will cost $30,000 a mile and will include such engineering feats as the crossing of the St. Lawrence River at Quebec with the largest single-span bridge in the world, and the overthrow by a tunnelful of dyna-

mite of a mountain-side at La Tuque, in the northern Quebec wilderness. Nine hundred miles of this section are now under contract, one-fourth of which has been awarded to the Grand Trunk Pacific itself, whose right to tender was provided by the terms of charter.

The picturesque part of the new transcontinental, however, is its prairie and mountain mileage, west of Winnipeg, all of which the company is building on its own responsibility but with Government guarantee of its bonds. Track-laying is already under way in the section between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and 1907 harvest-freight will be moved over it to meet the lake boats at Port Arthur.

In terms of human interest the building of this prairie section means one hundred new towns to be begun within a year; for there is to be a railway station every seven miles, and wherever there is a railway station there will be a town. It means that in this northern hinterland there is shortly to be, is being even now, enacted the great drama that has already made the plains to the south, and forty years ago the Western States, a man's land instead of a no-man's land. The coming of the people is the sequel to the laying of the steel.

The course of the new transcontinental across the prairie was pretty well decided on two years ago, the entire route from the Atlantic coast being chosen through new and as yet undeveloped country; but the mountain section, west of Edmonton, was until only a few months ago a puzzle. A second hunt for the Northwest Passage—a land-hunt instead of water—had as its object to find where the road could most easily cross the Rockies.

There are in all some ten or twelve points where the Canadian Rockies can be crossed. Nature cut these passes through the mountains at fairly regular intervals; two have already been used for railway routes in the southern part of the range and others equally suitable are spread along the mountain line to the north. A choice of four or five was before the Grand Trunk Pacific, and this narrowed down, after its engineers had examined them all and had run their surveys through every feasible or possible route, to a choice of two. It was to be either the Pine River or the Yellowhead.

The hunt for the mountain passage became exciting. It turned out to be a race, for another road with transcontinental ambitions headed at the same time and in the same direction and with the same end in view. It was a quiet, dogged, yet spectacular race, as surveyors' races always are. The Grand Trunk Pacific won, and in November last filed at Ottawa complete plans of a route through the Yellowhead, from Edmonton to a point some fifteen miles on the other side of the Rockies.

The situation of a terminus on the coast was a matter of almost as much deliberation as that of the route through the Rockies. The original choice was Port Simpson, an old Hudson's Bay Company trading post well up to the Alaska boundary; but a much better end-of-the-line will be the point now definitely selected at Kaien Island, somewhat to the south and about half-way between Vancouver and Skagway. Nature has provided admirable terminal facilities here for both railway and steamship lines, and the work of building a town, which will be the great new port of the north and to which the name of Prince Rupert has been given, has already begun.

Between the Prince Rupert that is to be and the Yellowhead, through which the transcontinental crosses the Rockies, is a tangled wilderness as yet unopened to settlement. It has been thoroughly surveyed, however, and in February preliminary plans were filed for the Pacific grade of the railway route. On the map the new Grand Trunk Pacific will show an almost straight line from Winnipeg, save for its deflection on entering the Pass, where it turns slightly to the south, crosses the mountains, and then goes north again toward the Fraser River and the coast terminus. The

road is under contract to build across British Columbia in four years.

But the Yellowhead is the objective point of two other roads now building across the prairies. The race which the Grand Trunk Pacific won by reaching that point first was with the Canadian Northern, whose line is already built and running between the head of the Lakes and Edmonton. It is aiming at the coast and has filed plans for a route through the Rockies. At the eastern end of this future system, which is the outcome of the dogged persistence of two men, Mackenzie and Mann, a line from Toronto to Sudbury, in northern Ontario, is built and there lacks only the link between that point and Port Arthur to give a third road covering more than half the continent.

Apparently with the intention of going into every field touched by its rival lines, the Canadian Pacific, first of Canadian transcontinentals, is now building a new main line northwest from Winnipeg, the logical motive of which is an extension to and across the Rockies to the coast by way of the Yellowhead, the pass first proposed by the Canadian Pacific twenty-eight years ago, but then abandoned in favor of the southern route. For the time has come when all the railways must tap the north. There seems to be very good reason why the way of the Yellowhead should be chosen in the fact that it is the lowest of the passes across the continental divide, being only 3,250 feet in place of 5,000, and that it is for almost its entire distance a grade of three-tenths of one per cent., with only a few miles at one per cent.

More like pioneer farming than engineering is another railway enterprise that is being undertaken by the Canadian Pacific on Vancouver Island, but its proportions entitle it to a place with the rest. It is the largest land-clearing contract in western America. A tract of 150,000 acres of railway land, which now is forests and stumps and dreary emptiness, is to be cleared and made into farms at the rate of 10,000 acres a year, and at a total cost of $15,000,000. A stump-jerking campaign of much the same order as those by which parts of Washington State have been cleared will be under way for the next fifteen years, and the result will be a new industrial territory on the very edge of the continent. This reclamation enterprise is the second undertaken by the Canadian Pacific, its irrigation works in southern Alberta having been begun some years ago.

By puchasing and unifying numerous short lines already built, by the filling in the gaps with new road of their own, the Hill, or Great Northern, interests are building up a through route from Winnipeg to the coast, connecting along the way with the eleven branch lines with which this far-reaching system already taps the Canadian wheat fields from the south. The apparent purpose of such a road is to carry a portion of the Canadian harvest by an American route, Mr. Hill claiming that the development of the northen country will give to all prospective lines as much business as they can handle and that the diversion of a part of it to the American route will be a relief. To carry out this plan 1,000 miles of road are being built.

The prairie of the last frontier is being gridironed west and north and northwest by railroad lines that, as soon as the last spike is driven, will bring in people and take out wheat. It is the taking out of wheat, the problem of the transportation of future harvests, that has given rise to numerous propositions of railway undertakings in another direction—toward Hudson Bay. A seaboard on the great inland water that his hitherto been unused and useless is an attractive possibility, and the fact that it is altogether feasible explains why Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, said in Parliament recently that the matter of a government-aided railroad to the Bay was under consideration, and intimated that some definite action soon was not unlikely. A company was incorporated at the last session of Parliament with power to build from Edmonton to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, a distance of a thousand

miles. The Canadian Northern is known to have similar ambitions and, in fact, has a section of road already under construction that looks like the The Manitoba Government, it has been reperted, is entertaining plans to finance a road to the Bay of Winnipeg. Surveys have been made for a line from James Bay, the southern inlet of Hudson Bay, to Chicago, chiefly as a fish-carrying road. Out of these numerous projects, or out of others that will follow, there is pretty sure to materialize, and that soon, a railroad from some part of the settled West to some new port on the northern sea. It is in the talk-stage at present, but great railway systems begin to talk.

But the path of the steel is reaching farther still. Into the region until just now given quite over to the fur trapper and the Indians is going the transitman, and his going means something doing a few years hence. The Athabasca Railway Company is a new name that will in time be seen on the north-bound freight cars. A charter has been given for 500 miles of road from Edmonton to Fort Smith, on the Slave River, and the chances are that construction straight into the heart of the north land will not be long delayed.

Yet farther north, in the upper left-hand corner of the continent, is the line of a railway that runs from Skagway, an Alaskan seaport, to Whitehorse, in Canada's Yukon country. The distance is 110 miles, over which trains have been running regularly since July, 1900, and for two-thirds of that distance the road was the most costly to build in America. The first fifteen miles rise to a height of nearly 3,000 feet, and the construction of a winding, twisting road-bed through the Skagway Valley, and along the side of sheer walls of mountain rock, represents engineering that cost millions. There were other problems to overcome. Up in the high places was a good-sized lake that must be crossed, but the railway-builder of the north is ingenious, and instead of bridging the lake, well nigh an impossibility, he cut a new outlet for it, drained it dry, and built his road over the clay bed.

This is the White Pass and Yukon Railway. It is a narrow-gauge, and is operated under the disadvantage of terrific storms in the winter months; but it paid the whole cost of construction in its first year, and three years ago earned $991,000, of which $440,000 was profit. Twelve thousand passengers a year are carried, and they pay twenty cents a mile, while freight rates are proportionately high. Its traffic is almost entirely that of miners going and coming between the camps and the outside.

The northernmost railway on the American continent is that running south from Dawson, in the Yukon. It holds another record, too, as probably the most crooked road in America, winding in and out of the mountain gulches after the style of a rail fence, with a curvature approximating in places to twenty-eight degrees and a grade of three and five-tenths per cent. The Klondike Mines Railway has been in operation for only a year or two, but it has proved so acceptable a substitute for dog-trains and pack-horses, reducing the freight rates from forty to one and one-half cents a pound, that an extension of its thirty-one miles is planned for the present season. Ultimately it will be extended into and through the new mining country to the south, to connect either with the White Pass road at Whitehorse, giving a direct route to the coast, or with the Grand Trunk Pacific branch going north from Edmonton, linkink the Yukon directly with the western railway centres. One or the other of these plans will, it is almost certain, be carried into effect within the next few years.

Both the Klondike Mines and the White Pass railways are miners' roads existing because of and for the sake of the numerous gold-mining camps of the Yukon country, but tourist travel is being encouraged, and in the summer months an increasing number of sight-seers are doing the far north via the rail.

Diagonally across the Northwest, cutting the great new land on the bias,

will go a line now under project, whose ambitious purpose is to connect Dawson and Winnipeg. Survey parties have been quietly at work, and a goodly portion of the total 1,700 miles is said to be already routed. Such a line, traversing the northern prairies, the Peace River district, and the Yukon mining country, would hold an unique place among the railroads of the continent, and would involve, at its northern end, some tremendous engineering problems. The interests behind this project have been kept somewhat secret, but it is believed that they are American and associated with the Northern Pacific.

Another road to the Yukon has filed its plans with the Canadian railway commission, involving a straight-north route along the coast from Vancouver to Dawson. The surveys through British Columbia territory show immense cuttings and tunnels, with heavy bridging. It is altogether likely that when this road is built it will be by or for the Grand Trunk Pacific, in whose interest is thought to be a bill introduced this year at Washington authorizing the construction of a road from Skagway, in Alaska, to a point at or near to Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus.

For a year past survey work has been under way on two roads from the south-western coast of Alaska to the copper district of the interior. One was being financed by London capitalists, representing the same interests as those behind the White Pass and Yukon Railway, and the other by the Guggenheims and J. P. Morgan. The two routes were such as would closely parallel each other and while entailing immense double expense would open up practically the same country. The promoters have therefore consolidated, under Guggenheim control, and one road is now to be built instead of two. It will probably run from Catella, a seaport with good terminal facilities, into the heart of the White River copper country and possibly into the Canadian Yukon. About 400 miles of the road will be built this year, and the same man who built the White Pass and Yukon road is engineering it.

One more railway enterprise comes from the top corner of the continent, and it exceeds them all in spectacular bigness and daring. It goes by the name of the Trans-Alaska-Siberia Railway, a phrasing that at once explains its route and indicates the immensity of its undertaking. In the first week of the present year a survey party, with dog-teams drawing their supplies, left Dawson for White River, and a fortnight later began the initial work of mapping out a railway route. The general route to be followed is along the White River and down the Tanana Valley, picking up the incidental traffic of the existing mining camps and heading toward Bering Strait. The plan of the men behind this project is to establish a route from Alaska to Siberia, across the Strait, and to build an extension connecting with the great Russian system. If the project ever gets so far, the American, Canadian, and Russian Governments will be called upon to lend a hand. It is a bold scheme, but whether the Siberian end of it is ever carried out or not it is practically certain that some portion of the Alaskan section will be built shortly, opening up a mining region of unknown riches and another great section to settler and trader.

The Next Craze

By Chas. Battell Loomis tn Century

THERE is very little doubt that the airship is an accomplished fact. What boots a year or two when time is flying as swiftly as it does nowadays.

But has any one considered the new dangers that will follow in the wake of the new machines? Does any one imagine that life for him will be the old, care-free existence that it has been for most of us; that when the air is filled with iron and steel and wood, man will go his way, unheeding upper ether as of old?

Of course, in the very nature of things, the first to equip themselves with aerial racers will be the reckless devils who now run gasoline juggernauts on our highways.

It is not easy to imagine what they will do when they get up in the air? Will life on the surface of the earth have any semblance of safety while "white eagles" and "red hawks" are careering in upper air, spilling out tools, and now and then an occupant?

In these pleasant days, if a man is walking about New York, all he has to think of are the trolleys, the motor cycles, the ordinary wheels, the automobiles, the dear old horse-cars, and the other horse-drawn vehicles, including the fire engines and the ambulances. If he is alert and spry, his chance of life is as good as that of a soldier in a secondary skirmish. His adversaries are all on the level, so to speak, and he can see what is coming without raising his eyes to heaven, a thing that mankind fell out of the habit of doing ages ago.

But with the upper air full of ships, and the ships full of people, and many of the people full of the intoxication born of free life in the void, why, I would not write any pedestrian' insurance without charging a prohibitive premium.

Let us suppose two irresponsibles in an air ship.

"Hand me that wrench, Bill. There's something the matter with this nut, and I want to take it off. Look out! Gee you just missed hitting that chimney. Can't you steer? Oh, you careless idiot! What did you drop that wrench for? It struck the north light in that studio building. Let's get away, quick. I'll bet that you've killed the artist at work—to say nothing of losing the only wrench we have. Hello, did you see that? An old chap fell out of that pink machine, and I'm blamed if he didn't grab the spire of Grace Church, and there he is!"

"Shall we rescue him?"

"Rescue nothing. What's the matter with his own people doing it?"

"Well, I'm going down after that wrench. I don't see any commotion around that studio building. Guess we didn't kill any one."

The air ship turns, goes back, drops until it is about five feet above the ground-glass north light, and then the man who dropped the wrench, making a cone of his hands, calls out:

"Say, you artist below there, did you hear anything drop?"

A moment later a skylight is opened, and an excited man in a blue blouse makes his appearance.

"Did you drop that wrench?"

"Yes, awfully sorry. Did you find it?"

"I came near finding it on my head, and if you were in a balloon, instead of an air ship, I'd put you out of commission. Confound you all! Life isn't worth living since you left the highways."

"Let's have the wrench, that's a good fellow. Hello! Look out there!"

This is said to the driver of an electric air ship that is diving in a rudderless sort of way straight for the air ship hovering over the studio. The oncoming machine veers a little,

misses the other vessel, but plunges into the studio, which it wrecks.

During the excitement, the first-comers get their wrench, and depart in the irresponsible way peculiar to their kind whether they be on earth or in the sky, and the poor artist makes up his mind to set up a studio in a cellar and light it by artificial means.

And we must remember that in the course of a few years air-flyers will get so dexterous that they will be able to swoop down to earth and up again like hen hawks.

Then a millionaire with a beautiful child may be driving up Fifth Avenue in his carriage.

Perhaps a friendly proletarian will throw a note into his carriage. At first he thinks it is a bomb; but he soon sees that it is only a note, and, opening it, he finds that it is a message that tells him to beware of kidnappers. He laughs easily, strokes the little one's head, and looks to the right and to the left. Nothing but fellow-plutocrats. He looks up for a moment, and sees the usual stream of party-colored air ships and baloons. Their occupants have taken advantage of the lovely day to make little runs from Quebec to Washington or from Boston to New York. Some fly past so swiftly that they appear only as streaks of vivid color. Others—those from Philadelphia, for instance—are content with forty or fifty miles an hour, while some are merely wandering about in the lower strata, perhaps in hired machines from Central Park.

Suddenly, from out of an upper division—the place where only the swiftest are allowed—darts a trim machine, in appearance much like a swallow. It swoops concavely down, and the usual shriek is heard from nervous women who have not yet become used to the new-style casualities, and who expect to see a man damage a fruiterer's awning in his dash to death.

But in that swift machine sits a cool kidnapper, with deep-laid plans to compel the plutocrat to separate himself from some of his wealth.

He has marked the progress of the carriage up Ffth Avenue; he has known just when to swoop—there where the slowly moving line is becoming blocked at Forty-second Street—and as he drops toward earth, his confederate lies flat, with arms outstretched.

He pauses for a second over the carriage. The father looks up again, but too late. The child is clutched by the human hawk, the ship lifts itself into the air, and then shoots out of New York and into parts unknown in so short a space of time that before the father quite realizes what has happened, his daughter is gone forever—or until he hands over a mere bagatelle of half a million, or perhaps even his week's salary as life insurance president.

But it is not alone tragedies that will be enacted. Think of the minor vexations that are sure to come; droppings of oil on afternoon and evening gowns, the spilling of German aeronauts into Irish parades, the demolishing of chimneys and plate glass windows of fellows learning to fly, the obscuring of light by vast crowds collected over ball-grounds in order to see the national game for nothing.

Properly undertaken, and carried out with regard for the rights of others, air-sailing is a noble sport, but it will not do to let beginners and scorchers, and family parties, and mail ships, occupy the same level. There will need to be pathways plainly marked by aerial buoys.

High above all, the trans-aerial liners should have the right of way. When the great Southern Mail, running from London to New Zealand by way of New York (dropping her mail in a parachute) sweeps over the metropolis at about nine of a summer's night, her lights will be so high in the air that they might well be mistaken for stars. Her steady, resistless, awe-inspiring rush through space will be watched for nightly, and he would be a foolish chap indeed who went up to her level to learn how to fly.

And strictly enforced laws should prevent "scorchers" from moving in

any current save the one marked out for them and their reckless, wreckful escapades.

It is certain that after dark no one who values his life will stir abroad on foot, because he will never know what hit him, and something is sure to hit him with every one and his wife up in the air, infected by a craze beside which motoring and golf and ping-pong were mere aberrations of a moment.

Indeed, I am not sure that great cities will be forced to put up life-nets extending over their entire area.

Just how aeronauts will be able to make their ascensions within the city limits, if the nets are put up, I leave for them to determine.

The age of comparative safety is at a end. Look to your lives, fellow-mortals, and if you would be perfectly safe, voyage perpetually in mail-ships. They will be manned by experts, and they will have the height of way.



Carter (annoyed at slow progress of tourist): "Now, then, you two in front there, hurry up!"

The Other Mr. Perkins

By James Creelman in Pearson's Magazine

THIS is a story without a tree or a green field or a bit of blue sky in it, the tale of a man and an idea worked out in the fever-heats of a sordid city and through great smoking towns of furnaces, roaring machinery and men stripped for rough toil.

The man is George Walbridge Perkins, the brilliant and much-reviled young partner of John Pierpont Morgan, "dean of American finance," and the idea is the United States Steel Corporation's method of dividing profits with its more than two hundred thousand employes—a shadow of the economic bridge over which, it is said, humanity is about to pass from the age of competition to the age of co-operation.

It is not the horned and hoofed Mr. Perkins, haled into court by the newspapers in a glow of mephitic red fire, but another Mr. Perkins, a tremendous worker with a genius for organization, a man of practical imagination, who, looking at things from the very centre of financial and industrial power, sees a peaceful partnership between the stock owners of great corporations and their employes, as the outcome of the present world-wide movement toward the elimination of waste by concentration in business.

The one Mr. Perkins is the creature of over-heated journalism and vituperative politics. The other Mr. Perkins is a citizen whose zeal and intelligent industry along large lines of constructive business have won for him, at the age of forty-five years, a recognition so general that the grand jury which indicted him for a purely technical offence, in his effort to save the policy-holders of the New York Life Insurance Company from a great financial loss, was compelled to explain that he had no selfish or corrupt motive in what he did.

"The profit-sharing plan of the United States Steel Corporation," said Hr. Perkins, "is an attempt to induce a vast army of men of various talents and temperaments, scattered all over the country, to work heartily together by making them partners of the stockholders who own the means of production. An experience of nearly five years in the largest private business organization the world has ever seen shows that this form of partnership between labor and capital is a moral as well as material success. It goes well with the idea of complete publicity which is one of the main policies of the Steel Corporation. These two ideas have practically converted this organization into a semi-public enterprise.

"As I said of a somewhat similar scheme in the relations of the New York Life Insurance Company to its agents, this is socialism in the highest, best, most ideal sense, a socialism that makes partners of employer and employe, yet preserves the right of private property; retaining the capitalist's incentive to enterprise, while giving the workers a new inspiration for effort; humanizing the contact of a mighty organization with its thinkers and doers; promoting good will and industrial peace."

Mr. Perkins's brown eyes burned with enthusiasm and he gripped the arms of his chair tightly as he spoke of the great design.

"It was this thought that brought the profit-sharing plan into operation in the Steel Corporation," he continued. "It was believed that in this way ugly competition would be eliminated and co-operation substituted, which, under the corporation's offers, would produce just as keen a personal incentive to success as the old stimulation of competition had inspired.

"Competition, after all, means, as a rule, one man's success and another man's failure. It means that, in the end, one man will be on top and the

other man underneath. But co-operation means the success of all.

"Many have thought that competition was necessary to bring out the best there was in man, that the incentives necessary to us all were to be found only in competition. But the success of these profit-sharing plans of the Steel Corporation, worked out in the greatest sphere of practical action known to private enterprise, has proven that something can be substituted for competition, and that something is co-operation, which brings far greater success and, best of all, success to everybody."

It was no irresponsible dreamer who spoke, no pale idealist mooning helplessly among the stubborn realities of a civilization absorbed in construction and money-making, but a hard-headed, experienced financier and organizer, the trusted partner of the greatest financial organizer and leader of the age, the very man who, as chairman of the finance committees of both the Steel Corporation and the New York Life Insurance Company, proposed and applied the principle of profit-sharing.

The place in which Mr. Perkins sat as he spoke was the centre of the financial nerve-plexus of the Western Hemisphere, the white marble corner of Wall and Broad Streets, where for a generation Mr. Morgan—man of unbroken word—has advised the agents of kings, governments, churches and banks how to invest their moneys, arranged international loans, combined and adjusted interests involving billions of dollars, presided over conclaves of money monarchs and piled up fortune on fortune for others as for himself by acting on the theory that the future of America would be greater than its past.

Here was organized the United States Steel Corporation, which employs more than two hundred thousand men, pays out about a hundred and forty-seven million dollars a year in salaries and wages, and does an annual business of more than six hundred and ninety-six million dollars, with bonds and stocks aggregating fourteen hundred and thirty-two million dollars.

Not a dim and curtained chamber of gorgeousness, this throne-room of American finance, but a long, high-ceilinged room, with five or six big desks; a plain place without a note of pomp or ornament, a row of large windows on one side and on the other side an immense glass partition through which the clerks and visitors may see Mr. Morgan and his partners at work.

Mr. Perkins's place is close beside the desk where his partner, Mr. Morgan, commonly sits with a big black cigar in his mouth, the master of the scene.

At a first glance Mr. Perkins gives one an impression of almost jaunty youth, light, alert, nimble. Then you notice the deep furrow in his forehead, the fine wrinkles about his eyes, the firm set of his mouth and an almost pathetic air of nervous tensity. It is not so long since his gay, boyish manner and light-hearted smile gave him a look of immaturity that made his prominence in the gray-haired world of finance a matter for wonder. The persistent attacks of newspapers and politicians have changed all that.

The straight wide forehead that thrusts out above Mr. Perkins's large brown eyes is full to the temples and very high. It is the forehead of a man who can gather facts and make use of them with great rapidity. The power to observe details and the ability to reason them out to a conclusion are developed and balanced to an extraordinary in that steep brow.

You mark the wide, well-curved jaws, the strong, round chin; the small, fine ears; the short, straight nose, wide at the nostrils; the smooth, round cheeks; the crisp brown hair, of almost feminine delicacy; the suggestion of imagination in the great wide-set eyes—but your glance always returns to that tremendous compact and aggressive forehead, the portent of energy, ambition and intelligence.

It is interesting to study such a head and countenance, for Mr. Per-

kins has risen by a genius peculiarly American to a business position never before commanded by a man of his age, and, whatever criticism may be made of mistakes due largely to zeal and an impatience of roundabout methods, he has, in spite of cruel misrepresentations, been a pioneer in the effort to humanize and harmonize the relations of the three giant corporations whose financial policies he has executed to their employes, and has been a constructive force.

The great profit-sharing plan by which millions of dollars have already been distributed among the officers, managers and workingmen of the Steel Corporation is no more remarkable and was, perhaps, easier of contrivance, than the "Nylic" fund, so greatly attacked in the insurance investigation, which Mr. Perkins created in the New York Life Insurance Company—both schemes being conceived for the purpose of changing the material contact and moral attitude of employer and employe by substituting co-operation for competition, partnership for the raw wage system.

There is something fascinating in the story of this wonderful American boy, who, in twenty-two years, rose from the work of an office boy at less than six dollars a week to a salary of $75,000 a year, who was sought out to be the partner of the foremost American financier, and of whom Andrew Carnegie said, "This young man actually sweetened sordid business dealings by the amiability of his manners."

Mr. Perkins was born in Chicago forty-five years ago. He is of English stock. His father was an able agent of the New York Life Insurance Company, a solid, chunky man, born in New York State, who went to Chicago and distinguished himself for his philanthropic work. The elder Perkins opened soup-houses for the poor and organized mission Sunday schools. He founded a railroad man's Sunday school in a box car and it afterward became the biggest thing of its kind in all the west. He worked side by side with Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. He organized the Young Men's Christian Association in Buffalo, and in later years his son erected a building in memory of that fact.

The youth, whose powers were yet to astonish the hardest heads in Wall Street, got his education in the Chicago public schools. At the age of seventeen years his father procured him a position as office boy in the Chicago establishment of the New York Life Insurance Company. Presently he went to Cleveland as clerk to his father, who became assistant superintendent of agencies in Ohio. He was advanced to the position of cashier.

His father died in 1886, leaving a widow, two sons and a daughter.

George W. Perkins was then twenty-four years old, a pink-faced stripling who looked younger than his age. He has since confessed that when he came home from his father's funeral he stood at the gate and, looking at the house in which his mother and sister and younger brother lived, he said to himself, "That's up to me. It's my problem."

He had been an indifferent student at school, but when there was a baseball team to be organized or any practical work that called for organization and energy he was always the leader, the planner, the doer.

Suddenly bereft of his father and business chief, the young cashier threw himself into his father's work. No one was appointed in his father's place. He was simply the cashier of the office and had no authority beyond his work; yet it is a sign of his surprising enterprise that he cleared up his father's unfinished business, reported the situation to President Beers in New York, his salary was increased to $1,200 a year, and, without further instruction, or suggestion of promotion, he promptly hired an assistant to aid him in getting new business for the company.

His industry and persistence were astonishing. The agents of the company followed his leadership enthusiastically, asking no questions as to his right to lead. He dashed about

here and there, in Cleveland and out among the country districts, expounding life insurance and winning success by sheer persuasion.

One night he went to a country flour mill. It was snowing hard. The miller and his brother and son would not venture out in the storm. They could not escape from the young agent with the snapping brown eyes and hypnotizing smile. By offering to take their notes in payment for premiums he managed to insure all three. Then he rubbed his hands and recalled the fact that earlier in the evening he had noticed his victims putting away money in the safe. He understood human nature. In a few minutes' talk he persuaded the men that they could make money by discounting their own notes on the spot, and closed the transaction by pocketing their money.

As Mr. Perkins started for the door he was called back.

"Young man," said the miller, "do you understand what a stroke of business you have done here tonight?"

"I think so," said the young agent modestly.

"Well, by God, I'd like to see you when you are forty!"

At the end of a year Mr. Perkins had outstripped his father's business record with the company. Mr. Vanuxem was appointed general agent for Ohio, and he offered to employ Mr. Perkins at a salary of $7,500 a year. But the youth was too shrewd to allow another man to get credit with the company for his work, and he put away the tempting bribe to accept the agency in Indiana at $3,600 a year. That was the turning point in his business life. He avoided the error which young men too often commit, and sacrificed the present for the sake of the future.

Before attempting his work in Indiana he went to the west to settle his father's private affairs. He found a great life insurance field neglected, and in Kansas City, Wichita and other places, he began to write policies. He went to Denver, and continued to write policies. He hired agents to assist him. He paid no attention to the repeated calls for his presence in Indiana, but went right along building up new buisness. At the end of the year the company owed him $15,000. He was then not quite twenty-six years old.

Then President Beers, overcome by what the young agent had accomplished on his own initiative in a little more than two years, made him inspector of agencies for the west at a salary of $15,000 a year, with a contract for five years. He roamed about for a year, and then he settled down at Chicago in full charge of everything west of that city, north or south.

He overthrew the general agents, who had been like petty princes, ruling jealously in their several territories and refusing to allow interference. In their places he established branch offices controlled by the company.

Business increased by leaps and bounds under the new system. The army of the company's agents in the west grew rapidly, and Mr. Perkins was its inspiration. He issued a weekly publication for the benefit of the agents, and by stimulating a spirit of rivalry and working up a sort of hurrahing enthusiasm he made the west one of the most profitable fields of the company.

Those who saw him in those days say that he seemed never to rest, that nothing could daunt him, that business was like a religion to him, that he had the spirit of a fanatic.

Then came a crisis. The Beers administration was attacked and overthrown. Mr. Perkins came to New York and fought for President Beers like a wildcat. Even when the white-haired president was overthrown Mr. Perkins remained his friend and went to his deathbed to comfort him, even as he was afterward to stand by the deathbed of President McCall, the broken-hearted.

When Mr. McCall became president of the New York Life Insurance Company, Mr. Perkins was made third vice-president with full power for a year over all the agencies, with a salary of $20,000 a year, which later

on was increased to $25,000. He was now twenty-nine years old.

During the great insurance investigation Mr. Perkins, who was a witness, insisted on standing up while testifying, He was asked to sit down. "I can't sit down," he said. "Well, try," urged the inquisitor. "I can't do it; I work on my feet," was the answer.

So it was in the tremendous campaign which he urged among the agents of the New York Life Insurance Company. He abolished the general agents in every direction and substituted branch offices, and soon he piled up such a volume of new business as to stir rival companies to jealous anger.

Mr. Perkins does not drink intoxicants or smoke. He does not believe in working on stimulants. As a life insurance agent he refused to use wine in his business, believing that a man who made a contract in cold blood would probably stick to it, while the man who was persuaded under the influence of wine was likely to relapse when his enthusiasm cooled off.

When he proposed to omit wine from one of the great agency banquets in New York he was laughed at. But he persisted in his plan and the feast was a great success. Thereafter wine was left out of similar functions, and the former habit of turning business into a series of convivial orgies became unpopular with the agents.

The story of his successful fight to have the New York Life Insurance Company permitted to do business in Germany, Switzerland and Austria reads like a romance. The company had used every conceivable means of winning over the German Government. It had sent an old schoolmate of the Emperor to Berlin. It had used ambassadors. It had spent freely.

Then Mr. Perkins went to Berlin armed with introductions to the principal ministers. But he ignored the imperial greatnesses, threw away his letters and went straight at the fierce-eyed, hairy bureau chief whose report had caused the company to be shut out of Germany and who had persistently declared that it could only be readmitted over his dead body. And, incredible as it may seem, in a few months he had converted his raging foe, and it was this very man who, in a transport of enthusiasm, announced that the rights of the company had been restored in Germany.

"No man in the world but Perkins would have done it in that way," said an admiring rival.

But the triumph of his life insurance career was the creation of the "Nylic" system, a profit-sharing plan which so stimulated the work of the agents, while cutting down expenses, that in eight or nine years the volume of the company's business rose from $125,000,000 a year to $347,000,000.

The Nylic idea—so-called by combining the initial letters of the company's name—began with an attempt to add honors and degrees to mere wages as an incentive to long service. Buttons and badges, with ultimate pensions, were introduced. Everything was based on length of service and the amount of business done.

This caught the imagination and human nature of the agents and a new esprit de corps was developed. The agents ceased to drift from company to company.

One of the most vital reforms aimed at was the eradication of misrepresentation by agents, who were tempted to lie for the sake of the enormous profits and prestige of new policies. The necessity of continuous service as a part of the profit-sharing plan made an agent think more of his future, and persuaded him to be conscientious in his dealings with the public. Soon the volume of complaints of agents' tricks lessened, and presently such accusations became rare. The co-operative feeling did it.

This great co-operative plan, which piled up a fund of more than $1,100,000, preserved the working organization of the company against the bribes of its rivals and made the agency directors and their subordinates feel that they were, in a sense, partners of the company, was wholly the creation of Mr. Perkins. And all before he was thirty-six years old.

Mr. Perkins was afraid of Wall Street. But he became a director in the City National Bank. Then Governor Roosevelt made him president of a commission to save the noble Palisades of the Hudson River from destruction by greedy quarrymen, and he went to see J. Pierpont Morgan to raise money for that purpose. The commission hoped to get $125,000 by private subscription. The legislature would be asked to give the rest.

"I'll give $25,000," said Mr. Morgan, promptly.

Mr. Perkins expressed his gratitude.

"I'll give the whole $125,000 if you'll do something for me," he added, with a significant look.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Morgan?"

"You can take that desk over there and go to work," pointing to the very desk at which Mr. Perkins now sits. "I've had my eye on you for a long time and I want you to come with me."

It was then that the New York Life Insurance Company raised Mr. Perkins's salary to $75,000 a year and he declined Mr. Morgan's proposal.

Mr. Perkins struggled for months against the temptation to accept Mr. Morgan's renewed offer.

"If it is a matter of money, name your own income and terms," said Mr. Morgan in the large way that has won over so many men.

"It is not money that is worrying me," said Mr. Perkins. "It is a question of my duty."

Mr. Perkins went to Washington and laid the matter before President McKinley, who was his close friend.

"Don't go to Wall Street, Mr. Perkins," said the President. "Don't let them break your heart down there."

He was only thirty-nine years old and to be Mr. Morgan's partner meant much. Mr. McKinley read the tempest in his eyes.

"Stay where you are," he urged. "They will take the humanity out of you in Wall Street. Be careful or they will break your heart."

Mr. Morgan's offer was declined, but the master of American finance was not to be put off and he continually renewed his invitation.

Then the New York Life Insurance Company, whose officers saw an advantage in having a partner of Mr. Morgan at the head of its finance committee, agreed to divide his services with the banking firm. Thereupon Mr. Perkins insisted on reducing his salary as vice-president of the company from $75,000 to $25,000.

But it is a well-known fact that Mr. Morgan himself was bitterly opposed to the continued service of his new partner in the affairs of the New York Life Insurance Company. Mr. Perkins felt, however, that the moneys of the company were accumulating so stupendously that the company needed to be in touch with some world-wide financial experience.

During the great life insurance investigation he was severely criticized for being at the same time an officer of the company and a member of a firm that sold to and bought from it, but it was shown that Mr. Perkins had always refused to touch any profit made on business with his company. He has freely admitted the justice of this criticism, and his friends say that he foresaw it from the first, but he insists that the double connection turned out to be a good thing for the policy-holders.

After serving as chairman of the New York Life Insurance Company's finance committee for five years, Mr. Perkins retired. In that time his committee had offered to it securities amounting to $1,565,947,671, examined them all and bought, in five hundred and fifty transactions, $284,505,584 of bonds. By shrewd buying and selling the committee made a total profit for the policy-holders in five years of $10,019,996. And these facts were placed on the record on the day Mr. Perkins resigned.

One of the most dramatic incidents of the insurance investigation which damned so many names and blighted so many careers occurred when Mr. Perkins, white-faced and roused to a pitch of great emotion, insisted on reading a letter in which his father once bade him always to tell the truth,

and declared that to be the charter of his life. The newspapers worked upon the subject cynically and stirred up a national guffaw of laughter. Yet there was no more candid witness in that mocking scene.

But we have wandered away from Mr. Perkins sitting before his desk at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, his countenance shining with enthusiasm over the progress of the Steel Corporation's profit-sharing plan.

That mightiest business enterprise ever contrived by the human brain was a sort of monster at first. The immensity of its proportions, the wide range of its operations, the scale of its finances and the diversity of its properties and markets, dwarfed individuals. There were moments when all save Mr. Morgan were dismayed when they surveyed the gigantic creature he had brought into being.

How to humanize the Steel Corporation; how to give the monster a heart as well as a brain, to take the place of the many hearts and brains of the proprietors it had succeeded; how to make the members of the tremendous army of labor, the officers as well as the rank and file, feel the impulse of co-operation! The moral problem of the age of concentration had arrived.

It was not only that the earnings of the largest corporation in the world and the leadership of America in the steel industry, were involved, but the peace and happiness of great multitudes of men serving in the smoke and glare and noise of mills and foundries must be considered.

The formation of the Steel Corporation marked the supreme point of corporate combination, the very frontier of concentration in business. Its success or failure would profoundly influence the future course of corporation organization.

Had the limit of size been reached? Was it possible to animate business concentrated on such a scale, with the spirit that made its original owners successful? Could men on salaries or wages carry on the basic industry of civilization, directed by other men on salaries, with no proprietor above them but the public?

Mr. Perkins had come from the life insurance world, where business was based on domestic sentiment and where self-sacrifice was preached. The whole structure of life insurance was based upon mutuality of interest. As chairman of the Steel Corporation finance committee, with the approval of his associates, he worked out a plan on the principle of co-operation, which he says must ultimately supplant the principle of competition in business.

"Great as the value of the Steel Corporation's plants were, the organization was equally valuable," said Mr. Perkins. "We all recognized the importance of men as compared with machinery. An organized force working together continuously is as vital as capital, raw material or tools.

"The problem to be solved was how to perfect an organization covering so many outlying points, where the work was actually being done, in such a way that the management in New York would feel that the organization would, automatically and under all changing conditions of men and times, give to the stockholders service equal to that which comes from the individual management of owners.

"Every one knows that in any business, great or small, the organization is the great vital thing to success. If a man has a corner grocery store and two or three clerks working for him, much of his success depends on their interest and zeal in the store.

"So long as the owner of the store is working right with them every hour of the day he can largely control things; but when a business is scattered through a number of cities and a vast territory, in the hands of thousands of men, the personal direction and control of one man becomes impossible.

"If great corporations are to succeed, not for a day, but for all time, some method must be found to make each man, wherever his duties, responsibilities and work may be, feel that he is a necessary factor in the organization; that on his own efforts,

in his own sphere, depends a certain measure of the success of the corporation, and that he will be rewarded with advancement, with recognition and with compensation according to his success and the success of his corporation as a whole.

"We found that the thousands of men employed in the corporation were divided substantially into two classes: Those who worked with their brains, and those who worked with their brains and their hands.

"The responsibility for general net results rested largely with the former class; the responsibility for the practical, every-day handling of the machinery and the manual labor rested largely with the second class. But it had been found that while the responsibility of the first class of men was, of course, very great, the opportunities of the second class might be of almost equal importance, because, in the practical, every-day working of the thousands of little and big machines and in the general handling of material, the man who is actually doing it, if his mind is centred on his work, can, with surprising frequency, suggest this, that, and the other improvement which reduces cost and increases output.

"The problem, therefore, was how to arrive at some method of compensating the officers of the subsidiary companies for successful management, and, at the same time, the actual operators in the plants.

"It finally seemed as though the basis must be one by which the organization of the subsidiary companies in the Steel Corporation would, on a substantial and permanent basis, and according to their places in the organization, share with the stockholders any success that might be arrived at from year to year."

Mr. Perkins stood up and paced the floor, his brows knitted and a forefinger on his lip, an odd habit when he is thinking hard.

"You see," he continued, "the finance committee, or, rather, the board of directors, stands like a judge between the stock-owning public, which is the proprietor, and the two hundred thousand employes. It has no motive for being unfair to either. That is not the case with individual proprietorships.

"It was found that it took about eighty million dollars to pay the interest on bonds, the dividend on the preferred stock, and some dividend on the common stock, and set aside a fund for replacements and improvements. After this had been done, it would be to the advantage of the stockholders to have the organization step in at that point and share the profits, over and above that sum, with the stockholders.

"It was believed that this would be for the distinct pecuniary advantage of the stockholders and for the distinct benefit of the organization if it could be done on some basis that really would prove an incentive to the organization. As a result two offers were made:

"One offer gave an opportunity to purchase preferred stock, which was extended to the entire organization, from the officers of the Steel Corporation itself down through the officers of the subsidiary companies to the laboring men, clerks and office boys everywhere; but this was done by classification, using salaries as a standard in such a way that the laboring men with the smaller salaries were given the first opportunity to purchase, and the basis of purchasing stock was made exceedingly attractive to them.

"For instance, a man having a salary of $800 per year or less was sure that in any offer of stock the corporation made he could get the amount he subscribed for, whether or not the manager of his department, the vice-president or the president of his company got any.

"The stock was offered to him at $2 to $3 less than the then market value. He was told that he could pay for it in monthly instalments; that he could have as long a time as he wanted, up to three years, in which to pay for it; that he would be charged five per cent. interest on his deferred payments and, at the same time, be credited with seven per cent.

dividends on the par value of the stock he was buying.

"He was told that if he would go into this matter seriously, with the idea of not only becoming a partner through stock ownership, but determining in his own mind that he was going to remain with the corporation, that he was not going to be a transient employe, that he was going to take up the work as his life work, so far as he could see, and that if he would keep his stock as he was paying for it and not sell it out, he would receive a credit, to use in helping him to pay for his stock, of $5 a year per share for five years. This is where he shared in the profits.

"The first stock offer was made at $82.50 a share. If a man subscribed for a share of stock and kept gradually paying for it and held it continuously for five years, these $5 a year payments would, in themselves, mark the stock down, until at the end of five years it would only have cost him $57.50.

"In addition to this he would receive a credit of a considerable sum in the difference between the five per cent. interest charged him on his deferred payments and the seven per cent. dividend paid on the stock.

"It was further agreed that these $5 payments made yearly for five years, would be paid whether or not the subscriber continued to pay for and finally took up his stock, and that such payments as were thus left in the fund by men who failed to continue to pay for their stock, would be divided at the end of five years among those who persisted in their payments and remained in the corporation's employ continuously for five years.

"It was thought that there would be a certain amount of what might be called speculation and fascination in this unknown factor that would interest a great many men. It was only fair to increase in this way the reward of the men who, through thick and thin, good times and bad, in periods of depression and discouragement, stuck by this company; for, after all, it is to this kind of manhood that the company must look for its protection in times of sore need.

"While at first glance this may seem to be a complicated offer, at second glance it will be seen to appeal to a good many sides of a man. In the first place, it gave him an investment that would pay him a handsome interest on his money. Thousands of these men have no way of investing their funds.

"Whatever might come to the Steel Corporation because of fluctuating conditions, the $5 per share per year, credited as above described, would do several things:

"First: It would be a great incentive to the man to go into the purchase of the stock because it would mark it down so cheap.

"Second: It would be a great inducement to him to stay with the Steel Corporation through thick and thin, for at least five years.

"Third: It would be an assurance that in times of depression his share of stock, for which he started out to pay $82.50, could hardly fall below $57.50, to which in the course of five years it would be marked down by these $5 a year payments.

"Besides, the corporation guaranteed that the selling price of the stock would, at the end of the five years, be at least equal to the price at which he bought it.

"Fourth: The $5 a year payment was another way of sharing profits with the working man, with whom to share profits on the basis of any percentage of yearly earnings was found to be very difficult, and so this $5 per year payment to him, out of the earnings of the Steel Corporation, was a guarantee that he should share in whatever profits were made, whether they were large or small, he only having to show that he was a permanent stockholder and permanently in the company's employ—it being the opinion of the finance committee that the average man who settles himself down to becoming a stockholder and remaining permanently in the company's employ, must be a faithful employe, with ability and energy

enough to be retained, in season and out, by the management.

"The question then arose as to how to prevent a man from selling his stock to an outside party, or taking more than he himself could pay for and having some one help him carry it. It will be noticed that the man is required to keep the certificate in his own name continually; to produce it yearly to the treasurer of his company, with a letter from his superior officer showing continuous service to the company for the preceding year. He cannot borrow on it.

"It will be noticed that he is only allowed to pay for it in monthly instalments, to be deducted from the salary or wages he receives; that he can do this in such monthly amounts as he may wish, but not to exceed twenty-five per cent. of any one month's salary or wages.

"It was thought that this would prevent a man from subscribing for more stock than he could naturally pay for, he having been put up to do it by some outside party who would help to carry it for him.

"These conditions were in no way onerous for the man himself and, happily, they have practically eliminated any speculation with any outside parties, and have had all the effect, and even more, than was expected, in holding the best men in the employ of the company steadily."

Under the plan described by Mr. Perkins for the first time, 17,000 of the Steel Corporation's 75,000 stockholders are its own employes. A new offer of preferred stock is made each year.

In the first year, 1903, 27,379 employes subscribed for 48,983 shares. Of these 12,694 dropped out in that year, 5,091 in the second year and 86 in the third. Those whose stock was cancelled lost their right to the $5 a year added by the company and to the difference between the five per cent. interest charged and the seven per cent. dividend paid by the corporation.

The extraordinary result is that those who took stock in the first year already have more than $70 a share to their credit, having got everything lost by others, and will get their stock at the end of the five years for almost nothing.

In 1904 exactly 10,261 employes subscribed for 32,585 shares of stock. Of these, 2,344 dropped out in the same year, 474 in the second year, and 27 in the third year.

"Now," said Mr. Perkins, "the other branch of the profit-sharing plan was aimed to interest and properly remunerate the officers and managing men, those who by their brains and ability made possible the broad success of the company.

"When the various subsidiary companies came together it was found that the officers of these companies who, almost without exception, were exceedingly able and enthusiastic men, and were devoted to their own particular company, in many cases had been fighting one another for years in the great business world of steel and iron. In some cases they were hardly on speaking terms, so bitterly had they fought.

"Competition to a considerable extent was, therefore, about to be eliminated. A steel company in City A, which had fought a steel company in City B, was expected to co-operate with B. If the officers of the company A could, in any way, help company B, they were expected to do it.

"But they were a long way from the headquarters of the Steel Corporation in New York. How could this successfully be brought about—not for to-day, but for the future? The officers of the companies, who then were big, broad-gauged, able men, might do it; but what about their successors of the years to come?

"Something must be done that would, automatically, so to speak, work this out; that would provide a condition where the officer of company A would be just as glad to see the officer of company B succeed as to meet with success himself; that if he hit on a good idea, in place of keeping it quietly to himself, he would pass it along the line to all others.

"To put out a profit-sharing plan

that would reward the men of each particular company for the success of their company would have worked to make the men in each company labor for that company to the exclusion of co-operation with the other companies; yet strict attention to each subsidiary company's business was certainly most desirable.

"Finally an offer was made to all men of executive position, so to speak.

"They were told that after the Steel Corporation, as a whole, had earned the eighty million dollars I have already referred to, they would come in and share the profits of the entire corporation, on the basis outlined in the circular.

"They were told that these profits would be divided into part cash and part preferred stock, and that the preferred stock would be held for them, subject to their remaining in the company's service a certain number of years.

"They were also allowed to subscribe for preferred stock on the same basis that the working men in their mills could subscribe for it, but they were not allowed to subscribe for any more than they could pay for out of twenty-five per cent. of their monthly salaries. This stock they could not get, provided the working men had first subscribed for all of it. In this connection, the fact that the president of a subsidiary company and the laborer in his mill were both subscribing for the same sort of stock on substantially the same basis. it was thought, would weld the entire organization more or less together.

"The sharing through cash at the end of each year, in the cash profits of the Steel Corporation, after eighty million dollars had been earned, put the officers of the subsidiary companies and the officers of the Steel Corporation on the broad plane of considering everybody's success, and it was believed that after this had worked a year or two the officers of company A would be just as keen to see company B succeed as they had been previously to see that company B failed and they succeeded.

"The finance committee allots each officer's or manager's share of the profits according to what he has done, in its judgment, to advance the interests of the Steel Corporation as a whole. No one is overlooked. No service is forgotten."

Mr. Perkins pointed out figures showing the enormous increase in the Steel Corporation's efficiency and success. He recalled the years of unbroken peace with its employes, whom it has made partners. He described the great $90,000,000 steel plant which the corporation's success enables it to build at Gary, Indiana.

"This principle of co-operation has been adopted by other corporations," he said. "I believe that co-operation, with proper supervision and regulation, will solve many problems that have puzzled us in this era of changing and confusing industrial methods."

Another great corporation to which Mr. Perkins has applied the profit-sharing plan is the International Harvester Company, which he organized. This powerful corporation has a capitalization of $120,000,000 and employs in all seventy thousand persons. The letters received in answer to this company's first distribution of profits to its employes—letters full of gratitude, but more remarkable for pride, interest and loyalty expressed—furnish solid proof that the co-operative idea strikes its roots deep and draws strength from the best and most enduring elements of human nature.

"It is the sure, safe path of the future," said Mr. Perkins. "Competition is no longer the life of trade. It must yield to the higher, broader principle of co-operation."

The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem

By Hayes Robbins in Atlantic Monthly

We are often reminded that the relations between employer and employe to-day are not directly between the head of the corporation and every individual workman; and that in the main is true. But this seems to be regarded as fatal to the whole idea of personal relations; and that, emphatically, is not true. A personal relation of some sort necessarily exists between every workman and some official next above him, at whatever point in the service; it may be the dirt shoveler and the gang boss; it may be the shoe worker and the shop foreman; it may be the local manager and the general manager. Personal contact has not been abolished, it cannot be; but the point of contact has been changed. Where it was formerly directly between master and man, now it is usually between the workman and his foreman. This means that the foreman question is to-day one of the most vital points in our whole scheme of industrial relation.

But the foreman, too often, has been drilled in the idea that all that is expected of him is to extract from his machinery and operatives the maximum output at minimum cost; that is the test of his efficiency. The system of cross-checking, setting off one workroom or division of the business against another, has intensified this pursuit of one special kind of results. Not many officers of large corporations, it is safe to say, often think of the superintendent or foreman as the man who has taken the place of the old-system employer in his direct contact with the wage-earner. Still fewer realize the significance of the fact. If it could be understood, and become the regular corporation practice, that it is as much a part of what is expected of the foreman that he get along on a just and friendly basis with the men under him, and that a good record in this respect will count to the credit of his department as well as his tally sheet of immediate profits, we might see a very impressive difference in the general state of feeling between the employing and the labor groups in this country.

This is by no means simply a question of sentiment. Permanently good relations with the labor force are in the long run more economical—better policy from a strictly business standpoint—than an ordinary spurt of profits in some department for a few successive periods, followed by a growing indifference and studied "soldiering" on the part of the men, or perhaps a disastrous strike, wiping out all that has been gained, or more. The foreman is the key to this situation, but the employer selects the foreman and shapes the general policy.

In other words, the duty of the executive head to-day, where he cannot meet the whole force individually and continuously, must be to impress his own wise and broadminded policy —assuming it to be such—upon those in positions of delegated authority, who have now come to occupy the immediate relation to the mass of the workers.

The president of a large concern manufacturing a certain kind of metal fixtures told me, at the close of a recent conference with a labor committee, that in one of his western factories he had employed at one time a foreman whose invariable greeting to the men, as he went about overseeing the work, was a string of abusive profanity. Whenever he came in sight, the operatives worked at top speed; as soon as he was gone they systematically and cheerfully loafed. Later, a new foreman was put in—a quiet, practical man, of decision and firmness, but by nature a leader rather than driver of men. Since his advent a product has been coming from that factory ranging from a quarter to even a half larger than it was possible to squeeze out under his blatherskite

predecessor. The gain represented the economic value of a different personality. Specific instances of similar experience might be multiplied.

The notion is quite too prevalent that the workingman is primarily an "economic problem"; that he ought to realize this and conduct himself with mechanical regularity and impersonal uniformity as a fractional unit of labor power. We shall never make any headway under that doctrine. The workingman is first of all a human being. The purchase of his labor is only in a limited sense to be compared to the purchase of a commodity, and cannot be treated in the same way. As Dr. Abbott has suggested, in the sale of sugar or flour the personal relation of mutual confidence need enter only once, at the time of the exchange; but where you are buying labor the laborer goes with the labor, and the personal relation of confidence and responsibility must be there all the time, from day to day and week to week, or somebody is cheated. Therefore, whatever method of getting along together is adopted, it must count with personal qualities as an essential part of the relation.

When it first became a part of my duty to come in constant and direct contact with employers and trade-union men, it was with little comprehension of the intensely human elements that persist, however the industrial environment changes. For example, it was a cause of much surprise to hear a very active business agent—"walking delegate" if you like—in telling the story of a labor trouble he had been handling and upon which a good deal depended, remark that he couldn't follow it up, on a certain day, because it was his last chance to buy Christmas presents for the babies. Previously looked upon as a sort of impersonal economic automaton, he suddenly became understandable in the light of what he really is—simply an honest, somewhat narrow, tender-hearted, pugnacious, jolly good fellow.

I have seen a prominent officer of one of the most ironclad labor organizations in the country walk the floor, during one of many conversations, and outline with an eloquence of the heart, depth of conviction, and earnestness approaching tears, his alarm over—what? The irresistible domination of soulless capital? Not at all. The deadly menace of the socialist propaganda to the cause of religion, as he saw it operating in his own craft.

The undercurrent of instincts and aspirations of which these are but chance illustrations, needing not to be multiplied because so common, runs deep and strong through the lives of us all, whatever our status in the industrial scale; and it suggests this further fact: The things that divide us are seen, but are temporal; the things that unite us may often be unseen, but are eternal.

One interesting illustration with which I happen to be somewhat familiar, of the personal factor in practical operation, is the labor policy of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It presents no sensational or artificial features, and rarely comes into public notice—a fact which of itself is more convincing to the seeker after employment methods of solid and universal value than the spectacular advertising sometimes given to a certain type of paternalistic "social betterment" experiments, successful perhaps under peculiar conditions, but of limited significance with reference to the industrial problem as a whole.

The secret of the long-standing good relations with labor on the railroad referred to is the influence, conscious or unconscious, or personality, beginning at the top, and working itself out in policies which distinctly reckon with the personal factor all along the line. Lucius Tuttle is of the type of industrial manager, happily becoming more numerous, whose characteristic attitude is that of frank and cordial recognition of the contribution made by the employes to the prosperity of the enterprise. Asking and expecting the confidence of the rank and file, the established policy is to show confidence in return, whether in the routine of management or in the discussion of working conditions with

committees representing the men. Results justify the belief that, whether employers or wage-earners, men wish to be trusted, and in the great majority of cases will respond loyally under a relationship based on that principle.

The responsibility of superintendents and foremen for good relations with the employes is emphasized and reinforced by a well-understood right of appeal, under reasonable specified conditions. Injured employes, on numerous occasions, have been granted ample leaves of absence, with pay, and given suitable employment when able to work again, instead of being ignored until legal steps were taken, compelling some kind of settlement.

The feeling is very general among the twenty-five thousand employes that every man has a "friend at the top." And the moral effect of this feeling is not confined to the railroad world. It is a common remark among leading labor men in many other trades, "If all employers were like that, there would be mighty little trouble."

This opinion on their part does not spring from any notion that the corporation in question invariably grants whatever demands are made. Not at all. It is the result of well-verified conviction, based on year-in and year-out experience, that the disposition is to treat all fairly, to do the best that business conditions will reasonably permit, to give free and unprejudiced hearing to requests and grievances, and to discuss these matters, whether presented directly by the men concerned or by their chosen representatives, in a businesslike way, respecting the rights and feelings of the other party.

This is not an isolated illustration; but it is a very good practical example of the pervasive power of the personal factor, as a radiating force, vitalizing and humanizing the employment relations with a great army of workingmen, under the very conditions, be it noted, which we are asked to believe render the possibility of anything of the kind mythical and visionary.

It should be remembered that the personal factor can be made as powerful for harm as for good. Cases have come to my knowledge where labor leaders who have fought down strike resolutions in their unions, in favor of first seeking conferences with the employer, have gone into such conferences when arranged, and returned the strongest advocates of the strike they originally opposed; this because of the humiliation they had been compelled to undergo in the manner of their reception by the employer concerned. The factors of pride or self-respect, in the one case, of boorish intolerance in the other—purely personal elements—played a larger part in the result than the industrial issues involved.

On the other hand, similar testimony could be borne with respect to certain employers—and I have no reason to suppose them isolated examples—men of the broadest sympathies, distinctly just-minded and humane, who have grown into a well-nigh settled distrust and dislike of trade unions, not by reason of preconceived prejudice or theoretical objection to organization of workingmen, or to the principles of economic and social improvement for which the labor movement stands, but chiefly through the cumulative effect of a succession of exasperating experiences with arbitrary policies, sometimes brutal methods, and offensively domineering individuals appearing in behalf of labor in various controversies coming up for adjustment.

Could there be any greater indication of the importance of looking out for the right kind of personal qualities, whether in the selection of leaders by the unions, or in the choice of industrial managers on the part of capital? Could the need be clearer of considering in either case the ability to meet and deal tactfully, intelligently, and reasonably with men, as men, and not as abstract representatives of blind forces?

That the tendency in this respect is improving there can be no doubt, and one of the signs of it, on the labor side, is the growing determination of union officials to compel obedience to their contracts with employers. This was confirmed by the printing

pressmen when the strike of the typographical union began, in January, 1906; and John Mitchell's refusal to let the soft-coal miners join the great strike of 1902, because their agreements with the operators had not expired, is not yet ancient history. The action of the locomotive engineers and street railway employes, in repudiating their local unions in New York for violation of contracts, in the subway strike of 1905, was followed only last summer by that of the trainmen's organization in ordering its striking "local" switchmen in New Haven to return to work, on penalty of having their places filled by the Brotherhood itself. In the shoe trade, if a local union breaks its contract, it is the policy of the national body to fill the places of the strikers.

But here, again, is the point. Contracts amount to nothing without men, of the necessary courage and honor to enforce them. Whatever of business stability and prosperity may be at stake in the case hangs upon the extent to which these personal qualities stand behind the bond.

There is an unfortunate policy into which some employers have been led, at times, partly as an unconscious result of the notion that personal relations are a thing of the past, partly for more purely practical reasons. A grievance arises in a factory where it would not be feasible for the entire force to appear at headquarters in person, and therefore one of the number, or perhaps a committee, waits on the foreman or proprietor. A little later these committeemen find themselves discharged; their services have suddenly become unsatisfactory. In other cases, perhaps, when the employe or his representative seeks an interview, he is either refused outright or told that the matter is in the hands of Mr. So-and-So, who has full charge of his department, and cannot be interferred with lest good discipline be undermined. Mr. So-and-So, in turn, announces that he is carrying out the general policy of the company and has no power to make special exceptions.

These practices are not so common to-day as a few years ago, but they have helped breed among many workingmen the notion that a corporation is a kind of economic shell-game, the trick being to find the man higher up or farther down—now you see him and now you don't! Such methods, however, are not an essential part of the corporate form of organization in any sense; they indicate either lack of good executive management in fixing real responsibility, or, in some cases perhaps, an express intention of using the machinery of the corporation to shift that responsibility.

But this possibility of discharge, as a result of presenting a complaint, is one of the chief reasons why labor unions have made so much of the right to send in their business agents—somebody not in the employer's power—to make appeal in their behalf. It is their device for opening up a new channel of personal contact when the old is virtually closed.

As a matter of fact, most of the severest labor difficulties throughout the country to-day are settled, when settled at all, through the efforts of men on the labor side who are not employes of the firms or companies affected. The district or national leaders of the labor bodies involved are usually men of larger calibre and experience than those directly concerned in the contest, and have too much at stake to assume unnecessary risks. They are often the best able to handle a troublesome situation intelligently and reasonably, yet their efforts would be useless if all employers took the position of refusing to meet or discuss the matters at issue with any except strictly their own employes.

For example, the threatened teamsters' strike in Boston in 1906, which had passed entirely beyond the control of the teamsters' own representatives, was finally prevented by the efforts of a cigarmaker and a horseshoer. The longshoremen's strike, later in the year, was settled by a freight handler, a horseshoer, and a furniture mover, one longshoreman serving with them, but taking little or no active part. Had the employers

refused to see these men, who happened to be entrusted with authority to negotiate for the workingmen concerned, possessed their confidence, and were especially well qualified by temperament and experience for the difficult and delicate task in hand, situations would have developed, without the least doubt, full of the most serious consequences to the commerial interests of the city.

In fact, if an attitude of non-communication with any except employes were logically carried out and adhered to by employers as a whole, it would nullify and render useless any and all efforts, public or private, of conciliation boards, citizens' committees, business acquaintances or associates, or of any outside interests whatever, to assist in preventing or settling industrial contests, no matter how seriously the public convenience or welfare might be affected, and no matter how much to the advantage of the employer himself such efforts might prove to be.

Unless the privilege of stating complaints and discussing the possibilities of improvement is accorded to workingmen, directly or by representatives of their own choosing, no recourse is left them for making an impression upon employing interests but the strike, boycott, or similar arbitrary measures. This right of conference is the safety valve whereby the labor steam inside the capitalist boiler finds its necessary vent without blowing up the boiler.

Very likely this may suggest the criticism: "But here is no final solution; you may have all the personal conferences and discussion you please, but how are you going to abolish the points at issue themselves?"

I would disclaim any intention of leading up to a "grand panacea." The universal cure-all idea has been very much overworked. It may be that to abolish all possible grounds of disageement between people would mean the end of all progress. Up to a certain point, differences are our salvation from deadly monotony and stagnation. They have been known to occur even in the sacred precincts of the family, in the church, in social life, and in our civic relations; yet all these institutions most unreasonably survive and jog along. There will always be crabs in the sea; but the sea rolls on. The business world is not in a hopelessly doomed class by itself, by reason of being subject to jars, and having its own peculiar conflicts of interests and desires. It is but one part of the common experience of life. Because progress still involves too much friction, and perfection is remote, it is no sign that everything is going to smash. As Graham Taylor pithily states it, if the industrial classes cannot get along together, neither can they get along apart. The high church of Economic Law allows no such divorce.

Strikes and lockouts will hardly disappear this year or this generation. As methods of doing business change, as the general wealth production of the community varies from decade to decade, there must come times of readjustment of the portions of that product which go to the various factors that create it. As men's ideas of living change, the terms and conditions upon which they will work for wages or employ others for wages must inevitably change also. These things are all a part of the advance of civilization, and the differences they imply are such as change and betterment always compel, in whatever department of life. But if we can more and more bring the personal equation to bear—the influences of good will, fairmindedness, and willingness to discuss frankly the facts and reasons for positions taken, on either side—we shall have gone very far to reduce, perhaps almost remove, the really serious friction of this process.

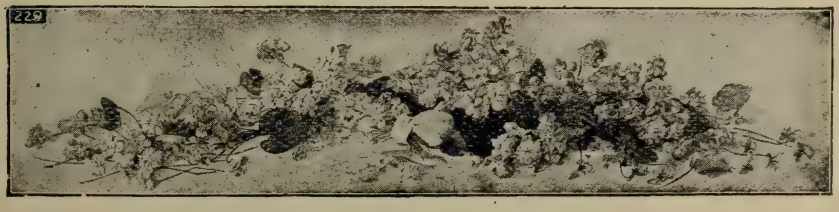
That it is vitally important to bring just these influenses to bear, let no serious thinker on present-day social economic conditions doubt. There is, in fact, a larger aspect of this whole matter than simply the settling of labor troubles peaceably. Many observers have been much disturbed in recent years by the frequent signs of a spirit of bitterness, distrust, and resentment among workingmen. It is regarded as the foremuttering of

stormy weather in our industrial and political affairs, and, whether the alarm has adequate cause in all respects or not, it would be folly to ignore the grave possibilities. Most often these tendencies are charged to underlying envy among the millions of the poor, intense resentment over the idiotic waste of wealth by some of the idle rich, and the too frequent exhibitions of greed and dishonor in high places.

All these things have their influence, and it is likely to be an increasing influence so long as these evils persist; but there is something else. A tremendous part is played by certain factors, much less spectacular, but also much closer to the daily lives of the great wage-earning group. It may be surprising at first, but not so after working close to the facts for a time, how much the question of what consideration workingmen receive as men, under the general policy of those employing them, has to do with their general state of mind, the opinions they hold, their general outlook upon life. For it is this that fills up the major part of a workingman's life. It is a narrow life at best; and the immediate conditions and environments of toil, and general relations with his own employer, convey to the average wage-earner's mind a concrete impression of the justice or injustice of the industrial order under which he lives. The nature of these relations, as a rule, counts more with him than the question whether his employer is a wealthy officer of a corporation, a small shopkeeper, or a petty contractor with a dozen hands.

A more intelligent and far-sighted appreciation of these facts, in practice, is perhaps the most effective safeguard against a series of radical socialistic experiments, which, if they do come, will spring quite as much from a rankling personal sense of injustice and desire for retaliation as from any reasoned-out conviction of the economic merits of the various nostrums proposed. Workingmen are not greatly impressed by lectures, tracts, editorials, and elaborate statistics showing the folly of this or that radical scheme. If they favor the radical scheme, it is very often as a club to compel attention to their demand for things nearer home, that they really want and intimately know about. They are interested in a general way, some pro and some con, in the discussion of radical propositions, as citizens; but they are directly and intensely interested in the labor and wages phase of their situation, in a specific way, as employes.

Let it be practically demonstrated that the door to reasonable progress, and just, businesslike personal relations between employers and employes, or those representing them at the various points of contact, is not closed under our modern system, and one of the most embittering motives of agitation for social and industrial disruption in very greatly lessened. In other words, our need is not so much to discover brand new patented "systems," or guaranteed panaceas, as it is to rediscover each other.



The Seven Kings in Mexico

By Charles Edward Russell in Cosmopolitan

THAT old mountebank and tinsel charlatan, Napoleon the Third, Napoleon the Little, Napoleon the hero of shabby exploits and reactionary dreams, wrought in his lurid day infinite evil and, unconsciously and unintentionally, some fragments of good. He set up the Mexican empire and for the time being crushed the republic. But when, freed from the distractions of our civil war, we had chased him from the scene of his pet folly, and his little empire had fallen, let us give thanks, on his own head, the surge of reawakened patriotism made Mexico a nation and started it upon the road to greatness—as surely as we were pointed thither when we broke from the mold and fustian of monarchy.

One other good thing was brought by the short-lived French occupation. It established in Mexico some of the best institutions of French laws, and one of them was the French idea of controlling corporations instead of being controlled by them, an excellent device, and one that ought to have keen interest for us—by way of contrast.

For instance, railroads.

Here is a curious matter. If a man having broken his leg should refuse the services of a surgeon and insist upon treating his hurt with Mother Smith's Soothing Salve, we should not think much of that man's intelligence; but a course that in our personal affairs we should deem foolish we are quite content to follow in the affairs of the nation. Being afflicted with the dangerous power, the lawlessness, arrogance, and dishonesty of great railroad corporations, we are willing to ignore the cause of the trouble and to busy ourselves in dosing the symptoms—with flabby rate bills, infantile inspection bills, and boneless public utility bills.

This seems strange, but it is not half so strange as something else. Nearly all other nations have made thorough tests of all these nostrums and having proved by experience that theye are worse than useless, have thrown them away. At the tail of the procession come we, painfully and laboriously resurrecting from the world's rubbish heap the discarded bottles, and with much eclat we apply the old remedies.

Meanwhile, wasting good and precious time, as we should know by our own experience. Twenty-one years ago, after eight years of agitation, we set out with an interstate-commerce law to "regulate" our railroad troubles. It took us twenty years to become convinced that this law was not worth the paper it was written on, that while we were fooling with it the robberies continued, protected by the very law that pretended to suppress them. Whereupon we betook ourselves anew to the old problem and attacked it with another interstate-commerce law just as invertebrate and jellied as the first. We have made faces at the corporation in politics, shaken our fists at the insurance exploiters, told the railroad companies to be good, used incantations on the traction thieves, muttered spells against the gas monopolies, and gone into a trance against the diseased-meat swindlers. Now in our hearts we begin to feel that none of these things is of the least avail, while with our voices we cry aloud against the surgeon and for further experiments with incantations, making faces, and muttering spells.

In other countries when they have demonstrated that a quack remedy is worthless they know it is worthless. Enough for them is enough. Then they try something else.

This has been the record in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Japan, as these nations have dealt with their railroad problems. Lately there has been the same kind of demonstration

in Mexico. The other cases are well known; very little has been said about Mexico. I commend it to the attention of all those that still think spell-muttering is the thing.

Mexico once went infinitely farther in the way of railroad regulation than we have ever dreamed of going, and the Mexican railroad regulations were regarded by high authority as the most perfect that had ever been framed by man. In fifty or sixty years, at the present rate of progress, we may reach a state of "regulation" as radical and severe as that Mexico has now abandoned; and since we have elected to follow this road we might well see wither it has led in the experience of another nation.

No question is raised anywhere about the wisdom or the extremely radical nature of railroad regulation as practised in Mexico. It was wont to be commended to us as the model of that kind of statesmanship. With a full and perfect knowledge of the troubles that beset us it was devised for the purpose of preventing them and nothing better for that purpose has ever been found. It was the perfection of "regulation."

To give examples:

Many of our difficulties have arisen from the fact that with us the normal function of a railroad as a public highway has been totally obscured and the railroad has come to be looked upon as a piece of private property operated solely for private profits. The old-world principle has always been that a public highway cannot be alienated for private uses. In this country we have tolerated the doctrine that when we have condemned a right of way and allowed a railroad to use it the highway thus established becomes the exclusive and sacred possession of the railroad company and over it the company alone has jurisdiction. On the contrary the railroad laws of Mexico were founded expressly on the broad proposition that railroads are public utilities, that they do not exist solely for private gain, that they are operated only by public permission, that over a public highway the public has inalienable rights. Hence at the beginning there was a notable difference in the purposes of the legislation of the two countries.

To build and operate a railroad in Mexico it was necessary to obtain from the federal government a concession, and the power to regulate centred about this concession.

It was provided:

First: That no concession should be granted for a longer term than ninety-nine years. At the end of the term, whenever it might be, the railroad clear of encumbrances and debts, should become the property of the nation. For buildings, machines, and rolling-stock owned by the company the nation must pay an appraised price. Everything else owned by the company should pass without compensation into public ownership.

Second: To keep the railroad companies in order while they were yet in control of the properties were iron-clad laws to be obeyed.

Every company when it applied for a concession was obliged to deposit with the government a sum in government bonds varying (according to the nature of the line) from fifty to two hundred dollars for each kilometer of the track it proposed to construct. This deposit the government could declare forfeited whenever the company failed to obey the government regulations.

Also, the concession (or charter) could be annulled at any time for cause.

Thus, if the company failed to carry out the terms of the concession, or if it allowed a total or parital interruption of the public service, or if, without the consent of the government, it sold its concession, or any part thereof, the concession could be taken away, the deposit was forfeited, and the government took possession of the road.

Therefore the power of the government over the railroad companies was direct, perfect, and absolute. It was a power buttressed, also, by many ingenious devices.

The government appointed its inspectors of maintenance and inspectors of administration, as many of each

as it saw fit, and fixed their salaries; but these salaries and all the expenses involved were charged upon the companies.

One body of inspectors supervised the operation of the railroads, all matters connected with maintenance, safety, tracks, rolling-stock, buildings, switches, motive power, and the make-up and speed of trains. To these inspectors the railroad companies were obliged to give all required information on all subjects pertinent to the physical condition of the roads. The inspectors investigated all accidents, great or small, and made duplicate reports thereon to the national Department of Communications and Public Works and to the court of the district in which an accident occurred.

The administrative inspectors examined all agreements made between company and company, kept track of the business transacted, noted the earnings and disbursements, inspected the companies' rules, received complaints, and reported deficiencies. To them the companies must show all books, documents, and records, and give free access to all property. They attended all meetings of directors, executive boards, voting trusts, and all other bodies connected with the railroad, passed upon all matters transacted at such meetings, and any statements of their making must be entered upon the minutes of the company.

Both classes of inspectors made to the Department of Communications and Public Works minute reports on their observations. Hence the government was at all times perfectly informed about the railroads, and holding over them always the tremendous sword of confiscation could enforce any legislation it might choose to make, or instantly change any policy of which it did not approve. The administrative inspectors practically sat on and dominated the directorates; the maintenance inspectors kept the service up to the public needs.

To give a concrete illustration of what this would mean in our country, turn to those regions in the west and northwest that last winter were weeks together without freight or passenger service because the companies did not care to operate the roads. If we had the Mexican system of regulation reasonably enforced, Mr. Hill would have found himself long since dispossessed of many choice pieces of his railroad, deprived of his deposit and of his charter and franchise, while the government would be running his trains for its profit and the relief of the public. This, doubtless, would have caused much pain to Mr. Hill, but it would have ended the tortures of the people that burned their fences and outhouses to keep warm and ground wheat in coffee mills to keep from starving. On the whole this would seem to be an end rather better than furthering Mr. Hill's prestidigitation on the stock market.

But what I have related is only the beginning of the Mexican system. Besides the force of inspectors the government erected many other safeguards.

All rates were subject to the approval of the national authority, which had full power to make in the tariffs whatever changes it might choose to make. Rates were calculated upon the one basis of so much a mile and nothing else, and no variations were allowed from that standard.

Thus at once Mexico was freed from the whole occult, marvelous, mysterious, and awe-compelling science of rate-making as practised in our happy land. Here we believe that a rate tariff is a tablet from Sinai, mystic, obscure, and made by what awful perturbations of inspired intellect fancy faints to think of. In Mexico any person, however common and ordinary, could figure his rates. So many kilograms to be carried so many kilometers—so much. That was all. And the government not only regulated the rates, it made them. And still it escaped the wrath of heaven, no panics followed, no disturbances, no disasters, no ruin of glorious prosperity.

In this country we fiddled away a quarter of a century in a dawdling debate as to whether the government

might go so far as to forbid a railroad company to gouge a greater sum for hauling one hundred pounds one hundred miles than it gouges for hauling one hundred pounds one thousand miles, and after all the fiddling the Supreme Court decided that the government could not do that simple thing. In Mexico the government merely went straightway and did it and never fiddled at all.

It prohibited greater charges for short hauls than for long hauls; it prohibited every form of discrimination, trick, device, scheme, or secret contract to advantage one shipper, over another; it expressly declared that every shipper must have exactly the same treatment as every other shipper as to rates, conveniences afforded, cars, transit. It utterly prohibited every kind of rebate. It prohibited the refunding of any charge in any case, whether for carrying passengers or freight and whether in whole or in part. It recognized two classifications: car-load lots and less than car-load lots. To provide for the greater expense of handling small packages, car-load lots took a slightly smaller rate than less than car-load lots, but a familiar swindle by American railroads was obviated by reserving to the government the right to fix the minimum weight constituting a car-load lot. Within these classifications no variation of rate was allowed; a man shipping one car a year was to have exactly the same rates, the same facilities, the same treatment, and the same despatch as a man that shipped ten thousand cars a month.

Even this was not all. Besides the incessant watching of the inspectors the government had still other means of enforcing its control. The companies were obliged to make to the Department of Communications and Public Works periodic reports of all rates charged, so that the government could see for itself that the laws had not been violated; and penalities for rebating and discrimination were provided against the companies and the executives and the agents thereof. Moreover, the company was obliged to pay, in every case of rebating or discrimination, to all persons that for two months before and for two months after the offense had shipped merchandise between the same two points, twice the difference between the legal rate and the rate charged to the favored shipper—probably the most ingenious and promising device ever used against rebating.

Also, severe penalties were provided for any attempt by false entries to conceal or alter any rebating or illegal charges. Underbilling was absolutely prohibited. So was ticket-scalping.

In March of every year every railroad company was obliged to present to the government a report showing the amount of all kinds of stocks and bonds it had issued, the dividends paid and the number of shareholders, its indebtedness of all kinds, a description of the road and statement of its original cost, present value of the property, franchises, and equipment (with detailed items), the improvements made, the cost thereof, earnings from passenger traffic, earnings from freight traffic, expenses, net earnings, and a detailed statement of its finances.

Every railroad was obliged to transport free of charge all government inspectors and customs officers in discharge of their duties.

Still more important, the railroads were obliged to carry free of charge, the government mails.

Reflect for a moment upon what such an arrangement would mean in America, where the monstrous charges of the railroads for transporting the mails prevent our government from giving to its citizens such postal facilities and service as are provided by the smallest nation in the postal union, and where annually the fraudulent mail contracts enable the railroads to rob the government of not less than fifteen million dollars!

Again, the general spirit governing these laws was to be seen in the explicit declaration that nothing contained in them was to be construed as establishing for the railroad companies anything in the nature of acquired

rights, but every feature of the law was subject to modification and repeal at any time and at the government's pleasure.

This, of course, abolished forever in Mexico that other gross specter of modern life, the vested right. Railroad companies in Mexico could have no vested rights about anything. It was never asserted for them that because they had been violating a law for sixteen years they had the privilege to continue forevermore to violate it. It was never asserted for them that because for a generation they had been killing people on a grade crossing they had an inalienable right to maintain that kind of a slaughter-house. The position taken by these laws and steadfastly maintained was that the railroad companies existed by the permission of the state and only on condition that they performed certain public duties and that the privileges whereby they were allowed to do business were never surrendered to them but merely lent by the state buring good behavior.

At the same time all needed protection was provided for the stockholder and innocent investor. Even when for cause the government confiscated a concession the stockholder did not lose everything. The deposit made with the government at the outset of the undertaking was lost irrevocably, but the stockholder stood a fair chance to recover the greater part of his investment. The government was not empowered to seize the railroad out of hand and without any compensation. It offered the property first at public auction; if no bidder appeared the government purchased the road at two-thirds of its valuation, and in either case the stockholders received the proceeds less the judicial and other expenses of the government. When the government seized a railroad for insufficient service the property was returned if within a year the company submitted satisfactory evidence that it could furnish adequate service. It was also allowed in its defense to offer evidence that the interruption of service was due to causes beyond human control; but such evidence must be absolute and unquestionable to avoid the seizing of the road.

Against these sweeping and extreme regulations the railroads had no appeal. They could not go to the courts, they could not resort to injunctions, stays, demurrers, traverses, precedents, appeals, rejoinders, quillets, quibbles, hair-splitting, or word-wandering. They could not secure delays nor by wearing out the patience of a mal-treated public induce it to submit to bad service rather than to submit to the weariness of unending litigation. A railroad company sentenced to confiscation of its property could do nothing but yield up its charter, wind up its affairs, and cease to exist. This is a general outline of the laws praised in many quarters as wise, just, efficient, and needful. As to their practical results, some assertions, at least, may be made with certainty. They bore no hardship upon railroad operation, they were no check to railroad development, they were no hindrance to investment, because under them the railroad mileage in Mexico, as I shall show in a moment, rapidly increased and the amount of capital invested in Mexican railroads mounted year by year with almost unprecedented rapidity. For many years together Mexico built annually more miles of railroad than any other country in Latin America. As to the result upon the public interests, that seems to have been eminently satisfactory. Surprisingly little complaint was made by shippers over Mexican railroads. The minimum of rebating and discrimination seemed to have been attained. There were competing railroads and some sharp practices to get shipments. Also, there was some rebating and refunding: to have privately owned railroads without these appendages is beyond the ingenuity of man. There was probably some little juggling of rates (on the sly), for that likewise is an integral part of private ownership. But the total amount of all such transgressions was infinitesimal compared with those in our experience. The risk was too great. In our country a railroad company granting rebates has noth-

ing to fear except that if caught in the act it may perhaps some day in the remote future be obliged to pay a fine amounting to one-fiftieth of its profits for a day. In Mexico a railroad company faced the loss of its existence, as well as fines and imprisonment for guilty officers. That had a tendency to make rebating unpopular, a condition enormously helped by the fact that the courts could not interfere.

As a rule, therefore, the shippers fared exceedingly well in Mexico. They always knew what the tariff was, and they knew that it was fairly calculated on a mileage basis and that one of them was not likely to have any advantage over another. The public fared well because the railroad companies did not attempt to interfere with government, nor give campaign subscriptions, nor control elections, nor nominate candidates, nor emasculate laws, nor bribe legislators, nor operate secret news bureaus, nor own newspapers, nor deal with vote-brokers, nor pad the registration lists. And capital fared well because it was assured against adverse legislation and the enormous expenses of buying votes, controlling conventions, financing campaigns, hiring candidates, and rotting the heart of public morals. So the plan seems to have been very happy all around, and the country thrived amazingly.

In 1903 a London newspaper estimated that private capital had invested $854,563,067 (Mexican) in the railroads of Mexico and gave the following details of some of the principal investments:

Mexican Central Railroad	$164,336,452
Mexican National	77,180,593
International of Mexico	38,040,200
Mexican Railroad	36,703,900
Interoceanic	25,773,680
Mexican Southern	11,250,000
Vera Cruz & Pacific	10,000,000
Chihuahua & Pacific	7,505,066
Sonora Railroad	6,834,147
Rio Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific	3,120,000
Mexican Northern	1,660,000
Panal to Durango	1,000,000
Kansas City, Mexico & Orient	691,912

I call attention to two facts:

Of these great investments the greater part was American capital.

Most of the American capital was furnished by the men that in this country strenuously and bitterly oppose the governmental regulation of railroads.

That is the truth. The identical men that sound the loud alarm and terrify us with prophetic visions of the evils to follow a little regulation went cheerfully to Mexico and risked their millions in a country where there was a great deal of regulation. To prevent rebates in the United States would ruin our railroads and bring on the soup-kitchen; to prevent rebates in Mexico created for railroads a wholesome and inviting condition. To prevent extortionate rates in the United States would destroy our great railroad industry and beggar the vast number of widows and orphans supported thereby; but in Mexico the government might not only limit, it might fix all the rates and no ruin and no starvation would follow. In the United States at the mere suggestion that the railroads were not supreme in our affairs those delicate and sensitive institutions were threatened with collapse; in Mexico the government with great heartiness kicked them all about the lot and the owners merely sent more money to invest.

Such are the facts. You may explain them as you see fit. Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman, Gould, nearly all, in fact, of the seven kings of the American railroad system, were heavily interested in Mexican railroads and continually adding to their holdings. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe had invested heavily and wisely. Mr. Harriman had a concession and was building in western Mexico an important extension of his lines. The Gould interests were deep in Mexican National. The Mexican Central, the greatest railroad in the country, was conceived in Boston, organized with Boston capital, and was largely owned by John D. Rockefeller. The International was floated in Connecticut. Many a man that professes horror at the idea of a railroad system without graft and without stock-rigging placidly put his dollars into exactly such a system and wished he had more

there. When it was suggested to Mr. Hill that really he ought not so to operate his Northern Pacific that people froze or starved, he responded with tart rejoinders or gloomy forecasts of evil days. But there was a country where he would have lost his railroad for doing such things with it, and men of his class not only endured the "governmental tyranny" but throve under it. The railroads subjected to such tyranny not only did business but an immense amount of business and with profit, the gross receipts of the Mexican Central being about twenty-five million dollars anually, of the National more than eleven million dollars, of the International more than seven million dollars. In ten years the gross receipts of the leading Mexican railroads, excluding the National, showed an average increase of three hundred per cent.—under the severest system of governmental supervision and regulation known among nations. What say you, gentlemen?

At the end of 1905 Mexico had 16,387 kilometers (10,240 miles) of railroad. In 1876, when she began this system of "tyranny," she had 567 kilometers. In 1876 she had six railroad companies; in 1906, ninety. In 1876 all her railroads transported 4,281,327 persons; in 1906, about 60,000,000. In 1876 the gross receipts of the Mexican railroads were $2,564,870.63; in 1906, about $85,000,000. Somehow the deadly blight of governmental interference fails to be discernible in these figures.

The principal systems have the following lengths in kilometers:

Mexican Central	3,547
Mexican National	2,017
International	1,416
Interoceanic	777
Mexican	683
Vera Cruz & Pacific	420

Beyond doubt the Mexican plan was the most admirable, comprehensive, efficient scheme of regulation that has ever been devised. It gave to the government perfect control over rates and services. It placed in the government's hands a tangible weapon against discrimination and rebating. It insured to the public full and constant facilities. It obviated the chance of car shortages. It provided safety. It met almost every grievance that we have against our railroad service.

And yet it failed, and most needs be abandoned.

It could do many things; one thing, the most desirable of all, it could not do. It could not prevent the railroad from becoming a great, perilous, overshadowing power in the nation.

The seven kings of our railroad system looked down to Mexico and it found favor in their sight. They said it was a good thing and they would push it along. They owned shares in many lines; they were building and planning many others. Here was Mr. Rockefeller with his Mexican Central Railroad and Mr. Gould with his Mexican National and Mr. Harriman with his new line to the Mexican Pacific coast. How fine it would be if they were to combine their interests and possess all the country! And here also came opportunely upon the scene the great Black Hand of the railroad business, the power that controls the Rock Island. This extraordinary group of financial bandits that in ten years, without investment or legitimate capital, have put together the greatest railroad system in the world and loaded it with all this colossal and menacing pile of fictitious bonds and watered stocks, they were also in line for a slice of Mexico. The Rock Island planned to carry its system southward from El Paso through Mexico to the Pacific Coast, to the Isthmus of Panama, to regions beyond. It was a gigantic scheme and certain to have a glorious success.

Maps were made showing how Mexico would be parceled out by the harmonious combination of the kings. The Rockefeller lines reached here and the Harriman lines there and the Morgan lines over yonder, and when the combination had been effected there would be nothing left for anybody else and nothing for the combining gentlemen to do but exploit the people and draw dividends. It was a grand conception. From time to time in the summer of 1906 the American

newspapers reported its cherry progress. Everything was going well indeed; the interests were being brought together, the necessary controls were being secured, and in a few months the combination would be perfected and fully launched to do the Mexicans good and run their affairs for them.

Many details of the combination were given. One seems to have been overlooked—Porfirio Diaz, president of the Mexican republic. The oversight may be thought to have been rather important. Early in December, 1906, it was sorrowfully announced that there would be no consolidation of the Rockefeller, Morgan, and Harriman interests in Mexico because the Mexican Government held a majority of the stock in each of the railroads these gentlemen thought they owned. While the gentlemen had been going about forming a happy combination to exploit the inferior Mexicans, the inferior Mexicans had been making some moves on their own poor account. In ways so carefully concealed that the seven kings never heard of the matter. Mr. Diaz had been buying stocks. Emissaries had moved noiselessly around France, Belgium, Germany, England, and the United States, picking up what they could find. When they had found enough the inferior Mexicans showed their hand and the seven kings heat a retreat—hardly, I regret to say, with the grace and dignity that becomes royalty.

The Mexican Government, giving no sign, had understood very well what game was afoot and what therefrom impended. It knew what the railroads were in the United States. It had long determined that no such power should gain domination over Mexico. Against the menace of the railroad trust regulation was nothing. The enormous mass of millions behind the American railroads had been too strong for the United States. Then what chance against it would Mexico have, a country of population and resources so much smaller? So the government had thrown up the only officient defense. Following the example set by Minister von Maybach when he got possession of the Prussian railroads, the Mexican Government had merely bought enough of the stock of each principal railroad to secure its control. It had not bothered with the bonds nor with any other phase of railroad values. Then it voted the stock it owned and puts its agents on the boards of directors. That was all. The operation of the roads proceeds as before. The stockholders keep their stock and will get their dividends.

Minister of Finance, Limantour, broke the news to the Mexican congress on December 13th. He said that the government had been driven to the step by the growing danger that the Mexican railroads would be absorbed by the American railroad trust and referred significantly to the difficulties we were experiencing in enforcing the laws upon great corporations. It was, in fact, no wholly new step by the government. The seven kings might have been warned. Mexico had always held a certain considerable interest in properties that railroad royalty was managing so confidently. She had but to increase her holdings and out went the kings. The policy chosen by the dusky and able gentlemen that directs Mexican affairs might easily have been discerned by the astute. In 1902 he had purchased a controlling interest in the important Tehuantepec Interoceanic Railroad, obtaining the bonds in the market at 90 1-8 and paying for them from the reserve funds in the treasury. At that time the announcement was made that the government had not sought to make a profitable investment but to prevent pools and trusts it felt it could not regulate nor control. That was the motive in its later and greater acquistion. No sanction by congress was necessary, the Mexican executive being authorized to take such steps when needed for the general welfare. The prices paid for the stocks are not made public, but the government has the roads, hard and fast, about nine thousand miles of them, including the lines once happily controlled by the seven kings. Some small properties are still to be acquired in the government's own good time.

How to Use a Doctor

By Luther H. Gulick in World's Work

EVERY large modern corporation employs a lawyer and pays him an annual salary. Its purpose in this is not merely or mainly to institute or defend lawsuits; it is to prevent them. Such corporations want the best men there are, for their advice may be worth millions.

No great company would think of entering into an important contract or of taking any step which would be likely to involve them in liability, without first submitting the matter to their counsel. It is the business of the corporation lawyer to know the law thoroughly; to know his corporation, its make-up, and all its scheme of operations; and to see that the corporation and the law do not interfere with each other. It takes an expert to do that; the work he performs is high-grade service, and it commands a high price.

What a well-trained lawyer is able to do for a corporation, a well-trained specialist should be able to do for an individual. In some families now the children are sent regularly to the dentist—not so much to have cavities filled, as to prevent them. Some people also submit periodically to an examination of the eyes, in order that any damage may be detected early and may be corrected before it has gone far. And there are some men who have the good sense to retain a physician upon exactly the basis upon which the lawyer is kept: not primarily to help them out of trouble, but to keep them from needing to be helped out. It will be his duty, of course, to undertake his client's case, if by infringing some of Nature's laws, he has made himself liable for damages; but the physician's main responsibility will be preventive—he will give his client expert assistance in keeping out of trouble. He will give warning when he is running under too little headway; he will prime him for an emergency; he will tell him when he is making a risky deal.

He must be even more of a specialist in the laws of health than in those of disease; for his business is to show his client how to run his complex, highly organized, physical corporation so as to get the biggest results—maximum efficiency—with the least danger. Entanglements with disease are costly.

The physician and surgeon are of much use in sickness; but they are of far more use when they succeed in preventing sickness. Prevention is worth more than cure. Its cash value is greater. It is good ecenomy: it saves time, money, energy, opportunity.

Unless he has some decisive warn, ing, unless there is some creak worse than usual in his physical machinery, the average man does not see a doctor professionally from decade to decade. What does he lose? What does the engine lose if no one but the coal stoker looks it over for a month, or a year? Perhaps the engine will run without mishap 364 days, and an the 365th day the boiler will burst. For 364 days the owner of the engine did not lose anything by his neglect to employ the skilled engineer. On the 365th day he lost enough to make the wages of the skilled engineer a mere bagatelle in comparison. Nor is it wholly true to say that the owner of the same engine lost nothing in the 364 days. Under the management of the skilled engineer, the engine would probably have developed a fraction of a horse-power more every day; the total difference during the year might have been appreciable.

The analogy is obvious. The man who goes along twenty years without expert supervision over his physical machine may do very well for twenty years; but it would have been better to consult a physician every month for twenty years and in the twenty-first be saved from going to "smash," than it

would be to go without his advice for twenty years and go to pieces in the twenty-first. To consult a physician regularly is life insurance of a far more vital type than the financial kind.

The lawyer that is valuable to a corporation is the lawyer that has been with it for years and knows its most intricate characteristics. Corporations differ no more than human beings differ. Jones & Company could not call in even Daniel Webster and expect him to give them the best advice on a knotty problem after twenty minutes' consultation. The man who expects to get expert counsel with reference to health and the conduct of life by spending twenty minutes in the office of a doctor who has never seen him before, is no more reasonable. It is more true of the individual than of the corporation that many essential elements can be discovered only through long acquaintance, no matter how skilful the physician.

It is just as necessary to go to a physician who has specialized in this department of constructive medicine, as it is to go to an oculist when one wishes most expert work done for the eyes. As yet, relatively few physicians are specialists upon hygiene, and the reason is not far to seek: the public does not demand such specialists. It prefers to take pills on "snap" diagnoses, or to submit to occasional surgical operations when the case has gone far. As a result of this lack of public demand, the financial compensations for this branch of medicine are small.

In order to be acquainted with the whole range of preventive medicine, a man has fully as large a scientific territory to explore and keep in touch with as has any other specialist. My own impression is that he has a larger field than any other specialist. In a measure, his field must include a general survey of all others. He must be an expert diagnostician. To discover the trouble is a far more difficult thing to do than to select the measures that shall make for cure.

The large fee and the large place in the community are to-day given to the man who can perform a surgical operation with skill. And yet, it is of more importance to get that advice which shall make the surgical operation unnecessary. To give such advice demands no lesser degree of skill, training and natural acumen than does the most difficult surgical operation. Still, a man will gladly pay $500 to be operated on successfully for appendicitis, when he would grumble mightily at paying $50 for a two hours' discussion with a man equally trained, who will advise him with reference to his personal health and habits. It is the dramatic service of the physician which at the present time commands public admiration—that service which is given in extreme and critical cases, wher the physician is called in to aid Nature to stem the current of forces making for death and to emphasize those making for life.

I am dwelling on this point because it is basal. I am sure there are many persons in the community who will secure the services and physicians as I have mentioned, but they cannot expect the highest grade of service without giving that which corresponds to the fee paid for other lines of medical srvice.

The doctor no more cures the disease than the engineer pulls the train. The doctor is far less important than is the engineer. A better illustration is that of the pilot on a steamboat. Knowing where the vessel is to go, the pilot can guide it to that port by the shortest, safest route. If it is necessary to take a channel where there are rocks, he will know what the chances are and how to take these chances to the best advantage. If the vessel strikes a rock, he will know about the tides, the probable winds, available help, and so on.

All this the doctor can do. In a case of typhoid fever, where the danger is that the temperature may become so high as to interfere with vital operations, he can by means of cold baths, or other treatment reduce the temperature, thus permitting Nature to do her own work more favorably. In the case of a broken bone, he can

see that the two ends are against each other and that the bone is straight; then Nature will do the rest. So one might discuss disorders of vision, with all their reflex effects—disorders of digestion, and the conduct of the person under various conditions of disease.

The doctor can guide, although he does not cure. I would myself no more think of going without the constant counsel of some other physician —although this is my specialty—than I would attempt to form a corporation involving questions of law without the advice of a lawyer, or sail my little yacht into a strange port without a pilot.

The chief service of the physician is to the man that is well; and it consists not in curing him when sick, but in keeping him well.

A new type of sanitarium is surely coming. The old sanitarium or hospital—and, indeed, the present one—has for its main object the cure of disease. This is good, and there must always be such hospitals and sanitariums. But the great thing is not to cure, but to teach people higher habits of living.

It is not so fine a thing as at first glance it appears to take a broken-down man or woman and restore the patient to health. He goes back under the same old conditions, and, as shown by cases on record, it is probable that he will break down again. The really great thing to do is, to take these people and not merely restore them to conditions of health and efficiency, but so to reconstruct their daily lives and habits that thereafter they will live normally.

To accomplish such results, the patient must be under the direction of the physician far longer than the custom is at present. The supervision that is needed for health education could be carried out in this way:

Within an hour of the centre of New York City there should be built a thoroughly equipped, modern home, hospital and sanitarium combined. There should be a large expanse of rolling country land around it. The house should be so arranged that thery room would have sunlight. It should be beautiful, cheerful, and thoroughly comfortable. There should be reading rooms and libraries, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, music rooms, workshops, skating rinks, golf links, and swimming pools. There should exist oportunities for boating, canoeing, and sailing.

All this should be under expert counsel. The proportion of physicians to patients should be something like one to twelve. Every person should be put upon a course of work designed to restore him to health, and he should be put upon this work as soon as it was feasible for him to begin. These periods of work should be steadily lengthened day by day, until the time arrived when the man or woman was doing full work again, but living at the institution under the daily observation of a physician. The patient should not return to his home life until correct habits as to hours of work, exercise, sleep, bathing, recreation, and so on, have been worked out satisfactorily and have become thoroughly established.

We individuals all differ; no two persons are alike. Individual equations in each one of these cases should be solved, and then habits thoroughly established. It is not a thing that can be done suddenly. It needs long observation on the part of a physician specially trained for such work. It involves a consideration of the mental states, the emotional states, the methods of work, the temperament of the individual, his education and experience, his age, and his financial resources.

His health education having once been thoroughly done, there should not arise the necessity for it to be done again. It should mean a large increase of power thoroughout all the subsequent life of the individual. If his stomach is weak, he should discover how to handle it most wisely. Has he a weak heart? He should learn to work so as to get the most out of himself with the least danger. Has he a nervous system that is apt to play him false in times of great

pressure? He must learn how to get the very best work out of this defective piece of machinery, unless indeed it be possible to remove the cause within the nervous system itself, so that the weakness no longer exists and he shall not look after it.

To know one's limitations is the first step to success. To know how far one can venture with safety is to be able to charge right up to the danger line with the confidence and audacity that win out.

Transplanting a City's Poor

By Elizabeth A, Hunter in World's Work

In 1869 an English political economist, Sir Frederick Young, had been watching his gardener transplanting the rank growth of seedlings from the greenhouse to the field. Suddenly he saw in that greenhouse a picture of the modern city, with its congested population, and in the wide fields all those thousands of acres which still may be found lying idle, even in England. From that year dates the cry, "Back to the land." Men began to see that the solution of one of the world's great problems lay in "transplanting humanity." But how could this be done? The Salvation Army is answering the question.

Some twenty years later, General Booth began to give the question consideration. In 1890, he made an experiment with a "back-to-the-land" colony at Hadleigh, near London. In 1898, colonies were established at Fort Romie, Cal., and at Fort Amity, Col. The sum of the instruction furnished by these three transplantings amounted to this: Save for rare exceptions, the habitual pauper cannot be made to support himself, even on a treadmill. But the man who is honestly willing, despite all inexperience, can support himself several times over when given his chance on the land. The question was how best could he be given the chance.

The "Army's" Transportation Department watched its experiments for five years longer and then decided that it had found out. It could not, perhaps, transfer the man-willing-to-work directly to the land, but it could transfer him to a country where there was land by the million acres to be had. In 1903, it began to move selected emigrants from England to Canada. By the end of 1905, it had brought over and found positions—for the most part as farm help—for some 7,000. In 1906, it did as much for nearly 13,000. In the spring months of the present year, it transplanted more than 30,000. And the Transportation Department states that, as a matter of course, these figures will themselves seem small when compared with what will be accomplished in the five years to come.

First, as to the receiving end of the Transportation Department. In the London headquarters is a staff of 100 officers whose business it is to see that assistance shall go only to those who deserve it. There is no lack of material to choose from. In 1906, when 13,000 were taken, 112,000 asked to be "emigrated"; and at the present time, applications are coming in at the rate of 1,000 per day. But the applicant must fill out certain blank forms, the statements of which become the basis of a searching investigation. The best evidence of this lies in the fact that of a total of 20,000 so far brought to Canada, only nineteen have proved "undesirables," and these were deported at the instance of the "Army" itself. Applicants are not expected to be or become "Salvationists." Catholics and Protestants are equally welcome. The character of the individual is the great consideration. After that, the preference is given to the man with some farming experience. Married men are advised

to experiment upon themselves, and send later for the wife and little ones.

In the London headquarters there is also a complete bureau of information. Questions are answered by word of mouth, by letter, and through the columns of two new "Army" periodicals—The Emigration Gazette and The New Settler. The whole organization throughout Canada supplies the information upon which these answers are based. It is impressed upon every would-be emigrant that there are no poorhouses in Canada, and that he must elect either to work or starve. The "Army" will not allow itself to be made the means for supplying "scab" labor in the case of strikes and lockouts.

Where the emigrant has money, he is "personally conducted." In the language of the Transportation Department, he is "selected, directed, protected"—and when settled in Canada his welfare is "inspected." But he is not otherwise assisted. In the case of that great majority of emigrants who are assisted, the amount of the assistance varies considerably. After advancing the cost of the passage money and transportation to whatever Canadian centre to which a man may be "booked," the "Army" lends him from $5 to $15. The unmarried man is expected to return the amount within one year; the married man is allowed three years. Of the money so advanced and which has come due to date, no less than 95 per cent. has been refunded.

In the actual matter of transportation, steamers are taken in their entirety wherever possible. Three large liners were chartered for the present year. In addition to this, every individual unbooked passage on the Canadian boats up to the end of June was engaged. When the whole boat is taken, a bureau of advice is opened on board. The advice is apt to be homely and to the point.

And here the "Army's" machinery has shown itself astonishingly efficient. Using the various Canadian headquarters as bases, central farm help and information bureaus have been established in St. John, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Brandon, and Vancouver. Each bureau makes it its business to keep a complete list of all situations vacant in its territory. In 1906, 60 per cent. of these emigrants were taken before they could pass through Ontario. There were situations offered for 15,000—or 2,000 more than were available.

In the case of young women emigrants a servants' hotel has been opened in Toronto. From it as a distributing centre, much is being done to solve the great domestic problem in Canada. And the Province of Ontario, in recognition of the fact that the "Army's" emigrants "have cost the Government less, man for man and woman for woman, and proved more satisfactory than the emigrants from any other source," has purchased a small Toronto hotel where the family of an emigrant brought over by the "Army" may stay while the husband is establishing himself. In connection with this, the various central bureaus have been carrying on a campaign of education to show the Canadian farmer that his wife needs help no less than he does himself, and that it will pay him in the end to take the married emigrant, family and all. It means that the farmer must build a tenant house, but it has been shown to give a vastly more permanent form of labor. Four years ago, only 2 per cent. of the applications were for married men; the proportion has already risen to 25 per cent. as a result of this campaign.

After the experiments at Hadleigh, Fort Romie, and Fort Amity, no attempt has been made in Canada to "colonize," in the common acceptance of the term, for two reasons. First, the lack of money; though a man may be brought to the Canadian Northwest for $50, at least $500 is required to give him a fair start as a "homesteader." Second, the great majority of colonizing enterprises on a large scale have failed hitherto because of the inexperience of the colonist. Hence the policy of letting the emigrant get his experience as a "hired

man" in the more thickly populated Eastern Provinces. And though the hired man's lot has never been regarded as easy, it is significant that no "Army" emigrant has asked to be returned to England.

But the movement was essentially to be a transplanting to the wide fields, and in the present year it has been given the opportunity to take full course in that direction. Large donations of money are coming to the "Army," and both the Dominion and the Provincial Government of Ontario have decided to do their part in the matter of providing the land.

In the case of Fort Romie, a committee of the chamber of commerce of San Francisco co-operated with the "Army" in the purchase of the land. In the case of Fort Amity, it had to be bought. But, in addition, there were many other initial expenses. To start the colonist with an honest chance of success, he was provided with a twenty-acre holding, a team of horses, a cow, seed, implements, etc., for which he gave a chattel mortgage. And to build his house, he was loaned $300 in cash. Only $25 of this was to be spent for actual labor; each man was expected to build for himself, or to realize the advantage of co-operation. For every five colonists ignorant of farming work—and in the case of Fort Amity they had been drawn from the tenements and had been carpenters, teamsters, tailors, canvassers, street railway conductors, and the like—a "pace-setter," a man of experience from whom the other five might learn, was given a central holding. This proved an excellent idea.

The "Army" has practically been given the refusal of two great tracts of land in Canada, amounting to nearly 500,000 acres, at a cost of almost nothing. The first proposes the settlement by the "Army" of two townships—from 230,000 to 250,000 acres—in the northern Ontario clay belt, along the line of the new Transcontinental Railway. The clay belt consists of some of the finest agricultural land in Canada and enjoys a climate much milder than the wheat lands of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The Ontario Government has not as yet given out its final statement, but its attitude in the matter is sufficiently guaranteed by the large grants of money and other assistance which it has already made to this unofficial immigration department. It is understood that the colonization agreement to be entered into between the province and the "Army" is about as follows:

The "Army" will obtain the land at somewhat less than the fifty cents an acre usually charged settlers in these districts; and the payments will also be extended over a term of years, probably ten, without interest. Such a price merely covers the necessary township surveys. The "Army" agrees to settle emigrants of the best selected class upon allotments of 160 acres. The Government will appoint a number of experienced men to assist members of the "Army" staff in locating the settlers, building suitable homes, clearing the land, and teaching the rudiments of agriculture. The settlement will be gradual; there is no idea of bringing in thousands of people to live in tents or rough shanties. As a further aid to settlers, there will be an experimental farm in Ontario, which will be a sort of agricultural headquarters for settlers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's offer in the name of the Dominion Government was of 240,000 acres in the Northwest Provinces, on condition that the British Government should stand behind the movement. That condition will probably be removed. On the occasion of General Booth's visit to Ottawa in March of the present year, both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Earl Grey, the Governor-General, foreshadowed in their speeches, an "Army" colonization scheme upon a gigantic scale with Dominion support.

The movement has already begun to spread in other directions. A private land company in Rhodesia has offered the "Army" a homestead grant of 1,000,000 acres free. The Governor of British East Africa has set aside large

tracts of agricultural land along the line of the Mombasa and Victoria-Nyanza Railroad. In South Africa and the Transvaal, the "Army" is regarded by the Imperialist Progressives as the power that may yet reverse the present pro-Dutch racial balance.

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Patented

By Edwin L. Sabin in Good Housekeeping

THE man—he was such a nice old man, Robert; he reminded me so much of your father, and, really, it was charity to help him—said that the use of these pots will revolutionize the coffee drinking of the world!" declared Zulette, solemnly.

We have since decided that she only misconstrued his meaning.

The pot was peculiarly oval in shape, and straight up and down, instead of being round and tapering toward the top. It had been presented for inspection, at the door, by the nice old man; and I being absent, Zulette of course bought it; especially as the old man said that it was a sample, and therefore she might have it for ninety-seven cents, the regular price being a dollar and a quarter. Still, Zulette might have taken it, anyway, had I been there. Because we are married is no reason why we should settle back and not keep up with the procession in this age of industrial progress.

The pot (it was a coffee pot) appeared to have more good points than a porcupine, and the nice old man had explained each, and Zulette repeated, proudly, for me her husband. It was a "percolator" pot (percolator, I trust, is correct; or should I say perambulator?)), percolating when desired, but alterable into straight boiler, on demand. It was constructed of a new preparation of metal, non-corrosive, quickly heating and heat retaining. But the handle was warranted to keep cool. Besides the percolating (perambulating?) arrangement within, there were other "in'ards," one being to facilitate the addition of the white of an egg, at the proper moment, and another being a receptacle wherein cream might be heated, and mixed right with the coffe in bulk—a distinct advance, Zulette insisted, on authority of the nice old man. We neither of us take cream in our coffee, but the nice old man did not know that. The pot was jointless, and it was patented. A patent on anything seems to give it tone—a sort of commercial Who's Who. This is the way the matter strikes Zulette, who accepts "patented" as approval straight from Washington.

That evening, when came coffee-time—we always drink our coffee to wind up with—Zulette, with a flushed little smile of anticipation (flushed smile certainly expresses it, but possibly I should say flush-ful smile), arose and withdrew into the kitchen. I followed, and hand in hand we stood and surveyed the patent coffee pot there upon the range.

"Hear it bubble?" whispered Zullette—as if afraid that an ordinary tone of voice would stop it. "It is percolating!" (Yes, I am sure that she said "percolating"). "The cream is in it, and so is the egg. I thought we would try cream, dear; the man says that cream, used this way, is not injurious with coffee." She pulled a little slide. "There—the egg is fixed! And there—the cream is fixed. It is all fixed, Bobbie—and not a particle of the aroma has been wasted, as it would be if I had raised the lid."

We waited a moment, while I digested her explanations and announcement.

"May I carry it in?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no," protested Zulette. "The man said that it was made very light (you noticed, didn't you?), so that

even a child could carry it. And the handle, you know, does not get hot, as in most coffee pots." She tentatively touched the appendage remarked upon. Then she uttered a tiny exclamation, and examined her finger. Zulette's skin is so tender. "It is a little warm," she said, with enforced calmness; "but not very." She wrapped her hand in a dishcloth, and proceeded to lift the pot.

We never, to this day, have definitely established which occurred first; but, at any rate, that unheatable handle immediately detached (melted off, we found), and that jointless bottom immediately fell out, accompanied by the pot's internals, the coffee, the cream and the egg—all dumped unceremoniously upon the gas burner, extinguishing the flame.

Well—the patent coffee pot makes a lovely flower pot, anyway, according to Zulette. She has buried it in the garden, and planted a geranium in it, and regularly pours water into its nose, thereby, she claims, "percolating" to the roots without disturbing the surface.

The coffee pot was not a distinct total failure, you see; and we—Zullette, in particular—had high hopes of another article, patented, supplied to Zulette by a young man who was earning money to take him through college. It was a waffle iron, said to be made of aluminum, much lighter than the old irons, and requiring no grease! One had only to pour in the batter, without preliminary smearing, clap the top down upon the bottom, lock with the patent lock (the lock was a prize feature) and place the iron upon the fire. The halves fitted very tightly, and cooking would be accomplished with the utmost dispatch. As it was near lunch time, Zulette tried to persuade the young college man to stay and eat waffles with us. But he was unable. It really seemed that a person selling waffle iron ought sometimes to eat the waffles.

Fortunately, I was in the kitchen, in the morning (we postponed the waffles until breakfast) when Zulette put the iron to the test. She poured in the creamy batter (Zulette's waffles are morsels to conjure with) without any greasing, closed down the top, locked with the patent lock, and placed the iron upon the blaze.

"It will cook very quickly, he said," murmured Zulette, her hand stealing into mine. Even as she spoke, there was a tremendous explosion. The waffle iron burst like a bombshell. We think that the halves fitted too tightly, and that the patent lock was too effective; and that the steam generated by the batter got out as best it could. Bits of waffle were stuck all over the ceiling, spotting the kalcimine; and a piece of the cover went through the window.

However, the bottom was intact, and hung up by a red cord, with the smooth side out and gilded, it makes a splendid gong for the dining-room.

It seemed to us—in particular to Zulette—that the government expert upon culinary utensils must be someone singularly deficient in thoroughness. Zulette thought of writing to the patent department and telling it that its good name was suffering. But in the meantime a poor woman, trying to make a living for herself and sick husband and five children, came around selling patent curling tongs. They were electric tongs—a brilliant idea (no word-play intended). The user simply applied them to the hair; gripping the handle and closing the split tubular end upon the tress started up the electric current, which heated the tubular end instantly, and curled the tress. Could anything cleaner and more convenient be imagined in the way of a curling iron?

I was shaving that evening, and Zulette was proceeding about her toilet also, for we were invited out. From Zulette's quarter issued a dreadful shriek, causing me to cut myself severely; and the poor girl came rushing to me with four inches of tress in one hand and the patent tongs in the other. She was accompanied by an acrid odor of burning.

"They wouldn't let go!" she moaned, frantically.

"But the hair did, didn't it!' I sooth-

ed. It appeared that Zulette was crimping her hair, in spots, "just a little; it was so horrid and straight," when those pesky tongs, having taken hold, refused to open. The electricity kept right on heating, and my poor girl lost four inches of glory, burned from the right corner, over the temple.

Of course, she was in no condition, mentally or artistically, to attend the Simpkins' card party, and we stayed at home. Four inches of coiffure is not to be recouped in a jiffy.

I gingerly bore the tongs out of doors (they certainly were dangerous) and buried them; within a couple of days they had sizzed themselves into innocuous desuetude, and now they make a fine cleaning rod for a forty-five Colt's six-shooter, with which I occasionally practice. They exactly fit.

I was sorry for Zulette—very sorry. She decided not to write to the president, or even to the patent officials; she would wait until the persons who had sold her the articles came back, and she would make them refund the money. However, they did not come; and by thus refraining they evaded, if not federal prosecution, at least a good scolding.

It was solely out of my compassion for my Zulette, I maintain, that I purchased a patent umbrella from a struggling, worthy man, formerly janitor of our office building. Upon pressing a spring, it opened; and upon pressing another, it shut; thus one could manage it with one hand, a long-felt requirement, as anybody will testify. It worked perfectly, in the office and in the house, and Zulette and I actually anticipated the next rainy day or evening.

The rain proved to be for an evening; it came on when we were in the car, returning from a call; but we had the umbrella and were unperturbed. I stepped off the car, ahead, and as Zulette descended, after, I pressed the spring. But the umbrella refused to open. The car went on, Zulette stood beside me, and still the umbrella would not open. The spring did not operate.

All the way to the house—four blocks—with the rain pouring and Zulette imploring (sounds like poetry, but there was no poetry about that) I fought with the patent umbrella. Just as we mounted the porch, it opened, violently, one point striking me in the mouth, and another knocking Zulette's hat over the side railing, necessitating that I grope about, below, in the dark and mud.

Once open, that confounded umbrella declined to shut. We left it on the porch, the vestibule being too small to accommodate it in its expansive condition. The umbrella never was shut! But Zulette has painted it in gay colors, and suspended over our cosy corner, it looks much like something Japanese.

There is one sort of man that there is no place for in the universe, and that is the wabbler, the man on the fence, who never knows where he stands, who is always slipping about, dreaming, apologizing, never daring to take a firm stand on anything. Everybody despises him. He is a weakling. Better a thousand times have the reputation of being eccentric, peculiar and cranky even, than never to stand for anything.

Common Sense in Common Schools

By E. G. Cooley, Superintendent Chicago Public Schools
Saturday Evening Post

WHAT is the trouble with our public schools? Thoughtful parents all over the land are asking this question with increasing persistency. They are entitled to a fair and frank answer, for they do not raise the issue in the spirit of the hypercritical public busybody pursuing the vocation of professional reform and flitting from one crusade to another, as the limelight of popular sentiment may chance to shift. They are anxious and sincere inquirers whose deepest concern is the welfare of their children, and it may as well be confessed, at the start, that there is cause for their anxiety.

For one thing, the trouble with our common schools is that they are not common enough. Of late the educational atmosphere has been clamorous with the cry: "Democratize the common schools!" While I may differ in my definition of the phrase from those who use it most, I am heartily in accord with the doctrine itself, as I understand it. To me this phrase means making the common schools more common; bringing them closer to the common people, adapting them more practically to the needs of the great body of pupils; bringing them into truer range with the life-work of the average boy and girl educated in them.

Some educators may see in this statement a lowering of ideals. The gunner who sends his shots high above the head of the enemy may have exalted ideals of patriotism, but he would do his country greater service if he would lower his aim to a point where his shots take effect.

There is no denying that our public schools are doing too much overhead shooting. This may have a sensational, almost heretical, ring, but I believe that the soundest educators in the country will confess to its truthfulness.

The great Huxley declared that "The educational ladder should have one end in the gutter and the other in the university"—and so it should. But that does not qualify the statement that our high schools, for example, have been closer to the colleges than to the people—nor does it render the fact less unfortunate. Probably this tendency to overshooting in our public school educational system shows more plainly in our high schools than elsewhere. What is a common school education for, unless it be to fit the mass of pupils for the practical duties of life? And if the high school leaves its pupils with only a preparation for college instead of a preparation for life, when most of its pupils cannot go on into college, does it not score a lamentable failure in efficiency and overshoot the educational mark?

I am profoundly convinced that great harm comes to public school education in this country through the almost universal tendency to make a fetish of graduation. Instead of making the high school the people's college, the tendency of those who frame the curriculum is to make it merely a feeder to the university. And this false viewpoint is inevitably reflected by the great body of pupils. Any high-school principal will verify the statement that it is common to hear pupils say: "I can't graduate, so it isn't worth while to finish the course." Hundreds of thousands of pupils in this country cut short their schooling and drop out of the ranks, every year, for this reason and no other. In a word, they act from the standpoint that they are in the high school to graduate rather than to learn, and they voluntarily sacrifice the year or two years of instruction which should do most to equip them for the hard and practical struggle of life. Would they hold this false and foolish notion which tricks them into cheating themselves, if the architects of the public

educational system had not been inoculated with the same idea?

The effect of treating the high school as a college feeder rather than a people's college is felt all along down the line of the elementary grades. The course of study in the lower grades is made subservient to the idea of high-school graduation in the same way that the high-school course is framed to fit the idea of the college or university. The grades of pupils are put through studies which no reasonable human being would assign them on any supposition other than that of graduating from high-school and passing on to the college. And yet it is a certainty that only a small percentage of grade pupils enter the high-school, to say nothing of being graduated from it, while the percentage of those who reach college is almost infinitesimal.

But concrete example is far more effective than abstract statement. Let me give an instance of our present high-school training, which is so typical that its truthfulness will be recognized and admitted by any principal of a large city school. Recently I became interested in a bright boy who was graduated from one of our high-schools and whose circumstances made a college training impossible. On inquiry I found he was leaving the high-school to go into a factory. What sort of preparation, I asked, had his schooling given him for the life upon which he was entering? His mother had helped him to get his education by "taking in washing." Such a sacrifice was worthy of rich and practical results. And those results were—four years of Latin, two years of Greek, two years of German, one year of French, two years of mathematics, a minimum of English and history, and no civic or political economy! And the trouble was not with the boy—he had been placed at the educational feast and had eaten what was set before him, "asking no questions for conscience sake." The curriculum, the whole educational scheme of the grade and high-school, was responsible for his educational misfit. He had a good start for college and a professional career, but his equipment for making his way in a factory was about as deficient as the imagination could well suggest. And those who go the way of the factory, the store, the shop and the streets are thousands to the tens who persevere to the university class-room.

From the fact that a great body of pupils drop out of the grades of the city school when the demands of the compulsory education laws have been satisfied, the importance of another defect in our schools may be realized. I refer to the tendency to put the best teachers in the higher grades of the high school. This results in placing the instruction of the younger pupils —the greatest in numbers—in the hands of the teachers who are least "interesting," who are least capable of investing study with a charm and attraction that will arouse the interest and ambition of the pupils and lure them to continuing in school beyond the point of compulsion. If this defect in our common-school system were generally remedied, I cannot doubt that the ranks of those who "drop out" would be substantially diminished.

Only a slight review of the army of the boys who "drop out" of the schools of a large city is necessary to reveal two startling facts: first, that they assign as a reason for their indifference the fact that "there's no use going any more, because they can't graduate anyway"; second, that large numbers of them, as soon as this conclusion is reached, use the school as a blind to escape work and spend their time "bumming"— a technical term used to cover truancy and a "good time" ranging the streets and, generally, "shooting craps" in alleys and acquiring a comprehensive education in vice and degeneracy. This they can do with much greater facility when they are above the age covered by the compulsory education statutes. While it is impossible to give statistics on this matter, it is true that a very large proportion of pupils start upon this course of systematic truancy at the point where they become convinc-

ed that they are not elected to graduation.

I cannot escape the conviction that there is too much of a tendency, so far as our common schools are concerned, to educate the mass of our boys out of touch with their social and vocational needs—too much of a tendency to make prigs of them and to give them a dislike for any calling which will not allow them to wear nice clothes and keep their hands unsoiled. All honor to the boy who feels that he is called by his own natural gifts to do what his condition in life fits him for.

The educational system which stimulates the boy to rise above his environment and go higher in the vocational and social scale is a good system so long as it actually accomplishes this result in a fair percentage of cases; but it is not desirable when it achieves this at the cost of making a high percentage of educational misfits in order to elevate a few into the intellectual or professional pursuits.

Common-school training should be a common-sense training adjusted to bear directly upon the reasonable expectations of the mass of pupils, upon the needs of the community and the needs of the individual in his relation to his community. Probably many sons and mothers who have done washing and other manual labor as a means of livelihood have become professional men—lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers and college professors; but I submit that, in the instance which I have just cited, a more sensible education for the boy in question would have been a solid grounding in the elemental and vocational studies—mathematics, English, manual training, physics and business subjects, instead of Latin, Greek, French and German. And those whose condition and prospects in life correspond to those of this boy are legion and form the great majority of the pupils of the public schools in the larger cities.

After all, utility should be the supreme test in education. And this standard should be especially applied in shaping the course of study in the common schools. The statement that the curriculums of the public schools will not generally stand this test may be a surprise to many parents; but such is the lamentable fact. Until very recently it has taken a courageous educator to come out into the open and squarely defend the utilitarian theory of education and fight for vocational studies for their own sake. On the other hand, there has been no lack of champions for the leisure-class theory of education. It has been fashionable to contend for those lines of study whose advantages must be mainly collateral rather than direct, for general mental discipline and a broad liberation and harmonious development of the faculties, as contrasted with a training calculated to fit the pupil for the successful pursuit of a vocation—although, perhaps, a humble one. Those who have had the hardihood to contend for the so-called "fads"—such as drawing, chemistry, manual training and household arts —seem to have often felt it necessary to make their defense along the line of the leisure-class theory of training by arguing that these studies should be pursued because they liberate the faculties, put an edge on the powers of observation and elevate the mind into the altitude of clear and logical thinking. For one, I have no hesitation in urging that the men who make the curriculums of our public schools put the emphasis on the elemental and the vocational studies because a majority of the pupils cannot hope to enter professional life, and should, therefore, be trained by the shortest and most direct cut to fit themselves for the life of labor in shops, stores and offices.

One of the most important development of modern education is the recognition that all pupils are not alike; that some are of the practical, executive type, while others are of a receptive and scholarly bent of mind. Under the old theory of education the receptive boy made a good showing in his school career, while the boy of the practical and executive turn had a poor standing as a pupil. But keen observers of educational currents

could not escape the fact that a high percentage of the boys who scored little short of a failure in school quickly outdistanced the "studious" and "scholarly" boys in the serious and responsible struggle of practical affairs.

Certainly the facts have taught us that the restless, driving, executive kind of boy is as of sound and valuable timber as the docile, studious and receptive boys, that he is as likely to cut as wide a swath in the world's affairs as the lad who "stands higher" in class rank, and that he is as well worth educating as the "natural scholar." And we are coming, too, to recognize that he is as much entitled to a training which fits his special temperament and endowments as is the scholarly boy.

In spite of the pessimists recent years have seen a remarkable expansion of our democratic institutions; our industrial and commercial institutions have not only expanded and multiplied marvelously, but they have grown more varied and complete. This means that the call for new workers of the practical and executive type has increased and is increasing in a ratio that we can scarcely comprehend. Boys of practical and "motor" tendencies hear the call for action early and with increasing urgency.

What is the result? If they are not held in school by a line of instruction which appeals to their instincts they will quit the schoolroom long before they should and miss these studies which would naturally give them their best and richest equipment for the activities of industry, commerce and politics—studies which come in the high-sshool course when the high-school is even approximately the people's college, instead of a feeder to the university, where the fetish of graduation is the central shrine to which all eyes are directed.

If I were to indulge in a word of prophecy I would say that the high-school of the future will be closer to the people than to the college; that its curriculum will do more for the children of the plain people; that it will make a broader and stronger appeal to, and a better provision for, the boy who has small interest in college, but feels he must "quit and go to work"; that its course will smack less of those studies which tradition holds to be divinely appointed agencies for "mental discipline"; that it will have less of the cast-iron program and will less and less attempt to mould all pupils to the same pattern; that it will give culture to those who seek culture and help all to strike straight for the goal dictated by their own natural impulses, whether that be a business or a profession.

More than that, it will increasingly put up to the pupil himself the selection of his course and the responsibility of its faithful pursuit. And there is nothing better for the development of character than driving at a fixed purpose with a clear sense of responsibility.

Our public schools will not be common in the truest sense of the word until these conditions are measurably realized, and until the ability of the pupil to build a gas-engine, construct a dynamo or make a difficult chemical analysis is as highly recognized as the ability to translate Virgil or Homer or demonstrate a tough proposition in geometry.

Poverty Boon to Boys

By Dr. Madison C. Peters in Chicago Tribune

THE cottage has contributed more than the castle in the making of manhood, the country has given birth to more great men than the city, and the university of hard knocks has graduated the best scholars.

Poverty, instead of pinching, dwarfing, and shutting a man up, enlarges and ennobles him and sets him free.

The best dowry for a boy is a childhood spent outdoors. Eighty per cent of the college students come from the farm. The country and the common people have always given to the world its seers and sages. Call the roll of the great and glorious in life and death—they were born in mangers of poverty and cradled in obscurity. Fully 85 per cent of the possessors of palaces in America were born in poverty and brought up in the country. Genius has rocked her biggest children in the cradle of hardship. One of the winning forces in life consists in being handicapped. Columbus, discoverer of peerless, unrivaled, unapproached, and unapproachable America, was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself; Homer was the son of a small farmer, and

Seven cities claim him—dead—
Through whose streets he begged for bread.

Mohammed, founder of a new religion and who changed the face of empires, was an orphan at 8 and afterwards a camel driver; Copernicus, who introduced the modern system of astronomy, was a baker's son; Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, and Watt, perfecter of the steam engine, were both of poor and humble origin; Shakespeare, to whose far reaching, all embracing genius all the world does honor, was the son of a wool carder; Robert Burns, who has taken his place in the galaxy of British poets as an immortal, a star of the first magnitude, whose light glows brighter in the flight of time, was a plowman; Daniel Webster, the most versatile statesman America has produced, worked on a farm as a boy, and when a student at Dartmouth a friend sent him a recipe to grease his boots, he sent back word: "But my boots need other doctoring; they admit water and even gravel stones"; Henry Clay, whose passionate appeals and fervid periods placed him first among American orators, was "the millboy of the slashes," his widowed mother being so poor that she could not send him to school, but conscious of his oratorical abilities, he began to speak in a barn with only a horse and a cow for an audience.

Stephen Girard, the second richest man in his day, came to America as a cabin boy on a vessel, and commenced life in the new world with a sixpence, but he made the world his best school and his industry his best capital. Cornelius Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his great fortune with $50 his mother gave him of her savings to buy a small sailboat, with which he transported garden truck from Staten Island to New York City. When the wind was unfavorable he pushed the boat along by poles, and got his freight to market in season. After a while he began to run and build steamboats, putting his savings into railroads, which then were being constructed rapidly. John Jacob Astor beat furs for Hayman Levy at a dollar a day. Nicholas Low, ancestor of Seth Low, laid the foundation of his fortune in a hogshead of rum purchased from the same employer.

Young man, don't say that you can do nothing because you are poor or because you can have no one to help you. Take down any encyclopedia or biography, or, better still, look around your city or town and you will see that your distinguished men were rocked in the cradles of lowly cottages and buffeted the billows of fate, depending on their own energy.

You have no right to be discouraged on account of adverse circumstances or even feeble abilities, for every giant oak in the forest was once an acorn, kicked about by the feet of passing swine. Look about you for proof of what I say and you can easily corroborate my statements. The most successful men in business and professional life began the world in their shirtsleeves. It seems that an essential condition of success is the necessity of working hard and faring meanly. Those who begin with fortunes generally lose them; those who begin life on crutches will always limp. Necessity is the stimulus to industry, hence the blessing of labor, which is the root of all progress in the individual as well as in civilization and in nations.

Don't dream of some Hercules coming to give you a lift. All rich men's sons are not fools, no more than are poor children all wise, but the heaviest curse on a child, as a rule, is inherited wealth. Many a father is his children's worst enemy when he accumulates riches for them to sqaunder. Beethoven said of Rossini that he had the stuff in him to make a good musician; if he had only been well flogged when a boy; he was spoiled by the ease with which he composed.

Many a man has been spoiled by the ease with which he began life. Success is chiefly due to one's own ability, determination, courage, and will.

Window Glass Making

New York Commercial

In the different towns in the gas belt of Kansas there are great factories where window glass is made. It is an interesting process. Great bins of sand, carbon and lime mixed together in a fine powder are ready to be dumped by a swinging crane, 250 pounds at a time, into the crucible or "tank" of melting glass near by. At hand also are heaps of broken glass —the trimmings and debris of the factory. These are also melted up and used again. The furnace fire, fed by gas, glows to a brilliant white.

The crucibles of baked clay are bathed in this heat of 2,800 degrees. Into these crucibles a placed Belgian loads from time to time the mixture of sand, carbon and lime until when melted it makes 600 tons of molten glass. It is this molten glass at the other end of the furnace that the blowers take out on their blow pipes to use. The Belgian wears smoked glasses to protect his eyes from the fiery light.

The dozen furnaces throw a brilliant light across the floor, but cast strange bobbing and crouching shadows up among the dark rafters. There is no talk—breath is precious where it is used to make window glass. Scantily dressed men hurry here and there, carrying great wads of soft glass so white as to throw out a slight violet glow.

Each man is a clear-cut rosy silhouette against a dark background, if you see the furnace side of him, or a sharp, black silhouette against a light background if he stands between you and the furnace.

Possibly the most picturesque part of it all is the place where the blower takes the lump of glass with its cavity possibly 18 inches long, and skilfully increases that cavity by further inflating it with his breath until it is fully as large as himself.

He stands before the open door of a furnace. A swinging screen is between him and the fire. The screen is notched on which he may rest his blowpipe with its long glass weight at the end.

Resting the cylinder so he may push it into the fiery furnace if it has

grown slightly hard, or at a movement, draw it out again.

The melted glass is taken by a man called a "gatherer," on the end of a blowpipe, that is a hollow crowbar-like instrument. The mass of soft glass to be worked weighs perhaps 50 or 60 pounds. The blower injects air by blowing through his pipe into the middle of it to inflate it like a balloon, except that the hollow glass is much longer than wide, and looks a monstrous bottle five feet long dangling by its neck from the end of the blowpipe.

In manipulating the glass the blower must keep the huge bottle suspended and moving almost constantly, and for this a long opening into the basement is made in the floor before him. Here he swings back and forth his great six-foot blowpipe with six feet more of glass at the end. Now and then he twirls it gaily upward and resting it on the screen swings it lightly into the fire, blows a little perhaps and before you know it has it back down in the opening in the floor, swinging it skillfully back and forth, twirling it lightly as though it did not weigh, blowpipe and all, something like 70 pounds.

Just before the glass becomes too hard to manage, the blower, by one of those simple twists, which he is paid good wages for knowing how to do, manages to cause a hole to appear in the bottom of the bottle, and it widens and widens for a minute or two until there is no bottom to the bottle. A helper then takes the blowpipe with the now hard bottomless bottle and carefully breaks off the one from the other.

Along comes the "snapper" who winds a little string of soft red hot glass around our big bottle at just the point where the sides begin to narrow toward the neck. A little rap on the glass and the neck drops off cleaving away in a perfect line just where the red hot glass touched. We now have left a great perfect cylinder of glass five feet long and 14 or 18 inches in diameter and weighing about 60 pounds blowpipe and all.

As it lies on the table another man reaches into it with a red hot iron looking like a poker. He traces with this red hot point a straight line on the side of the cylinder from end to end and at once the glass splits on that line. Now you have a cylinder with a crack down one side, and you can readily see that if the cylinder can be persuaded to flatten out it will be a nearly square sheet.

Here comes a reckless boy with a spring pushcart. He loads ten of these cylinders on, placing each in a festoon of two leather straps which are strung on springs, and away he goes full gallop down a slight incline to the "flattening room." There our cylinder will be coaxed out flat by a gentle heating, great enough to soften, but not enough to melt the glass.

A great low oven is the flattening place. A boy lifts into the oven onto a traveling table one of the huge cylinders. You remember it has been cooled, so now the end of the oven at which it enters is not very warm, but it is moved along by hidden machinery through greater and greater heat until it finally rests on a smooth stone table in a section of the oven so hot that the glass grows slightly soft, and limp enough so that a man by reaching into the oven with a long-handled scraper, can easily smooth it out flat.

When this has been successfully done, the great revolving stone table on which it has been lying while flattening, wheels it around to a cooler part of the oven.

It is given a little push and slides off on an iron frame which travels slowly through the sections of the oven growing gradually cooler and cooler. At the last end 60 feet away it is cool enough to be handled by a man with gloves, who stands the sheet of glass in a frame which dips it by machinery into a bath of boiling water and muriatic and nitric acids in the basement. This thoroughly cleans the glass.

Glass blowers are strong men. Like the village blacksmith, their "muscles are strong as iron bands."

The glass blower is proud of his work. He chose it when a boy; he

expects to stay with it while he lives. He is proud that his father before him and his grandfather, yes, and often his great-grandfather before him were blowers, and he hopes and believes that his family to come for generations more will also be blowers of glass.

The Forester and His Work

By Allen H. Hodgson in Overland Monthly

THE early forests of America were the result of nature's unaided forces for working countless ages. Their grandeur and magnitude were unsurpassed by any other country. This condition did not last, however, for with the coming of the early pioneers, whose only thought about trees was to cut them down, there began a gradual destruction of the forests. The indifference of the past Americans toward the preservation of the forests for the benefit of future generations is being realized. The great business and forest interests of the nation have been joined together. The American people have at last begun to value their timbered regions, and desire their protection. Forests reserves have been established, and the necessity of preserving the public forests permanently is leading to a national policy concerning them.

The needs of the nation demand that the forests should thrive and flourish, for the many national industries are directly and indirectly dependent upon them. . The rainfall is increased, floods are held back, soil is kept in place and the flow of rivers equalized because of the forests, and were they destroyed the wild game could not live. These uses, in addition to many others, show the value of the forests to a country and its advancement. Since more wood is used in our own land at the present time than ever before, a timber famine is inevitable unless the present rate of forest destruction in America is checked. The cutting of timber, for whatever purpose, should be under the most careful supervision. Not only should the older forests be protected, but new ones started and cared for. The accomplishment of all this great work of saving the forests lies in the hands of the forester, and it is he who is and will continue to be one of the great influences ensuring the prosperity of this and of the future ages.

The forester of to-day is highly educated, not only along one line, but along several. He understands botany, geology, physical geography, chemistry, hydrography, as well as technical civil engineering, and is able to handle all business dealings with lumber. It is for him to help the forest render its best service to man, in such a way as to increase rather than to diminish its usefulness in the future. The demands which mankind have made upon the forest must be met steadily and permanently; therefore, it is the prime object of the forester to make the forest produce wood of the best kind continually. The essential condition for the best health and productiveness of timbered sections is the timely removal of mature trees, and it is the forester who knows just when certain trees are ready to be cut down, and how to cut them. Although the forester works from an economic point of view—in fact, he wishes to secure the greatest amount of the most useful material in the shortest time—he accomplishes his purpose by a wise use of the forest, and in no other way.

All life in the forest is under the forester's care—the game, insects, fungi and trees. As a botanist, in order to rear and protect trees, he knows all about their life and habits; he understands the requirements of each particular variety from the time that the seed falls to the ground and

germinates, through its various stages until in old age it dies, decays and falls to the ground. He is familiar not only with their lives individually but collectively, as most of his problems are connected not with single trees, but with great forests. For this reason the forester must be conversant with many of the laws of nature. The great struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest, are among the most important of these laws. To combine these and learn to make them bring forth the best possible results, is the art of science. It is also the art of the forester. Directly associated with his knowledge of botany, is the forester's knowledge of chemistry; especially as it is applied to the composition of wood and the transpiration of plants and trees. The forester looks after the reproduction of his crops systematically. He knows what trees are undesirable and removes them in order to make room for the useful ones. Artificial replanting of a forest is sometimes necessary but natural regeneration is nearly always possible. In the reproduction of a forest, it is very important that the forester should know all about the various means of seed distribution, and how to transplant young trees. The tasks involved in the reforestration of sand-dunes and borren mountain sides are hard ones, and the forester who is able to successfully accomplish them possesses a marked degree of skill in his work.

Possessing a good working knowledge of physicial geography; geology and hydrography, the forester is able to meet and conquer many difficulties. He knows the relation the mountains and streams have to the forest, and is able to note the influence the forest has upon the atmosphere and climate of a locality. He discovers in what way it affects the rainfall and evaporation, and can determine how the various earth and rock formations and constituents of the soil may increase or retard the growth of the forests. The forester understands and is able to use all of the instruments for measuring the temperature and evaporation of water, and can describe or form maps of streams and lakes, showing, not only their geographical position, but their position with reference to the climatic conditions and forest growth, from which many valuable and interesting problems can be drawn.

As an engineer, the forester has much to do. If thoroughly competent, he is able to make line surveys, as well as topographical maps of forest property. Engineering ability is required in building roads, railroads, flumes and other permanent means of transportation. To get the forest products transported as cheaply, but as efficiently, as possible, is the forester's aim as an engineer.

The forester, as a practical man of business and executive ability, knows his forest thoroughly, and is capable of managing all work done by his subordinates in the field. He knows the lumbering business from beginning to end, and is fully competent to take charge of the saw mills and lumbering camps in the forests under his control. It is his duty to select sites for camps and to make working plans for the proper cutting of the timber. He does not allow valuable timber to be used in wasteful ways, such as putting it in skidways, and he also takes care that the trees are not cut too high. After the timber is cut, the forester knows how much per thousand feet it will cost to get it converted into lumber.

The work required of the forester of private, State or national property calls for practically the same amount of education and experience along the lines mentioned. Having sufficient knowledge of all the necessary subjects that come in his work, the forester is ready for business. After making a preliminary cruise of the land he is to take charge of, the first thing to be done is to make an estimate of the actual amount of useful timber upon it. The forester accomplishes this by conducting valuation surveys, which perhaps is the most important part of all this work.

The next important thing in the the management of a forest is the analyzing of the stems or trunks of

various kinds and sizes of useful trees. This work is done by parties of from five to ten men, and is exceedingly interesting, as well as instructive work for beginners in forestry. The condition of each tree, whether sound or not, the soundness of its trunk, and the length of the logs into which it could best be sawed, is recorded. It is the forester's object to find the average rate of growth and then compute how long it will take a tree, under certain conditions, to realize a desired diameter. The age of a tree is learned by counting the number of annual rings of growth at its stump. All points in the history of a tree are definitely found out and their characteristics learned.

The final success of a forester is largely dependent upon his knowledge of silvi-culture, which is nearly as important as the data gathered from the surveys and stem analyses. As a part of that knowledge, he knows under just what conditions the seeds of trees will best germinate and grow. Unless all of the forester's specifications concerning timber are upheld by a thorough knowledge of silvics, they are not likely to prove of value.

After the field season is over, the forester still has much office work, and from the conclusion he draws, a working plan is made for the lumbering of the forest. He also writes recommendations concerning the prevention of soil erosion, the best means of preventing and overcoming forest fires, which, by the way, is his greatest obstacle, and ways of fighting the many other enemies of the forest, such as insects and certain kinds of fungi. In addition, he also determines the methods for the grazing of stock, of various kinds, and at what seasons, it will be most profitable and cause the least amount of damage. With all the data he has collected, he makes maps representing the rise in height of trees with their increase in diameter, and also their rise in height with the increase in age. All this work is done before the real facts of the field survey can be determined. When this has been accomplished, the true results of the management of the particular tract or forest claim under his care is known.

The development of such practical forestry is universally a national question, and few governments are without a permanent forest commission. The benefits derived from the application of proper forestry principles, under the management of trained foresters in the Government service, is constantly leading private timber owners to seek the help of efficient men to take charge of their forests. Forest management, therefore, has opened a wide field for the employment of men of strong character and ability—men who are not afraid to meet difficulties and endure hardships.

Although the life of a forester is not an easy one, and requires constant mental activity, there is something about it that appeals to the nobler, finer self of every man. Not every one has the privilege of that enjoyment of the wild, which is so great a part of the routine of the forester's daily life.

There is always something new in his profession—something about the trees to discover—untrodden regions to explore. By continual association with nature and the spiritual influence and inspiration of the forest, he is made a better man—one whose life counts for something in the advancement of all humanity.

To this end his whole life is given, and there lives no one more worthy of our honor and respect or more deserving of a nation's pride and homage than the forester—the man of this and of all ages to come.

The Ransom of Red Chief

By O. Henry in Saturday Evening Post

It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables, and maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two of the weekly Farmers' Budget. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

"That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made

him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed. Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank, the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief,' says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakaned by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but long toward sun-up I remembered Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you

think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

Afer breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return.

Just then we heard a kind of a warwhoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying-pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are

sorry for hurting him, or home you go at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return, And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, was a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter than ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.;

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them on further communication will be attempted.

Two Desperate Men.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says: "Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid, suspicious.

"You are the hoss," says the Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and

a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerado says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously, and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black and blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my humb and hand cauterized.

"But he's gone"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffiable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to

commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But, no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree, as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two desperate men:

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back. Very respectfully,

Ebenezer Dorset.

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I; "of all the impudent——"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away.

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I am not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes.

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

The Sins of Simon

By Ellis Parker Butler in Cosmopolitan

THE Mississippi was "up"—which means that the river was having the usual spring "rise" and that where once a dreary width of parched mud extended for a hundred yards beyond the fringe of sapling willows that lined the railroad embankment there was now a swirl of deep water—and in consequence the row of ten or twelve shanty-boats had moved in and were tied close up to the bank so that only a short plank was needed to form a landing-stage. The shanty-boats congregated a mile or two above town because there the shiftless boatmen were not obliged to pay wharfage, and to paying for anything but whiskey they had an undying aversion because the acquisition of money meant work, and work was contrary to their philosophy of life.

The shanty boatmen fished a little, both for food and for profit, and at times they added a little to their income by catching a stray log that had broken away from some raft and which they sold to the sawmill at the town below, but altogether they lived a dirty and indolent life and were looked upon with more or less suspicion by the near-by farmers and by the citizens of the town. Much of the suspicion was unjust and undeserved, for few of the shanty boatmen were vicious. The worst that could be said of them was that they were lazy and improvident and lived without asserting the inalienable right of every American to pay taxes. But such as their faults were they were permanent. The river had cast its spell over them, and once a river-rat, always a river-rat. They were mostly long, lean, and with bronze faces deeply lined by the weathering of many years. The women were slouchy and unkempt and weary-looking, acquainted with ague. The children were many. Everyone went barefoot all summer. It was a community of equal poverty for all and of special privileges for none.

It was June, and hot. Inside the low cabins of the shanty-boats it was stifling, and the women had, as a rule, taken their potatoes to the decks at the shady ends of the boats and sat lolling over the paring of them, preparing dinner. The men were off fishing or up in the cool woods sleeping under the trees, and the children were playing wherever they choose.

As a rule all the doors and windows were open, but one boat had both doors closed, and on the narrower shoreward deck a girl sat with her arms around her knees and her chin buried in them. She was rocking to and fro and looking up at the hill beyond the railroad track. This was Sal Bang, only daughter of Sime Bang, whose wife had, as he said, "died on him" when Sal was six. She was fourteen now, and had been cook and mismanager of the shanty-boat for eight years. Sime was inside on his cot bed, groaning and, as far as indications went, dying a hard death. Sal was waiting to see whether he was really dying or was only drunk, but his groans increased and he called for water. When he called for water Sal felt that he must in fact be dying. She had not believed him when he told her, but the request for water was a symptom she had never met before, and it made her feel that he was actually near death. She went in and gave him a drink and then stood and watched him for a while, not knowing what else to do. Then she went out and shut the door and waited another while. The groans increased, and she stepped quickly out of the shade and crossed the sun-hot plank and hurried down the burning track bed to the next shanty-boat.

Mrs. Rufus Wallers looked up from her pan of potatoes as the girl stopped before her. "What's up, Sal?" she asked. "What ye want to borry?"

The girl seated herself on the edge of the deck and let her brown feet dabble in the water. "I guess pa's dyin'," she said calmly. "I can't make anything else out of it, he is carryin' on so. Just a-groanin' all the time, and he is sure as sick as a dog. I guess maybe you had better go over; I can't seem to ease him none."

"He ain't just drunk, is he?" asked Mrs. Rufe doubtfully. "I'm mortal busy, and if it is just another of his drunks I ain't got time to bother. I been over to help your pa die, and then found it was nothin' but liquor about once more than I have got time to spare for. Don't you be foolin' me, Sal, for if he's just drunk and I go over it will be the last time I'll go."

Sally hesitated. "Well," she said, "I ain't even seen no one die, but pa says he is sure dyin' this time. I won't cross my heart on it, but that's what he says. Maybe it's liquor. I won't say but he's had some. He took some fish up to Schultz's yesterday and come back with a jug of white wine ——"

"Then don't tell me your pa is dyin'!" said Mrs. Rufe. "I know that white wine that old Schultz makes out of his own vineyard. I had some of it and my old man he had some, once, and I know how pizen it is. I guess me and the old man had all the symptoms of dyin' too, when we had drunk a couple of glasses of that white wine of Schultz's, but we didn't know. When a pusson's got two glasses of that in him he don't know anything at all. I guess you had better go home and wait a bit, Sally, and see how your pa sizes up in an hour or two."

The girl got up and started home slowly. "All right," she said indolently. "Bein' as we was neighbors I thought you'd like to see him die, if he was goin' to, but if he ain't it don't matter. I guess maybe it was the white wine, if it works that way, 'cause he hid down a lot of it. He drunk up the whole jugful."

Mrs. Rufe dropped her knife and stood upright with greater energy then she had given way to in years. "What's that?" she cried. "Your pa drunk a whole jugful of Schultz's home-made white wine? Why didn't you say so long ago, instead of settin' there like a ninny? It's a blessin' if he ain't dead a'ready. That's sure death, that is, to drink that much of Schultz's white wine. I'd sooner be took with smallpox and carbolic acid and chollery and raw pizen than drink half that much of Schultz's white wine, I would! You skip home as fast as you can, and I'll be along 'fore you git there!"

The girl did as she was told. She ran lightly along the railroad ties and crossed the short plank, but at the door of the shanty she paused. Her father was not dead yet, in any event. He was too noisy for any dead man, even one containing too much of Schultz's home-made white wine, and his groans were mingled with words that threatened Sally with a good lashing when he got hold of her. She thought it best to wait for Mrs. Rufe Wallers to appear.

Mrs. Wallers was not so light of foot as Sally and as she crossed the plank Sime Bang heard her, and he unconsciously dropped into pure and simple groaning. I suppose we all do the same sort of thing at times. If there is any sympathy due us there is no use driving it away by unnecessary words. A groan is a good enough advertisement of our pain and is a non-commital sort of symptom. If we are really sick it expresses the pain very well, and if we are not as sick as we might be a groan is still a good thing to have handy. A person who bears a lot of pain without groaning is piling on a lot of useless style and, as like as not, does not get the reputation of being a stoic after all, no matter how much he wants that reputation. A little fresh sympathy goes farther than a great deal of indifference in easing a sufferer, and a good hearty groan is the best sympathy puller. I knew one stoic who went to a dentist. He just wasn't going to be a baby about it, no matter how much the dentist hurt him, because he was one of the silent sufferers. So the dentist got out his tools and began to operate his tortures, and the first thing he did was to jab a

raw nerve. The stoic took a harder grip on the arm of the chair and said nothing. Then the dentist gave the raw nerve a harder jab, and the stoic nearly died with pain but would not show it. The dentist looked surprised, and reached for a more deadly tool, and gave the raw nerve a poke that made the stoic's blood run cold and his hair curl, although it was naturally straight hair, but still the stoic would not utter a sound. Then the dentist did things to that raw nerve that would have made a whole race of stoics turn pale, and he kept on doing them, and at last the man in the chair uttered one faint little grunt, and at that the dentist stopped prodding and said, "Well, I thought I never would find that nerve." He had expected the stoic to speak up like any other man, you see, and not lie about it by keeping silent. All he wanted to do was to locate the nerve; after that he did not hurt the man at all.



"The doctor diagnosed the case correctly, after he had heard the story of the jug of wine."

Sime Bang never made that mistake. He let his pain speak up plainly. This was not exaggeration, because in the shanty-boat village everybody did the same, and it was customary to allow a certain percentage for overstatement. You had to add it because you knew it would be deducted from anything you said before your statement would be accepted. And you had to deduct it from anything any one said to you because you knew it was added. If a man said he had caught a ten-pound fish you knew he had caught an eight-pound one, and not a ten-pound one, because if he had caught a ten-pound fish he would have said he had caught a thirteen-pounder, and if he said he had caught an eight-pounder you knew it was really but a six-pound fish. Once the system was understood it was easy to follow. If Sime Bang, for instance, said he had had a falling out with Rufe Wallers and had "killed the long-legged cuss," you figured off the discount and knew that the two men had had a quarrel and that Sime had hit Rufe over the head with a fish pole, or that, at least, he had shaken his fist at him.

Mrs. Rufe entered the house-boat and decided that Mr. Bang was a very sick man. He groaned like one, and he looked like one, and, in fact, he was a very uncomfortable man. He was really in great pain, and he thought he was dying. He told Mrs. Rufe that he was already dead and

buried and had a monument on him. He said he felt that way; that it was a big granite monument with "Rest in Peace" on it, and the whole thing set upon his stomach, but upside down, with the pedestal on top and the sharp point of the monument sticking into him. That was apt to be the effect of drinking Schultz's home-made white wine. Mrs. Rufe sent Sally to call the nearest doctor—who happened to be a horse-doctor that lived just at the turn of the road where hed had a pasture or two in which he could let sick horses run while he was doctoring them—and herself set about doing what she could to make Sime's last moments easy. The first of these kindly acts was to go through the shanty-boat's secret places to see if there was anything worth carrying off with her when she went home again. There was not much, but she took what there was and was satisfied, for she had not expected to find much. Then she sat herself down and told Sime it served him right to be in such a fix, for anybody with good sense would know enough to let Schultz's white wine alone. This would have eased Sime considerably, no doubt, if he had been able to hear it, but he was too sick to make out the words if he could have heard them, and he was too busy groaning to hear them.

The doctor came and diagnosed the case correctly, after he had heard the story of the jug of wine. He said Sime had the worst case of colic he had ever seen. He had treated a colt once that had a case nearly as bad, but not quite. It would have become as bad as Sime's case if the colt had lived, but he gave the colt some medicine and the colt died before it got as badly off as Sime. He said he was going into town the next day, and he would get Sime some of the same medicine. Maybe it might help him some. You never can tell, he said. It might not do him any good, but it would not hurt him any because as like as not he would be dead before next day, anyway.

All that day Sime tossed and rolled and groaned, but at sundown he became a little quieter, which Mrs. Rufe said was a bad sign. As she went home she told Sally that Sime would likely die at three in the morning, or maybe at a quarter after three, and that she would like to stay and see the end, but she felt her ague coming on and had to get home and to bed. She would send Rufe over to sit up with Sime.

Sally ate a bite or two—Mrs. Rufe had made a dab at getting dinner—and then sat down to wait. She had been up all the previous night while her father had been drinking for there was no sleep when he was drinking, and she was sleepy. Presently her head dropped forward and she fell fast asleep, and that was how Rufe Wallers found her when he came in.

"Help me gracious!" he exclaimed, "if the poor kid ain't plumb wore out! Plumb wore out watchin' her old dad kick the bucket! Now, that's what I call dog-gone touchin', I do! With him a-dyin' and my old lady a-jawin' I don't wonder the kid is played out, and what in tarnation she will do when he is dead, I don't know. Hire out, likely."

He picked her up and carried her to her cot bed and laid her on it, and then lighted his pipe and prepared to spend the night. Sime did not need much attention. Rufe bent over him a few minutes and studied him. He seemed to be asleep, but he groaned continually, and it was hard to tell whether he was asleep or in a stupor. At any rate there was nothing to be done, and Rufe lay down on the floor.

He filled all he space that the two cot beds and the stove did not occupy. He was a little different from the average shanty boatman in that he was more cheerful. His optimism was unfailing, and his cheerfulness ever present. He was just as lank and brown and ill dressed as all the rest, but he was ever happy, while the other men were chronically discontented and complaining. His thin face was shriveled into a thousand leathery wrinkles and his hair was sunburned to a musty tan color, but his eyes were still vividly and childishly blue, and

seemed to be looking always at a wonder-world. He saw a world that was going to yield him great thing next year—always next year. The things he set his heart on were always to materialize next year, and as next year is always a year from now he was never disappointed in his hopes. To realize his plans—that never worried him a moment. What is realization, anyway, but the ending of the sweets of anticipation, and anticipation is sweeter than realization. Rufe did not even descend to anticipation. He had the still sweeter morsel—planning great plans without actual anticipation of their eventuating in anything tangible. He lived a romance of great imaginings, and so rich was he that he would plan forty great plans in an hour, and forget them as fast as he planned them.

Rufe was no mere dreamer. He did not dream, for example, of falling heir to some unexpected fortune. That sort of thing gave him no pleasure. He was too practical for that. He planned things. Laid out all the details, just as he would work them out, and the whole thing was to depend on his own exertion or on his own wit—and then he forgot all about that plan the next minute in thinking up some new and grander plan.

He lay on the floor of Sime's boat and planned. He began by planning Sime's funeral, and forgot that in planning his own, and forgot that in planning his wife's, and forgot that in planning how to get her a new dress, and forgot that in planning how to get shoes for the children to wear when they went to school next winter, and forgot that in planning their weddings, and forgot that in planning something else, and so on until suddenly Sime sat up in bed.

In a moment Rufe was at his side. All he had to do was to stand up, and there he was! Sime looked at him a minute or two before he recognized him.

"Rufe," he said, "I'm dyin'."

"Well, I guess that's so," said Rufe, "but there ain't no use worryin' about it, Sime. I don't see no way to help it, and ¶ guess you won't be no worse off. Nor Sally won't be. We'll look out for Sally, so don't worry about her none. You just go ahead and die as calm as you please, and don't harrow up your mind none."

Sime scowled. "That's all right for you to say, Rufe," he said quickly. "I could say the same if it was you that was dyin' instead of me. But it ain't you. It's me that's dyin', and I'm dyin' hard. And I ain't fittin to go. No I ain't. If I was I wouldn't kick about goin', but I ain't."

"You lay down and shut up," said Rufe, gently. "You don't know what you're sayin'. If you did you wouldn't say it. You're delirious, that's what you are, Sime, and you're talkin' crazy. And I'll prove it to you, too. Because if you was in your right senses you wouldn't say but what you was as good as the best man on earth. You know you wouldn't. 'Tain't like you. You lay down or I'll push you down."

Sime wept weakly, but he lay down as he was bid. "Can't a man die like he wants to?" he asked peevishly. "Can't I die settin' up just as well as lyin' down, I'd like to know? You ain't got no right to boss my dyin', Rufe."

"Yes I have, too," Rufe assured him. "You ain't got anything to say about it. You are out of your head, and you ain't competent to take charge. That's what I'm here for."

"I ain't no more out of my head than you are," moaned Sime. "My head's as clear as a bell, and I know it. I'm weak, and I'm sick—dog sick—and I'm dyin', but I ain't out of my head, and when I say I ain't fittin to die I mean it."

"Well, maybe you ain't," said Rufe. "Of course I don't want to say you are if you ain't, Sime, and maybe I ain't so well competent to say as you are, but you look all right to me. As near as I can figure, you are as fittin to die as any man I know, and if I was you I would just go ahead and die and not worry any. We ain't none of us perfect. I ain't, and you ain't, but you'll do all right, I guess."

Sime groaned and shook his head. "No I won't," he mourned. "I won't

stand no chance at all. I can't go the way I am. I've got a heap of sins a-layin' on my conscience that I ought to get rid of. You can't guess how many, Rufe, because you ain't had no experience that way. I wisht I had somebody handy that I could sort of confess them sins to. I hear tell that helps a man to die easy. I wisht I could try it. I ain't fittin to die the way I am."

"I don't see how we are goin' to get no preacher out here this time of night, help me gracious if I do!" said Rufe regretfully. "I'd do it if I could to see you die saddisfied. A man can't die but once, and he'd ought to have the right to die right. That's what I say. You don't reckon it would ease you any to confess what's the matter with you to me, do you, Sime?"

"Rufe," Sime groaned, "I'm a-dyin' fast, I am, and my conscience it hurts me 'most as bad as my stomach does. I've got to relieve my mind to somebody."

He lay back and the tears ran down his face. Rufe bent over him and smoothed his brow, and after a momen't hesitation, took his hand.

"Go on, Sime," he urged. "Spit it out. Tell me what's on your mind. I ain't what a preacher would be, but I'm the best that's handy."

The sick man lay silent for a minute or two, and then he spoke. "I ain't got no chance!" he said weakly. "I've been a bad one all my life, and it will count agin me. But I do feel that it will ease me to speak out, Rufe, I-I-I've always been a hard cusser—"

"Now, that ain't goin' to be held up agin you, Sime," Rufe assured him. "I don't know anybody that don't cuss a bit off and on. I do, myself. I guess when it comes to cussin' I cuss twice to your once. Don't let that worry you, poor sufferer."

"And I ain't always told the truth——" began Sime, but Rufe interrupted him.

"Who ever did?" he asked. "And when it comes to lyin' you ain't to be compared with me. Just you make your mind easy about that lyin' business, Sime. Don't let that disturb your peace of mind. If you had ever learned to lie like I do then you might talk, but beside me you ain't no more than a baby at it."

Sime groaned. "There's worse than that," he said. "I ain't been honest. I've stole. I stole a chicken not no more than a week ago——"

"Now, hold up!" exclaimed Rufe. "That's nothin'! Everybody slips up that way now and agin. We all do. A chicken! Why, I stole two of them just last night. And ducks—I can't tell you how many ducks and geese I have stole! Hardly a day goes by that I don't steal some. I'm always on the steal, appears to me. That ain't no sin worth talkin' about. Ain't you ever done no worse than that?"

"Yes, I have!" declared Sime, shaking his head woefully. "I run off with a man's wife, and my own lawful wife a-livin'. That's what I done once, Rufe."

"Once!" said Rufe cheerfully. "Once! And you talk about bein' wicked! I just wisht I could say that once was all I ever run off with a man'e wife, and that one was all the wife I had livin' at the time! Why, Sime, there was never in the world a feller like me for the ladies! Dozens don't cover the number of times I've run off with poor trustin' wives. Hundreds of times would come nearer to it. I had that sort of a way with me that they couldn't withstand, and that's a fact. I never could see a wife that I didn't run off with her, and there was never a wife see me that she didn't want to run off with me. I was a Don Jew-ann, all right. So don't you worry about one little run-off. That's nothin', and if that's all——"

The sick man moved uneasily on his cot bed. "You do think you're a lot, don't you?" he growled. "Well, I stabbed a man once. Stabbed him, that's what I did, and I meant to kill him, too——"

"Meant to!" said Rufe scornfully. "And didn't you? But maybe he run away. I remember that one of the men I tried to kill run away so fast that I couldn't catch him, though I

must say it didn't do him any good, for I had him shot so full of lead that when he come to the river and tried to swim it he sunk like a couplin'-pin, and was drowned. But I don't count that one of my murders. I never did count him. But it wasn't really necessary to count him, I had so many others. Forty-seven, that's the number in my private buryin' grounds—forty-seven. And you talk about meanin' to kill one! Sime, I'm ashamed of you!

Sime raised himself up in bed. "Lookee here, Rufe," he said angrily, "I let you hang around here to hear make your little forty-seven look so sick——"

"I said forty-seven, did I?" asked Rufe. "Well, maybe I did. I don't recollect what I said. I spoke offhand, not wantin' to make the one poor little assault you mentioned look too pitiful, lest it might rile you, but since you want the truth, Sime, I'll own up that murder has been my leadin' occupation and amusement ever since I was old enough to walk. Forty-seven, did I say? That figger sort of come out natural because it was the number of men I killed one afternoon that was in my mind. That was my top re-



You ain't got no right to boss my dyin', Rufe.

me confess my sins, and not to brag about what you've done! I ain't goin' to stand it! I don't say but you've a good enough right to do all them things you say, and I don't say but what you've done them, but it ain't you that's a-dyin'—it's me, and it's my time to talk and not yours. You shut up and don't be makin' little of me. I guess I can tell some things that would make all the things you say look like nothin'. You don't think I'd go and confess all I've done, do you? Not to you. I would to a preacher, but not to you. I'd tell a preacher all about the eighty or ninety men I've killed in cold blood, and I'd cord for one afternoon, Sime. I might have made it bigger, but I didn't start in killin' until two o'clock——"

The sick man reached over and seized Rufe by the hair. It seemed as if the two would soon be in the midst of a bloody battle, but Sime merely gave the hair one twist and then released it, and Rufe got up and rubbed his head slowly.

"Well," he said, "I guess the old woman will be lookin' for me about now. I guess if there ain't nothin' else I can do for you, Sime, I'll move along home."

Quebec—A Land Without Trusts

By Herbert N. Casson in Munsey's

In that picturesque Canadian country called Quebec there are practically no trusts. It is a land without a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, a Morgan, or a Harriman. It is the idyllic home of the small farm and the small factory. The railway octopus has practically no grip on this northern Eden. In natural wealth it surpasses New England. Its hills are packed with buried treasure; and its boundless forests reach to Labrador and Hudson Bay.

Yet—such is the riddle which I am about to write—this land of freedom and equality is one of the least developed regions in the world. The mass of its people are poor. In their little independent factories they are earning, on an average, ninety cents a day; and the value of their farms—buildings, live stock, and all—was found to be only thirty dollars an acre when the last census was taken in 1901. One-half of the people of this immense land of Quebec, seven times larger than the State of New York, have been driven to seek employment in the mills and factories of trust-ridden New England.

Now that the drums of an antitrust campaign are being beaten in almost every section of the United States, and that railroads and corporations are being pilloried as the enemies of progress and prosperity, it is a striking fact that up in this strange land of Quebec the whole swing of public opinion is in the opposite direction.

"What we want," say the men of Quebec, "is more capital, more railroads, more corporations, more captains of industry. Millionaires have no terrors for us. In fact, our country has lagged behind for lack of them. If you Americans wish to do us a good turn, send us a Frick or a Gates to organize us and to develop our limitless resources, and we will show you a spectacle of prosperity that will surpass the wonderful progress of Manitoba and the Northwest."

Such is the general opinion of Quebec people, rich and poor, as I have found by interviewing several scores of them—bankers, mechanics, writers, socialists, members of Parliament, and farmers. From the driver of a Montreal sleigh-cab up to the matchless Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, premier of the Dominion, all unite in saying that the urgent need of Quebec is for capital and industrial leadership.

The inhabitants of this trustless province are, in the one matter of business, an army without generals. They are a brilliant rank and file. While they have produced artists, orators, poets, journalists, and statesmen of the highest ability, they have failed, for some inscrutable reason, to create industrial organizers and financiers. With scarcely any exceptions, the few large enterprises now in existence among them have been established either by Americans or by a handful of Scots who settled in Montreal. The average French-Canadian clings to the old way of hand labor and small production. He is an ideal employe—quick, tractable, moral, and fond of hard work; but only in the rarest instances will he ever become an employer or promoter on his own account. There is not a lazy bone in his lithe body, but some one else must lay the plans, take the risk, and invest the capital.

If labor created all wealth, Quebec would be a country in which every family had a cornucopia of its own. Instead of the little half-furnished wooden cabins, there would be modern houses of brick and stone. But the French-Canadian works alone. He seldom dreams of co-ordinating a hundred of his fellows into a corporation, so that their united product shall be increased. In fact, as the thin strips of farms along the St. Lawrence show, he is far more inclined

to divide up his property than to enlarge it.

Naturally, the French-Canadian is proud of his country as it is, without the smoke of factories or the clamor of mills. Where else, he asks, is there a river as majestic as the St. Lawrence, or as impressive as the Saguenay, that stupendous chasm of water and cliff? Where is there a city like Quebec, that storehouse of American history? It was here—in this walled city of the north—that the final duel was fought between England and France. Here fell, at the same moment, Wolfe and Montcalm—the one victorious and the other vanquished. It was here that the British bugles silenced the beat of the French drums in the New World; and yet there is no other place that has remained so wholly and unalterably French.

The French-Canadian is proud of his Montreal—the stately island city which belongs more to the British Empire than to Quebec. In Montreal, too, there are memories of the days of Cartier and Champlain, of Marquette and La Salle, or Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, and Thomas Moore.

Most of all, perhaps, at the present time, he is proud of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was born the son of a poor French-Canadian notary, and who is now the Premier of Canada. Sir Wilfrid is a statesman whom Great Britain has on many occasions delighted to honor. He is now a veteran of sixty-five, highly esteemed by Canadians of all nationalities.

When I met him in his Ottawa home—a comfortable brick residence given to him by the members of his party—he was recuperating from his official labors by reading an American magazine. He manifested the keenest interest in American affairs, both in relation to finance and politics. Incidentally, he called attention to the many American books in his library —a "Life of Grant," for instance, Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," and eight biographies of Abraham Lincoln.

But though the French-Canadians are justly proud of Laurier as a statesman, they have as yet produced no such genius in the sphere of business. They have shown little aptitude for handling large enterprises; and so, for lack of industrial leaders, the whole northern area of Quebec is still a trackless wilderness. Indeed, half of her land is still half forest—only one-twenty-fifth of it settled, and two-thirds of it unexplored. From 1871 to 1901, her increase in population averaged a little more than one per cent. a year. All told, she has only one family for every square mile of her field and forest.

The fault, if there be any fault, is not in the country itself. It is no farther north than the prosperous States of Montana and Minnesota. Apples, plums, cherries, pears, and even tobacco can be grown easily enough. The soil is fairly good; yet the number of farmers is decreasing, and the total product of the average farm is worth very little more than two dollars a day.

Within the past five years, the influx of American capital has greatly improved the general condition of the people. Farmers are now using harvesters and modern plows. But all through the nineteenth century there were thousands of them who knew no better way to escape the Harvester Trust than by using the sickle and the scythe, or to dodge the Beef Trust than by living on bread, salt pork, and pea soup. Even yet, in the back countries, a tree with jagged branches is often used as a harrow, and grain is separated from its chaff by the flapping of a palm-leaf fan.

In her Laurentian Range, Quebec has a veritable department-store of minerals; yet beyond a little picking and scratching, nothing has been done to tear the metals from their rocky beds. The output of all her mines would scarcely give each of her people two dollars a year. Just across the boundary, in Ontario, the rich silver mines of Cobalt have recently been developed; but Quebec's buried treasures are still unexploited.

There is iron in Quebec. A recent report, made by a government surveyor, declares that the country in a

certain region is "a mass of magnetic ore," and that the rocks are red with iron rust. Yet this region is still a roadless, mineless wilderness. There is a small furnace at Three Rivers, which makes twenty-five tons of iron a day—a mere spoonful, from a Pittsburg point of view. Although the Canadian Government gives a bounty of three dollars a ton for iron made from Canadian ore, no one has opened up the iron lands of central Quebec; and it is actually true that the rolling mills of Montreal are now importing steel billets from Belgium.

There is gold in Quebec. Eighty years ago the glint of the yellow dust was first seen; and nuggets that meant the price of a house have been picked up from time to time. But no energetic search for gold has ever been set on foot, and the undoubted wealth of the Laurentian Range still remains practically unclaimed, waiting for some future John W. Mackay or Adolph Sutro to bring it to light.

There is copper in Quebec, too; waiting for a Clark, a Daly, or a Guggenheim. There are ochers and lead and mica and petroleum and many valuable clays. There are mineral springs that might be as famous as those of Carlsbad.

"We have granite of exceptional quality," said M. Rivet, the member of Parliament for Hochelaga. "I have seen a whole mountain of it, untouched by pick or drill." In the new Bank of Montreal, designed by the late Stanford White, the most imposing feature is an array of thirty-six granite pillars, fit for an olypmic temple; but they were imported from Vermont and Tennessee; not one was quarried in Quebec.

There is one rare and valuable mineral, found in Quebec, and nowhere else in America—asbestos. This strange salamander of minerals is now indispensable. The fierce blaze of a furnace has no more effect upon it than a ray of sunshine; and we are therefore using it for threatre curtains, firemen's uniforms, furnace coverings, stove linings, and innumerable other purposes. Quebec is now producing eighty per cent. of the world's supply of asbestos. Most of the thirteen small plants now operated in Quebec belong to Americans; and the whole industry is less than thirty years old. For two centuries the asbestos region was surrounded by farms and crisscrossed by roads; yet not one pound of it was dug up and sent to market.

The fisheries of Quebec, in spite of a government bounty of thirty-five thousand dollars a year, are dwindling. Ship-building is a memory of long ago. The most extensive spruce forests in the world—vast enough to make Quebec the future home of the paper trust—have stood practically untouched until the last five or six years. To-day there are a dozen small paper mills in Quebec; but the greater part of the spruce is still made into pulp and shipped as raw material to the busy mills of Maine.

When I asked a Montreal member of Parliament about the northern part of Quebec, he threw up his hands with a French gesture, and replied:

"The north! I know nothing about the north. No one knows about it. It is the great unknown!"

After consulting with a number of public officials at Ottawa, however, I discovered some extraordinary facts about this "unknown" region. On the northern slope of the Laurentian Range—a vast tract without a town or a railway—the land is as fertile, the climate is as mild, and the snowfall is as light, as on the southern side. For more than two centuries the French-Canadians have huddled together on their narrow farms along the banks of the St. Lawrence, while north of them lay the treasure-hills, of the Laurentians, and hundreds of thousands of acres that can be had for the asking. For lack of pioneers and empire-builders to lead them, one-half of the population of Quebec have emigrated southward into the New England States, instead of northward into a wide rich country of their own.

The most urgent need of Quebec is a railroad from the St. Lawrence northward to St. James Bay. This would open up seventy million acres of land, and connect Quebec with

Hudson Bay—that inland sea which is greater than ten Lake Superiors. The summer travel alone would probably enable such a railway to pay dividends, as the whole region is a paradise for sportsmen. Here are wild geese, snipe, plover, otter, beaver, mink, deer, marten, and bears in large numbers. At one camp an Indian hunter recently shot eighteen bears. And as for fishing, there are a thousand lakes and countless rivers in this northern wilderness, all populous with trout and salmon.

"We caught ninety-seven trout in one haul," reports a government surveyor. "In the far north," he says, "we found the pike so tame that we killed them with our paddles."

For those who wish to hunt big game, there are the white whales of St. James Bay. In the good old days of the New Bedford whalers, these monsters were worth a hundred dollars apiece to the ships that caught them. It is said that in forty voyages to St. James Bay the whalers harpooned a million dollars' worth of the blond leviathans.

Instead of being a frozen waste, as most Americans believe, this northern region has a lighter snowfall than the prosperous cities of Ottawa and Montreal. It is in the latitude of England and Denmark, and farther south than any part of Norway.

"I have bathed in the waters of St. James Bay as late as the 3rd of October," said one of the few enterprising woodsmen who had made the journey by canoe.

There is a lonely bishop on the shores of this bay, who has devoted his life to the service of the Indians. For many years he has made gardening his summer hobby; and a surveyor who paid him a recent visit reports that the worthy prelate has succeeded in growing tomatoes, celery, carrots, cauliflower, cabbages, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, parsnips, beets, peas, beans, and red currants. Yet up to the present time the bishop and his garden are more than three hundred miles from the nearest railway.

This unmapped land will yet be the playground of the continent. Here is the Nottaway, a river two miles wide and four hundred miles long, but not nearly as well known as the Congo. Here is Lake Mistassini, with an area of a thousand square miles, where the splash of the white man's paddle has seldom been heard. And here are the falls of the Hamilton River, which have broken the silence of this wilderness for ages with a wild plunge more terrible than that of Niagara.

To do full justice to Quebec, it should be said that a railway has been begun, from Quebec to the north, and constructed for a distance of two hundred miles to Lake St. John. The magical effect of this railroad is at present the talk of Quebec. Sixty thousand people have trekked northward and settled upon the fertile land around Lake St. John. They are raising wheat and all manner of vegetables. Hotels are being built for American tourists; and a tract of land as large as Vermont has been added to the map of civilization in a surprisingly brief space of time.

There is no hostility to capital in this undercapitalized country. In fact, the most puzzling aspect of the whole situation is this—that while the greater part of Quebec is an undeveloped wilderness, its chief city, Montreal, is the financial centre of Canada, and one of the richest cities of its size in the world.

Montreal is the headquarters of the largest Canadian corporations. The oldest is the Hudson Bay Company, foremost of fur trading aggregations. The first railway into Montreal was the Grand Trunk, which located there and built a line to Portland, Maine, more than half a century ago. Later came the Canadian Pacific—that world-girdling system of railways and steamships by means of which a Londoner can now cross the Atlantic Ocean, the American continent, and the Pacific Ocean on a single ticket. Here, too, is the famous Bank of Montreal, whose total assets reach to a hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

Montreal has capital—hundreds of millions. She has millionaires—forty-two of them, all told, it is said. She has mills and factories—nearly four hundred of all sizes. But the vast bulk of her wealth is invested in enterprises that lie outside of the Province of Quebec. Her capitalists are at present building a railway in Cuba. They hold two million dollars' worth of United States Steel stock; and they have placed large amounts at the service of the Wall Street banks. They are the principal pioneers in the development of electric power in Mexico. They control the street car companies in Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Akron, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Havana, Trinidad, Jamaica, and Rio de Janeiro.

Two notable Montrealers—Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen—hold a thirty-million-dollar interest in James J. Hill's railways. It was their help, in fact, which gave Hill his first start as a railway builder, by putting the Bank of Montreal behind his ventures. And it is understood that the late John W. Mackay was strongly supported in his cable enterprise by these fur-clad financiers of St. James Street, Montreal.

All this brings money to Canada. It builds turreted graystone palaces on the banks of the St. Lawrence. But it does not develop the resources of Quebec. The total manufacturing capital of Montreal is still less than seventy-five millions; and the average Quebec factory can be bought for thirty thousand dollars. The almost unlimited possibilities of water-power at Montreal might make her a manufacturing center with a world-wide commerce; yet not more than one-twentieth of this power is now being utilized. Instead of making their great river run their factories and keep them warm, the people of Montreal import soft coal from Nova Scotia and Anthracite from the hills of Pennsylvania. There are, of course, several local establishments of the highest rank, such as the new Singer Sewing Machine Works and the Ogilvie Flour Mills; but, generally speaking, there are few industries in Montreal that are worthy of so rich a city.

In the city of Quebec, which is to be the eastern end of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, there are twenty-seven small factories with four thousand workmen—less than will be found in any one of several of the mammoth cotton mills of New England. On the river front not one ship has been built for eleven years; and the rugged old fortress city seems content to stand guard and meditate upon the tragic scenes of her earlier days.

In this attractive land of romance and mystery, nothing is lacking except the man with the business brain, who dares to carry out large enterprises and to organize his fellow men into productive regiments and armies. And so, while the story of Quebec is a poem—an epic—a tale of heroism and adventure, it is also an economic sledge hammer against those who believe that the captain of industry is unnecessary to the growth and prosperity of a nation.

Sooner or later the great leaders will arise in this land of boundless possibilities. Several are now on the spot who show promise of coming greatness; and it is quite possible that this generation may live to see the vast Quebec wilderness tamed by railways, the northern farmlands settled, and the rocky lid lifted from the treasure chest of the Laurentian Range.



Acquire Work Habit Early

By Martin Arends in Worker's Magazine

Above the desk of one of the largest employers of help in the country there hangs a carefully lettered sign reading:

. . . . . .

. .

. GET THE WORK HABIT. .

. .

. . . . . .

The general employing policy of the firm lives up to the subtle hint of a threat contained in the words, for such persons as do not get the work habit do not remain with the firm any longer than it takes to find them out.

Obviously, the man without the work habit has no place in business. He must be possessed of the habit to a considerable degree even to secure a position, and he must be inoculated with its germ to his last drop of blood if he would succeed. The work habit is something which no workingman can be without. Yet the fact remains that there are hundreds of good men turned out of employment each year because they haven't got the habit.

Every worker has one or more of these in his circle of acquaintances—fine fellows, good men, but incapable of holding a position long enough to get into the swing of the work and so make good permanently. They are clever, often brilliant. They are steady, often exemplary in their conduct. But they haven't got the work habit, nor can they get it, and so they fail.

What is the reason? Why can't they work? Because in nine cases out of ten they did not begin to try to acquire the habit early enough. They did not begin working until they were of an age when their dispositons, characters, and habits already were formed and too strongly fixed to permit the acquisition of a new habit in the degree required to make the work habit effective.

Work is a habit. If a man has not got the habit by the time he is 23 or 24 years old, the chances are that he never will get it. He will have formed other habits of living by that time which will shut out the new ones. There is one way to get the habit through and through, and one way only.

Start working early. He who begins to earn his daily bread at an early age has at the outset an advantage over the more tardy beginner. He has lots of advantages besides this, but this one is more worthy of attention than any of the others.

He gets the work habit. He's got to get it, because by far the greater majority of those who do begin to work early do so as a matter of necessity, not as a matter of choice; and they either "get the habit" or fall by the wayside at an early stage of the game. By the time they have attained an age where men usually begin to lay the foundations for their careers, if they lay them at all, they have acquired a disposition for working which stands them in good stead for the rest of their lives.

In the first hard years of their working they have acquired the work habit. The other fellow, the fellow who does not have to get an early start, and who does not get it, in these years has been doing everything else than form such habit. As a consequence, when he begins to work he enters into competition with a man who already has learned how to work, and the disadvantage which he labors under is an obvious one. He has to learn to do what the other fellow already knows, and he has to learn while performing, or attempting to perform, the same duties.

Of course he cannot do it; his employer discovers his lack of proficiency and one day when things happen to

go a little worse than usual the late beginner is invited to step in to the private office, where he is told that somehow or other he doesn't seem to fit into his position and that his services will de dispensed with after Saturday. That's what they tell him in the office. What really happens is that he is being removed to make way for another man, a man who got an early start and knew how to work before the other fellow started to learn.

It isn't that the new man can't learn his duties. Of course he can, for often he is brighter and quicker mentally than the other fellow. But it isn't enough that the worker shall know the mere round and routine of his work. The work habit is something quite apart from initiation into duty routine. It is more than knowing how a thing should be done, more than doing it for a day or a week; it is the habit that makes consistent and continued effort second nature to a man and turns him from an aimless, incidental sort of a being into the effective, efficient machine that business demands its successful votaries to be. It is a habit that makes work the great part of a man's life, not a mere incident; that makes other things subservient to it; that makes effort a dead word in his vocabulary, because skill, engendered by the habit, has made the performance of all duties easy.

The man who is forced by circumstances to begin to work early in life is too prone to sit down and bewail his lack of advantage and to envy the fellows who were able to go through high school and college. If he fails he lays the blame on his early start as a worker. This is false ground. Eight out of ten large employers of various kinds of help have gone on record as preferring to take into their employ the 17-year-old boy with a common school education to the college man of 24. Aside from the question of cheap wages, which is a consideration only in the minor grades, the young fellow at 24 will be a skilled worker, trained to work, well inoculated with the work habit. The older man at 24 will know little or nothing about actual work. His practice in working will be at a minimum. He will know how to think, because he has been trained to that; he will not know how to do, because one learns that only through practice. And it is the man who does things, and does them right, who is wanted in business. Also, unless he differs marvelously from the average college man, he will have learned to play so well that he will only with the greatest reluctance give up his playing for work.

If a man is going to begin to work at all and all men do sooner or later, it is well that he begin early. Then he will get the work habit in its most virulent form; and this is what he needs—though, perhaps, not what he wants.

Hard Work Never Kills

It is a mistaken idea that hard work kills. Hard work never kills. If an individual gets plenty of sleep, and takes good care of his constitution, he is in shape to do hard work.

The man who makes the most in the business world is the man that works hardest, not necessarily doing the most things with his hands, but doing the most things with his brain. The more you do with your brain the less your hands have to do.

It needs hard work to make a success, but you mustn't let worry mix in with your hard work. Hard work brings success, but to do hard work the machinery must be in good order.

Her Chance

By Ida R. Wylie in Royal

THE applause died away; the orchestra, wearied with six hours' almost unceasing toil, hastily packed up their instruments and disappeared into mysterious little rabbit-holes beneath the stage; and those singers who had not yet hurried away to change into more modern attire met and shook hands and congratulated each other on a successful evening. For it had been a successful evening—and an interesting one besides. At the last moment, owing to the sudden illness of Herr Edelbert, the part of Gunther had been taken over by a young member of the chorus, and the world had chosen to nod approval at his performance.

Even his more advanced professional brethren were condescendingly appreciative.

"Fine voice!" said the Siegfried of half-an-hour before drawing up the fur collar of his coat. "Has a future before him, that young man!"

And the gentleman with the bass voice grunted assent.

Neither of them noticed a young girl who stood a little on one side listening with eager ears. For she knew who this rising star was. He was her comrade, and they had stood shoulder to shoulder ever since that day, two years ago, when they had met as humble members of the chorus. There had been many sad hours since then—hours when hope and ready money were alike at a low ebb. But they had always helped and comforted each other. That very evening he had been despairing, and she had tried to cheer him with visions of future triumphs. And he had taken her hand unseen in his, and the hardness and bitterness had vanished from his features.

"Ah, if a chance would only come!" he had whispered; "if it would only come, Norah—little comrade. Then things would be so different. Then I shouldn't be gagged with poverty and failure. Then I could tell you everything that has been on my lips all these weary months!"

And now she stood and waited for him.

Her heart was beating violently, and her hands clasped and unclasped themselves in feverish excitement. For success had come to him—the success for which he had hungered, and whose tarrying had embittered his life. Now his foot was on the first hard-won rung of the long ladder—afterwards the climbing would be easier.

And she was glad, so glad that it seemed as though the dingy theatre had become the golden temple of her dreams, as though the reflection of his triumph had fallen upon her own life and filled her heart with a new warmth. And perhaps, as she was a simple woman, something else mingled itself with her unselfish joy, the hope that now things would indeed be different, and that he would come to her and tell her that which her love had seen already in his eyes.

The crowd dispersed slowly, and at last she saw him walking towards her. His head was uplifted, and his burning eyes fixed straight ahead. Success had swept away all signs of weariness and despair from his clear features. She made a quick step forward and held out her hands. She felt that in this moment they should be nearer and dearer to each other.

"I am so glad," she stammered, her glowing eyes raised to his, "so—very glad, comrade. It has come at last after all this waiting—and now all will be well."

He looked at her absently, as though his vision were fixed on something afar off. She felt that he hardly knew who she was or what she said.

Then he smiled and nodded.

"Thank you, thank you," he said vaguely, touched her hands, and went on.

She watched his retreating form. At the corner of the passage he met the chief singer, an incongruous figure enough, still in her Brunnhilde's costume, with a modern mantle flung over her broad shoulders.

Norah saw how she stopped Richard and condescendingly gave him her hand. He grew boyishly scarlet, and his lips moved as though in eager thanks.

Norah turned and slipped into the dressing-room. A few minutes before she would not have believed that happiness such as hers could have died so suddenly. Yet it was dead. She scarcely knew why. It was as though an icy, freezing hand had clasped her heart and checked the warm, pulsing flow of her blood. She took down her hat and coat and went out into the street. It was raining hard, but she did not care. She remembered only how tender and thoughtful he had always been, and how at such times he had wrapped her up like a delicate child.

"Think what would become of me if you were ill!" he had laughed.

And now she was going home alone, and a nameless desolation seized her.

"I am tired and foolish," she thought. "Women are weak creatures, after all. I'm crying—and I'm really glad, terribly glad."

She went bravely on, but the lights in the streets swam before her eyes, and the way seemed endless. Just before she turned into the narrow doorway which led to her dingy dwelling, she heard quick steps behind her, and, turning with a nervous start of alarm, found Richard at her side. By the flickering light of the lamp overhead she could see that he was drenched through, and that there were dark rings under his eyes.

"I thought you'd be surprised," he said gaily. "I saw you in the distance, and ran after you. I'm afraid I startled you, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't wait till to-morrow. I've grand news—I had to come and tell you—now when it is all burning and hot, so to speak."

He brushed the dark hair from his forehead, and she saw that his hand trembled.

"You have good news?" she said.

He nodded, and a happy smile touched his lips.

"Splendid! Think of my luck! It just happened that the manager of the Grand Operatic Company was in the threatre to-night. He heard me, and of the circumstances in which I had sung, and afterwards he came round and spoke to me. He asked me dozens of questions: what parts I knew, where I had learnt; and then" —he looked at her eyes brimming over with almost boyish pride and pleasure —"he engaged me. Second heroic tenor, if you please, for his tour in America, starting in four weeks' time."

She put out her hand blindly, seeking support. The world had seemed brighter a moment before; now suddenly the darkness and loneliness returned.

"And—you are going?" she said indistinctly.

He looked at her again, this time with a touch of annoyance.

"Of course!" he said. "Would you have me fool away a chance? Aren't you glad?"

"Indeed I am—I told you so—very, very glad," she said, but her voice sounded lifeless. The first flood of her joy had been checked too roughly —it now rang forced and hollow.

Richard drew himself up. His manner had become cold and formal.

"I must be going," he said. "I ought not to have come. I thought it might interest you. Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered.

Richard raised his hat and walked stiffly away. For a moment he felt nothing but a wounded sense of desertion. He had expected sympathy, and she had given him indifference. Manlike, he had forgotten the warm and eager words which he in his excitement had pushed aside unheeded and unheard.

"She's jealous," he thought. "They say most women are. To-morrow it will be all right again. I suppose I should have felt it, too; and perhaps I was tactless. It's rough to be left

behind; but then, she might have known—my luck is hers."

He stopped under a lamp, and pulling out a packet opened it. A thin gold ring twinkled in the yellow light, and he smiled at it almost tenderly. It had been bought only a few minutes before, and had cost all his hard-earned savings. But success had come at last, and she was to share it with him just as they had always shared.

"To-morrow I will show it her," he murmured. "I will ask her. And then——" He broke off. He was, after all, very foolish and very young, and it was a good thing the street was deserted. He bent down and kissed the humble gold band in its cheap case.

Meanwhile Norah had turned and climbed up the dark stairs to her room. In spite of all her self-control she could not choke back a heavy sob from her lips.

"When we were down in the depths together we stood shoulder to shoulder," was her bitter thought. "We were comrades—as long as we suffered. A woman is good enough in trouble and misery. She is not needed when success comes."

Her supper stood on the table, but she did not touch it.

She flung herself down on the rickety little bed, and cried out her heart for misery and loneliness.

"I've had my eye on you a good time," the manager said, drawing on his coat. "You have a first-class voice—or will have; and, what's more, you have always been at your post. No silly excuses about headaches and colds, and what not. We managers appreciate that sort of stuff, and now this offer has come, and the season is running to an end, I'm blessed if, out of pure Christian gratitude, I don't give you the chance."

Norah stared at him with mingled doubt and hope. The manager drew out a letter from his pocket, and ran his finger down the lines.

"To start in a week, first-class touring company. Wanted, an heroic soprano as understudy. No pay at first, but all expenses guaranteed. If capable, eventual permanent engagement as first soprano. Can I recommend anyone? That's about the tone of it," the manager concluded. "What do you say—shall I recommend you?"

Norah took a deep breath, and for the first time for many days a smile played about her mouth.

"It's a chance!" she said almost to herself.

The manager chuckled and tapped her familiarly on the shoulder.

"It is a chance," he said. "Warring is a gool fellow and will push you if you are capable and worth it. So it's 'yes,' eh?"

"It's 'yes'!" she answered with a short, excited laugh.

For once the man's familiarity did not vex her. She felt above every trivial annoyance in the flood of thankfulness and hope which had burst upon her. She went into the corridor and stretched out her arms like one who had shaken off heavy, humiliating fetters.

Her chance had come, too, and henceforth she stood side by side with those who had fought and won. Her thoughts reverted to Richard, and a hard, more bitter line settled round her mouth. For a week he had not been near the theatre. Everything confirmed her first fears. The successful man had cut himself free for ever from the unsuccessful past.

"We are not comrades any more," she said to herself with uplifted head. "That's done with. But he shall know of this. He shall not think that he has had to free himself from a useless burden."

Later, as she went up the stairs leading to his dreary rooms, she tried to conquer the impulse which had brought her thither.

"Is anyone there?" she called.

A figure arose out of an arm-chair by the empty grate. It was Richard, though for an instant she hardly recognized him, so strong was the contrast between his present weary attitude and the restless, energetic movements of their last meeting.

"Is that you, Norah?" he asked, so quietly that his voice sounded little more than a whisper.

She came further into the room.

"Yes, it most certainly is!" she said with a loud, harsh gaiety. "I'm paying an unconventional visit. Do I bother?"

He had sunk back into his chair with his head in his hands, and made no answer. But her gaze was turned resolutely away from him.

"You see, we have been such staunch comrades,"she said with veiled sarcasm. "We have always shared good and ill alike, and I had to tell you. You are interested, aren't you?"

"Yes, Norah, of course," he answered hoarsely.

"It seems as though Good Luck has been busy this week leaving his card on the broken-spirited," she went on. "Think, to-day the manager has made me an offer as understudy for the heroic soprano. Who knows, Brunnhilde may come after all!"

He raised his head.

"I'm glad," he said. "I'm glad the Good Luck you spoke of has been true to one of us."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

He got up and began to pace restlessly up and down.

"I don't know why I should throw stones at my luck," he said. "It's my own fault—my own folly. That night—you know I was wild with happiness—well, I played the fool. I was drenched through. The next day I had a cold—a mere nothing. To-day my voice has gone.

Norah fell back a step.

"Gone!" she echoed.

"I've seen the doctor," he went on. "He orders me complete rest for a month. I must keep at home. I mustn't use my voice—and I must have every delicacy."

"Well?"

He began to laugh, and it was not a laugh pleasant to hear.

"My old work at the theatre is, of course, done with. If I'm not fit in a month's time the American engagement is cancelled—and the manager isn't the sort to help," he hesitated. "I can't hold out. I have nothing—not a penny."

"You have friends?"

He shook his head.

"No one to whom I could appeal. I can't take from beggars poorer than myself."

There was an instant's silence—an almost imperceptible silence. Then she leant forward so that her face was hidden.

"We have been comrades," she said, but her voice had lost its bitterness. "You will let me help you."

He stared at her incredulously, almost indignantly.

"Do you think I would live on a woman—and a poor woman? he demanded bluntly.

"I'm not poor. I have a good engagement. But that's not the point. If you won't accept money, there are other ways. I have influence with my manager, and perhaps through him I could gets yours to help you over this time—perhaps with an advance on your salary."

"I can't thank you——" he began eagerly.

"There is no need."

"Norah," he stammered. He tried to take her hand, but she drew back angrily.

"There, it's nothing. Don't let us be silly over a business matter. Leave everything to me, and get better." She rose briskly to her feet. "I can't stay any longer. I have a rehearsal to-night. To-morrow I'll let you know what has happened. Good-bye!"

He tried to call her back, but she was already on the landing.

Just for a moment she wavered, and held her hand before her eyes. Then with a steady step she went down into the street.

At the entrance to the threatre she met the manager, and went up to him.

"By the way, Mr. Marks," she said, "I've changed my mind since this morning. I hope it doesn't matter." He stared down at her. Her eyes were a little red perhaps, but at that moment they were full of merriment.

"You see," she went on, "I don't think the engagement you spoke of is quite good enough. I expected something better." She laughed tremulously. "A lady in my position needs money. And, besides, I quite like to

lead the chorus. It has its attractions, and I'm afraid this theatre might not get on without me—we are such old friends. So I think—if you'll keep me—I'll just go on with my twenty shillings a week."

The manager stared dumfoundedly at the slight, retreating figure.

"Well, I'm——!" he said under his breath.

Richard paced up and down the narrow room. Physically he was better and stronger than he had ever been. Morally, he felt that the swing of the pendulum from sorrow to joy and from joy to sorrow had been too sudden for him. It left him bewildered, not knowing what to hope and what to fear. True, in two weeks' time he was to take the first great step is his artistic career, but that no longer satisfied him. His mind wandered from thoughts of ambition to the old, oft-asked questions: "Norah, does she care, has she forgotten?" and the only answer which he found stifled down every other feeling of exaltation or happiness: "She has forgotten. Her whole soul is in her work and in her success."

He looked at his watch. It was already five o'clock. In a moment Norah would be here if she kept her promise.

"Whatever it costs I will know if there is any hope for me," he thought, with a tightening of the lips.

The room was in semi-darkness, and going to the cheap lamp he was about to light it when a quick step sounded on the stairs, and the next instant Norah herself entered. She saw him, and came quickly across the room.

"Leave the light," she said sharply. "It's pleasanter in the dark. My eyes are tired."

He laughed and led her to the patched arm-chair by the fire.

"I don't wonder!" he said. "I expect you are blinded."

"With what, pray?"

"They say success blinds people. You see, I know about last night."

She remained silent, and he went on.

"A friend came to me this morning and told me that the night before he had heard the Walkure, and that owing to illness the understudy was obliged to sing Sieglinde. My friend didn't know the name—but then you told me you were understudying the part, so I knew."

Still there was no answer. He looked up, but she drew back out of the blaze of the fire, and her face was deep in shadow.

"It was a great success?" he said gently.

"Yes, a great success."

He leant a little forward.

"I'm glad—tremendously glad. To make one's first big step in London is worth something."

She heard the pain in his voice. She thought it was the ambitious artist in him which she had wounded, and a measureless, comprehending pity seized her.

"You will do greater things than that," she said.

He shook his head.

"Tell me all about it—everything," he begged.

She hesitated. If his whole being had not been strained beneath conflicting emotions, he would have heard how her breath came quickly and unevenly.

"Tell me!" he repeated.

Then suddenly she laughed, a sharp, hysterical laugh, and a flood of words poured from her lips. She described widly the applause, the congratulations of her friends, the approbation of the manager, a thousand and one details. She spoke gaily, almost flippantly. In the end she hesitated, and her voice trailed off into silence. She sprang to her feet.

"I am tired," she said curtly. "Let me go."

He stood up beside her. He had grown very white, as though with suppressed emotion.

"It was you who got the manager to send me all the money," he said, "and I have never thanked you. You stood by me in a bad hour. You saved my career." He broke off, and then held out his hands. "Yet you have changed towards me. It's as though a barrier had sprung up between us.

Can't we go back and be as we were——"

"No, no. That was all folly. Necessity threw us together—but that necessity has gone. We don't need each other now; we stand alone, and our paths have divided. You showed me that, and it is better so, much better."

"Then—it's all over?"

"Yes."

She pushed past him, and he stood like one stunned, and listened to her departing footsteps.

Then he turned, and leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece buried his face in his hands.

During the next week he fought with himself, striving to forget. But it was a vain battle. At the bottom of his heart was the knowledge that he would never forget, and a sullen despair settled on him. Until then he had hoped against hope, but now it was folly to deny the truth so pitilessly laid before his eyes. She did not love him. She loved her art, and her success, and what she had done for him was out of pity for a fallen comrade. Such thoughts as these tormented him night and day. They were with him as, three nights before his departure with the operatic company, he drew up his chair by the fire and tried to tell himself that now his voice had returned he cared for nothing else. But the flickering gleams of the flames fell on a face where lines of pain and hopelessness were deeply engraved.

He raised his head. The door had opened, hesitatingly, softly. He knew instinctively who it was that had entered, yet he did not move, held back by a great and overmastering sense of bitterness and pride. She did not care, and he was no beggar. He would plead no longer for that which she would—could not give him. It may be that in that short moment he realized for the first time all that her loss meant to him, but he set his teeth, preparing to rise and show her a face as cold and indifferent as her own. And ye he did not move, but sat on, listening with a strange fear in his heart to the slow, trailing footsteps as they drew nearer.

He knew that she stood behind his chair. He could hear her breathing quickly and jerkily as though after a stiff climb. The silence was unbearable, and with an effort Richard shook off the stupor which had held him paralyzed.

"Norah!"

"Yes."

"Have you come to say good-bye?"

"Yes."

A hand was placed on his chair. With a sudden resolution he turned and took it in his own, and felt with a strange tightening of the heart that it was like the hand of the dead, cold, damp, almost fleshless. He drew her round to his side, but she stood upright, her face turned away from his.

"What is the matter?" he said.

"Nothing. I have come to wish you good-bye and—good luck!"

He laughed out bitterly.

"What good luck can come to me now?" he said. "I have lost all that I care to have."

The hand in his shook.

"What is that?"

"That which I meant to come and ask for three weeks ago. But I was bowled over—a wreck—I had no right to ask any woman—and now, when perhaps I have the right, now I cannot——"—he hesitated—"You have your success—you do not care ——"

This time it was she who laughed, and there was something in the hoarse, trembling sound which startled him from his thoughts.

Heedless of her resistance, he pulled her down beside him, so that the firelight shone upon her face. Then he sat very still, stricken to the soul with the dumb suffering of that haggard, pallid countenance.

"My God—Norah—what has happened—you are ill—what is it?"

She tried to cover her face with one thin, almost transparent hand.

"Nothing, nothing—I ought never to have come; but I was lonely—and wanted to see you. Oh, Dicky, I have played my part so brilliantly. I have played and played—to you

and to myself, but to-night—to-night the curtain is going down, that's all ——"

"Then it's not true? There is no splendid engagement. You mean that——"

"Yes, that's it——"

"My God—why did you do it?"

"Why? Oh, Dicky, you don't understand. We women are so envious, so jealous. I couldn't be left behind—a miserable failure. Just for an hour I wanted to be successful, too. I wanted you to respect me—and so I lied. It was wicked and cruel—and I want you to forgive me——"

He took her face between his hands, and his own voice shook as he answered her.

"Norah—Norah—won't you tell me the truth now? Do you think me so dull—do you think I don't know? It has come to me like a flash of light in the darkness. It was your money the manager sent me—you have starved yourself for me!"

She tried to answer, but he drew her to him, and her head fell back upon his shoulder. A great weakness stole over her. She felt herself drifting away into a great and peaceful oblivion, through which his broken voice still reached her:

"Then you cared, little comrade? You cared always? Oh, Norah, my wife!"

The ladder of fame is a long and dangerous one, but Richard has scaled it to the end. And all the weary way his wife has stood by him—a comrade in the highest, noblest sense. He knows, and he has told the world, to whom he owes his greatness. But one thing is still hidden from him. He does not know that she might well have stood upon the pinnacle which now is his. He does not know that for him she sacrificed the great chance of her life. And, moreover, he will never know.

Be An Optimist

The optimist goes about in the sunlight looking for beautiful things.

He rises in the morning with gladness in his heart, sunshine in his face, and smiles upon his lips. The mere privilege of living and enjoying nature is priceless satisfaction to him. He gets good out of life every moment of his existence. He is a man to be envied, if envy is ever allowable.

The pessimist not only warps his mind, but his physique as well, and his influence on others is decidedly bad.

The optimist is in the majority, however, and the world is growing better.

Learn to see beauty in the small things. Study nature. Watch the processes of plant life and animal life. Surround yourself with helpful influences—good books, good music, and good friends.

There is no investment a man can make that yields such unbounded returns as optimism.

The Red Geranium

By Helen Porter in Chambers's Journal

Dan Bulger sat up in bed and looked around the infirmary ward with a face of disgust. How weary he was of everything! How tired of the waxed boards, the rows of beds with their blue checked quilts, the tall clock ticking away the hours in the far corner! Nothing seemed altered in the eight years he had been there, bedridden; the only change was in the floating population who drifted in and out; and since old Patsey died, the week before, Dan found himself the oldest inmate.

Close at hand a sick man and a deformed boy were playing cards. "'Tis aisy some folks do be amused!" muttered Dan crossly, for the sight annoyed him. He felt so dissatisfied with his surroundings that he had long passed the stage of taking any pleasure in the amusements of his neighbors.

Then, as he painfully drew himself into an easier position, his glance fell on a flower pot on the window sill at the side of his bed, and his whole face brightened.

"Git me a sup av wather, Thady," he called out to a more fortunate patient who was able to walk. "The geranium is morthial dhry entoirely."

Thady, as requested, went to the bathroom, and returned immediately carrying some water in a cracked mug.

"'Tis a grand little plant, Mr. Bulger; sure, 'twud be a pity an it to die." As Thady spoke he winked at one of the card players, for Dan and his geranium were a standing joke.

Such a miserable specimen it was, too! Long and lank, with thick, distorted stalk, and a bunch of leaves at the top—poor, pale leaves pining for fresh air and for sunshine. Almost every condition necessary to plant life was wanting except a loving care, without which it must have died years before.

Dan smiled. No girl at her first ball, no budding poet, was half as susceptible of flattery as this old man about his only possession. "'Tis doin' well," he said; "'tis lookin' foine this summer. It has seven leaves more nor last year."

"Does it ever flower, Mr. Bulger?" asked Thady with an air of innocence.

"Is it flower? Why, 'tis a grand red flower! It does be covered wid flowers. Wait till ye see it; ye'll be surprised!" cried Dan hopefully.

"Well, indeed thin, Mr. Bulger, ye have a consate av yer own about the plant!" cried a fellow inmate from across the ward. "I've been here goin' on three year now, an' devil the sign av a flower I ever saw on it! Ould rubbish it is. I do be wonderin' the matron doesn't sling it out. Sure, 'tis only to humor ye she laves it!"

"Ould rubbish! Ould rubbish is it?" stuttered Dan, shaking with rage. "Maybe 'tis ould rubbish ye are yersel', Mr. Moriarty! Maybe 'tis yersel' she'd be slingin' out in half a shake!" A defiant snort from the other here interrupted him, but he continued, 'Tis an ornyment to the ward, that's what it is! Look at the beautiful green av it. An' you an Oirishman, too, Mike Moriarty! I'm s'prised at ye! Barrin' the big branch ye can see out av the far window, 'tis the only bit av green I've sot eyes on for eight year. Green for the honor av Ould Oireland, sez I!" And after making this bid for popularity, Mr. Bulger looked triumphantly round the ward.

"More power to ye, Dan!" "Right ye are, Mr. Bulger!" "Sorra a bit av him desarves a better!" cried some of the audience, rejoicing, like patriotic Irishmen, in his sentiment, and also as Irishmen rejoicing in even the semblance of a fight.

"Well, I never saw sign av a flower on it, anyhow," retorted Mr. Moriarty, conscious that he had come off second best in the encounter.

"The air av the place don't seem to suit it," said Dan, and there was a

touch of wistfulness in his voice. "It hasn't flowered this six year; though that's not sayin' it never will," he added, looking sternly at his enemy. "If I had a sup av new mould for it ye'd soon see!"

"Sure, it's too ould, it is, to be doin' any good at all, at all. Faith, 'tis loike yerself', it is, Dan Bulger—dyin' av ould age!" and Mr. Moriarty laughed brutally as he turned and drew the blankets about his head.

There is not always much consideration for one another's feelings in a workhouse.

"Dyin' av ould age, is it? Dyin' av ould age! Maybe 'tis better to be dyin' av ould age than av the complaint ye're troubled wid, Mr. Moriarty!" with a scornful inflection on the name. "Me an' me geranium is wather drinkers, which is more nor can be said for all here!" Again Dan looked round for public approval, feeling that he had routed his tormentor; but this sentiment was not so well received as the last; while Mike, resenting the allusion to his habits, which were unfortunately beyond a doubt, growled, "Quit yer blethers, man, an' let me git to sleep."

And, satisfied for the present with Mike's discomfiture, Dan turned his attention to his plant.

Suddenly something unusual, unexpected, caught his eye. Breathlessly he examined it. Yes; he was not mistaken. Deep in the heart of the leaves a tiny flower bud was hidden, and, with quite wonderful strength of mind he said nothing about it. What if it should never come to anything after all? Day after day he watched it swelling, admiring its tender green, measuring every fraction of the slender stem on which it rested so proudly.

Happy in his secret, he was so unusually gentle that the matron began to wonder if he might not be unwell. It was so unlike Dan to lie there quietly with never a complaint or a peevish word.

His companions, too, did not understand this new attitude. It was something extraordinary to see the smile on his face, the look of placid content in the tired old eyes.

When Jim Blake whispered, "'Tis not long for this wurrld he is at all, at all; he'll be the next as'll be tuk', he only voiced public opinion.

The day when a thin line of red flushed the side of the bud Dan spoke of it, and from that moment till the geranium was in full flower he and his plant were the centre of interest in the ward. It was a mean enough blossom, goodness knows, but the rarest orchid could not have pleased the old man more as he lay and watched it with rapturous eyes.

Poor Dan! he had almost forgotten what a flower ought to be like in the eight years he had passed in this place. There was no view from his window, nothing but the gray stone wall of the next building; still, by throwing himself a little forward, he could catch a peep of the blue sky overhead. But now he only wanted to lie quiet, for his flower was satisfying enough; he did not need to strain his poor paralyzed limbs even to see the clouds above. Was not all his world there on the high window sill? Silly? Perhaps. Unnatural? Perhaps. A great waste of feeling? Possibly. But to understand how Dan felt to that stunted geranium one would need to change places with him, not for a brief moment, but for the eight long years he had been, like the plant, starved of all that makes life glad.

As he lay there in that curious state, half-waking, half-sleeping, what dreams passed through his mind! One could not say whether he were in the land of dreams or in the land of realities, for his dreams were so real to him, and his thoughts roamed free in the past. He seemed to see the little cabin, with its mud-tramped floor, the dresser in the corner with its row of gaudy bowls, the peg on the wall where the rosary used to hang, the crude photo tacked to the shelf above —the photo of the boy who had died in "Ameriky" half a lifetime ago. He could almost feel the peat-laden breeze as it blew softly through the casement, stirring the leaves of the geraniums which made the window ledge so

bright; he could almost see the bent form of the "missus" as she watered her favorites, and hear her voice, "Troth, they do be great company the creatures. Some hold by cats, an' more by dogs; but give me geraniums, sez I." And the start with which he came back to the present filled his eyes with sharp tears.

The door at the end of the room had opened, and a lady visitor stood on the threshold. In her arms she held a magnificent crimson pelargonium; and as she explained that she brought it "to brighten up the ward a bit," the matron busied herself placing it on the centre table and wrapping a piece of crinky paper round the pot. It made a rich splash of color in the dingy room, and every eye was drawn to it. Every eye but Dan's, for after the first glance he turned away, his heart torn with jealousy.

"And this is our gardener," said the matron presently, pointing to Dan. "You see, Miss Moore, he has a plant of his own."

The lady said a few words to the old man, which he received in sulky silence; and she, thinking he was merely shy, added kindly, "I'm glad you like flowers too; you'll admire mine. You do admire it?" she asked.

"I admire some flowers, ma'am. I don't hould by all."

"But you like my pelargonium, surely?"

"I'm not carin' for palgorums, ma'am, nor any but red geraniums"; and Dan stiffened his lip so that it might not quiver.

"Oh, then, if you are so fond of geraniums, I must get you a new one. This poor old thing is past blossoming; it is too old, you see." Miss Moore spoke kindly, but drew back, startled at the tone of his reply:

"No, thank ye, ma'am. Sure, ye mane well; but my geranium is the very best. A prize wan it was, a quare deal better nor any of yer palgorums, or sich-like trash." He spoke firmly, raising his voice so that all the ward might hear; and, his protest and confession of faith over, he lay down and pretended to go to sleep.

"Never mind him, miss; he's not been himself of late," the matron explained in a whisper as she led her visitor away.

"Wan in the eye for you, Mr. Bulger!" exulted Mike Moriarty as soon as the door closed. "'Tis aisy seein' the lady doesn't value yer ould cabbage, surely! She knows what's what. Bad scran to the ould weed! We can be seein' now what a geranium ought ter be."

But Dan was too dispirited even to make a reply, though the taunt went home. Indeed, for the next few days his life was one long misery. None of his companions meant to be actively unkind with the exception perhaps of his avowed foe, Mike; but it was great fun to take a rise out of the old fellow, and they never knew that to him their chaff meant real suffering.

At last he could bear it no longer, and resolved to make an end of it. With great secrecy and infinite care he managed to screw one of the heavy iron knobs off his bedstead, and after the lights were out he rose painfully in bed and hurled it at the offending pelargonium. The crash wakened every one, and it was some small satisfaction to Dan even in the midst of his disgrace to see by the faint light from the night watcher's lamp that his enemy was shattered beyond hope of repair.

"'Deed, then, an' I'll tell Miss Moore the next time she comes," added the nurse after a severe scolding. "You are a nasty, ungrateful old man. You might have killed some one with that heavy weight, too."

"I'd be sorry to hurt any, barrin' Mike Moriarty, miss," was the stubborn answer; and, failing to get any satisfaction from Dan, she closed the conversation by turning away and leaving the ward in darkness once more.

As the days went on Dan did not recover his spirits. The rival plant was dead, yet the memory of its glories still lingered and furnished a topic for those who wished to tease him; and in spite of himself a feeling of shame for his rash act disturbed the old man. He was conscious, too, that by betray-

ing his jealousy he had made himself ridiculous.

When next Miss Moore appeared he turned away, trying to avoid her notice. She came straight up to him however, holding up a brown paper bag. "Some fresh earth for that plant of yours, Dan," she explained, smiling at him.

"Thank ye kindly, miss." Dan's voice was toneless.

"Shall I repot it for you?"

"Don't be goin' for to touch it, miss."

"Oh, I assure you I'll be very careful—I'm quite a skilled gardener myself. Why, where is the pelargonium I left here, by the way? Surely it is very soon over?" She looked round, and several voices broke in, eager to tell her the history of its premature death.

Dan pretended not to hear, and yet every word stabbed him; it sounded such a black episode as related by Mike Moriarty.

Curiously the young girl studied the culprit, noting the flushed and averted face, and some impulse made her advance to speak to him again. "Why, Dan, how had the poor plant annoyed you?"

The tone was gentle, and the old man looked up startled, for he expected reproof, and as he did so the girl saw that his eyes were misty and ashamed.

"No ways—no ways, miss—only—only"——he stammered.

She sat down on the edge of the pallet, laying her soft, white hand on his old and twisted one.

"Tell me all about it, Dan."

"'Twas this way, miss. They did be makin' a laugh av me an' the wan wee flower on the plant, an' I c'u'dn't bear it; it made me mad like."

"I'm sorry I brought it if that is so; but you could hardly expect yours to have flowers like mine, which comes from a conservatory and has every care;" and as she spoke she thought there was something a little pathetic in the professional jealousy of an old gardener, for such she supposed him to be.

"Ah, miss, don't be thinkin' that—leastwise——" He could not explain but added, with a shake of the head, in a vcice all broken and husky, "'Twasn't only that, miss; but she was powerful proud av the plant."

And at last the girl understood.

"Your wife?" she asked gently.

"Yes, miss; an' she's gone to Glory this nine year, an' it hurts me to hear them raise the laugh on what she was so sot on once."

It was quite a little time before any answer could come for the painful lump in her throat, and the girl turned and looked at the miserable plant with altered eyes—with eyes, which, like Dan's, saw in it a reminder of happier days, of days which had not always lain in the narrow ward of a workhouse infirmary. The shabby, stunted geranium was the last link to be broken, for friends and home and love had gone, never to return.

"I think I understand;" and her voice required quite an effort to steady it. "I think I can see what a very precious plant it is."

Dan had recovered his composure, and at her words a new light shone in his eyes.

"What did ye be sayin', honey? I'm a bit deaf the day."

"I said I can see how precious the plant is," she repeated louder.

Dan's glance flew round the ward to see that all were listening, and he answered with a ring in his voice, a new note of pride, "'Tis so, miss. I allers knew 'twas a grand plant."

The girl smiled, and, seeing his little manœuvre, humored it. In a loud, clear voice she said, "You are quite right, Dan; it would be a beautiful plant if it got half fairplay. But it cannot thrive in such a place. If you will let me have the tiniest cutting, I'll get my gardener to see to it. I shall be proud to have it in my greenhouse, and will bring it and show it to you next year."

Her words, her kindly glance, seemed to infuse new life into the old man. He was radiant.

"Faith, thin, honey, ye'll have yer cuttin' an' welcome. I'm not wan to refudge anythin' to a lady. It's a

prize plant it is, an' a greenhouse is its proper place, not a dirty hole like this."

So the cutting was taken, and the old stump repotted in the fresh mould the girl had brought; and when presently she went away she left a happy, contented Dan behind her.

Reinstated in the respect of his companions, his own conscience at rest—for the girl had freely forgiven him for destroying the pelargonium—his plant honored and appreciated, no wonder he felt a different creature. It was a pleasure to see him, and as he launched a scathing taunt at Mike Moriarty even that irascible foe had not the heart to insult him.

" 'Tis little ye know about plants. 'Tis aisy seein' what a gomeral ye are, Mr. Moriarty. The lady axed for a cuttin'—ay, an' was proud to have it! Put that in yer poipe an' smoke it, Mike Moriarty!"

The Real Cattle-Boat

By Test Dalton in Windsor

THE cattle boat of fiction and the one of reality are vastly different. For my part, I think that most descriptive stories on this subject have been overdrawn. The stories cling too close to the tragic, many of them are written by those who have petty grievances to air, they are for the most party too sombre, too hopeless, and in a large measure unjust and unfair, for conditions on a cattle boat have undergone radical changes within the last decade. The cattlemen and foreman are of a higher grade, men of more parts and experience in their work, more humane and more intelligent, while cattle shipping has become so important a factor of ocean traffic that the business has been lifted from a comparatively chaotic state to one that is as thoroughly organized as the mail or passenger service. The burden of proof of this advancement lies in the fact that formerly a third of the consignment was lost on a trip, while, to-day on the better lines, the loss of a single bullock is considered a rare thing.

From Montreal, the Dominion Line, the Canadian Pacific, and the Allan cross to Liverpool, while the Manchester Line departs for Manchester. Out of Boston, the Leyland Line, the White Star, and the Warren Line ship cattle to Liverpool, and the Allan Line to Glasgow. Hoboken has one line—the Phœnix, which sails for Antwerp, and from Baltimore; the Johnston Line runs to Liverpool. Three lines hail from Philadelphia—the Atlantic Transport for London, the American Red Star for Liverpool, and the Manchester Line for Manchester. From New York—the most important cattle port in the world—the Wilson Line sends steamers to Hull, the Atlantic Transport to London, the White Star to Liverpool, the Allan Line to Glasgow, the Bristol City Line to Bristol, and the Lamport and Holt Line heads for Manchester.

The time of passage varies, the fastest boats making the trip in eight days, and the slowest vessels within fourteen. There are also a number of tramp lines of a worse class; they are sort of "renegade"' boats, unsafe, of ill repute, and shunned by experienced cattlemen. These steamers carry cattle on the open deck tied to frail pens and exposed to the mercy of every storm. The cattlemen are of most unsavoury reputation—a motley crew of gaolbirds and deserters from sailing vessels, who are over-anxious to return to England at any cost. So much has been written on this side of the question that current opinion has blackened cattlemen beyond redemption, and listed them as blackguards. The old lithographs of the hungry waves lashing over the tramp steamer, and carrying cattle and men overboard, were

based on boats like these. To the voyager, however daring he may be, I would abjure him not to cross the Atlantic as cattle helper on any of these steamers. Select only those boats where the cattle are stowed under sheltered decks and tied to stationary fittings. The danger of temporary fittings on an open deck is a menace to beast and man, and marine measures should be taken to stop their use.

The worst of their kind was what I held cattlemen in general to be, for I had heard many stories and talked to many people on this subject, with the lamentable result that I had gathered a long tablet of false impressions. I understood that all cattlemen were thieves, that they were beings who preyed by night and cursed by day, and in general were of the scum of the earth. Then I learned that cattle helpers fed the cattle. Just how they did this and at what time of day was not made clear. I was assured that it was the hardest work one could find, and this was the fag-end of my knowledge. Everyone had a different tale, and you can readily understand my absolute bewilderment, for, to say the least, this storehouse of facts was exceedingly indefinite. There was nothing comprehensive or detailed, but I find that my shadowy ideas were not a whit less vague than those of most people who have tried to look into this matter at second hand. There was only one thing to do—find out for myself by actual experience, and set down my observations that others might profit thereby.

I was fortunate in securing passage from New York on a fourteen-thousand-ton first-class passenger and cattle boat. It is my experience on this boat—as typical of the better conditions of the cattle transportation—that I set forth to show the true cattle boat and cattleman. I wish to be perfectly fair, and give a clear, unbiased picture of what it means to cross the Atlantic as cattle helper on a line of this standing.

The traveler may work his passage from Hoboken, Montreal, Boston, or Philadelphia, and in some cases be paid the sum of one pound for services. From ports other than New York, return passage is generally given with no work attached on the return trip, but you must board the same steamer, which means that you only remain in England a few days. Out of New York, no cattle helpers are given free transportation for labor, none are paid for their work, and no return passage is given, for the human transportation on cattle boats leaving New York City is in the hands of agents, who charge an average of two pounds. This sum paid to them gives you the rare pleasure of feeding and watering cattle between that port and Hull, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, or London, as the case may be. You are not entitled to return on the same boat or any other boat of the line, nor is it possible to buy your way back as a cattleman—you must return as a passenger to New York. If you have mapped out a trip, and do not wish to put up with unnecessary trouble, I would advise you to start from New York, pay the two pounds, and return on a reasonably priced passenger steamer. By paying this fee, you can lord it, in a small way, by selecting your line and boat, and you will be with a better crowd of cattle bosses and messmates—there is a different crowd, just as the balcony crowd in a theatre differs from that of the top gallery. You see the same play, it is true, but you are more comfortable and better located—and this distinction in regard to cattle boats is of great import. For every advance in civilization some people must suffer, and the pinched shoe of the cattle helper is this little fee. Ten years ago this condition did not exist, but other conditions more serious than this were common along the whole line of the cattle boat problem. For the great advance in comfort there still remains this one grave imposition, but it is open and flagrant, and what can you and I do? There is, of course, this one recompense—not in favor of it, but as a sort of salve to one's feelings—the two-pound fee raises the standard of cattle helpers, for it eliminates the wharf rats and saloon

loungers—and that is some satisfaction, as the bunks of cattle helpers are all in the same cabin.

The cattle boat agents are a plausible class and have formed a sort of a trust—a mean unbrotherly sort of arrangement, I should say, for they do not seem to trust each other; but against this may be balanced the full confidence placed in them by the unsuspecting seafarer. There are three important agencies in New York—one on Clinton Street, another on West Street, and a third on Lower Broadway, at Bowling Green. They are licensed and carry on business under State laws. You at least have the satisfaction of knowing where you are really going. As this is their means of livelihood, they are prone to enthusiasm. Without a qualm of conscience, the agents give one the impression that a cattle helper's meals are as good as those served to the first-class passengers, if not a little better; and as for the bunks, you form an idea that you are to have a private saloon, with a steward detailed to look after your personal comfort. An agent told one of my messmates that all he had to do was to attend to two sheep. Another man was told he would like the work. The chap was under the impression that it would be so nice, he would want to come around every month or so and beg the agent to let him purchase passage on a cattle boat, so that he could have some more of the nice work. And still another of my companions was told that the work was mere child's play.

The boat was due to depart at one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. At eleven I reported for duty. Outside the pier were wagons, carriages, and automobiles, clustered in the midst of a busy scene of boxes, trunks, provisions, porters, stewards, and the general curious crowd that assembles when nothing extraordinary happens. Within the shed, gathered together in one corner near their boxes I found the cattlemen who were to be my companions. They were a lost, dazed lot, uncertain of their present and their future, and several transportation agents who had made arrangements for them were busily answering foolish questions. At noon the head cattle foreman appeared—a tall, strong built man with a square jaw and clear, straight eyes, evidently a man of command and of his word. When the purser of the liner came into the little office, the cattlemen were lined up to be filed past his desk, like laborers going out west for a railroad company. Their names, addresses, business (if any), nationalities, and amount of money concealed about them, were tallied in the book, their signatures were affixed, and then they were accredited cattlemen. There were no porters to take our luggage, we had to pile it on the van, push it up to the side of the ship, and the aft engines pulled our boxes up on deck, where we placed them temporarily near the first hatch. We dragged our bags up the cattleman gang plank and dropped them near the trunks. Then we went to the side to look over, to see the dock again, our friends, the busy street, and dear old New York in the background. Someone warned us to keep our eyes on our goods if we wanted to be sure of them. We decided to take turns in watching, and thus for the first time came into talk and sympathy with one another; for nothing brings one closer than mutual protection, and nothing keeps people apart more than the mistrust of ignorance on a new venture, where your nearest companion may be your first robber. I well remember those next few moments when we stood about in disjointed groups, with the nameless fear of the unknown over us, and the disconsolate reminder of impending departure—the groaning pulleys and sharp commands branding into our thoughts the leaving for another land, and our absolute ignorance of what we had before us. We did not know whether we had to feed cows, bullocks, sheep, or horses, for there were no signs of cattle. One of the fellows thought we had to drive the cows up in sections of six every day to the main deck, so that the poor brutes could promenade and get a little fresh air, and I recall that we all laughed with a very wise laugh; but

had he asked any of us our duties, we should not have been able to inform him—it was merely ignorance of different shades with all of us, so we waited and wondered.

Of my messmates there were thirteen—three Englishmen, two Americans (both middle westerners), two Germans, two Russian Jews (both very stupid), one Frenchman, one French-Canadian (a real Canuck), one Welshman (we heard him sing), and one Egyptian, who started to sell things from the time we started until we pulled in at the Tilbury dock. It was a mixed gang of various tongues, and those of the same nationality naturally gravitated together.

One of the Americans was an electrical engineer who was working his way over to embark for South Africa. Mohammed Ali, the Arabian, was returning to Cairo to start a coffee-house with his father-in-law, an "Effendi," as he asserted. Mohammed likewise informed us that he thought the "Pyramids was a fine antique." The Canuck was a brave lad who had worked for three months on a section road in the Northwest Territory, and at the end of that time he was not paid, so he decided he would go back to the home of his grandfather in Normandy. He had walked from Winnipeg to New York (it took him six weeks), and the French consul in New York had given him enough money to go by cattle boat to London, where he was going to work his way to the French coast, and foot it to the little village in Normandy. He was shoeless and almost clothesless when he came amongst us, but all of the fellows dug down into their belongings and rigged him out, so that he landed in London a happy and proud Canuck. The Germans were both gluttons, by trade butchers, and they were returning to "happy Hamburg." One of the Englishmen was a man of property—he had vast grants, he affirmed, out in Portuguese Africa, had lost his money through gambling in San Francisco, but would have more coin than he needed when his partner met him in London. We thought perhaps he might buy the boat, but found out afterwards that he did not even pay the cook who staked him to better grub. The second Englishman had some cattle on board, and thought they would be better looked after if he remained near them. The third Englishman was a tenor of a prominent opera company in the States, and was going over to London for the summer to improve himself under the great instructor, Mr. Shakespeare, and the cattle boat was a means to any end—it almost ended him, as his face and arms were so burned by exposure as to cause him pain during the whole of the trip, and gave him a rich, vivid red complexion. One of the widely traveled gentleman was the Frenchman—he claimed to be Parisian, but his accent savoured of Gascony. He had been out to India as stoker on a P. and O. liner—that was a terrible experience, he assured us; then there were other places, many of them, where he had been, and always he had worked his way; or, yes, it was very hard, but still he concluded that it made a man of him. Then there were the Russian Jews: they were tailors by trade, and unfortunately butts by choice of the whole crowd. It always seems that Jews of this class were born to be baited, and it is with difficulty that cattle foremen can save them from being seriously injured, so great is the general antipathy against them.

Here we were, all gathered in a common cause, with a nine days' trip of hard work before us, and the first lesson we learned was not to trust the cattle bosses. This came from the cattle foremen, who are only responsible for the lives of the men under them, for up to that point the cattle bosses control things, and it was soon borne upon us that the cattle were far more valuable than we, that their safe delivery was more important, and that while they were animal cattle, we were only human cattle.

At last the hawsers were loosened, handkerchiefs waved in the air, goodbyes were heard on all sides, and the great steamer pulled out slowly down the river, through the harbor, past

the Statute of Liberty, and out into the ocean.

The spirit of novelty was over us, and someone suggested that we should take a look at our new quarters. We filed down, and finally pushed open a door, over which we read "Cattle Helpers." There were sixteen bunks —wooden frames, with woven steel bottoms. Two portholes gave ventilation. The cattle helpers looked in dismay at their hard bed—no mattress, no pillow, no blankets. Then someone suggested that as it was summer we should probably have no need of covering, and that we should probably become accustomed to these monastery bunks. Already we were resolved to accept the inevitable.

The widely traveled Frenchman had been on cattle boats, so with his superior knowledge he proceeded to initiate us.

"Someone must stay in here all the time," he said. "We have got to watch over things, for the cattle bosses will steal everything we have. I have known them to kill a man for five dollars," he ended with dramatic emphasis.

We conjured visions of sudden violent death, and being tossed overboard on a dark, starless night.

Three of the cattle bosses entered —it seemed as though this was their cue. They were a villianous-looking lot.

The shortest one bawled out: "Any of you fellows got any whisky?"

One of the Germans insinuated that even if he had, he wouldn't give it to them.

"You wouldn't, eh?" was the response, with a leer. Then he turned and addressed the crowd.

"You fellows take a tip from me, and don't let the Dutchman run your show."

Unfortunately, at this moment he saw one of the Jews taking a drink. The poor fellow was sea-sick, and thought it would help him.

"Here, you Judas Iscariot," shouted the cattle boss, "pass over the poison!"

The Jew was frightened and did not know what to do. They took it from him, passed it around, and thanked him with a kick. This ended the whisky and the incident, for one of the foremen appeared.

"What are you doing in here?" he yelled.

"We've just come in to see how the fellows were getting on," one of them responded lamely.

"Well, you just get out of here! You've no right in here, and I want you to keep out!"

After they had slunk away, he turned to us—

"Don't you trust any of those fellows."

He swung round on his heel and slammed the door after him.

This was our first impression, and we tried to gather its full import.

In the evening the head cattle foreman told us to follow him. We went out past the galley and into the lower deck, where, in pens that extended the length of the boat, were over six hundred head of cattle. Traversing the length of the boat, we emerged through the forward hatch to the main deck, and were doled out two blankets and an eight-foot gunny-sack. We scrambled down again, filled it with hay, and carried the bedtick back to the cabin. Things were beginning to look more promising.

We talked most of the night, and at last fell asleep, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. I have an indistinct remembrance of a last remark from Mohammed to the effect that if a cattle boss interfered with his rights, he would knife him, and much blood would flow. Then I slept soundly to the song of the waves and the throb of the propeller.

At an unearthly hour the door of our cabin was kicked in violently, and a loud voice awakened us. "Shake a leg! shake a leg!" was the command. I thought I was back in the old logging camp in Maine, and with a jump landed in the middle of the cabin. Those who were to sleepy were pulled out feet first, and fell with a thud on the movable floor. Grumblings and mutterings were heard, but in half an hour all were ready, and at five

o'clock in the morning we started the first day's work.

The six cattle bosses each selected two men; we were given pails, and the bosses stood at the water taps and filled the pails as we came up. Each bullock required about a bucket, and the whole number were watered in about an hour and a half. Then we had to wait an hour for breakfast—biscuits and tea. After a rest of an hour we were again routed out—by this time it was nearly ten o'clock.

The cattle foreman and the bosses divided the men into two gangs for the handling of the cattle. Each foreman had three bosses and six or seven cattle helpers—or "stiffs," as we were called—to take charge of the supply of fodder allotted to his half of the cattle. This equal division was necessary, as the cattle were shipped to England by two companies, who had their usual foreman in charge of the stock.

The morning's work, lasting until nearly ten o'clock, consisted of the men going in the hold and dragging bale after bale of hay to the opening of the hatch, where it was fastened to the tackle, pulled up, swung out, and lugged by the "stiffs" down the lines between the cattle. The wires were then cut, the hay shaken thoroughly from one end of the boat to the other, and tossed by forks into the pens. Bags of corn were also pulled up by tackle and given to the cattle. By one o'clock we were dead tired, and ready for dinner, which was a sort of thin soup and hunks of greasy meat.

At three o'clock the cattle were again watered, and more hay shaken out and fed to them, and the gangway between the pens throughout the whole boat was cleared of hay and swept clean for the night.

This mere chronicle of the general routine of the day does not imply that the work was particularly arduous—and it was not, after several days, when we had become somewhat accustomed to the work.

The first few days were dogged hard. Each bale of hay is no small weight, and dragging it half the length of the boat was somewhat exhausting. The bags of corn were about one hundred pounds each, and to throw one over your shoulder and walk with it—perhaps two hundred yards—requires strength and skill. The shaking of the hay on a hot day was a bit disagreeable, as a continual dust was caused by it, the stuff getting in your eyes and sifting through your clothes. No one wore more than was necessary, for it was stifling below the deck. The watering of the cattle was the least arduous of all the work. But, despite the hardships, the grumblings, the demand for better food, and the general dissatisfaction that is prevalent when people willingly chose and agree to accept existing conditions and then expect more, the general view of affairs was philosophic.

Of all my companions, the most pleased at the end of the first day was Mohammed. He said that one of the cows loved him, because she had kissed him with her tongue on his face.

When we were accustomed to the routine, things went on very smoothly, and we soon found ourselves taking an interest in the cattle, in keeping our quarters ship-shape, and in working with some sort of system.

The whole length of the lower deck of the boat is used for the cattle. In this section is the galley, and a few cabins for petty officers. The forecastle comprised the cabin of the cattle foreman, and that of the cattle bosses; aft larboard the cattle helpers, and aft starboard the stokers.

The cattle pens are formed by slipping boards into iron props which hold them securely in place. The cattle are tied firmly with an eight-foot rope, which is run through a hole in the hickory board, and tied on the outside in a figure eight knot. This board is the headboard, and the cattle are left about three feet leeway after being fastened for the entire trip. As they have a bed of hay, and plenty of food and care, their lot is not hard. There are times in winter when great gales blow up at night, when pens and headboards are wrenched to pieces, and maddened cattle are flung about helplessly with gored sides and

broken legs—then it is a matter of life and death for cattlemen to go among them in semi-darkness, and drive them back and bring some order out of the chaos.

If the "stiff," or "cattle helper," wishes to risk being injured, his assistance is appreciated by the bosses and the foremen; but it is optional—this is not his duty, and he cannot be forced to go among the cattle against his will. Unless a man knows how to handle bullocks, he had better not cultivate their acquaintance under trying circumstances, for he will be more of a hindrance than a help.

It is not often that a storm is so severe as to do great damage, for conditions of cattle-shipping have reached so high a degree of perfection that cattlemen are able to cope with any difficulty. I have seen cattlemen handle bullocks and meet situations that would unnerve a cowboy. There are no horses and lassoes, and no chance of escape—only men on their feet, with bare hands grappling wild cattle half maddened with fear.

On a large boat with twin screws, a fin keel, and powerful engines, there is only a slight motion, so the wind and storm has little effect. When all the hatches have been closed, and wave are sweeping the decks, there is hardly any motion on the boat, and the cattle are as peaceful as though in the stockyards.

The cattle bosses have direct charge of the "stiffs." As I have told you, this is the polite name given to all those who occupy the lowest rounds of the ladder in the experience of cattle-shipping. We are called "stiffs" because of our general ignorance and uselessness. Perhaps the name was originated by an ex-undertaker who afterwards became a cattle boss.

I hardly know where to begin and end when speaking of the cattle bosses. They lead a hard life, and as a class are a rough lot. Then I am immediately confronted with half-a-dozen cattle bosses who are drifting on tramp lines somewhere between here and Rangoon—men whom I have known to share their last cent with a pal, and one man in particular who led as blameless a life as one could wish. He never swore, drank, nor smoked. He was interested in old cathedrals, and, strange to say, somewhat of an authority on Biblical history. At present he is a minister of the Gospel.

I call to mind another cattle boss. He was an Oxford graduate, a man of good family, and in his drunken moods would reel off bits of the "Ars Poetica." He was always courteous, gentlemanly, and considerate. He drank—the demon, if it ever had a victim, had him by the throat. I have seen him fight against it, but it always conquered and it would leave him inert and helpless, and always unhappy. The cattle boat was a haven for him in one respect—for twenty days out of the thirty he could not drink.

Taking all in all, I have seen men far worse in all walks of life, but with this difference. The cattle boss has no chance of a better influence coming into his life, for he does not remain long enough in any one place.

Of a different grade and calibre is a cattle foreman. He must have been tried and found reliable, for the safety of men and cattle fall upon him. He must portion the supply of fodder so that it will last throughout the whole voyage. If any of the cattle become ill, he must know what to do. If the stock break loose at night, the foreman is the head and brains of all the men, and he must stay up until every bullock has been fastened again in its pen and everything is quiet and in perfect order; in a word, a cattle foreman is a captain in the cattle boat.

The foreman must be up at 4.30, and see that the water is fit for the cattle; then he must keep his eyes open and see that they are properly watered, and lend a hand when necessary. You will find, as is usual in cases of greatest responsibility in any business, that the cattle-foreman works harder than any of the bosses and "stiffs" under him. He is hard at work all day, from early morning until the last thing at night, and there are nights when he has no sleep at all.

The subject of the cattle-boat is a most interesting and complex one. It seems simple, but one realises, when the boat steams up the Thames, and a tender comes out for the cattle, that this is just the threshold of a great enterprise. The cattle gang-plank is fastened to the side of a steamer, the pens are torn down, and the cattle are driven through the gangway to the tender, where they are jumbled promiscuously like so many sardines in a box. Then, when the lower deck is emptied of its animal cargo, and the steamer points nose towards Tilbury, with London Town in front, it all comes to you with a shock that the work is finished and that the journey will soon be at an end.

As I stood on the open deck, gliding past the lowlands, and coming closer and closer to our journey's end, I thought of the beginning of the trip —New York—nine days back—of my messmates, then strangers, now almost friends, and a thought crossed my mind of the best advice to give to a young man who wishes to work his passage as a cattle helper. It is short and concise and practical, and it comes from a foreman: "Do your work and mind your own business."

John J. Mitchell—Chicago's Monarch of Wealth

By Hollis W. Field in Worker's Magazine

When the United States financial world considers Chicago as its second most important unit, the same of John J. Mitchell appears at once as perhaps the most representative of the city's present financiers.

This word "financier" has been undergoing evolution in meaning in the last few years. Wall Street methods have given the color of hardness to it. The personalities of such men as Morgan and Harriman have lent to it something akin to the ramping buccaneer. Conscience is a quality which is being eliminated from the type. The bull in the money china shop might be a cartoon representative of the financier as the public is disposed to picture him.

It is out of this popular conception of the modern financier that John J. Mitchell is entitled to proper introduction to that general public which has no dealings with the financier and which seldom even sees, to recognize him a representative of high finance.

Mitchell neither looks, speaks, nor acts the part of the millionaire whose captaincy in industry might be guessed. He wears no uniform of millions. His simple life is little indication of the measure of his means. A chance companionable fellow traveler would ride a thousand miles with him across a stretch of dessert west, delighted with his new found acquaintance, Mr. Mitchell, and experience a sense of shock, perhaps, if a week or a month later a reference to this Mr. Mitchell, of Chicago, should bring him knowledge that he had formed such simple, democratic companionship in the person of a man controlling millions.

Eighteen hours a day of even his working days, millions and business are tabooed subjects with this master of money. With his back once turned upon the granite walls of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, that granite wall stands barrier between business and social life. Men have asked only that they might ride with him for business talk the sixty odd miles between Chicago and the Mitchell summer home at Lake Geneva, and have been refused always.

It was in the early '70's, when Mitchell was 19 years old, that he returned from school in Maine to spend summer vacation at his father's home in Alton, Ill. William H. Mitchell, the father, was an old resident of this Illinois town and the boy had been born there. The father was one of

the promoters of the Chicago and Alton Railroad and at the time the road was building.

At the time of Mitchell's return home Chief Engineer Kellogg, of the road was organizing a surveyor's gang for work along the route in Illinois to the east of Hannibal, Mo. Blackstone was president of the railroad and young Mitchell, desirious of seeing and experiencing a little of the work of the world, applied to President Blackstone for a place as chain carrier with Kellogg's gang.

He got the job, naturally. There were twelve men in the gang as it was organized, ranging in position from axmen to the chief of the gang. Mitchell hadn't the slightest idea of surveying, but he wanted to learn. How much he was set upon learning may be understood in one of his experiences of that summer.

The famous Sny bottoms are in Pike couny, Illinois, opposite Hannibal, and the route surveyed was through these bottoms. At the time the Mississippi's lowlands were flooded vegetation was at its rankest and the mosquitoes swarmed in countless millions everywhere. One hot day the party struck water so deep that the wagon could not drive through. It was so deep that it was decided to strip to the skin and send all the clothing and traps of the party down four miles where the wagon could cross on a bridge and come back to meet them on the higher ground on the other side.

Naked, in four feet of water, wading through marsh grasses that cut like a knife and in clouds of mosquitoes that stung like bees, the party was in an uneviable position. Hours went by and their condition was serious. By midafternoon they were in a pitiable condition. But no wagon—no clothes. About sundown the creaking of the wagon was heard coming nearer and there was a rush for clothing and for explanations.

The explanations were that the bridge, four miles down, had been washed out and that the driver had been compelled to go ten miles downstream to effect the crossing.

Before that vacation was over, however, young Mitchell was a levelman and ambitious to become a railroad surveyor. That summer had been his first taste of real life and work, and he had found it hard and exacting. He had taken the coarse fare of the laborer—eaten with him, joked with him, listened to his stories and told stories in kind as they sat about the camp fires, and when night deepened had slept in the same bed with him.

But railroad builder he was not to be. Home again, the decision was that he must go back to school, and, protesting, young Mitchell went. Which was the narrow margin by which Mitchell became a banker.

Graduated at 20 years old from Waterville Classical Institute in 1873, young Mitchell found his father's family moved to Chicago when he sought home again. William H. Mitchell had been one of the founders of the new Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, with its capital of $500,000. The glamor of surveying was dormant and he was persuaded to enter the bank in the capacity of bank manager, but with the invitation to learn the banking business if he would.

Ordinarily the son of a wealthy father, starting in to learn his father's business, rises rapidly. It is expected. Young Mitchell in a sense was no exception. But he was allowed to skip none of the steps by which the young bank messenger under any circumstances rises to a cashiership. To-day John J. Mitchell can go into any man's books or papers or accounts among the 170 employes of his bank and in a few minutes master the technicalities of the man's work.

Only that Mitchell never thinks of doing such a thing and wouldn't do such a thing if he could. "That is what I employ heads of departments to do," he says. "When I can't get heads of departments to do this I can quit banking."

But how thoroughly young Mitchell was schooled in banking in those hard years of the '70s may be understood in recalling one of his experiences in the early '80s when the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank was made receiver

for a great elevator line which went into bankruptcy. In these great storehouses were millions of bushels of grain. To fill the exactions of the courts, every bushel of this grain had to be reweighed. Young Mitchell was 24 years old and one of the qualified and most available men in the bank to superintendent the work.

So John J. Mitchell, embryo banker and educated child of wealth, donned his blue overalls and blue jumper, took his tin dinner pail and was ready the next morning at 7 o'clock to tally the first bushel of the millions of bushels of grain that must pass over the scales.

Any man who ever had the experience of leveling grain on a summer day in an ordinary farm granary, will appreciate the work cut out for this young man in a giant elevator. By night he was as black as a Polynesian. Sweat and dust and the prickly beards of grain made existence something that the ordinary laborer in the ditch to-day would not tolerate. But for two years Mitchell wore his overalls, worked his shift from 7 to 7 o'clock and ate his cold luncheon from a tin pail. Then went back to white linen and banking.

He was needed at the bank. The original $500,000 capital had been reduced to $100,000. Deposits had dwindled to less than $100,000. Directors were gloomy. There was talk of closing the bank.

But Mitchell was and is an optimist. He thought he could pull the bank through the depression. Optimism is contagious. Directors pricked up their ears. "Try it," they said. "We'll make you president—we'll give you a chance."

As president—the "boy president," as he was called—Mitchell framed a Mitchell rule in banking. "Name paper" was persona non grata on the bank's books. Collateral security; easily realized upon, must back all loans. It was an innovation in banking and under its influence business drooped for awhile. But it picked up with better times. In 1884 the capital of the bank was restored to its original $500,000; it was increased to $1,000,000 in 1888, and to $2,000,000 in 1890. To-day the Mitchell bank is the largest financial institution in the west and its president receives a larger salary than that paid any bank official in America, with one New York exception.

This morning, at his farm, one mile out of Geneva village,on the east shore of the lake, Bank President Mitchell is a farmer in a flannel shirt, enjoying the farmer's day of rest. Mrs. Mitchell for the day is a farmer's wife, and the Mitchell children complete the farmer's family. Boating or fishing, driving or strolling over the 310 acres of the Mitchell stock farm, romping with the Mitchell children or consulting the pleasures of the Mitchell guests of the day—anything that pleases the majority of the household is the order of the day.

There are five of the little Mitchells —Gwendolyn, 14 years old; William H. (after the grandfather), 12 years; John J., 10 years; Clarence B., 7 years; and Louise, "the baby," now 3 years old. It is the father's expression to his close friends that he is getting more out of his little family to-day than he ever will get again.

"It is the way of life; the young cling to the home and to the parent, but they are weaned away. But I have them now in their dependency and affection, and I am making the most of it," is the philosophy of the millionaire banker.

One who knows the tastes and home ideals of this man and who observes the systematic, studied ways and means which he has adopted to protect his family life from the world of business cares and the responsibilities of great wealth must recognize the position of this gentle man as guarding his own against possible influences which only money as it is misunderstood to-day might threaten.

Millionaire John J. Mitchell admits to-day that the possession of great wealth must limit the number of friends—friends worthy the designation of the word in its truest sense. He is alert to the fact that he must guard against a business which would

take him away from his family life if it could. Wealth and financial position have brought his name to the roll of most of the Chicago clubs, but he spends few hours in any of them. And when all is said, his home is of the simplest as home life of the millionaire commonly is measured.

There are lines—many of them—in John J. Mitchell's face to-day that would not have been there if he were president still of the little bank of $100,000 capital in which his first opportunity offered itself.

Some of the experiences and observations of this man of money have their bearing upon the life of the young men of to-day. It is only a trite repetition to say that from the first money he ever earned he saved a considerable portion. But why he saved has significance.

"Why did you save?" I asked him, bluntly. "Because you liked to possess money?"

"Never. I never saved a dollar which I was not prompted to save as a matter of common sense. If a man assumes the duty of working, he cannot shirk the responsibility of saving. He has not worked sanely if he has not saved a fair percentage of his earnings.

"For he must spend a fair percentage of that which he earns. The 'best citizen' cannot be measured by what he saves, regardless of his duty to spend. But he owes himself, his family, his friends, and the community in which he lives a sane measure of saving."

Long hours of labor, simple living, and sound, sufficient sleep hurt no healthy man, is in the Mitchell philosophy.

"But long hours at so much of the work of the world," he says, "is not a virtue in the worker, per se. It may suggest only his weakness. To do a man's work in the shortest day possible should be the young man's aim. Then let him learn to do more than the one task that is set before him. This is education and growth. This is a move toward success."

Two months of the inclement Chicago spring are spent by the Mitchell family at their home in Pasadena, Cal. His Chicago home is on Woodlawn Avenue, where his winters are spent. The Geneva farm is his summer resting place, and the week's end always find him there, as do most of the summer evenings in the week. In flannel shirt, old hat, and smoking, accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell and such of the children as will come, Mr. Mitchell is happiest when he has called the dogs and started for a stroll among the cattle, sheep, and chickens.

The bank is his duty. These summer evenings mean home.



The Patience of Job

By J. William Jackson in Overland Monthly

"Until Wednesday, at two o'clock, then; and I think my promotion to the superintendency, with fifteen hundred a year, will be one of the wedding presents. "Good-bye!"

Wednesday morning had come, and the young engineer looked up for a moment from the drawings on his desk and gazed out of the shack window toward the curling smokes of the far-away city chimneys. There, in the distant valley, was the dearest girl, and within a few hours he would marry her.

Houghton was a fledgling engineer. Away up here in the hill-tops his firm was building a reservoir for the city. It had been a long summer, miles away from the girl; but the reward was coming now, and on this crisp autumn morning Houghton felt the jubilation of maturing happy plans.

He resumed his work with as much industry as his truant thoughts would permit. Just now his mind persisted in dwelling on the coveted promotion. He had found favor with his chief, his work had been eminently satisfactory, and he knew somebody was going to get that promotion very soon. He had no grounds on which to prophesy his own elevation, but the conditions were very favorable.

His meditations and work were interrupted by the opening of the door. Looking up he found his chief standing there.

"Houghton," Mr. Smalley began, and Houghton afterward remembered that the chief seemed a little embarrassed, "Thornton is not in this morning. I must ask you to finish his drawings. I want you to hurry them through before night."

For a moment, Houghton was speechless. Then, with a sudden sense of relief, it occurred to him that Mr. Smalley must have forgotten the day. Houghton almost laughed to think how funny that was.

"Why, Mr. Smalley," he expostulated, with a genial air, "you know I go off at noon. This is my wedding day."

Mr. Smalley's brow contracted in a large, unsympathetic frown. "I realize that perfectly," he said, with a trace of testiness. "But, my dear fellow, you know the wisdom of work before play. I can't lay off half a hundred men just because the drawings are not ready."

"But," and Houghton's voice rose to a high pitch of protest, as he stood up and faced his employer, "think of my situation, sir. I can't finish those papers before six o'clock to-night, and I am due for the most important engagement of a man's life at two. I simply can't stay here all day. It—it—would be——" He couldn't think of any better term at the moment than "highway robbery," so the sentence broke in the middle.

"Very well," Mr. Smalley commented, easily. "If you think it is out of the question, I have nothing further to say. I can command you only so long as you stay in my employ. You understand."

Mr. Smalley turned to the door, leaving Houghton in a figurative heap beside his desk, his mind troubled with a drowning man's lightning-like review of the situation. Only Sunday he had said that he hoped one of the wedding presents would be a promotion to the superintendency at fifteen hundred a year. Now he was on the verge of throwing over a situation at ten hundred. True, he felt justified in such a course after the preposterous demand; but—could he think of marrying without a situation. Love in a cottage was all very well; but a thousand dollars or fifteen hundred was much better. He was just about to plead for a little time to think when his employer forestalled him.

"Better take a little time to make up your mind, Houghton," Mr.

Smalley suggested from the doorway. "Then if you feel that you can't stay, say so."

Houghton went savagely to work for an hour before he allowed himself definite thought on the subject. He knew, however, that it was useless to think of finishing his task at two o'clock, and at the end of an hour he threw down his pencil and considered the situation.

"Great Scott," he moaned, "where did I ever get the notion that Smalley had any milk of human kindness in his heart? And as for giving me a raise, he is as likely to cut my salary in pure contrariness. But I can't help myself. Nettie will have to wait until I can get there, after the work is done."

He drew a sheet of paper over on top of his drawings and wrote enough of the story to indicate an unavoidable change of the wedding hour from two to eight o'clock. "Believe me," he concluded, "I can't help myself."

He took the letter into the office of Mr. Smalley, and found that ogre busy at his desk.

"I've decided to finish the drawings," Houghton coldly explained.

Mr. Smalley merely nooded, without turning his head.

"May I ask you to have this note sent over to the town, sir?"

Houghton laid this note as he spoke at Mr. Smalley's elbow. There was no acknowledgement, no word. Apparently it was too trivial a matter for the attention of such a great man. Houghton stood by irresolutely an instant. He was half-minded to take the note back, put on his hat and coat, and then leave the office. If he could have telephoned, there would have been no need of a note, but the only means of communication with the city was by carrier.

Houghton ended in leaving the note on the desk. Then he went back to work. For several hours he lost himself in the intricacies of lines and plotting; but after a while a dispirited mood took possession of him.

"To think of a man's wedding being spoiled in this fashion," he told himself, "and Smalley supposed to be a close friend of Nettie's father. Ugh! He makes me sick."

The hour of two struck as he came to a point in the drawings where some blunder had been made with the figures. There was a short-line telephone in the office, connecting with the work on the reservoir; and he crossed the room to call up the field for the necessary figures.

He was just about to explain his difficulty, after receiving an answer to his call. Instead his lips closed with a snap, as if he had been struck suddenly dumb. He was unable to speak until the voice at the far end again demanded his attention.

"Thornton, what the dickens are you doing over there? I thought you were home, sick. Who sent you there?" and there was both vehemence and undisguised irritation in Houghton's tones.

"Say," came back a good-natured drawling voice, "how long you been boss on this ranch? You don't mean to say that old Smalley his died since this morning and willed you his job? Otherwise you better change the tone of your commands, or I'll lick you the first chance I get."

"I beg your pardon, Thornton," Houghton murmured over the wire, too ruffled to be gracious. "But I was so surprised by your voice. Smalley won't let me off! said you were not in and that I would have to do your work; and here you are down in the superintendent's berth. What does it mean?"

Thornton's voice was heard chuckling in unfeeling amusement. Houghton clenched his disengaged hand as he listened.

"Sorry, Houghton," Thornton drawled back, complacently; "I really thought you were going to get this. Imagine my astonishment when the old man sent me here and told me to say nothing about it. I haven't said anything, either, mind you." But Houghton waited to hear no more. With manifest irritation he preferred his request for the needed figures.

The long afternoon dragged out. It was not until half past six that Houghton breathed a sigh of relief

and muttered another malediction on the head of Mr. Smalley.

Gathering up the drawings he took them into the inner office and laid them on the chief's desk in front of the empty chair. They were well done, he knew; at least there was that satisfaction to redeem the spoiled day.

"When I get a chance to work for a more reasonable master," he muttered, "I'll take advantage of it and spoil your miserable career. Your conscience will smite you for losing such a talented subordinate, see if it doesn't."

Smiling grimly at his own vanity and somewhat refreshed by his apostrophe to the empty chair he was about to leave the office when his eye lighted upon a familiar object. It was the note he had written at nine o'clock that morning!

"By all the furies," Houghton ejaculated; "this is the limit of endurance. Not another stroke of work will I do for this man."

He snatched up the note with a half-formed determination to seek out his chief and wreak out a satisfying vengeance.

"Before I take my tools away from this place," he promised himself, Smalley shall hear from my lips what a low down, miserable creature he is. The demons take him, if such a small soul is worth the trouble."

He had torn the note into a hundred pieces and thrust them into his pocket. He threw on his coat with an anrgy gesture that nearly ripped it up the back. Jamming his hat on he passed out and sprang into the waiting carriage.

"Drive!" he commanded; "drive as if the ..... No!" he mentally thundered to himself; "I won't swear on my wedding day. I haven't lost my temper yet, either; though I will when I meet that conglomerated caricature of a—Oh! what a poverty stricken language this is!"

He gave himself up to speculation. What must the people think of him; what must the poor girl be enduring all this time? "Due for a wedding at two o'clock. Here it is nearly seven and—and—neither of us married yet," he concluded, lamely.

All this personal preparations for the wedding had been made before he left the office. When the carriage drew up at the house he jumped out and ran up the steps without loss of time.

There were no acclamations. He was admitted, without any tearful demands for an explanation, shown to his room and left alone.

After a little while he was ushered into the presence of the waiting guests. The unruffled minister was there; so was the fiendish Smalley. Unconscious of the damning denunciation that was to come when there should be time, the wretch posed as an honored, happy guest.

Then came the bride on her father's arm; and the radiant picture drove from Houghton's mind all uncouth and untimely thoughts.

It was long after the ceremony before leisure and quiet came to the young people; and meanwhile Houghton, the hypocrite, had smilingly acknowledged the congratulations of the hard Smalley.

But now they were alone and Houghton allowed himself to look into the blessedest eyes. They met his with the fullest reciprocation.

"Dearest," she said, "wasn't it too bad the Bishop should be delayed and have to telegraph us that he couldn't be here until evening? You must have been dreadfully disturbed when Mr. Smalley gave you my message.

She stopped for a moment to compensate him.

"See," she added, then, holding up an envelope; "a wedding present that we haven't opened. Let's look."

It was a business letter she had, dated and so forth. But the gist was:

"..... It gives me pleasure to enclose a check and a two months' leave of absence for your husband. I have taken the liberty to test him; and I know he will make me a good and patient superintendent. I am keeping the place for him."

And it was signed by that contemptible caricature of a Smalley.

Houghton sought an adequate ejaculation, but the poverty-stricken language proved as ineffective as he had found it earlier in the day. Like the brave, patient man he was, he took refuge in action.

"You'll make a sterner-looking superintendent with your mustache shaved off"—was her irrelevant observation.

Red Rock's Free Library

By George Foxhall in Popular Magazine

For sale? No, sir, I just reckon that mare ain't for sale. Not by a long way, she ain't. That there mare, sir! I guess she's the most intelligentest crittur goin' on four legs and upward between this and 'Frisco. She once saved me from the direst calamity as ever happened, or nearly happened, in my administration as mayor of Red Rock Camp.

Wouldn't 'a' thought I'd been a mayor—eh? You bet I was; elected by the pop'lar vote of able-bodied gun-carrin' citizens, and you can figger your last dollar that there was no recounts in that there city. Method of election? Well, stranger, I just cal'lated that I was the most able citizen to look after the affairs of that town.

'Cos why? Why, Cork Screw Ike used to think he was all creation round that camp, an' acted accordin', until one day I demonstrated to the pop'lar satisfaction an' beyond dispute, that when it came to bein' quick and straight Ike was too slow to catch a cold compared with yours truly.

He was a crook, Ike was, an' on the strength of his handiness had killed more men than justice called for. So after the funeral I says:

"Boys, in the interests of law an' order I guess I'll be mayor of this town, an' if any brother objects let him walk right up an' git measured.

Yuh bet nobody objected, so says I: "All those in favor come inside an celebrate." And if there was a wisker-bearin' animal in that camp as didn't accept the invitation, I didn't know him an' he wouldn't have cared to know me.

Well, sir, I begun at once kinder fulfillin' the duties of my office. I instilled into the reluctant mind of Slick Sam that there only ever was or could be but one ace to each suit in a pack, an' that if he tried to make a new rule ag'in he'd better have a seat booked somewhere for his immortal soul. Further, I persuaded Pete Schucks that brass filin's really had no honest connection with gold-dust, an' made Job Joseph understand that somebody else's pocket was not the correct place to warm his hands in. I tell you square, there was a moral reform wave swept over that city, sir. You bet a man remembers his Sunday-school lessons when he knows that forgettin' 'em might show him the business end of a gun just long enough for him to know about it.

An' so it was at a very unhealthy time for him that a feller came around tryin' to fake the pop'lation.

We was havin' a friendly game in "The Blue Boar," the principal an' only hotel in Red Rock Camp, when in walks a cove as said he had just got off old Si's coach, which coach passes by Red Rock without enterin'. He said he was from Washington City an' had come to see somethin' of life out West.

The biggest curiosity he had was a lot of new money, which he said was straight from the Treasury, and had never been used. As a kind of introduction, the stranger asked every mother's son to drink at his expense, an' we had quite a jolly kind of a time. Bym-bye the time comes for him to pay up, an' the tenderfoot

planks out a brand new twenty-dollar bill.

As I said before, new bills was a curiosity out there, so Tom, the bartender, passed it round for the boys to have a look at. Soon it came to me, an' I examined it mighty close.

Then I lifts my eyes to the tenderfoot an' says, kinder innercentlike: "Do they always make twenty-dollars bills by pastin' two sheets together now?"

He was prompt, sir, but before his hand was half-way there he was lookin' into the chief executive gun, an' for a tenderfoot, his hands was up pretty slick. The bits of silk was in the note, all right, but they were not on the surface in the reg-lation manner, an' a tiny corner of the two sheets which formed the back an' front of the note had just lifted the least kind of a shadder, an' give the game away.

We found about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of stuff on him. The boys was for hangin' him, but I never cared for takin' life promiscuous, so I said we'd hand him over to the sheriff, who honored with his residence the excrescence called Slow Creek Town, ten miles up the road.

As luck would have it, who should walk in but the sheriff himself, after the man we'd got, havin' had a full description of him from old Si, the coach driver! But the man wasn't all the sheriff wanted; he also wanted the fake dollars, an' that was what I was not goin' to let him have.

Says I: "That collection, sheriff, is reserved for the Municipal Museum of Red Rock Camp, an' will repose in the municipal safe in the mayor's office on the first floor of this hotel, at which office the mayor resides an' will receive inquiries at any time. However, for purposes of prosecution we'll let you have five hundred dollars of it."

The sheriff opined that all counterfeit money was the property of the Government, and cal'lated he'd have to git a warrant out for my arrest. I told him the Government had better come an' git it, then, an' as for arrestin' the mayor of this town, I figgered up he'd have to bring a pretty big Slow Creek squad to do it. To which the citizens guv their united assent.

So the sheriff thought the best thing he could do was to levant with his prisoner, becos the boys was gittin' kinder restless; an' off he git.

Well! p'r'aps a matter of two weeks passed uneventfully, when another stranger lit into our town an' asked for an interview with the mayor.

He was the queerest cuss you ever put eyes on. Your first impulse was to look for his number an' description, an' your second was to hold him until the keeper came. He was small an' slender, an' had a short nose, gold-rimmed spectacles, an' a snuff-colored voice; but he had a way of lookin' at you that made you feel that what the cove missed wasn't worth a tinker's cuss.

To introduce himself he handed me his ticket, an' I saw that he was labeled: "Leonard Cuttall, secretary to Mr. Adolph Custis."

He said that Mr. Adolph Custis was the guy who was donatin' free libraries all along the line to deservin' townships, an' that he had heard of the splendid administration of Red Rock Camp, an' wanted to help on the cause of law by the aid of education an' refinement.

So he'd sent Mr. Cuttall to say as he'd put up five thousand dollars for a buildin' if the boys would put up another thousand for the books. Well! I 'lowed that the boys needed edyucation an' refinin' some, an' I was dead in for reform, an' wanted to leave a lastin' testimony of my administration, so I guessed we'd have a library, an' on behalf of the township I accepted the offer.

Then I called a meetin' of the boys to consider the proposition. The upshot of the matter was that the boys to the number of one hundred agreed to pay over to me two dollars a week each until the amount was gathered, an' then I was to pay it over to his secretaryship.

In the meantime, to stimulate their enthusiasm an' git them into literary

tastes, he thought it would be a fine idee to start a magazine an' run it on our own. He said we could put in the general happenin's of the town, an' some of the boys could contribute somethin' in the way of fiction an' poetry, while I could edit the magazine, an' he would do the printin'.

I cal'lated that judgin' by most of the journals that struck our city I could manage the editin' all right; so we rooted out Old Bartholomew's printin' outfit that hadn't seen light since he died five years before an' opened shop. The stranger he distributed some circulars called "Hints on Writin' Fiction," an' the boys sat up nights studyin' 'em an' dreamin' of future greatness.

A few days later, when the editor was sittin' in his office writin' up the general happenin's the fiction began to come in.

First of all in walks Long Fred with a cautious look an' a yarn about a beautiful gel in South Carolina who had fell desp-rately in love with him. That was fiction, all right, pure an' unadulterated. I looked at him more in sorrer than in anger, an' he edged toward the door.

"Fred," said I, "what we want is fiction that has some foundation in probability, even if not in fact, an' any idiot knows that no beautiful gel would fall in love with a long-legged, cross-eyed——"

He thought I was feelin' for some weapon, an' didn't seem to have no kind of interest in the remainder of my advice. After that the fiction came in pretty smart, an' I had to lock my gun up in the safe or I would have depop'lated the entire town. My only relief was in language an' portable furniture.

The private secretary was in his own room, next to mine, with the printin' outfit waitin' fer matter. The briskest trade he did was printin' slips which began somethin' about "The editor regrets." An' you bet the editor did regret.

We closed office about three o'clock an' held a conference, at which we decided we'd wait the magazine proposition until the multitude had got some edycuation an' refinement.

So Mr. Leonard Cuttall just nosed round an' got acquainted, an', incidentally, I got acquainted with him.

At last the time arrived, an' when we had paid the thousand dollars over to his secretaryship an' he was ready to start he offered to buy my mare for a hundred dollars. I accepted, and off Mr. Cuttall started with the thousand in his pocket an' no doubt with thoughts of philanthrophy in his mind.

That evenin' I called a meetin' of the boys, an' made a speech. I told 'em how I'd gone into the dude's room seekin' him one day, when I run across a letter he was writin' to some galoot east tellin' him that he expected to get away with the wealth of the camp on such a date. "So," says I, "I fixed the guy, all right. I guv him the dummy money, which'll git him arrested 'fore he knows where he is, an' sold him my mare for one hundred good dollars. The contributions of this camp repose peacefully in the mayor's safe, an' if you'll excuse me one minute I'll fetch 'em down and divide." An' off I went upstairs for the dollars.

Somethin' seemed to be wrong with the lock of that darned safe; the handle wouldn't turn nohow, so, after a lot of foolin' I gits hold of it in a temper, an' pulled. Well! When that safe door came open you could have froze water an' melted it agen on my face in three seconds; but when I looked inside it nearly required a galvanic-battery to keep my heart beatin'.

For there, lookin' exasperatin'ly clean an innercent nestled them damned spoof notes, an' a neat little note on top informed the mayor that Mr. Cuttall felt it would be unkind to rob the city of its museum, so had taken them dirty old notes instead.

I went down stairs an' tried to look cool while I broke it gently to the boys.

You bet there was a circus. There was some of the remarkablest suggestions you ever heard, an' some of the finest flows of profanity you'd ever want to.

For the first time in my career as

mayor I was talked back at by one man for more than two consecutive sentences. In fact, all the boys piled it on, though 'twas more in sorrer than in anger toward me. They felt a kind of personal grief that the mayor of that camp should have been cooked so brown.

But for Leonard! Gee! if Leonard could have been there for two minutes, you'd have thought from the conversation that it would have paid a big dividend to work him as a lead-mine afterward.

Somebody said that as the mayor seemed so stunned to act he would suggest a pose. "Posse!" I says, sarcastic. "Much good a posse will do when the shrimp's been gone six hours already. W'y don't you send a wireless telegram askin' him to return?"

We was a mad but dejected group, an' I was the maddest an' dejectedest.

Suddenly, when I had nearly got my speech of resignation framed in my mind, an' it was so touchin' it nearly brought tears to my eyes to think of it, we hears a rattle of harness, an' a big kick on the door accompanied by a somewhat high-strung voice exclaimin': "What in thunder's the name of this place, anyhow? Are all these darned camps made by the same——" By this time the traveler had got inside, an', by Jupiter, if' twasn't Mr. Leonard Cuttall!

We was flabbergasted, an' Leonard was the first to recover. Before you could say "Damn!" two guns was shinnin' in the tenderfoot's hands. Tenderfoot, indeed! Well, his smile was a study for the poetry department of the late lamented magazine. "Hands up, gentlemen!" he says, an' the boys didn't need tellin' twice.

"Mr. Cuttall," says I, "how'd you git back here?"

"That darned mare er yours," says he, "twisted me erbout till I didn't know whether I was in Arizona er Manchuria."

"Just as I trained her too," says I, "an' as I knowed she would when I sold her to you, though I didn't know you'd gone me one better on the boodle. An' for that reason I've been playin' soft to the boys all night, an' for the same reason I doctored your ammunition before you started, so——"

He pulled, but there was only a click, an' when he started for the door——Well, Mr. Leonard Cuttall had a final relapse beyond all hope of recovery.

He was a game little cuss, anyhow, so we sent a mesesnger to the sheriff givin' him all partic'lars, an' askin' him to come over for the counterfeit wealth an' bring the parson along. We guv him Christian burial, an' if some of the things the parson said didn't exactly fit in that what we knew about him—well, I guess they was 'bout as near as the average, an' there was only the difference between succeedin' an failin', anyhow.

No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent.—Channing.

Building a Farmers' Monoply

By James L. Nash in The World To-day

With the avowed purpose of absolutely controlling all the necessities of life required by eighty millions of people as well as effecting tremendous political and economic changes, an organization unique in its character has sprung into existence and is rapidly spreading over the country. Without a cent of capital stock it may eventually become the most powerful monopoly ever known. Its membership already includes half a million capitalists and laborers, and its leaders plan to augment this vast host until several million are enrolled. The name of this potential organization is "The American Society of Equity" and its members are nearly all farmers.

The day of individualism in the industrial world is passing. The age is one of co-operation and combination. One the one side capitalists have arrayed themselves in mammoth corporations and trusts for the control of manufactures and the arteries of commerce; on the other side laboring men have banded themselves together for mutual protection and betterment. Thus two great powers have dominated the industrial world. Now a third mighty power composed of the men who own and till the soil which furnishes the products required by both capital and labor has entered the field.

Like all great movements this one had its inception in the brain of a single man, J. A. Everitt, an Indianapolis seed merchant. Spending the first twenty-five years of life on a farm, Everitt gained by thorough and practical experience the knowledge which he is now using in promoting and directing the new organization. More than twenty years ago he went to Indianapolis and entered the field of trade. But he was not content simply to sell goods. He was a botanist as well as a merchant. He was also a student of industrial conditions. His business brought him into close and continual contact with the men of the soil and he took a deep interest in the farmers' many complicated problems, particularly those connected with the business side of farming.

What impressed him most was the fact that the farmers, though far more numerous than the men of any other occupation and producing the greater portion of the nation's wealth, were entirely under the domination of the non-producing classes. The price of farm products was determined not by the natural law of supply and demand but by the actions of a handful of speculators in the great market centres of the country.

Feeling that there must be a remedy for this condition, Everitt set out to find it. He made a study of the question in all its phases and came finally to the conclusion that the farmer should fight fire with fire, combination with combination. Individually the farmer was weaker than either the laborer or the capitalist because he was a member of the largest industrial class and consequently suffered more from competition by his fellow workers; combined, the farmers, because of their numbers, would be stronger than any other organization in the industrial world. Holding this belief he formulated the plan upon which the organization of the American Society of Equity is based and became the leader of the farmers in their struggle for industrial freedom.

His plan was simple. It was merely to apply to farming the same methods which have been successfully applied in other lines of trade and industry. The farmers should unite for self-protection and with the object of securing greater returns for their investment and labor. With this in view he proposed to organize a national society composed of farmers in all parts of the country. The first and chief object of this organization

should be to establish and maintain profitable prices on all products of the farm, orchard and garden.

Two years Everitt devoted to working out the details of this plan. Then he laid it before several other men who had been thinking along similar lines and they urged him to take steps at once to put it into operation. The fruit of their advice was the formation in the little town of Plainfield, Indiana, fourteen miles from Indianapolis, of the first local union of the A.S.E. From this primal unit which came into existence February 1, 1903, the spread of the organization has been rapid.

Almost immediately the new society took strong root in Illinois, and the first forty thousand members were secured before a single organizer had been sent out. C. O. Drayton, of Greenfield, Illinois, who is now at the head of an important department of the A.S.E., was among the first to become interested and it was in the vicinity of his home that the society had its largest early growth. At about the same time, H. B. Sherman, the present national organizer, who was a veteran of the Civil War, had been both a farmer and a lawyer and was then representing Decatur County in the Indiana Legislature, began to take an interest in the movement. He soon became enthusiastic over Everitt's idea and has been very active in superintending and directing the work of organization. The remarkable progress made by the new society has been largely due to his efforts supplementing those of its founder.

The result of the labors of these men and other enthusiasts is seen in the rapid dissemination of the "Equity idea." The American Society of Equity now has county organizations in every state in the union except four. There are state organizations in Virginia, New York, Kentucky, North Carolina, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas. Several months ago the total membership of the society had passed the five hundred thousand mark and many new members have since been added.

At first glance it would seem that a business organization so vast as to include several million partners, each controlling absolutely a portion of the product, would be impracticable, or at least very complicated. But it is both simple and practical, and every individual in the great society has a voice in its government. First, there is the local union, composed of individual farmers. Above this is the county union, comprising three or more local unions. When there are five county unions in a state, a state union may be formed. Then there are section unions, each including several state unions, and all the section unions combined form the great national union. These are the fundamental parts of the big machine.

Every year at the national convention which meets in October a board of directors is chosen. This board fixes the price to be asked for all farm products during the ensuing twelve months. Its decisions are not, however, iron-clad and may be either approved or amended by a vote of the delegates attending the national convention. In fixing prices the board does not act blindly nor rely on the judgment of its members. The price determined upon is regulated on the safe and sane basis of supply and demand, care being taken to see that a profit is assured the producer.

Each member of the society reports to the headquarters of the local union just what crops and how much of each he will have ready to market at a given date. From this information the officers of the local unions are enabled to compile figures showing the produce which is for sale in particular districts. The result of their work is reported to the county union headquarters. From reports received from the different local unions the county union officers determine the total amount of produce which the farmers of the county are ready to sell and this information is forwarded to the section union headquarters. Each section union in like manner compiles a

report and forwards it to the headquarters of the national union.

In a similar way will the demand for farm products be estimated when the system has been perfected. Representatives of the A.S.E. will be stationed in the principal market cities throughout the country, and it will be the duty of each representative to discover what products and how much of each is wanted at each point. The agent will make his report directly to the section union headquarters and the reports of all the agents will be sent to the national headquarers.

Thus the board of directors at the national headquarters will have daily before it figures showing exactly what the farmers have on hand and what the consumers need. Statistics obtained so directly should prove much more reliable and accurate than those furnished in government reports or based on the estimates of so-called crop experts, and with their aid the board should be able to fix an equitable price which at the same time would be favorable to the farmers.

Granaries, warehouses, elevators and cold storage plants are to be established on the farms, in the principal market cities and wherever necessary, so that the farmer may be enabled to hold his products for an indefinite period in order to obtain the price fixed by the A.S.E.

These society storehouses are also to serve as banks and loaning agencies. In case the farmer finds himself in financial straits and obliged to dispose of his crop as soon as it is harvested instead of holding it for the price fixed by the society, he can bring his produce to the receiving station where he will be paid whatever may be its market value at the time. The produce will then be held at the receiving station until the market advances to the minimum figure set by the society, when it will be sold and the profits turned over to the original owner.

This is the ideal plan outlined by Everitt and his co-workers and it is one which has proved successful when put into operation on a limited scale. Whether it will work smoothly when applied on so huge a scale as will be necessary to extend it throughout the country and enable the farmers of America to control the marketing and dictate the price of their own crop, is a question which can only be definitely answered after it has been given a fair trial.

It is not necessary for the A.S.E. to control the entire visible supply of a product in order to fix the price. If it controls the surplus of each crop it can regulate the price, and the surplus is a comparatively small portion of the crop.

In the past few years, since the society has been naming prices on farm products, it is claimed that but three of the principal crops have failed to sell up to the stipulated price: the potato crop of 1904, and the wheat crops of 1905 and 1906.

To obtain control of the wheat crop is now the chief aim of the leaders of the movement. With this in view they are bending all their energies to effect strong organizations among the farmers of the great winter wheat-growing region of the Northwest, "The World's Bread-basket," as it has been aptly called. Their efforts are meeting with considerable success. In Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota strong state organizations have existed for some time and a few months ago one was formed in North Dakota.

A vigorous campaign is being conducted all through the northwestern states and Canada, and those who are engaged in the canvass predict that before harvest the society will have enough members in the wheat-growing region to control the price of the great cereal. Dollar wheat is the slogan which is attracting the farmers of the Northwest to the A.S.E. banner and it is proving a popular rallying cry. The board of directors of the organization has fixed that figure as the minimum at which the 1907 wheat crop is to be sold.

In speaking of this, H. B. Sherman said:

"On the general level of farming it is impossible to raise wheat profitably for less than 80 cents a bushel and that is what the farmer of the

Northwest actually gets for dollar wheat after the freight and reasonable charges for handling have been deducted. Each year the world needs twelve million bushels more of wheat than it required the year before, so it should not be difficult for the farmers to name their own figures once they are effectually organized in all parts of the country."

Should it be found necessary, members of the society stand ready to curtail the production of wheat in order to obtain the desired price. They will plant a smaller acreage and the consequent short crop will bring an advance in price. They insist that there must be no over-production.

"It is not the big crops that make money for the farmers. The largest crops we have ever raised have brought the smallest returns, while our short crops have been money-makers," said a farmer of long experience at a recent state convention, and he voiced the opinion of the majority of practical agriculturists.

So while the professors of agricultural colleges, officials of the agricultural department and government experts are busy instructing the farmers in the best methods to be employed in increasing the productivity of the soil, the shrewd and hardheaded among the farmers are planning to adopt the same method employed by the manufacturer, that of deliberately reducing the production when the market falls below a certain price.

But though the primary purpose of the American Society of Equity is to protect the farmer, this is not its sole object. The organized farmers are not merely to fight their own battles. They are to help the great mass of the American people to secure more general equitable conditions. In seeking to obtain better returns for their investment of capital and labor they are not to force the poor to pay more for the necessities of life. Rather they are to assist them in securing food and clothing at lower rates by squeezing out the middleman with his fat profits. Products are to go directly from the producer to the consumer, so far as possible. The A.S.E. has formed an alliance with the American Federation of Labor and the two are co-operating in the establishment of distributing stations where farm products may be sold by the farmer to the consumer without the intervention of a third party. Such stations are already in operation in Chicago and other places.

According to the plans outlined, the activities of the society are to have a still wider scope, extending beyond the mere control of the marketing of the fruits of the soil and touching many phases of the nation's political and economic life. Once thoroughly organized the farmers of the state with ten million votes would be a political power irresistible, a power before which the politicians at Washington and at the many little Washingtons throughout the country would bow. When the farmers wanted laws enacted Congress and the legislatures would be quick to respond, for it would not be the confused and faint cry of individuals scattered on isolated farms over the lonely prairie but the full-voiced and united chorus of a body of men who know what they want and are not slow in demanding it.

Canada's Excuse For Existence

By Douglas Hall in the World To-Day

THE ultimate ground for the continued separate existence of the English-speaking nations which halve this continent is that progress will be better served by two experiments in democracy than by one. Were Canada to consent to scrapheap the heritage of her past and merge for destiny in that of the republic, America would be poorer rather than richer in the forces that make for civilization. With both nations facing much the same problems, but working them out on different lines, the chances of successful solution are doubled.

This is the theory: what is the practice? To take the less familiar side only, has Canada anything to contribute to the joint stock of American democratic experiment—anything to teach her bigger neighbor? Her own modest but unanimous opinion is that she has. For years her statesmen, while deploring the comparative slowness of her material development, have insisted complacently on the superiority of her political organization, the greater flexibility and economy of her banking methods, the greater security of her judicial system.

Eight or ten years ago Canadians became tired of waiting for something to turn up, and began to turn up some things themselves. Their success was magical, and the proverbial outside assistance to those who help themselves has followed. The rise of the new imperialism focused British attention; the filling up of the free American West gave the prairies of Saskatchewan new value in the eyes of American farmers. For the past five or ten years Canada has been congratulating herself on an industrial and commercial expansion relatively unparalleled. Prosperity has brought the self-confidence and the initiative that were lacking during the long lean years. It has brought, too, the problems for the new spirit to tackle.

Take the eternal transportation problem, for instance. To meet it the Government has adopted a threefold commission policy. First comes the transportation commission, a board of experts, whose task it is to lay down a broad and comprehensive policy for the future, after a careful study of all the water and rail routes, sea and lake ports possibilities, and similar data. Such important questions as the practicability of the Hudson Bay route, the improvement of the St. Lawrence channel, the advisability of making the chief sea and lake ports national harbors, free of all dues, have been considered by this commission, which has decently completed its report.

The more thorny task of controlling the existing roads is entrusted to a board of railway commissioners, which consists of three highly salaried members appointed for life. The board at present consists of Mr. Justice Killam, formerly of the Supreme court; Professor Mills, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and Hon. M. E. Brenier, formerly minister of inland revenue. The board has its headquarters in Ottawa, but holds sessions throughout the whole country, to hear complaints and give judgment.

The powers of the commission are wide. It controls construction, rates and operation. The location and construction of new lines and stations, bridges and tunnels must meet with its approval. All freight schedules are filed with the commission, and it has power to change any rate on proof of discrimination in favor of large shippers or between different localities. The classification of commodities is also subject to control. As to operation, it may regulate speed and control the allotment of cars to different districts. The commission is given practically a free hand, and so fair and common-sense have been its decisions that it has not been necessary

for any litigant to invoke the appeal to the privy council provided as last resort. Thanks to a constitution which does not make a fetich of the separation of judicial, executive, and legislative powers on a basis of equality, the commission is little troubled by fear of "judicial review."

The success of the commission led the Government in its last session to give it the same control over telephone construction and rates, and thus meet the complaints of excessive charges and refusal to connect with local independent companies, brought against the Bell Companies which control the long-distance lines.

The third organization is the National Transcontinental Railway Commission, a board of a more temporary nature, charged with the construction of that half of the new Atlantic-to-Pacific road which lies between Moncton, New Brunswick, and Winnipeg, and which the Government is to build and own, but to leave to the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years. The commission has already let the contracts for about $30,000,000 worth of work.

Akin to the problem of government regulation is that of government ownership of railways. The latter policy has until recently been in bad odor in Canada. For thirty years the Government has operated the one thousand five hundred-mile Intercolonial, and for thirty years the fruits have been deficit upon deficit, and political corruption. Much of the trouble was honestly chargeable to the political management; useless employees were foisted on the pay-rolls in return for political service, shipping rates were lowered below cost or unnecessary stations built to influence doubtful constitutencies; the pass evil was rampant. But more was really chargeable to other considerations.

The road was built for national and strategic rather than for commercial purposes, to bind the Maritime Provinces to Ontario and Quebec. So it was laid out along two sides of the triangle caused by Maine jutting up into Canadian territory, instead of being run straight across. For hundreds of miles the country is such that it originates no traffic, and for through traffic the railway must meet the competition not only of the Canadian Pacific running along the base of the triangle, but of the water route afforded by the St. Lawrence. And again, thanks to too little government ownership rather than too much, the road was long left stranded in Quebec, and is still kept from its natural outlet on the Great Lakes by the influence of the private competing roads.

In spite of these handicaps, the Intercolonial has at last begun to pay its way. The credit is largely due to Mr. Emmerson, the late minister of railways, and his very efficient deputy, Mr. Butler. Under their management political evils have been reduced to a minimum and economies introduced all along the line. The country was agreeably disappointed this year by the announcement of a surplus.

At the same time that the Intercolonial is ceasing to be regarded as a white elephant, the cause of national ownership has received a powerful fillip from the success of a newer experiment, the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario. Built two years ago, by the Ontario Government, largely as a colonization road, it has justified the faith of its promoters by making money from the start. The road is being pushed north to connect with the Grand Trunk Pacific, and probably will be eventually extended to James Bay. Both the building and the operation of the road have been entrusted to a commission of three well-known business men, whose management, save for one charge of nepotism in a lease, has been warmly praised on all hands for independence and efficiency.

The Dominion Government has not had a monopoly of progressiveness. The new Whitney Provincial administration in Ontario has just adopted two radical extensions of state activity. The Province of Ontario, Limited, is going into silver mining at Cobalt, and into transmission and sale of electric power from Niagara.

Cobalt, the scene of the Government's projected mining activities, is

now well known as a camp remarkably rich, both in silver and cobalt, in the Lake Temiskaming district of New Ontario. Early last year it was found that some of the richest deposits existed on what is known as the Gillies limit, a block of land a hundred square miles in extent adjoining the Government camp, and it was expected that the Government would either throw the limit open to prospectors or auction it off. But Mr. Whitney decided on a bolder policy. The Government will retain the deposits and work them for the benefit of the province. Present indications are that the experiment will be as successful as it is novel—novel on this continent at least.

The other project, the development and transmission of hydraulic power by the province, is the outcome of the demand of the municipalities of western Ontario for cheaper power for industrial and traction purposes. Coal is high-priced and exposed to all the contingencies of strikes and tariffs, while the hydraulic power hitherto developed in Canada has been retailed at almost prohibitive figures.

After a thorough investigation into the hydraulic resources of the province, the Government decided to appoint a power commission of three members to act as a joint agent for municipalities desiring electric power. The commission was given power to negotiate with the existing development companies at Niagara and elsewhere for the amount of power required, and if reasoanble prices were not offered, to expropriate an existing plant or erect a new one. With the big stick of expropriation in its armory, the commission has just succeeded in making a very favorable contract with the Ontario Power Company—an American corporation by the way—for twenty-four-hour power at $10 per horse-power at Niagara. It will provide for the transmission of this power and its transfer to the municipalities, which will retail it to local industries at cost price. As a guarantee that the cheap power thus secured will reach the consumer and not stick in middlle-men's pockets, the commission will have power to regulate electric light, power and heat rates made by local companies.

The plan, which is due in great part to the enthusiastic advocacy of Hon. Adam Beck, the young "Minister of Power," and the head of the commission, will apply not only to Niagara, but to the vast water powers in the eastern and especially in the northern part of the province. With water-power resources unmatched in the world, and with careful provision made for their freest unmonopolized development, Canada's hopes for future industrial primacy may be conceded to have very strong foundation.

Labor problems, from which the country has hitherto been comparatively free, are now coming in prosperity's train. A serious strike last year in the coal mines of Alberta which caused widespread suffering brought home the necessity for more stringent legislation than the existing voluntary arbitration laws. Accordingly a bill was passed this spring which, though stopping short of New Zealand's compulsory arbitration measure, is the most radical piece of labor legislation on this continent. The act provides that no strike or lockout can be declared in any mining industry or public service utility prior to or pending investigation by a Board of Conciliation, on penalty of a fine of from $10 to $50 a day for employes and $50 to $1,000 for employers. At the request of either party to a dispute the Minister of Labor appoints a board composed of one member chosen by each side and a third co-opted or named by the minister. They will investigate, with full court powers, and issue a report. Their finding, however—and here the measure differs from New Zealand's law—is not binding on either party; they are at liberty to reject it and, if they desire, to declare a strike or lockout to enforce their demands. It is felt, however, that in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases, the cooling of passion by the compulsory delay and the force of intelligently directed public opinion will lead to the acceptance of the award. The act has already been

invoked in several instances, but it is too early yet to decide whether it will be possible to enforce its anti-strike clauses in face of a widespread and determined strike. It is at least a courageous experiment, well worth watching. The credit for the bill is largely due to the Deputy Minister of Labor, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, a trained economist gifted with tact, energy and enthusiasm. On him will fall the chief responsibility for the bill's success or failure.

In industrial combination Canada is comparatively backward, though recent investigations have shown an unexpectedly wide extent of trade arrangements for control of business. But in combination in another field, the religious, the Dominion bids fair to lead the world. The competitive waste of denominationalism has been brought home to Canadian churches in accentuated form by two consequences of the industrial growth: the difficulty of securing enough suitable men to man the existing pulpits in face of the attractions of business life, and the need of greatly extending operations to cope with the flood of immigration pouring into the west.

About two years ago negotiations were begun between representatives of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational churches looking to a union of forces. Conference after conference has been held; committees on doctrine, administration, polity, ministers, and church law have been formed, and the governing bodies of each body have deliberated on the interim reports. A tentative plan has been sketched for the formation of an organic—not a federal—union under the title of the United Church of Canada, with a mild Presbyterian confession as doctrinal basis, and on the administrative side of a combination of the Methodist general conference, the Congregational council, and the Presbyterian presbytery. The matter is now to be thrashed out in the local governing units of each denomination. So far as can be judged at present, the tide of opinion, both lay and pulpit, runs strongly in favor of the new movement, and makes its ultimate success highly probable.

Turning to the political field we find that an interesting step in constitutional development has been made in giving a legal status to the leader of the opposition, with a grant of $7,000 a year salary in addition to the usual sessional indemnity. The position of the opposition leader has long been an anomalous one in all parliament-governed countries. An indispensable cog in the machinery of party government, loaded down with work, almost as responsible as the premier himself for economical and effective administration, he has hitherto had no recognized standing and no reward but a fleeting hope and an inverted honor. Some fears were expressed that a salaried opposition leader might feel hampered in his criticism, but so far as Mr. Borden, the present leader of the Canadian opposition, is concerned, the fear seems groundless. During the past two sessions he has been gaining steadily in parliamentary dexterity and in control of his party, and has given the Government many an uneasy hour.

But perhaps Canada's greatest problem is the working out a new form of imperial organization. Can a plan be devised whereby the great haphazard British empire may endure, now that the younger nations are arriving at years of discretion? It is a problem never yet successfully solved. Colonial empires there have been, but either the colonies grew strong and broke from leading strings, or else were weak and stagnated in burdensome dependence. Alliances, federations, there have been, but of states contiguous in territory and bound by common interests. The world has never yet seen an enduring empire or federation composed of states at all the earth's ends and divided by all seven seas. To-day the bubble of imperial federation has burst. That solution at least is hopeless, in the face of the colonies' reluctance to surrender a jot of their present rights of self-government.

To Canada belongs the credit for the proposal and the steady upholding

of the new basis of unity, and in Canada chiefly to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the late Principal Grant. Slowly there has dawned the conception of an Empire British, but not Britain's, a "galaxy of independent nations," in Sir Wilfrid's phrase, a league of equal independent states, owing common allegiance to the one king but not to the one parliament. Complete autonomy in home affairs with co-operation in matters of common imperial concern is the new idea.

And in both parts of the program the Dominion has set the pace for the empire. On the co-operation side, it was Canada which led the way in cheap interimperial postage, Canada which proposed and carried through against opposition the all-British Pacific cable, Canada which initiated the preferential tariff movement. On the side of autonomy her example has been as consistent. She declined to concur in the British proposal of a colonial contribution to an imperial-managed navy. She declined to assent to the British war office suggestions of a uniform military system and foreign service for colonial troops. She recently ended the arrangement, fertile in discord, by which an imperial officer commanded the Canadian militia. A few months ago she took over the complete control of Halifax and Esquimault, and the last British soldier on the continent sailed from her shores. And after the Alaskan boundary settlement she announced her intention to demand treaty-making powers, the only shred of independence yet ungrasped. Finally, at the recent Colonial Conference, it was Canada, in the person of shrewd, eloquent, picturesque Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which dominated the proceedings and held the Conference steady to the principle of all-round autonomy. Piquantly enough Sir Wilfrid was even forced to champion the mother country against the zealous interference of the narrower-gauged premiers of Australia and the Cape, who sought to bulldoze Britain into granting a colonial tariff preference against her will. For in his new conception of the British Empire even Britain is to have some rights of self-government.

A free alliance of equal rights—this is Canada's solution. It may not work; independence within the empire may eventually prove less attractive to the colonies than independence without it, but at least it is the only solution which seems to have a possibility of success.

It follows from the new attitude taken up by Canada that her relations with the continent to which she belongs will henceforth be more in her own hands. The circumlocutory mode of negotiating which now exists, from Ottawa via London to Washington and from Washington via London back to Ottawa, seems fated to give way to more direct communication. With a high commissioner at Washington as now at London, Canada will be able to take part in the American concert.

Significant in this connection is the changing attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine. Years ago, especially during the Venezuelan estrangement, it was railed at as a piece of American arrogance. To-day it is coming to be looked on as a guarantee of continental protection. The Canadian minister of militia recently assigned that guarantee as one reason why Canada need not contribute to the imperial navy. A distinguished Canadian publicist, Professor Adam Shortt, draws a still further deduction: "Plainly we must accept the policy of the Monroe Doctrine as an integral part of our national inheritance. But in so doing, we must adopt the equally necessary position that, as a self-governing nation representing the British empire on this continent, we have a vital interest and a sound right to assist in shaping the future of that policy." Soon that most vague and flexible of policies, the Monroe Doctrine, will not be recognized if met in broad daylight by its own father—whoever was its father.

Patsy Moran and the Orange Paint

By Arthur Sullivant Hoffman in Everybody's

"I HAVE no great likin' for thim mesilf," said Patsy Moran, skilfully lighting his pipe from the one that Tim had silently handed him and settling back comfortably on his end of a Central Park bench; "yet 'twas only me good luck saved me from bein' wan of thim."

The phlegmatic Tim smoked peacefully on without comment, but Patsy, who required no other response from Tim than his presence, continued reminiscently:

"Yis," he said, "but for good luck and a bit of me own good judgment I'd be tremblin' for me job on the polayce force this minute—depindent for the rint on whether I could git it from Hinissey for not seein' his place was open Sunday mornin' whin I was takin' a drink over his bar, or whether me sergeant had already took ivrything Hinissey had for the offinse of havin' it, tellin' him he might keep the rest if he would report me for drinkin' on duty. Sure, and in the place of that I'm me own master of mesilf, livin' free and comfortable by industrious burglin' and drivin' the polayce distracted, may the divil dance on the blue backs of thim—hiven forgive me for sayin' so!

"But they was a time whin I was timpted into wantin' a job on the force, and this was the way of it. 'Twas in me early twinties, and faith, it's the fine, upstandin' lad I was in thim days, with all the women gittin' beyond thimsilves entirely over me, and me that careless and go-lucky. It was only me good luck saved me from wan of thim the same day it kept me from throwin' mesilf away on the polayce force, and if iver a man made his way with a woman with ivrything ag'inst him—well, I'll be tellin' ye.

"It was me and Dinnis O'Toole with the eyes of the two of us on the same polayce job, good friends as we was—sure, I loved him like a brother and he treated me like wan, bad cess to him! But we was frinds thin, and whin the word come to us that the man holdin' the wires to the givin' of that job was old Michael O'Grady up in Westchester County, Dinnis comes to me and says he, with wan of thim lady-trust-me looks from the big eyes of him: 'Patsy,' says he, 'it's frinds we are first, and wan of us is a polayceman afterwards,' he says, noble.

"'Yis,' says I, swellin' with pride at bein' so honorable.

"'We're playin' fair and the best man wins,' he says.

"'Yis,' says I.

"'Thin,' says he, 'let the two of us go up togither to old man O'Grady's place in the country and settle it wanct and for all like gintlemen, lettin' him choose atween us. Are ye with me?'

"'I wouldn't be lettin' ye go alone for worlds,' says I, still feelin' honorable and turnin' cold at the thought of him goin' to O'Grady unbeknownst to me. 'It's the true frind ye are and I'll not be goin' back on ye.'

"'Will it be this afternoon, thin?' he says.

"'Sure,' I says, takin' quick thought of the new clothes I was wearin' and knowin' Dinnis couldn't raise the money by afternoon for better than the shabby wans on the back of him.

"So up we wint. O'Grady, havin' made his pile, was livin' comfortable on his own place in the country and addin' to it, bein' a capacious man, by keepin' his hold on politics on the East Side. He was so rich his home was a matter of a mile from the station and we wint the way on foot, takin' no sorrow of it, for the sun was shinin', the flowers bloomin' ivrywhere, and the bees hummin' soothin' and pleasant-like—and the country's a fine place to go to whin ye can come back ag'in.

"We was trudgin' along through a

bit of woods, nayther of us talkin' much by reason of thinkin' how he could git a medal from O'Grady for bein' fair and honorable whilst he was makin' the other look like the last words of a drunken man afore he falls into the ditch and quits speakin', whin who should we be meetin', drivin' along in his bit of a cart, but old man O'Grady himsilf!

"We stops him, both talkin' to wanct, but afore we could tell our business he says he must be goin' on after the mail and for us to wait for him where we was and ride home with him whin he comes back. Which we done, or begun to do, only by this time we was so nervous about each other that Dinnis wandered around in the woods and I stretched out on the grass by the roadside.

"I was watchin' him, suspicious, but prisintly I rolled over and wint to sleep, with the warm sun shinin' down on me back, knowin' me wits would carry me through with O'Grady if I didn't wear thim out with usin' thim aforehand.

"It was Dinnis woke me, and the eyes of him was bulgin' out like eggs.

"'Tare and ages!' he says, "what's happened ye?'

"'Me?' says I, blinkin' me eyes.

"'Who's done this to ye, Patsy?' he goes on, fairly yellin' at me. 'What the divil has been at ye whilst I was away? Oh, wirra, wirra, man, if O'Grady iver sees ye now it's more like he will be killin' ye than annything ilse! 'Here,' he says, 'roll over ag'in and let me see to back of ye wanct more. Holy saints, look at that, now! "Down with Tammany!" across your shoulders! And runnin' crooked down from it—hold still but wan minute—no true Irishman iver done that—"Bless Boyne Water!" And down wan leg is "Ireland for the English!" and along the other "Down with the Pope!" and startin' from your hip-pocket is a blaspheemous suggistion to the polayce! Ivry letter of it all in orange paint! Och, man, if O'Grady ever sees but wan letter of that ye're lost entirely, and by the powers here he comes now, jauntin' along in his bit cart, though he ain't seen us yet! Keep your face to him—no, they's no time to be lookin' at it now—and crawl back where ye can sit with your back ag'inst this tree and your legs flat out along the concealin' ground, and don't move annything but your tongue whilst he's with us! I'll do what I can, but for the love of hiven, sit tight!'

"With the first words of him me brains threw the sleep from thim and me heart stopped beatin' with the sickenin' fright of what he was sayin'. I could see immediate that thim words painted on the back of me would murder all me chancts with O'Grady—and me fine new suit, besides! Young as I was, I seen it was no time for mere thinkin'—me wits was quick to tell me that—and in less time than it takes a potaty to roll into a barrel I was scrunchin' and wormin' and wigglin' along on me back—alanna, thim poor clothes!—and was sittin' tight ag'inst a big tree with me legs flat out along the ground and niver wan of thim yellow letters showin', praise be.

"And with that, old man O'Grady, havin' come close by with his head down a-studyin', looks up and sees us. 'Whoa!' says he. 'Well, gintlemen, here I am and ready for ye. Will ye be gittin' in with me, or has your frind changed his mind, Mr. O'Toole?' he says, put out over a young man like me showin' him no more respict than not to git up whin he come.

"'Well, sor,' says Dinnis, 'it ain't his mind he's wantin' to change. Ye see, sor,' he says, givin' me a black eye right in the start of it and leavin' me no chanct to tell me own lies, 'it's not over strong he is—Moran's the name, sor, Patrick Moran—and the walkin' was a bit too much for him. The sun makes him this way, sor, but he gits all right ag'in whin he can rest his back ag'inst something for a bit.'

"Did ye iver hear the like of that from wan that was a frind! It made me so blunderin' mad that niver a word could I say ixcipt to take off me hat polite, prayin' the saints they was no orange paint on the back of me arm, and not dairin' to move from where I sat!

"'Sure,' says Mr. O'Grady, 'and that's a pity. What can we be doin' for ye?' he says, gittin down from his cart.

"There was me chanct and I took it. 'Mr. O'Grady,' I says, 'sure, it's troublin' ye too much I am, sor, but if ye could just be settin' down and talkin' to me soothin' a few minutes I'd be right ag'in in no time. It ain't wanct a year I git these spells, and thin only from eatin' pickled beets with horseradish on thim,' says I, knowin' they ain't no chanct for invalids on the polayce.

"'Och, it's mesilf will do that same,' says Mr. O'Grady, 'and little enough.'

"'Just a minute, sor, and axin' your pardon,' puts in Dinnis. 'Patsy, Patsy,' says he, tinder as a woman, the divil snatch him!—'don't ye mind how Dr. Ryan says the wan thing ye're not to do whin ye're this way is to talk with annybody whativer?'

"'Ye lie, ye dirty blackguard!' I says, losin' hold of mesilf, but keepin' pasted to the tree. 'I niver wint to Dr. Ryan in me life, and they ain't anny such man annyways! Don't I know what——'

"'Patsy dear,' says Dinnis, like it was hurtin' him, 'quiet yoursilf down! Och, come away, Mr. O'Grady, sir! It's killin' him we'll be after doin'. If ye'll be takin' me into your cart I'll be acceptin' your kind bid to go home with ye where I can be settlin' the business the two of us come out for, with no trouble to me frind. It's what the doctor says is best for him—to be left left quiet by himsilf.'

"'Now the black curse of Shielygh on ye, Dinnis O'Toole' I yells at him, bein' beyond mesilf, though not movin' me back and legs. 'And if iver——'

"'Don't be ragin at thim as is doin' their best for ye, Patsy dear,' he says, still lookin' sorrowful, 'for if it's much worse ye're gittin', I'll have to ask Mr. O'Grady to hilp me roll you on to your stummick and pound your back like Dr. Ryan said!'

"It's a wise man that knows whin a fool has the best of him. I give up; besides, the two of thim was already movin' toward the cart. I comminced callin' Dinnis all the evil names that come to me—which was all they was—but I seen him touchin' his head with his finger and whin I shut me mouth to listen, he was sayin' to Mr. O'Grady, says he: 'Oh, no, sir, he don't mean nothin' by all that. 'Tis only the fit that's on him and they's no offinse to be took. Other times he's a daycent man, though——'

"And with that they climbed in and away they wint, leavin' me blind and chokin' with me anger.

"I was so busy cursin' to mesilf that it was some minutes afore it come to me to look at thim blamed letters on me back. And thin, so hilp me, I was afraid to look! Sure I was that it was Dinnis himsilf put thim on me—it stood to reason no one would be wanderin' round the country with a can of orange paint waitin' for some Irishman to come along and go to sleep on his stummick so he could paint nefarious writin's on the innocent back of him! At the thought of thim I fell to swearin' ag'in prodigious, and was just goin' to draw up wan leg and read it whin I heard some wan singin'. A woman's voice, and a sweet wan, it was—and I begun prissin' me headlines to the ground closer than iver.

"Thin I seen her through the trees comin' down a bit of a lane into the road, and faith, few is the women I've laid me eyes on afore or since could equal that wan! Her hair was blacker than annything ilse ixcipt her eyes, and the red cheeks and lips of her would 'a' made the berries in her pail look like they was snowballs. And as saucy as ye please, she was.

"She spoke to me social as she wint by in the road, bein' nayther afraid nor too much the other way, and I could see the looks of me was by no means hurtin' her.

"'A fine afternoon to ye,' she says, goin' right along on her way.

"'Sure,' says I, 'and if ye'd said that same afore ye come, 'Id 'a' been answerin' that it was not like to be!'

"'Och,' says she, laughin' a bit of a laugh that made me heart feel like a repeater. 'But is it in trouble ye are?' her voice fillin' out with kindness so

I nearly forgot the paint that was keepin' me where I was.

"'I was till you come,' I says, laughin' back at her, 'and now I'm like to git in it worse than iver,' I says.

"'Och,' says she, 'go long with ye! Can't I be stoppin' long enough to be civil but ye must begin' blarneyin' like ye'd known me all me life long?'

"'Sure,' I says, still settin' tight ag'inst me tree and all the earth me legs could cover, 'I've knowed ye iver since I first met ye, and that's all anny wan has done. And as for blarneyin', was they iver a man laid eyes on ye without tellin' ye what he saw?'

"'Yoursilf,' says she, laughin', with the dimples comin' all over the face of her.

"'Mesilf indeed!' says I, and I could see she was bein' drawed to me by the way I was settin' there indifferent whilst she stood in the road. 'Wasn't I just sayin' I saw a worse trouble for me than anny that have gone afore?'

"She give me a look out of thim black eyes of hers and set me stranin' at the tree-trunk I was leanin' me back ag'inst. 'Meanin',' saye he, 'the trouble of gittin' up on your feet whin a lady speaks to ye?' she says, tossin' her pretty head and leadin' me on.

"'Faith,' I says, 'I'd be up on me feet and down on me knees the same minute if—' says I, if—' I says, surprised at where I'd got mesilf to and castin' round for anny kind of sinsible reason for bein' a bit of stickin' plaster on the face of the earth whin they was a girl like that callin' to me from the road.

"'Ye seem to be in trouble ag'in,' says she. 'It's like to become a habit with ye, and where's the glib tongue was waggin' so easy a minute gone?'

"'It ain't me tongue's at fault,' I says, meanin' to blame it on me heart and quiet the poor girl, only just thin I begun noticin' how manny of thim big black ants they was crawlin' around the ground and wanderin' over me hilpless form. It's me that hates bugs worse than the blissed St. Patrick hates snakes and 'twas me immediate intintion to jump straight up in the air, brushin' the little divils off me with all me hands and feet, but I raymimbered thim murderin' yellow letters printed up and down the back of me, and callin' up all me willpower, I set where I was. Mind ye, it was fair wild I was with thim—they was eight of thim animals on the wan leg of me—but such will the pride in him do for a man, and the love of women! And good come of it, for it was wan of thim lunytic ants scourin 'up the toe of me shoe and down the sole of it, not havin' sinse enough to go around instead of climbin' over, that give me a idea; and so quick was all this that 'twas but a second after she was done askin' that I outs with the answer.

"'It ain't me tongue,' I says, wan eye on her and the other wan on the biggest of thim ants what was ballyhootin' round the bottoms of me trousies, debatin' would he be explorin' inside, 'and hiven knows it ain't me heart that's keepin' me here, but me foot,' I says. 'I sprained me ankle on that store forninst ye in the road and would ye mind throwin' it as far as ye're able into the woods?' says I.

"'Och, ye poor man!' she says, comin' toward me as I knowed she would. 'And why ain't ye takin' off your shoe afore your foot swells in it?'

"'Bring a stick with ye!' I says, the wan big ant havin' disappeared from me view and another wan startin' to hunt for him.

"'Do what?' says she, but doin' it. 'Be careful of yoursilf there!' she goes on, for I was movin' me legs back and forth like they was pendulums, but keepin' thim tight to the ground and not alarmin' the ants to speak of. 'It's goin' for help I'll be,' she says, still comin' toward me.

"At thim words me stummick collapsed with fright of me bein' picked up and her readin' thim mortifyin' letters on me, and right on top of that she come close enough to see it was low shoes I was wearin' and both me ankles as trim and tidy as iver they was.

"'Ye big gomeral, ye was lyin' to me!' she says, stoppin' short.

"'Yis, I was,' says I, 'but in the name of hiven give me the stick!' I says, the sicond ant havin' gone over the idge of me trousies' leg. 'And what might your name be, so I can be thankin' ye?' I says, reachin' for the stick. 'And won't ye set down and rist yoursilf?'

"'Take it!' she says, throwin it at me. 'And it's none of your business and I want no thanks from the likes of ye and I won't!' says she, answerin' ivrything at wanct.

"'Thank ye annyways,' I says, beatin' me shins with the stick without movin' me back from the tree, 'and ye will and what is it?'

"'The saints in glory be among us!' says she, watchin' me whippin' me silf. 'What ails ye?'

"'It's punishin' mesilf I am for lyin' to ye,' I says, 'but I misdoubted would ye believe me if I told ye the truth.'

"'Ye might be tryin' the truth wanct to find out,' she says, forgittin' to stay mad from bein' a woman and curious, and lookin' prettier ivry minute.

"'Will ye set down friendly-like, thin, and what was it ye didn't say your name was?' says I' brushin' a ant off me shoulder and shiverin' at the thought of him gittin' down me neck.

"'I'll be stoppin' a minute, havin' time on me hands,' says she, her curiosity killin' her, 'and me name is just what ye said I didn't say it was, me not knowin' yours annyway,' she says.

"'Oh, mine,' says I. 'The last of of it's Moran,' I says, tellin' her the truth by reason of knowin' she wouldn't believe it, 'but that don't matter since it's just like ivry other man's—your own at the word from ye. Me own name is Patrick,' I says, 'but Patsy's easier. And I'm not wantin' the last of yours the day, seein' as it's not likely to stay so unless all the single men loses the power of speech and can't make signs. And if I'm not knowin' your own sweet name,' I says, wonderin' was it the old granddad ant ticklin' me over me knee, 'there's naught left but to call ye mavoureen and other things that come out of the heart of me,' says I, givin her a look and sighin' painful.

"'It's Katy, thin,' says she, dimplin' so I had to keep me eyes on me own back to raymimber thim purgatorial letters on it, 'and ye needn't be beatin' yoursilf anny more with that stick,' she says, 'if ye'll be tellin' me the real truth intirely.'

"'Niver mind that, Katy dear,' I says. 'I can't forgive mesilf for lyin' to ye and it keeps the bugs off, but will ye be offinded at the truth if ye have it?' I says, me wits furnishin' me with a splendiferous reason for bein' a porous plaster.

"'If ye can stand tellin' of it wanct' it's me will be tryin' to put up with the hearin' of it,' she says, smilin' at me and showin' the white teeth of her so I was minded to git up with all that outrageous printin' on me and take me chanct of lookin' a fool.

"'Thin here it is,' says I, solemn and trembly-like, 'in three words. 'I've seen the world, Katy darlin', and the most contimptible creature in the whole of it is him that makes a fool of himsilf runnin' round after a woman, bleatin' like a sheep whin she takes notice of him, and squealin' like a litter of pigs whin she pretinds she don't. I was but the makin's of a man whin I took me solemn oath that if iver the heart of me wint out to a good woman and a pretty wan, divil the step would I be traipsin' after her, leastways till she'd come to me first. Lad as I was, I knowed 'twas only a good woman would have sinse to see that belike I was the better man for not bein' a fool afore marriage, and the less likely to be a divil afterwards. 'Twas a big oath I took, and niver in all thim years was they need of it, but this day, Katy darlin',' I says, makin' me voice rich and sweet, and lookin' at her in a way I'd learned was worth doin', 'but this day, Katy darlin', the time has come on me! The minute me eyes was blissed by the sight of ye comin' down the lane I begun sayin' over and over to mesilf, "Patsy, me boy, Patsy, me boy, if ye move but wan inch from where ye are, ye'll spind all the rest of your life after

ye're dead in purgatory!" And mesilf answers me back immediate, "And if ye let that girl go by, ye'll spind it in a worse place, and God pity ye!" Faith, Katy dear, I'm cursin' the day I made that big oath, for it's glad I'd be to put me face in the dirt at your little feet, mavourneen,' I says, thinkin' right in the middle of it what the bedivilled back of me would be lookin' like if I was to do it, 'but I know ye'd not be havin' me break me oath and I'm too much of a man for that, annyways,' I inded up, sighin' tremindous.

"It was a long speech, but a good wan, and it made the pretty face of her red as thim red flowers, whativer the name of thim is, and her lookin' at me like she was tryin' to see into me heart itsilf.

"'Are ye a lunytic?' says she, gaspin' for breath.

'Yis,' says I, shakin' wan of thim divil-chasin' ants off me bare hand, 'but not till ye come,' I says.

"And thin she comminced to laugh, though I couldn't be tellin' was it from the quick wit of me answer to her or just by reason of her bein' a bit hysteric over the man's strength of me courtin'. But me own face I kept lookin' mortal sorrowful, though the whole of me was squirmin' all over with the ants I could feel on me, and was they real or not I don't know, but they might as well 'a' been.

"But not all of it—thim armies of bugs and thim fool paintin's on me back that kept me nailed down to wan spot like I was a lid to it—wasn't holdin' me from makin' me way with a woman. She was pretindin' to be a bit proud at the first, but I ixplained to her how me settin' still was but a compliment to her and if she would be humorin' me oath for the wan day, after that I would be crawlin' around for her like all thim other fools did, which suited her complete and tremindous. It wasn't long afore she come over close enough for me to be holdin' wan of her hands, me still usin' me free wan to knock off thim owdacious ants.

"'And now, Katy darlin',' says I, 'It's business I'll be havin' in these parts to-morrow and belike after that, and,' I says, 'ye didn't git all the berries they was, did ye, mavourneen? Couldn't ye be comin' by here after more of thim to-morrow?' I says, squeezin' the soft hand of her, encouragin'.

"'And do ye think Katy O'Grady has no more to do than go wanderin' about waitin' for some wan that will forgit he iver met her?' says she.

"Whin I heard 'O'Grady' me blood quit circulatin'.

"'Do ye think that?' she goes on, lookin' at me, pleadin'.

"'I ain't thinkin',' I says. But I was, and at wanct me wits told me that if she was old man O'Grady's daughter, here was me chanct to beat Dinis out after all by workin' on the poor girl's heart and makin' an alley of her.

"'And is it Mr. Michael O'Grady is your father?' I asks, careless-like.

"'The same,' says she, 'and do ye know him?'

"Thin I told her as much of the truth as I thought would be doin' her no harm, but also narratin' imprissive how Dinnis had been after persuadin' me to take a bit of a nap, me bein' tired from workin' so hard, and thin wint and slipped off to the old man, tellin' him I was just a frind who'd come along for company, which would 'a' been true if it had happened, and maybe it did.

"Annyways, I wint to work in earnest and if I'd been makin' love to her afore, after that I fair drawed the heart out of her. It was almost like makin' love to old man O'Grady himsilf, though the face and winnin' ways of her was enough in thimsilves. I'm not the man to be boastin' of such things, but it was but a short time till I could see mesilf in a polayceman's uniform arrestin' Dinnis for bein' alive, goin' home ivry night to me father-in-law's sumpchus risidince in the country and sindin' out the servants to kill all the ants they was on me estates.

"Thim ants was wonderful ristless, and by this time I could feel crowds of thim scramblin' round all over me underneath me clothes, playin' they

was Coney Island and Wall Street and eliction night all to wanct. I niver knowed they was so many ants, and ivry wan of thim was barefoot and diggin' his toes in. The cold chills run up and down me back and me stummick felt like it was a Charlotte Roose. Ivry wanct in a while wan of thim would bite me, meanin' no harm, but just investigatin'—and me all the time nailed down to the seat of me own trousies be thim painted and blaspheemus letters I was settin' on, niver darin' to move me back from the tree for all the ants nor all Katy's inticin' ways. Anny other man would 'a' run screamin' and clawin' from the place, but me will power is me strong point, and I stayed where I was, makin' love to a woman and the polayce force, and lyin' like the father of all lies to prove all thim I'd told afore and was intindin' to tell later on. But I will say this: If I was thrown into the tormints of hell this minute I would but wave me hand easy-like and make enemies on ivry side by findin' fault with the feeble way they was doin' things.

"Katy was makin' it no easier for me. 'Give ye a kiss, is it?' says she, replyin' to wan of me suggistions I'd made whilst tryin' to siparate two of thim ants what had met on a street corner and was havin' a free-for-all on me bare skin. 'Come over and give ye a kiss, is it? And ye settin' there mumblin' about a oath ye took whin ye was drivin' the pig home in the Old Country! And did ye take anny oath about makin' the woman do the runnin' after? Och, Patsy dear, if ye was meanin' the half of what ye've been sayin' to me—and faith, twould not be runnin' after me to move over but the few feet they are atween us!'

"Can ye guess bein' put like that, and me with the back of me lookin' like a plate of alphabet soup! And wouldn't 'Down with the Pope and Tammany!' be a fine card for the daughter of Michael O'Grady, and her blushin' and waitin' for me to come and kiss her!

"At the sound of some wan comin' along the road I begun givin' thanks to all the saints, wan by wan and all togither, and Katy come to her feet, grabbin' up her berry pail, but afore she could reach the road she give a little squeal:

"'Och,' she says, stoppin' in her tracks, 'it's me father himsilf!'

"And him it was, and Dinnis O'Toole, walkin' arm in arm as thick as ye please.

"'I'm glad of that same,' says I. 'Now do ye be leavin' it all to me, Katy darlin', and we'll give Mr. O'Toole what he's deservin', bad scran to him, and me oath would 'a' been busted to smithereens if they'd waited but the wan minute more!'

"Just thin old Mr. O'Grady claps his eyes on her. 'And what are ye doin' here, now,' he calls out to her, 'gabbin' with a man what's a stranger to ye. If I wasn't knowin' him too sicfl to move, I'd be boxin' both thim ears of yours!'

"'Sick?' says she, lookin' first at me and thin at him.

"'Yis,' says the old man, close to her by now, 'he was so sick in the head of him that his frind Mr. O'Toole—had to leave him here like the doctor said, till he come to. And are ye feelin' a bit better, Mr. Moran, and no offinse to ye?' says he, lookin' down at me ag'inst me tree.

"'Sick!' says she ag'in, disgusted, but barely noodin' to Dinnis, who was bowin' and scrapin' to her with the eyes of him stickin' out of his head. 'Why,' says she, 'he was tellin' me he'd took a oath—I was but passin' the time of day to him as I wint by,' she says, seein' she was makin' trouble for hersilf. 'He said he'd took a oath to—to—but——'

"'Oath?' says Dinnis, laughin', the spalpeen! 'Faith, I'm bettin' all me hopes of Paradise I can be guessin' it was wan of two things! Come, now, Patsy me boy,' says he, actin' like he was payin' me a frindly compliment, 'which wan was it? Have ye been swearin' off ag'in on gallivantin' after the girls, or is it the liquor ye put your oath on this time? 'Sure,' he says, turnin' to the others, 'It's his tinder conscience makes me like him, and if

the girls would be leavin' him alone and he wasn't so good-lookin', he'd make less trouble for the hearts of thim. As regardin' the liquor, now, I'm sayin' but what——'

" 'Ye're a murderin' liar, Dinnis O'Toole!' I yells at him whin I could catch me breath from the treach'ry of him, mixin' the truth with black lies to ruin me chanct with Katy and the old man! 'If I could be gittin' on me feet I'd break ivry bone in your sneakin' body!' I says, chokin' with the rage that was on me and cursin' the paint on me back that kept me from killin' him.

" 'Oh,' says he, swellin' up the chist of him, 'words is easy things, but I'd be makin' ye eat thim ye've just spoke if ye wasn't out of your head with the sickness, and can't ye take a bit of jokin' from a frind?' he says. 'And what is the matter with ye, annyways?'

"Hell was hiven be the side of that minute. Here was that big lyin' gomach insultin' me and spoilin' me last chanct with Katy and the polayce force, and me growin' in the ground like I was a toadstool! I could see she was talkin' to Dinnis a bit from spite, believin' I'd been desayvin' of her and thinkin' me a coward and a lunytic besides that, and O'Grady himsilf, the old spancelled goat, was regardin' me like I was two lunytics and drunk wans at that. Dinnis, the wretch, was smilin' wan of thim sweet smiles of his and whisperin' to Katy confidential, seein' himself on the polayce force foriver by reason of bein' married to O'Grady's own daughter. And that not bein' enough to tormint me, I begun feelin' thim ants ag'in crawlin' all over me, furious.

"All to wanct me quick wits and me good judgmint come back to me and I seen that havin' nothin' to choose from' they was but wan thing to do. I couldn't in anny way look more of a fool than I was lookin' already and I might as well be showin' Dinnis up for another, and maybe, by destroyin' his chanct with the both of thim, I could build up me own ag'in. And annyways, whin ye've fell from the elivinth-storey window they ain't no more can happen ye after hittin' the ground.

" 'Listen, Mr. O'Grady, and you, Miss O'Grady,' says I, lookin' up at thim, and with the sound of me own voice I seen how fine me plan was and that Dinnis was as good as done for. 'I'll tell ye the whole truth from the beginnin' and ye can judge atween the two of us!'

"At wanct Dinnis quit whisperin' and wint a bit white in the face, but I wint right on, keepin' me eyes on all three of thim and tellin' thim all of it —how Dinnis betrayed our agreemint and painted thim blaspheemous letterin's on me, so he could ruin me with his lyin' tongue whilst I was helpless —me Irish pride keepin' me from movin' so anny wan could see me back —clean down to the liese just off the oily lips of him, but omittin' about Katy and wan or two other things.

"It done me good to see O'Grady beginnin' to scowl at Dinnis as I wint on with me story, though Katy laughed a bit wanct or twict. As for Dinnis himsilf, ye couldn't tell what was goin' inside him, but his face was red and his lips twitchin' so I thought he was on the idge of cryin'.

"But the impidence of him! The minute the last word was out of me mouth he steps up to old man O'Grady, bold as ye please, though his mouth was still trimblin' round the corners.

" 'Mr. O'Grady,' says he, his voice shakin', 'whin ye are through listenin' to me ixcited frind Mr. Moran, I'll be askin' another word with ye about whin I'm to join the force. And at the same time, sor,' he says, sinkin' his voice so Katy couldn't hear him, but I could, bein' nearer, 'and at the same time, sor,' says he, easy and cheerful, 'I'll be askin' your permission to pay me court to your daughter!'

"Old man O'Grady spun round on him and give him a look like he would bite him, and Dinnis turned his back and run, throwin' himsilf down on the ground a little ways off and rollin' about with his face covered with his hands and his body shakin' like his

troubles was murderin' him. The old man turned to me wanct more:

"'Git up, thin, and let's see thim letters on ye, me frind,' says O'Grady.

"'Faith,' I says, blushin', 'they're that humiliaytin' I ain't seen thim mesilf, but the same's none of me own for all that, though I'm wishin' Miss O'Grady would be lookin' the other way,' I says, gittin' up slow by reason of wan of me legs bein' asleep, and turnin' me back round to him.

"Just thin Dinnis let out a laugh like he was a lunytic entirely and the nixt minute O'Grady busted out himsilf and Katy joined in with thim, laughin' so it made me weak with the shame of it!

"I made wan grab at me coat, tearin' it off me and twistin' round at the same time to see the backs of me legs, and—so hilp me hiven, they wasn't a mark on me!"

'Tis Even So

Collier's Weekly

Our fool treatment of Canada is another illustration of what our legislators can accomplish. The Dominion has now made up her mind to treat us to as harsh laws as can be devised, and her decision is wise and right. For a quarter of a century she has waited patiently, while one President after another, and one Secretary of State after another, devised treaties intended for the mutual benefit of Canada and the United States. Every time the Senate, imagining itself to exist for sequestering benefits desired by the well-intrenched, has protected its clients against the administration and the people. Calmly, at length, Canadian leaders have seen that no fair measure of reciprocity could ever pass the Senate, and she has decided to do all in her power to stop trade with us, to develop it with England and her other colonies; to favor all Europe against the United States, to develop her own incalculable resources. We wish her well. Whatever harm our ass policy brings to us has been fully and painstakingly deserved.

What Men of Note Are Saying

"Canada has come to the conclusion that it is useless to consider longer the possibility of establishing reciprocal tariff relations with the United States. The Government has always felt that it would be to the mutual advantage of the two countries if more favorable tariff relations could be established, but with the well-outlined high tariff policy of the United States, from which policy the Government apparently does not intend to swerve, and the low tariff policy of Canada, there seems to be an insurmountable barrier. If the high tariff party of Canada were in power there might be some concessions on both sides, but as long as the two governments are so diametrically opposed on the tariff question we deem it futile to make any attempt at reciprocal relations. It has been practically settled for a long time in the minds of the Dominion Government that Canada should no longer look to the United States for a market. Having arrived at this conclusion Canada looked for a desirable market elsewhere and she had no trouble finding it. Now she feels independent and perfectly able to get along without the United States, although I would hardly say that Canada would, if favorable opportunity arose, refuse to meet this country half way."

J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, gives words of council concerning our business enterprises.

"Every healthy man should be an optimist. When a man has something wrong with his liver he sees the world awry. At the same time recommends caution in respect of business enterprises. We have been upon the crest of the wave now for about eight years; we may expect reaction. We may look for shrinkage. There should be no rash undertakings. There may be three men looking for the job which only one can have. I do not pretend to be a prophet, but this is to be expected."

John D. Rockefeller believes that the opportunities for acquiring wealth in this country are greater than ever before. The present prosperity, in his opinion, will continue and increase. That was his message in Chicago. Here is his message to a party of young men whom he recently addressed: "I want to tell you that systematic saving and self-denial, with a good deal of hard work, form the foundation for every large fortune. That has been my experience. The opportunities for acquiring wealth or a simple competency are greater in this country than ever before. The improvement of transportation facilities, advancement along scientific lines, the development of machinery and system and organization all tend to increase general prosperity. The average citizen of to-day is enjoying the luxury of the rich man of yesterday. The average citizen of to-morrow will be enjoying the luxuries of the wealthy man of to-day. Prosperity will continue and will increase."

Goldwin Smith, on the situation in Russia—"One of the most signal warnings of history seems to have been disregarded in the Russian Government. In France, on the eve of the Revolution, in the case including the financial part of it, was far from desperate, and might have been successfully met if the King had called around him his best advisers and with their guidance used his power, which was sovereign, in the inauguration of practical reforms. Instead of that he summoned an elective assembly, which was sure to contain all the revolutionary elements, and instead of co-operating with him in a policy of reform, to wrestle with him for the supreme power; his army having failed him with fatal success. As Europe feels at this hour the Czar in granting the Douma made the same mistake,

and as a matter of course the Douma, like the national assembly instead of co-operating in practical reform, commenced a struggle for the supreme power. Luckily for the Czar, his Cossacks have proved more loyal than the Gardes Francaises, and Russia has been so far saved from a republic of dynamite. Few can think that she is at present fit in any respect for democratic institutions. A crash would not be limited to Russia. The world is far more electrical than it was a century ago. A dynamiter butchering not only his political enemies but numbers of unoffending people, with this powerful missile, is surely an enemy not of the Czar's Government, but of the human race."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie confesses that it is difficult to distribute money so that it would not do more harm than good. "The true use of money is to help those who help themselves," he says. "I see men and women like Lucifer holding their heads above water, rejecting anything like charity and determined to swim themselves, but some are unfortunate from accident or other exceptional circumstances, and assistance to that class deserves the title of philanthrophy."

Sir Alfred Jones, who began life as a ship's apprentice, but is now a very extensive shipowner, gives the following suggestions concerning success in life: "I would advise any man who wants to be really successful, to be a teetotaler, an early riser, and to go early to bed. If you want to be successful you must be ahead of your neighbors everywhere, and you can only do this by enthusiasm and activity. Enthusiasm begets activity, for no one who is keen in his work can ever waste much time. Plenty of self-confidence is another valuable asset, for if people see that a man thoroughly believes in himself they will be much more inclined to believe in him. Another thing of primary importance is that a man should start early. Many men waste years of their lives at expensive schools instead of working at the profession for which they are intended. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that after the age of 16 any time spent otherwise than in the work of his profession a man is wasting. All the education necessary to the practical affairs of life can be obtained by that time. Such studies as Latin and Greek are of no real use in everyday matters; it would be far better to devote the time instead to French, German and Spanish. A certain amount of outdoor exercise is essential, but the young men of to-day devote far too much time to football and cricket. They lose sight of the fact that games such as these are only a recreation, a diversion, and not part of the serious business of life. Success was never reached by putting play first and work afterwards. And, after all, the pleasure of work is greater than the pleasure of play."



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Two Days of Rest. N. M. Lyon .....Argosy
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The Case of San Francisco. Jas. D. Phelan....
....American Monthly Review of Reviews
Does the Country Want Tariff Re-adjustment? Wm. R. Corivine....
....American Monthly Review of Reviews
Morocco the Derelict of Diplomacy. Wm. G. Fitzgerald....
....American Monthly Review of Reviews

RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.

Inner Life of Chicago Stations. Gilson Willets.....Railroad Man's
The Making of an Engineer. Robert H. Rogers.....Railroad Man's
First Railroad Across the Continent. C. F. Carter....Railroad Man's
A Wreck-proof Sleeping Car .....Railroad Man's
Railroad Man's Primer No. 5. Herman Da Costa .....Railroad Man's
Guarantees Not Live Enough .....Railroad Man's
Scholarships for Railroad Boys .....Railroad Man's
Guarding Seconds on a Railroad .....Railroad Man's
Law for the Railroads .....Railroad Man's
Railroad Building a Church .....Railroad Man's
First Steel-Box Car Built .....Railroad Man's
Car Coupling Made Easy .....Railroad Man's
Railroads Race to the North. Aubrey Fullerton....Technical World
How One Railroad Moved the Freight. Ivy L. Lee .....System
The Railroad Conquest of the Mountains. C. M. Keys..World's Work
Appraising Railroad Values. J. D. Evans .....Moody's Magazine

RELIGION.

The New Theology in England. Chas. Johnston....North Am. Review
The Vision of an Exile.....Spectator (June 15)
Islam in China. E. H. Parker .....Asiatic Quarterly
The "Ahuna-Vairya" and the Logos. Prof. L. Mills..Asiatic Quarterly
The Revolt from Family Ties. Alvin F. Sanborn..Good Housekeeping
Progmatism .....Spectator (July 6)
The Ghost Hunters. Jas. Creelman .....Pearson's
Immortality. Prof. J. Royce .....Hibbert Journal
Divine Immanence. Prof. H. Jones, LL.D. .....Hibbert Journal
The Sufficiency of the Christian Ethic. Bishop of Clogher....
....Hibbert Journal
The Free Catholic Ideal. Rev. Jno. L. Thomas.....Hibbert Journal
Who is the Christian Deity? Jas. Collier .....Hibbert Journal
Religion and Citizenship in Early Rome. W. W. Fowler....
....Hibbert Journal
Religion of the People. Rev. Canon S. A. Barnett....Hibbert Journal
What are You? Prof. J. J. Findlay .....Hibbert Journal
Priests and People Before the Reformation. G. G. Coulton....
....Contemporary Review
Christian Science Idealism. Joel R. Mosely .....Cosmopolitan

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

The Call of Another World .....Metropolitan
The Future of Transportation .....Metropolitan
Recent Railroad Patents. Forrest G. Smith .....Railroad Man's
A Revolution in Railroads .....Munsey's
Runs on a Single Rail .....Railroad Man's
The Wizard of Fruits and Flowers. Louis J. Simpson.Technical World
When is Life Extant? Emmet C. Hall .....Technical World
Shall We Travel on One Rail? Wm. T. Walsh .....Technical World
Seeing Beyond the Microscope. Dr. A. Gradenwitz ..Technical World
What We Know About Mars. W. Kaempffert .....Windsor
The Problems of Industrial Alcohol. Prof. R. K. Duncan ....Harper's

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Baseball Debrutalized. Edward L. Saben .....Lippincott's
Revolutionary Rowing .....Spectator (June 15)
A Little Duck .....Saturday Review (June 22)
The University Elevens .....Saturday Review (June 22)
Sea-fishing at Montauk. Henry Thorpe .....Travel
Canoeing at Night. R. R. Logan .....Travel
The Portage Problem of the Canoeist. Borden H. Mills ..Recreation
Snipe Shooting in Wet Cornfields. E. McGaffey .....Recreation
Little Motor Trips Around Manhattan. A. B. Tucker .....Recreation
An Angling Venice. Chas. F. Holder .....Recreation
The Recreation of the People. Rev. Canon Barnett .....Cornhill
The World's Largest Bear. L. E. Zeb .....Technical World
Outdoor Recreation at Night. Lynn S. Abbott .....Suburban Life
Methods and Means for Preventing Skidding. H. B. Haines....
....Suburban Life
A Problem in Horse Racing. .....Spectator (July 6)
An Eighteen Hour Swim. W. G. Fitzgerald .....Success
Play Ball. Henry Beech Needham .....Success
The Rod on the Pacific Coast. Chas. F. Holder.....Pacific Monthly
An Idyll of the Trout Streams. Jules Verne des Voignes....
....Pacific Monthly
Motor Boating in Puget Sound. Daniel L. Pratt.....Pacific Monthly

THE STAGE.

Twenty-five Hundred Dollars a Performance. Geo. Rogers..Lippincott's
The Village Theatre. Elizabeth McCracken .....World To-day
The London Stage. Oscar Parker .....English Illustrated
Mr. Hammerstein's Service to Opera. R. Aldrich .....Century
The Theatre's Responsibility. Alan Dale .....Cosmopolitan
The Stage and the Pulpit. Wm. Winter .....Pacific Monthly
Stage Affairs in New York. Wm. Winter .....Pacific Monthly

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Eruption of Vensuvius. Burton Holmes..Ladies' Home Journal
Some Americans Abroad. Booth Tarkington .....Everybody's
Picturesque Marblehead. Mary H. Northend .....Travel
Down at the Salt Water. Jean McIlwraith .....Travel
Cruising in a Rowboat. Gardner Richardson .....Travel
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Memories of Maoriland. E. I. Massy.....Empire Review
In Unknown Portugal. Isabel Moore .....Atlantic Monthly
Where Bananas Come From. F. E. Bailey .....Royal
A Typical French Town. Alvan F. Sanborn .....Putnam's
The Land of Eighty Centuries. T. Schwartz .....Munsey's
Inland Waterways. Geo. G. Chisholm .....Geographical Journal
Chief Physical Feature of Northumberland and Durham. David
Woolacott....Geographical Journal
Fresh Water Locks of Scotland. Sir Jno. Murray..Geographical Jour.
Dr. Stein's Expedition in Central Asia.....Geographical Jour.
A Chocolate University. Fannie B. Ward .....Good Housekeeping
Mexico at High Tide. Eugene P. Lyle .....World's Work
Inland Waterway Behind Hatteras. Jno. H. Small..World's Work
The Cape Cod Ship Canal. Remsen Crawford .....World's Work

The Danger Spot of Europe. By an English Traveler..World's Work
The Congressional Tour of the Hawaiian Islands. Alex. H. Ford....
....World To-day
A Confederate Re-union. Gustavus C. Widney .....World To-day
By Way of Dead Horse Gulch. David Brandon .....World To-day
The Real Cattle Boat. Test Dalton .....Windsor
Outdoor Boston. Samuel M. Crothers .....Century
Old Farmington. Francis D. Nichols .....Am. Homes and Gardens
Islesboro, a Bit of the Maine Coast. Elizabeth P. Lawrence....
.....House and Garden
Quaint Houses of the South. Edith Dabney .....House and Garden
The Hermit of San Nicholas. W. A. Tenney .....Pacific Monthly
A Day with a Volcano. Arthur M. Burns .....Pacific Monthly
Out-of-Doors in California. Geo. W. James .....Pacific Monthly
The Mediterranean of North America. C. B. Yandall..Pacific Monthly
Resourceful Central America. Jno. Barrett....
....American Monthly Review of Reviews

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

The Model Kitchen. Eloise Turner Adams .....Home Magazine
A Girls' College with a Practical Idea. Mary C. Crawford ....
....Ladies' Home Journal
How to Mark Household Linens. Lilian Barton Wilson....
....Ladies' Home Journal
The Young Mother in the Home. Emelyn L. Coolidge, M.D.....
....Ladies' Home Journal
Clothes for College and Boarding School Girls. Mrs. Ralston....
....Ladies' Home Journal
Cutting Over a Man's Coat for a Child. Emily LaFarge Claxton....
....Ladies' Home Journal
Is There an American Type of Feminine Beauty J. Heneker....
....Everybody's
Sphinxes Without Secrets. Richard Duffy .....Smart Set
The Amateur House Party. Inex H. Gillmore .....Smart Set
The Joys of the Hostess. Carolyne Rapelyca .....Ainslee's
The Hindu Ideal of Womanhood. T. R. Krishna....Asiatic Quarterly
The Woman Beautiful. Augusta Prescott .....Royal
What New York Offers to Young Women. Jas. L. Ford....
....Good Housekeeping
How I Learned to Keep House. Grace D. Goodwin..Good Housekeeping
Women in Politics. Annie E. S. Beard .....World To-day
Training the Baby. C. T. Herrick .....Success

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Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

Business.

BUSINESS DESK BOOK. Curtis, Gardner & Co, Limited, London. Paper, 2d. (4 cents). This is a little paper covered booklet, full of information of the kind that might be needed any moment by a business man. Tables of weights and measures, profit and discount tables, interest table, foreign exchange rates, and many other subjects of everyday use are treated concisely in this little "tuppeny book."

BUSINESS BLUE BOOK. By the same publishers as Business Desk Book, above mentioned. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Contains information for those desiring to start in business, sell out, take a partner, buy a partnership, etc. It has instructive chapters on the many phases of business life.

Travel.

TRAVELERS' PRACTICAL MANUAL of Conversation in English, French, German, Italian. E. Marlborough & Co., London. 1s. This little book, which fits into the breast pocket of a coat, is for the convenience of European travelers. Part one contains information as to customs, mode of travel, etc., in Germany, France and Italy; information regarding coinage systems of these countries; pronunciation and articles of the French, German and Italian languages. Part two is a collection of colloquial phrases in the three languages. Part three, numerals and fractions, and weights and measures. Part four, dictionary.

MAN OF THE WORLD, THE. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. $1.25. This book, with its sub-title "The Sinner," is the second in order of three famous books. The author follows up the development of character in Paul Maironi under the social, religious and political conditions of modern Italy. An ascetic by temperament and of a deep religious nature, Maironi finds himself out of touch with these conditions. A domestic cloud envelops him through the insanity of his young wife. Temptation assails him in the person of the beautiful Jeanne Desalle. He seeks safety in retirement and "The Sinner" becomes "The Saint."

HILL OF DREAMS. By Arthur Machen. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. $1.50. A study after the manner of De Quincy. The author has depicted a character of morbid and introspective temperament dominated by the imagination as one under the influence of a drug. The tone throughout is pessimistic. A life

of dreams tends to alienation from his kind and closes in loneliness and failure.

Sporting.

WELLCOME'S PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPOSURE RECORD AND DIARY, 1907. New York: Burroughes, Wellcome & Co., 45 Lafayette Street. This is a little book useful to amateur photographers. It contains information as to the development of negatives, and particularly as to the proper exposure of plates or films. There are 120 pages of reading matter, and 140 pages of specially ruled paper for the purpose of recording particulars of any piece of work and the peculiar circumstances surrounding it. There is a celluloid disc on the inside back cover, by means of which the operator can find the correct time for the exposure necessary for any kind of subject. The book is pocket size.

COMPLETE BOXER. By "Gunner" James Moir. London: Health and Strength Library. Paper, 1s. A book of instruction in the art of boxing by the champion heavyweight of the British army. It is illustrated with numerous drawings, showing the principal operations of the science, and seems to be full of instruction for those interested in boxing. There is a list of heavyweight world champions from 1719 to date.

Miscellaneous.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. By Robert Luce. Boston: Clipping Bureau Press. Cloth, $1. This is a comprehensive manual for the use of all people interested in literary work of any kind. It is somewhat unique in form, as it is without division into chapters. It starts out with instructions as to the size of copy paper, and more or less completely deals with every branch of knowledge entering into newspaper writing and book-making and publishing. It contains also a useful glossary of terms peculiar to the publishing world. It is now in its fifth edition.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM. By Richard L. Metcalfe. Lincoln, Neb.; The Woodruff-Collins Press. Cloth. This is a volume of essays, taking its title from the first one, which is upon the subject of children and their influence upon mankind. There are 37 other short essays, upon kindred subjects, drawn from life. The book is replete with the soundest of moral and humane precepts, written in the free and unrestrained style of a man who feels what he says.

ORTHODOX SOCIALISM. By James E. LeRossignol. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, $1 net. This is a text-book on the subject of socialism, and is written with a view of examining that creed. The first chapter quite dispassionately defines the creed and traces the rise of socialism. Following this, the writer enters into discussion of the theory of value, the law of wages, surplus value, the use of machinery and its effect on labor, panics, strikes, and all the other topics which a discussion of socialism naturally gives rise to. The method of treatment is as well suited to the general reader as to the student of economics.

DAYSPRING, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. James Little. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh. 5s. In this volume of sermons the life and truth of the gospel are presented with admirable sincerity and directness. Questions of controversy and criticism are carefully avoided. Prominence is given to the ethical and spiritual value of the gospel and its power to overcome evil and transform the life. The style is singularly lucid and forceful. In the publication of these discourses Mr. Little has made a valuable contribution to Christian literature.



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Humor in the Magazines

The late Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") used to relate an amusing story with regard to bogus degrees. A sweep prosecuted a resident in the suburbs of Edinburgh for debt. The presiding judge called the sweep to give evidence, and the first question he asked him was, "What is your name?"

"James Gregory, LL.D., sir."

"What! Doctor of Laws? And where on earth did you get that distinction?"

"'Twas a fellow fra' an American university, an' I swept his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll make ye an LL.D., an' we'll ca' it quits.' And he did!"

* * *

An old couple who had spent their lives in a small country village recently determined to pay a visit to London. Their friends gave them much advice, principally on the ways of the wily "sharper." So the old people set off on their journey, determined to look out for these men.

On the way, the old gentleman got off at a junction to get some lunch, and the train went off without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife, she was craning out of the carriage window, shouting something reproachful at him which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train. It happened that an express came along in a few minutes later. The man boarded this, and got to London nearly half hour before his wife's train was due. He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her, and seized her bag.

"Well, Jane," he said, "I'm glad to see ye again. I thought we was separated for good."

But the old lady jerked the bag from him indignantly.

"No ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she cried. "I left my husband at M. Junction. Don't be playin' any of yer confidence tricks on me, or I'll call a policeman."

A famous scientist, whose early home had been in a country district, had long promised to visit the scenes of his boyhood, and deliver a lecture in aid of a local institution. At last the lecture was given.

At its close he was congratulated on the facility with which he made his rather technical matter clear to his uncultured audience.

"Oh!" said he, by way of explanation: "I invariably fix my attention upon that member of the audience who strikes me as having the least intelligent face, and I continue to explain any subject upon which I touch until I see by that person's expression that he understands it."

Almost directly afterwards, the leading public official of the little town came into the room and made his way to the scientist.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you cannot possibly conceive how much real pleasure you have given me to-night. It seemed to me all the time as if your eye was never away from me, that you spoke to me alone, and that your whole wish was to make me understand every word you said."

* * *

The big-hearted, eminent physician had consented to see the patient without making any charge. There was a lingering doubt as to whether this was altogether a deserving case; but, as usual, the patient was given the benefit of the doubt.

"There," he said, when the examination was finished, "take this prescription to a chemist; he'll make it up for you for eighteenpence."

"Thanks, doctor," was the reply. "Oh, by the way, would you mind lending me the eighteenpence?"

The medico bent a stern gaze upon his unprofitable customer.

"Give me that prescription back," he said. It was handed back, and a swift deletion made.

"There," he said, handing it back, "you can get that made up for six-

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pence. The drug I crossed out was for nerves, but it seems to me that your nerves are pretty healthy."

* * *

A Scottish grocer engaged a boy to run messages, and, after a week's trial, dismissed him. His mother called to ascertain the reason, and was informed that he was far too slow and lazy.

"Weel, sir," said the woman, "he walks in his sleep—he's what they ca' a somnambulist—an' he's no' sae strong as ither boys; but——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the grocer, "that's all right. I could perfectly well do with a lad who walks in his sleep, but what I can't do is to put up with one who sleeps in his walk!"

* * *

"My good man," said professor of sociology, "you seem to be happy; would you mind telling me the reason of your happiness?"

"Oi wud not, sor," said the Irishman. "I hov just done three good deeds, and anny man who has performed three goods deeds has raisin to be happy."

"Indeed he has," said the professor; "and may I ask what three goods deeds you have performed?"

"Well, as Oi was coming past the cathedral this morning, I saw a wumman wid a wee bit infant in her arms, cryin' thot hard it would melt the heart av a sthone. I asked her phat could be the matter. She answered thot for the want av five shillin's to pay the fees she could not get the doctor and medicine for the child, an' it was a sickly child at thot, an' liable to die soon. I felt that bad for her I pulled out the only sovereign I had, and tould her to go and get the child what was needed and bring me the change. She went inside rejoicin', and soon returned wid her face all smiles, give me my change, and went away hapin' blessin's on my head. Now, ain't thot enough?"

"That's good," said the professor; "now, what were the others?"

"Others," said the Irishman; "that's all."

"I understood you to say you had performed three good deeds."

"And so I did, don't you see? I dried the widow's tears—thot's wan; I saved the child's life—thot's two; and, lastly, I got fifteen good shillin's for a bad sovereign, and if thot wouldn't make you happy thin you are hard to plase."

* * *

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing.

It was very still. The hogs lay sleeping in the sun, the thin mule grazed round and round in a great circle, and one lean, lank man reclined against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

"How do you do?" said the man in the gig.

"Howdy?" remarked the Southerner, languidly.

"Pleasant country," said the interrogator.

"Fur them that likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner gazed pensively round.

"Not yit," he said.

* * *

Great was the rejoicing in the suburban terrace when the Jone's were at length compelled to move, for it had long been a grievance against them that they tried to keep up appearances above their station, and would have little to do with their neighbors.

Whilst the furniture was being brought out, some difficulty was experienced in removing a pianoforte from an upper room, and some one proposed getting it through a large window and sliding it down.

Then came a suggestion from the Jone's next door neighbor, who had long fostered the deepest enmity towards them, though until now she had attempted to conceal it.

"No," she said acidly, all her pent-up bitterness at last showing itself in her tone; "let it come out as it went in—on the instalment system."

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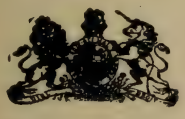
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LADY (*hearing Scotchman grunt with disgust on passing advertising board*)—"Ah, I see you agree with me that those vandals should not be allowed to spoil this lovely scenery by putting up such hideous things."

SANDY—"Nay, it wasna' that. But she 's no' a guid whuskey!"—*Punch*

Truly the schoolboy essayist has at times an unconscious humor all his own.

In one of the secondary "knowledge factories" in the north quite lately, a patriotic young lady teacher set her class of boys the task of writing an essay bearing on "The Hero of Trafalgar."

After wading through the screeds of fatuous commonplace which marked the bulk of the puerile efforts, the gentle school "marm" came across the following gem:

"Brave Nelson took to himself a wife and married in 1784, after which the Hero fought many a severe battle."

* * *

Two ladies were being shown through the State Hospital for the Insane. As they entered a ward, one turned to the other and said, "I wonder if that clock is right?"

An inmate standing near overheard her and instantly replied, "Great Scott, no! It wouldn't be here if it was!"

* * *

A Britisher was recently aroused whilst enjoying his beauty sleep in a Parisian hotel by a loud knocking at his chamber door.

"Here, here! What's up?"

"The place is on fire," replied the agitated porter.

"How far along this corridor has it got?" demanded the Britisher, sleepily.

"The flames have reached No. 20."

"Oh, I'm all right! My number's 100. Wake me when they reach 97," came the answer from the bed.

* * *

Telephone mistakes may have their serious sides. A man who wanted to communicate with another named Jones looked in the directory and called up a number. Presently came through the receiver a soft feminine "Halloa!" and he asked: "Who is that?"

"This is Mrs. Jones."

"Have you any idea where your husband is?"

He could not understand why she rang off so sharply until he looked in the book again and discovered that he had called up the residence of a widow.

* * *

A young Japanese student, who had been brought up with the national love of cleanliness, came to London to attend certain lectures. As he was a stranger to the city, he had to select his own lodgings.

His first choice was not happy. The hall was very dirty. This the newcomer resented, but said nothing.

One rainy day, however, the maid servant put up a notice:

"Please wipe your feet."

The Japanese student seized his opportunity. He wrote underneath:

"On going out.

* * *

Pat and Mike were good friends, both given to boasting.

One day, while walking towards the place where they worked, they were discussing the marvellous keenness of their senses, when Mike declared:

"I tell yez, Pat, my eyesight's thot good that I'll defy anyone to see as far er as well. Pat, d'ye see yon church steeple in the distance?"

Pat raised his eyes and looked away to the distant spire.

"Wall, now, Pat," continued the other, "kin ye see thot floi thot's crawlin' around the middle av it?"

Pat raised his hand to his brow and gazed intently for a moment. Then a happy smile lighted his whole countenance, and he raised a warning forefinger, as he replied:

"No, Moike, but I kin hear his footsteps."

* * *

"The feelings of woman are far deeper and finer than those of man," cried the lady orator in a fiery tone. "We are told by those who style themselves the stronger sex, that we are much inferior. Is that so?"

A loud chorus of "No" from the ladies greeted this question, and the orator went on:

"I say that woman feels where man thinks—"

"Is that the reason your husband is

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Reference by permission to the Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine.

JOSEPH BUZAGLO
Family Courier, Gibraltar

A Pleasant Home In a Pleasant City

Visitors to ATLANTIC CITY are impressed with the large number of hotels and cottages where the convalescent is cared for. There is an air of quiet comfort and refined simplicity about

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bald?" inquired one of the few male members of the audience.

It was lucky for him that he got two seconds' start in the race for the door.

* * *

Brickenhoff had prospered since his arrival in England, and had just set up housekeeping in a more aristocratic neighborhood than that in which he had just made his abode.

With great pride he showed his friend, Mickleff, over his establishment.

"Oh, yes," said Mickleff, "it is ver' nice place, but, my frient, dere is no bathroom."

"Vot shall dat matter?" answered Brickenhoff. "I haf only take de house on a three years' agreement!"

* * *

"Now listen to me," said the schoolmaster, addressing his class during the geography lesson in a school in Liverpool. "The population of China is so great that two Chinamen die every time we take a breath."

This information made a deep impression on the juvenile scholars. and the master was particularly struck with the uncomfortable appearance of one small boy at the foot of the class.

His face was flushed, and he was puffing furiously.

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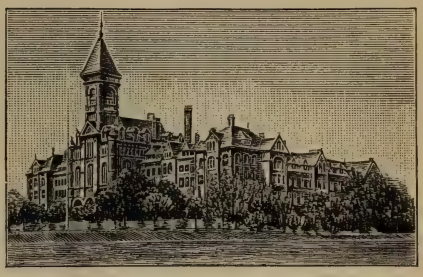
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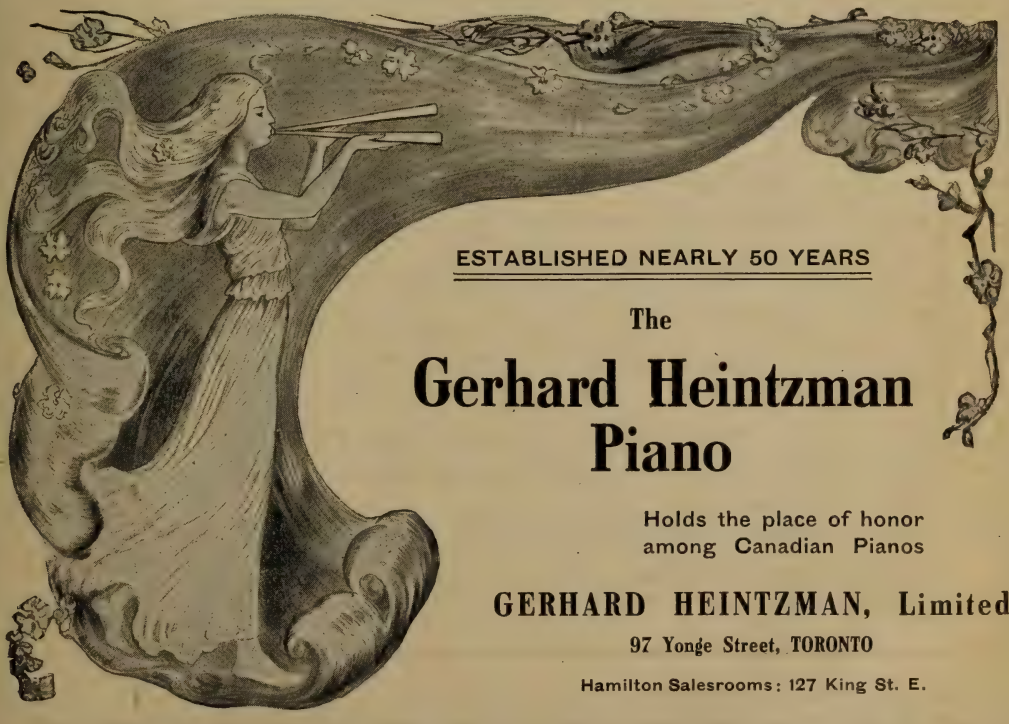
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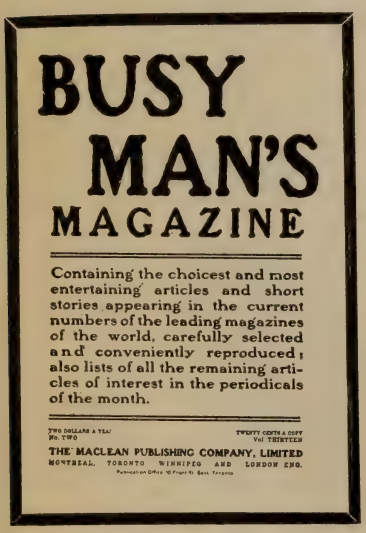
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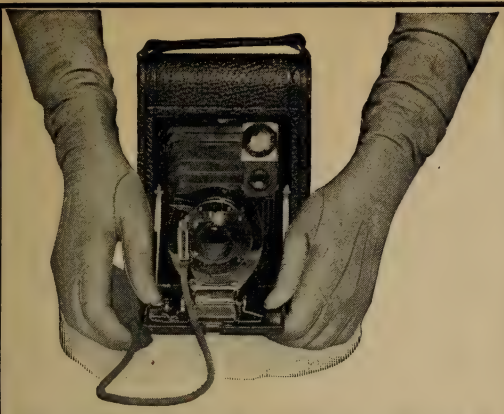
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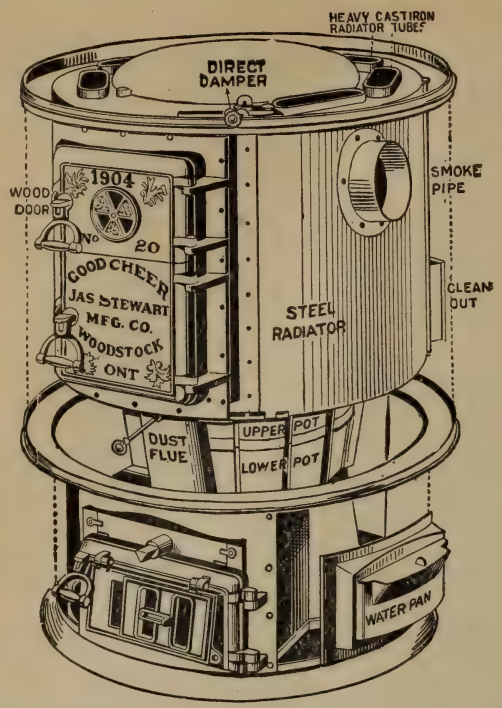
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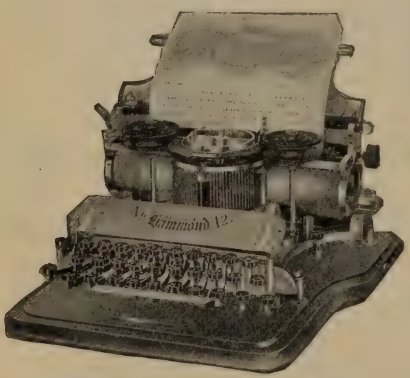
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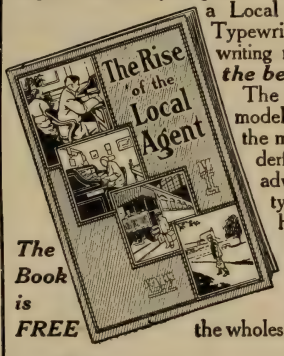
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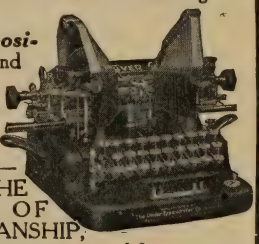
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Inside With the Publishers

In a recent issue was published a letter from one of The Busy Man's advertisers, informing us of the valuable service this magazine was rendering him. His advertisement brought inquiries which showed the wide circulation of The Busy Man's on the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this. We had predicted that it would be as enthusiastically received there as in America. The following letter from Auld and Co., South Dunedin, New Zealand, shows how our prophesy is being fulfilled:

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"Articles for workers is a particularly helpful department, and is rich with excellent articles that counsel and inspire. The humorous stories serve as quite a tonic, and have sometimes done us as much good as our family physician. The various articles inserted on health, etc., are eye-openers, and are worth much to business men. We need more articles of this kind.

* * *

"More short business articles, telling the way successful people do their work, would be much appreciated."

In this number we call attention in The Busy Man's Bookshelf to the six best selling books during the past month in Canada and in United States. We will continue to do this each month, as we believe it will be of interest to our readers to know the most popular books of the month. The Busy Man's Bookshelf may not contain reviews of all these books. If it does not it is simply because reviews of these were given in an earlier issue. We are not certain whether our readers are giving the book reviews the attention they deserve. All books reviewed possess merits which warrant our giving them a place in this department. We receive numerous publications each month, but space will only permit our reviewing those which we think appeal particularly to our readers.

* * *

The title of our magazine may lead some to believe that it is designed solely for the perusal of the sterner sex. Our daily mail would soon convince them that this idea is erroneous. Letters are received daily from women, pointing out certain features of The Busy Man's which strongly appeal to them. Others have requested our devoting more space to articles for women. It is our intention to insert more reading matter of interest to women and the home, but when we do so it will not in any way lessen the space devoted to the other class of reading matter.

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor.



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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XIV SEPTEMBER 1907 No 5

My Canadian Conversion

By Sara H. Birchall in Gunter's Magazine

IT was Robert Louis Stevenson who first demonstrated to me the fascination of a map, and ever since I sat in the high seat of the old apple tree and followed breathlessly the fortunes of Long John Silver, I have found no more charming plaything, whether it be the huge railroad map that beguiles an hour's wait in a metropolitan station, or the little two-by-twice road map in the pocket of my bicycle skirt.

Not long ago I picked up a Canadian railroad folder with the general idea that Western Canada was composed of pine forests and wildcats in about equal proportions, and with a sensation of surprise that it possessed a railroad at all.

I studied that map for half an hour. Then I put it down on the desk with a long breath.

Two weeks later I was in Winnipeg, at the beginning of a six-thousand-mile journey through a type of country which I had fancied as extinct as the dodo or the dinosaur.

Briefly, here is a land containing one-third of the area of the British Empire, thirty times as large as the United Kingdom, extending over twenty degrees of latitude, with a population of only 1.5 to the square mile, and with nearly a million square miles of practically unexplored territory in the Far North. She begins the twentieth century with about the same population as that with which the United States began the nineteenth. She is growing at the rate of nearly three hundred thousand a year from immigration alone. She is building more miles of railroad—Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Pacific, and Canadian Northern—than any other country of her population. She is raising more bushels of wheat to the acre than any other country. She is handling the largest irrigation project in the world. She is building new provinces, new cities, new industries, new transportation facilities over night. She is starting in housekeeping among the nations of the earth as if she had all the djinns of Persian mythology at her call, and she is crying for more men to help her work out her dreams.

The men are coming. Linger about

any metropolitan depot in the United States on certain days of the month, and you will see trainloads of men beside their burlap and tarpaulin wrapped bundles, carrying picks, shovels, or carpenters' kit boxes over their shoulders, waiting silently for the gates to be opened and the colonist train to be backed in from the yards.

They are a mixed crowd. Many of them are the tanned, taciturn, keen-eyed men who settle up new country, and push ever farther westward as the West recedes; men who have worked with their hands, who do not require hansoms and creme de menthe to complete their existence; men of the frontier. On the fringes of the group are the white-skinned, soft-handed fellows from desk and store, wearing city clothes, and carrying neat suit cases. But they have felt the same call. The same courage lights their eager eyes, and they are willing to learn. Six months from now you could not tell the difference between them. The open will have put its stamp on them.

Ask the impassive depot master about them, and he turns a careless eye in their direction.

"Goin' up to Alberta," he says. "Used to see them Canadians comin' down here, thinkin' they'd get rich, but it looks now as though nobody thought there was anythin' doin' down here any more. Slathers of 'em go through here to Canada every other Tuesday. Great country. Think I'll take a look at it myself some day."

At Toronto they still tell how fourteen of the fifteen baggage handlers threw up their jobs without warning one day last fall and started west to the harvest fields. On that same day five thousand men left Toronto on the same errand, and that night the Ontario Government cabled its Liverpool agent to send one thousand men at once, and to follow this first shipment with a second as quickly as the men could be secured. It costs only thirty dollars to go from Liverpool to the harvest fields, under the special rates, and it is almost impossible to secure a berth in the steamers, so great is the rush.

At Winnipeg you see them everywhere. The broad sidewalks about the Canadian Pacific depot are crowded with them. A dozen languages rattle in your ears; more strange faces and strange costumes pass by than you ever saw before; Bohemians, Lithuanians, Roumanians, French, Chinese, Japanese, Finlanders; immaculate Englishmen, in tweeds; child-like, fair-haired Scandinavians; sturdy Germans; nervous, thin-faced Yankees; loose-gaited Indians; the medley pass and pause and loaf and hurry and stride along, talking, talking, talking, until you feel as though you were watching a moving-picture screen, and expect any minute to hear the lecturer begin, "Ladies and Gentlemen."

Curious bits of human nature you see there. Once I waited at a street corner to let a drove of young cattle pass by, under the guardianship of a pair of husky cowboys, and in the crowd at my elbow I heard the unmistakable drawl of an Englishman addressing my next neighbor.

"That's odd, ye know," he said. "Are—er—those the Shetland ponies we read about, ye know?"

My neighbor looked about for sympathy and answered the amused flicker of my eyes with an appreciative twinkle.

"Yes," he responded, with portentous gravity. "Them's Shetland ponies. The Indians make moccasins out'n their hides."

The Englishman adjusted his monocle for another look at the wild-eyed calves dancing in the dust, and I fled, just dodging a Chinaman who gravely rode a Columbia bicycle and smoked a briar pipe.

Winipeg is a man's town. There is hardly a woman on the streets. Canadians call it the Chicago of Canada, but it is a man's Chicago. There are no crowds of feminine shoppers; no windows full of delicate lingerie and Parisian models; no bargain days in the stores. The broad-bladed paddles and snowshoes, the heavy miners' boots and stout jeans; the leather puttees and capotes and tool kits and disc plows take the place of frivolities, and

the employment office is crowded instead of the lace counter. Broad-hatted men ride on half-tamed horses. Trappers move gravely along with the unmistakable gait of the woodsman at certain seasons of the year. Men pass as plain John Smith who might have at least one handle to their names "at home." Here flashes the scarlet tunic of a Northwest Mounted Policeman down on leave. A six-foot Cree, wearing a pair of gunny-sacks for trousers and carrying a huge pack, slips along there on Princess Street in front of a dainty little woman in the latest shade of pale brown. Somebody's horse runs away with a milk wagon waving at his heels, and the big policeman at the crossing jumps for him, stops him, and ties him ignominiously to a post without anyone's being disturbed in the least. After a few minutes the owner comes sauntering along, kicks the horse in the ribs, and drives off without a word. Verily, Winnipeg is a wonderful city, the clearing house of both the east and the west.

A large part of the American immigrants go direct by way of Minneapolis and Winnipeg to the "Last West." They are aggressive, energetic, daring men, who have showed the more conservative Canadians the possibilities of Western Canada. Canadians have less of the gambling spirit than the men of the Western States, but when the game is opened up they are quite ready to chip in and raise the limit if need be.

Edward Lowry, a magazine and newspaper man who knows Western Canada well, tells a story of American push. A farmer from one of the Dakotas came up to Saskatchewan and took out a homestead. One morning he and his three sons arrived with their household goods. A carload of farm machinery had preceded them. Before noon the Dakota man had bought what horses he needed to begin work, and after dinner his three sons were in the field turning the sod for the first crop, while the old man set about raising a shack to live in. The neighbors were amazed. They did not know what such a rush meant. The local custom was for a man to sit about for a week or so and get acquainted. But they have absorbed some of the Dakota man's spirit now, and things are pushed through with wonderfully little delay.

Indeed, if you ask almost any Canadian how his particular town started, it is ten to one he will answer, "Why, Blankville was built in about six weeks when the railroad came through two years ago. We're going to have a hundred thousand population in five years, and we're shipping all the wheat the railroad can carry, and more, already. What we need is more cars." Then he takes out the map that every good Canadian carries in his waistcoat pocket, and shows you why Blankville is especially fitted to be the distributing centre of such and such an area, and you marvel appropriately. There is always room for all. Distances and people and ideas and accomplishments are all big in Western Canada, and the man who has just come to the country with fifty cents and a toothpick is exactly as good as his neighbor with a million, whether he be in Winnipeg or the wheat country; ranching in Alberta or lumbering in the North; mining in British Columbia, or living on a bush farm above Edmonton. Men count as men in Canada.

Yet Canada is not being "boomed." The banks show that. Every little town has at least one bank, and the bank is the best building in the place. I have seen a little cluster of sod huts dotted down on the vast stretch of green, treeless, unbroken, virgin prairie, on one of those huts was the large gilt sign, "Canadian Bank of Commerce." I have seen that same sign, or the sign of the Bank of Montreal, or the Bank of Toronto, or the Union Bank of Canada as I stepped off the train at almost every city and town through the provinces. The Canadians are too thrifty and too conservative to "whoop 'er up, make a pile, blow it in, and bust," as some disappointed Westerner described an Idaho town's history.

All along the railroads the towns spring up, and the elevators silhouette

themselves against the sky. Where the new Grand Trunk Pacific is pushing through from Winnipeg northwest to Edmonton, the settlers are waiting for the first train, in a district heretofore unreachable except by a long wagon trip from the Canadian Northern, or the Canadian Pacific, which make a loop about a vast block of the finest wheat country in the world. When the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed this huge tract will have an outlet for its produce, and add many thousands of bushels to Canada's wheat record.

The Grand Trunk Pacific proposition is a government proposition as well. Five years ago Mr. Charles M. Hay, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, announced his intentions and ideas on the subject, and in 1903 the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company was incorporated by act of Parliament, and made an agreement with the Canadian Government for the construction and operation of a line of railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific through untouched Canadian territory. Straight through from Winnipeg in the middle west to Prince Rupert on the shore of the Pacific Ocean the new railroad is to run, routed as the crow flies, graded and built to last forever, and tapping the very heart of the Canadian Northwest. By the terms of the agreement the eastern division of the Grand Trunk, from New Bruswick to Manitoba, is to be built by the government, and leased for fifty years by the railway company, which pays, after the first seven years, an annual amount equal to 3 per cent. of the cost of investment, and is given the privilege of a second fifty-year lease unless the Government takes over the operation of this division, in which case the Government will grant to the company such running rights as may be necessary for a successful operation of the other part of the system.

The western division, from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert, is to be built by the company, the Government guaranteeing the first mortgage bonds, principal and interest, for fifty years to the extent of $13,000,000 per mile on the prairie section, and three-quarters of whatever the cost per mile may be on the mountain section. This partnership with the Government has enabled the company to secure money at a very low rate; the first issue of bonds in London were applied for ten times over the amount sold.

Of course the ragged seams in Canada show still. Up at Saskatoon when we were driving through the early crops, the secretary of the board of trade leaned over and said to his chauffeur, "Turn up Fifteenth Street." Fifteenth Street was represented by a surveyor's stake with some hieroglyphics upon it. Boulevards are staked out on the prairie miles from anywhere, and towns are laid out on the open turf, or "at the end of steel," where a new spur of the railroad is coming through. In Winnipeg the beautiful marble pillars of the Bank of Toronto rise next door to "The Blue Front Store." At Edmonton you may see handsome brick and stone office buildings on the next lot to a piece of ground that is practically as it was in the Indian days, and might have served old Chief Two-Horns for an ambuscade. There are two thousand people living in tents there today, among the willow-scrub, and everywhere through Canada the color of new lumber catches your eye where houses, stores and barns are going up as fast as hammer and saw can make them.

Through this prairie country, with its wide sweep of skyline, its broad-shouldered men and frank-eyed women, its magnificent fertility and breathless development, one moves with a continually increasing wonder. The reckless horsemanship of the men quickens the beat of your pulse as you watch the daring "stunts" of the roundup, or the reckless, whirling rush of a fast polo game in Winnipeg or Calgary.

As you near Calgary, the cattle country is plain to be seen. Great herds of mild-eyed, sleek-coated cattle stand knee-deep in grass, feeding as calmly as if there were no stock-yards or packing-houses in the world. Here

and there a group of horses look up placidly at the train as it thunders by. At one station a bunch of five hundred sheep bleat and waver together in a close-jammed corral, waiting for the eastbound to take them aboard.

Yet in Calgary they will tell you that the old order of things is passing away. The big, sunburned men at the Ranchman's Club will complain bitterly that the country is getting too crowded, that the ranges are being fenced, and that the men who would lead the old, free life of early days must push on ahead of the incoming immigrants to the new country.

Four or five years ago Calgary was altogether a ranching town and contained many immigrants from England, largely younger sons of what Burke's Peerage classifies as the "nobility and landed gentry," who for one reason or another found life out here in the cattle country more congenial than in Old England. Some of them have raced their ponies, played polo, and followed the hounds across the prairie after foxes and coyotes. Others have worked hard and prospered exceedingly, living in a large way, maintaining excellent homes, and dispensing an open-handed hospitality. Both classes have lived together in the utmost peace, and are fine fellows to know.

Along the Canadian Pacific in Southern Canada is a string of prairie cities that are singularly alike in prosperity: Brandon, a railroad junction; Regina, headquarters of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police; Moose Jaw, the railroad man's town, with Caadian Pacific shops and thirty thousand dollar stock feeding yards; and Calgary, the cattle city.

West of Calgary begin the foothills, and after you have had another nap on the transcontinental express, which you catch at half-past three in the morning, you wake up to see the huge frontlets of the Canadian Rockies looming before you.

I knew two men who traveled over this same route last summer, one of whom had never before been outside the District of Columbia in his life, the other being a Westerner.

The Western man was enjoying that last nap when "Washington" shook him frantically, exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, 'Idaho,' wake up!" Naturally, "Idaho" sat up with an emphatic remark, and peered through the berth curtains expecting nothing less than a war party of Sioux, or a grizzly bear looking for breakfast.

"What is it?" repeated "Washington," with a fine air of injury. "Why, there's a great—big—brute of a mountain right outside my window!"

"You might have thought it was going to bite him in the leg!" said the disgusted Westerner, telling the story.

However, there was the mountain, and if the size of mountains frightens you, take my advice and do not go to Vancouver by way of Banff and the Canadian Pacific. Books have been written by people who have tried to tell the wonders of the Canadian Rockies, and the audacity of the engineers who put a railroad through its gorges and canyons. They have told of tracks laid dizzily along mere shelves on sheer mountainsides, thousands of feet high, where snow-white brooks chase their tails from ledge to ledge; startling curves, where at the same time you catch glimpses of the laboring mountain engines on the front and rear of your train; of descents that make the scalp crinkle with fear; of bridges across white cataracts; and sections of track where there is always the pleasing possibility of half a mountain dropping off and burying the right-of-way under tons of yellow earth. With all their words they have not been able to tell the thing as it is. The trip through the mountains exceeds all your expectations because you have no standards to measure it by.

I left Calgary one breezy March morning. That night I ate supper at Revelstoke, among the silken skeins of early spring leafage. Next morning I peered from my window upon blossoming apple trees, deep grass, and marvelous, golden sunshine. In Vancouver it was midsummer, and

through that lotus land I wandered in the very perfection of idleness. The coast is perfect. It was Kipling, I believe, who wrote of Auckland:

"Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart,
On us, on us, the unchanging season smiles,
Who wonder, 'mid our fern, why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles."

He might as well have said it of Vancouver, and Victoria, across the strait. The very streets of busy Vancouver end in wonderful vistas of the blue reaches of Burrand Inlet and the white yachts at anchor in the bay. At her wharves lie the great white Empresses that sail to far Japan. Just outside the city the golden sunlight plays hide and seek through the giant trees of Stanley Park, where mysterious, gorgeous birds and beasts flutter and crawl and shriek in the great cages, and a little brown bear plays tag with a big red bear in a delightful den. Across the Inlet lie the Sleeping Lions, two rough-maned mountains who, nose on paws, quietly guard Vancouver Narrows. Everywhere, behind deep-grassed field and blossoming hedgerow, loom the blue Canadian Rockies, and the warm wind of the great Pacific blows softly over all.

Across the straits is Victoria, at the south end of Vancouver Island, still more leisurely, still more English, still more unwestern. Quiet little streets wander aimlessly between blossoming hawthorns and green privets, past ivy-covered walls and curiously-wrought gates through which one catches fascinating glimpses of tea-tables set forth under spreading trees and dainty women who preside behind the tea-urn with the ineffable grace of the English hostess the world over. Late afternoon in Victoria always brings tea and delicious little cakes and cigarettes, and charming, lazy little parties, which later slowly disperse to gather again at dinner under the wistaria-hung verandahs in the long, soft twilights.

At the back door of Victoria lies almost unexplored wilderness. The island has not only never been completely surveyed, but a large part of it has never been explored or traversed by any white man. Some Victorians have permanent camps in the accessible parts of the island, and go there for big game shooting through the year. It is the pleasure ground of the Pacific, as Vancouver is called "The Liverpool."

But whether you turn to the north and see the country in its infancy, dotted with log-and-clay shacks, spread out in untouched miles of prairie and scrub and timber; or whether you journey through the beautiful ranch and wheat district of Southern Alberta and count a dozen elevators at one tiny station; or whether you wait in the Winnipeg depots and study the thousands of immigrants coming to the new land; whether you stand in the lumber mills of the north and see the yellow planks ripped merciless from the log, or take canoe and thread the swift-flowing rivers into the huge Mackenzie Province, innocent of towns, marked on the great maps with nothing but peaks and lakes and rivers, to the country of the great snow and the unexplored wilderness; whether you waken among the mountains and see the snow-capped peaks shimmering in the pinky dawn, or whether you dream beside the long swell of the lazy Pacific beaches, the north will still hold you under her spell.

Yes, I am a lover of Canada. Her map is no longer a stranger to me. Her people are my kin. Somewhere among her silver birches and dusky rivers—somewhere among her golden fields and unfenced ranges lies my heart. One day I shall go to find it.

Hicks Of Hackensack

By Porter Emerson Browne in Appleton's Magazine

YOU doubtless never knew Hicks of Hackensack; which is your loss rather than his, for, while there are probably very many people who are much like you, there is but one Hicks.

When he was still of a tender age, his parents had been called to greener fields and, realizing that he would be about as capable of earning a livelihood as a canary would of playing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" on a comb, they had left him amply provided with this world's goods and in such a way that he couldn't unprovide himself, as he assuredly would have done if he had a chance.

From the time when ideas first began to coagulate in the cavity that Nature had intended for his brain (but which she had grown to abhor), he was always mounted on some ridiculous hobby or other and he could change 'em like a pony express rider. When the historical (or more properly hysterical) novel came in, Hicks climbed up on it, shoved his feet 'way through the stirrups, clutched his fingers in the mane, and began to lament that he hadn't lived in those glorious days of old when, if a man said "Good Morrow, faire ladye" to another man's fiancee, there was immediately something doing at the morgue; and it made no difference whether or not the man knew of the engagement at the time, and more often than not he wouldn't even learn the reason of his premature demise until he sent back from the Other Side to inquire into it. Had Hicks lived in those days, it is my opinion that his light would have been sniffed so suddenly that he wouldn't have had time to offer another gallant snuff.

But you couldn't tell him so. He had conceived an ambition to be known as a devil of a fellow, and he used to come down to the club and descant upon the glorious lives led by those superheated old beggars who would bet on whose mother-in-law would die first, and wager their money and that of their wives, and as much of their friends' as they could get their hands on, as a side bet on the weather while shaking for drinks.

And he'd rave over elopements and affairs of honor and all such rot until one night Monty Fiske waxed aweary, i'sooth, and told him that if he wanted a duel, he knew where he could get it; and he could have his choice of any weapon from disappearing guns to canned oysters; and after that, Hicks confined his maunderings to other things.

When these latter-day writers, having wallowed all over the map, began to fake up new lands to conquer and to put all sorts of impossible heroes into all sorts of more impossible situations in all sorts of most impossible places, that was where Hicks lived. He positively itched to mire himself to the eyes in some intrigue or other, and whenever he thought of persecuted damsels he used to froth at the mouth in an impotent desire to find them and marry them out of their troubles even if he had to move to Utah to do it. And when he'd get to imagining that, in some unknown principality, there might be a beauteous princess whose kingly father was about to sacrifice her to Black Bill, the Troublesome Brother, in order that he might keep for himself a throne to sit down on when he was tired, Hicks would positively moan with longing and hopeless desire.

But he couldn't find a princess, or even a duchess, or a maid of honor, you know; so he took it out in seeking and in calling himself Hicks of Hackensack.

Hicks of Hackensack wasn't very good, but it was the best he could do; for Hackensack was the only place with which he had ever had any permanent connection, and Hicks was a long way better than Bildad, which

was the name that his parents, in a moment of meanness, had given him. I presume that they felt that they must get even in some way for having to leave their money to him.

He used to repine a good deal that his name wasn't Rhinekopf, or Karl; Karl of Carlsbad, he once mourned to me would sound so much better than Hicks of Hackensack. But he couldn't go back and change history; so Hicks of Hackensack it had to be.

This pose of Hicks was rendered all the more ridiculous because he was would if a yearling lamb should growl at you and show its fangs.

Although Hicks was so full of desire for the reputation of a rakeshell and a gay doggie that it bugged his eyes out even farther than Nature had set them, he couldn't seem to make good. He had the ambition and the means, but he couldn't apply them. He tried several times, but things didn't turn out the way that they should according to the books.

I remember one night when we were leaving the club, we saw a woman



"Painstakingly blackened both his eyes."

built along the general lines of a clotheshorse. He was round-shouldered, nearsighted, anæmic, and wore spectacles, and he looked exactly like the pastor of a small, bucolic flock—one of that kind you know, that spends all its time making red-flannel lung protectors for a heathen that would swap three shiploads of 'em for two fingers of one-X corn whisky and a couple of stogies. And when he began to rip out those archaic cuss words, it surprised you as much as it

struggling in the embraces of a large man who had been trying in a small way to corner the liquor market.

Hicks ran to her succor, crying, "Unhand the fair lady, thou scurvy knave!" and caught the scurvy knave a feeble swing on a jaw that looked like a Belgian block.

The scurvy knave forthwith unhanded the fair lady and undertook to hand Hicks instead. And then the fair lady hit Hicks behind the ear with a bottle and asked him huskily what the

— eh —what he meant by interfering with man and wife who were engaging in a pleasant bit of repartee and strictly minding their own business, and told him that if he didn't chase himself out o' there, she'd knock his roof off. Hicks really didn't want to stay, but just then he was busy and couldn't get away; and thus the fair lady was almost as good as her word. Hicks was in bed only ten days.

The next time, Hicks was more careful. On his way home from the club one night, filled with the spirit of conflict, and other things, he stopped his cab in front of a delicatessen store, bought a bologna sausage, and with it sandbagged a poor, blind, crippled pencil vendor sitting under an arc light with a handful of leadless pencils and a tin cup.

The poor, blind, crippled pencil-vendor chased Hicks seven blocks through dark alleys, caught him, carefully removed Hick's spectacles (there's a law against hitting a man with glasses on, you know), painstakingly blackened both his eyes, and then went back and did the job over again so as to be sure that it was done in a workmanlike way. Then he broke Hick's spectacles on the curb, scuttled a couple of floating ribs, and told him that if ever he came fooling around him again he might get hurt. Then he put on his blue goggles again and went back to get ready for the morning rush.

These exploits somewhat cooled Hick's desire for renown under the school of Rot of Rotterdam, and he subsided until motoring came in. Then he decided that at last his chance had come and he bought him a long, low, rakish-looking car with a French name that he couldn't pronounce to save his life. It was painted drab and had more power than a Kentucky stock farm. There came with the car a small, bullet-headed mecanicien named Anatole. (French chauffeurs never have but one name, you know. The other is taken away from them by the custom house.)

Anatole taught Hicks for about six months and then Hicks thought that he could run the car himself. He tried.

When he and Anatole got out of the hospital he tried again, slower. And after a while he became really expert. He could run over more dogs and chickens than anyone I ever saw and he averaged three arrests a week during all of last summer. He tried running on the other side, but gave it up in disgust and came back to America again. You can't get arrested half as often over there, you know, for the judges actually turn the fines into the treasury and it makes them a lot more trouble.

In spite of his many shortcomings, Hicks was not unpopular. He was a big-hearted boy, you know, and generous to a fault. Of course he was well bred and well educated and in the main very much of a gentleman, coming as he did from an old New Jersey family; and then, too, he had a sort of old-school air about him that, despite his obvious and intrusive egotism, made him very popular with many of the ladies, God bless 'em; for the greater part of the sex can overlook much in a man if he will but give them that kiss-the-very-ground-you-walk-on, not-worthy-to-breathe-the-same-air sort of devotion that went out shortly before men became able to sit down without endangering their trousers.

So, when a crowd of us went down to the Lispenards' North Shore place for the first fortnight in September, we were not surprised to find Hicks there with his car and Anatole.

We had been there but a few days when there arrived a niece of Mrs. Lispenard. Her name was Hortense Stuyvesant-West and she was certainly good to look upon. Her father had for some years held a consular position in Bordeaux, where the wine comes from, and his daughter combined in appearance all that is best of two countries. She had the superb figure and lithe, graceful carriage of America, and its freedom from affectation and exaggeration. She had, too, the chic of France, both in manners and dress, though she didn't tie her

hair up into all those ridiculous little quirks and curls and frizzles that Frenchwomen affect, but instead drew it back loosely from her white forehead and fastened it simply at the nape of a neck that made a man wish that he were twins so that he might stand in front of her and behind her at the same time.

She was prettier than anyone I have ever seen, or dreamed of, or imagined —so pretty that it made one wonder how so much beauty could have foregathered in one place—just as you marvel at how a prestidigitateur can get all sorts of ribbons and flowers from a cornucopia hardly big enough to hold a bachelor's button. I shan't try to describe her. Just think of the most beautiful thing you can, multiply it by a million, square it, cube it, and add six and then you've got about as near the answer as you can get without seeing Hortense.

As for Hicks, the moment he got his spectacles focused on her, it was all up with him. He forgot whether he was Hicks of Hackensack or Garry of Gowanus, and, furthermore, he didn't seem to care. You never in all your life saw such a change in a man. In an instant he had fallen off his pedestal with a bump and had become just a mere human being and even less. It was positively pitiful to see him, the very essence of concentrated adoration, squinting at her humbly, meekly, dazedly, through his thick windows, like a man gazing at the sun.

He was so pitiful that we all felt sorry for him and began to try to cheer him up, and get him interested, even if we had to ring in the



"A Riot was Narrowly Averted."

anachronistic actions and adventures of Fritz of Fahrenheit to do it.

Still, we didn't devote any too much of our time to Hicks, for the rest of us weren't much better off. Of course there was only one thing that could happen, and we men got down on our praying carpets and began to worship her and hate each other so conscientiously that one night, when she dropped her fan and we all jumped to get it for her at the same time, a riot was narrowly averted.

No man was willing to be away from her any more than he could possibly help, and the consequence was that she was always surrounded three deep by a circle of adoring swains devoted to the point of manslaughter. The situation was what might be termed tense.

And then, suddenly, Hicks brightened up most amazingly and became his old, jaunty, debonair, devilish self again.

At first we were as surprised as our tenseness would permit; but after consideration we decided that the change in Hicks was due to the fact that his convolutions were so shallow that nothing, not even the glorious Hortens, could for long find resting place therein.

Several times, individually and collectively, we undertook to tell him what we thought of him; but he would reply merely by cocking his head airily, winking knowingly and superciliously, and then leaving us, humming in tones like those of a wistful crow.

Stuyvescent-West (Hortense's father, you know) came one evening about eight o'clock, a few days later. He was a little man with an overabundance of whiskers, an underabundance of patience, and an air of self-esteem that fitted him as oppressively as a fur-lined coat on a hot day.

Most of us happened to be on deck when he arrived and we watched him descend from the trap and cast a watery gaze over the assembled multitude.

"Where's Hortense?" he demanded.

"Why, isn't she here?" cried Mrs. Lispenard, in surprise.

"If she is, she isn't visible to the naked eye," returned Stuyvescent-West amiably.

It was quite clear that Hortense had inherited little from her father.

Mrs. Lispenard looked about her anxiously and we all helped. Hortense was not of the group; and it was noticed, too, that Hicks was absent.

An inquiry was instituted and at length one of the grooms was found who said that only a few moments before he had seen Hortense and Hick's buzzing along the back road to the Crossing in Hick's unpronounceable racer; and almost at the same time, old Miss Baxter came in and announced that Hicks had told her that there would be an elopment at no distant date and opined that this was it.

We all gasped. Then we all looked at each other in speechless amazement. Then, as soon as we could get enough wind with which to do it, we all gasped again.

So this was the answer! So this was what accounted for the change in Hicks! So this was why he had ascended from the cellar of despondency to the roof garden of joy! So this— But Hortense! How coul she have done it! How could she have chosen Hicks when she had Monty Fiske and myself and all the others to select from! How could she have nailed the booby prize when she might have taken any of the others! How, oh, how . . . !!!

But Stuyvescent-West at last had awakened from the condition of comatose bewilderment that enveloped us all. He hopped up right into the air and when he lit he ordered everyone to do something; and then not to do it; and then to do it or not, just as he wanted them to do, or didn't want them to do. He demanded that we all start in pursuit and ordered out all kind of vehicles, from balloons to submarines. Then he undertook to express himself as the matter seemed to demand and his remarks were such that old Miss Baxter went upstairs,

screaming, with her hands over her ears and the pins falling out of her waterfall like autumn leaves in a gale.

Somebody said that there was a minister at the Crossing and that they had probably gone there. So Anatole was dragged away from the door of the wine cellar and told to bring out the Daim-Vite car and get us over to the Crossing, immediately, and as much sooner as possible. Stuyvescent-West was by this time in a state of incipient apoplexy, and the rest were busy trying to keep him from getting in all over; so Monty



"His Expression."—

Fiske and I, being deemed the least valuable to the world at large, hence the best qualified to ride with Anatole, were the only ones to go, which we were glad to do for the double purpose of being in at the finish and of gaining an opportunity to tell each other what we thought of things.

We broke speed ordinances that night so that you couldn't have found a segment with a fine tooth comb; and it couldn't have been more than eight minutes before we sighted the minister's abode which we at once recognized because we saw the headlight of Hick's car in the street in front of the gate.

Before the Daim-Vite came to a stop, we had hopped out and charged toward the front gate. But just as we reached it, the door of the house opened and out came Hortense, leaning on the arm of a tall, broad-shouldered fellow whom I immediately recognized as Hastings, '02. I knew him on the instant, for hadn't I played football on the same eleven, rowed on the same crew, and cut the same lectures with him for three years? A fine-looking chap he is and one of the best fellows I ever knew.

But what was he doing there? And where was Hicks?

It was one of those situations that make a man feel as though his intellect had been put in an atomizer and sprinkled all over him. While I was trying to scrape mine together and get it into a heap where it would work, Monty Fiske grabbed me by the arm.

"Look!" he whispered, pointing ahead. And there, in the light of our lamps, I saw Hicks sitting on the curb. His expression—but he had none—not a bit in the world, and he was trying to scratch a cigarette on his trousers with the evident idea of lighting the match which he held in his mouth.

Fiske and I stood like two bumps on a log. Hastings and Hortense hadn't seen us at all; and he led her toward a rattly old depot carriage that was standing a bit farther down the street.

Suddenly they almost fell over Hicks, who was still absently and dejectedly trying to light the cigarette on his trousers.

When Hortense (now Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings, of Brookline) saw Hicks, she stopped short and, leaning over him, cried impulsively:

"I haven't half thanked you for all you did for me, nor can I ever. Your car was really the only way in which we could have been sure that pursuit would have been unavailing, you know. Jack and I are ever and ever so grateful to you, and always will be. Won't we, Jack?" and she smiled up

at Hastings in a way that made Monty and I groan and green with envy.

But poor Hicks seemed beyond human aid. He looked up at her with blinking, sheeplike eyes and blurted out:

"But I thought you were going to marry me!"

Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings looked completely kerflummuxed (if anyone as beautiful as she can look like that).

"You said that we were going to elope and asked me if I would have the car ready at half-past seven," continued Hicks in the tone and manner of a man who has been awakened from a beautiful and roseate dream by having the bed give away.

Hortense looked down on him, comprehending, and there was a soft light in her dark eyes. (We could see quite distinctly because they were standing right under an arc light, you know).

"I'm so sorry," she cried softly, "so sorry! When I said 'we' I meant, of of course, Jack and myself. I didn't explain very fully, perhaps, for I was hurried and nervous and then, too, I didn't for a moment imagine that you would think that I meant you—I didn't think that you had ever thought of such a thing, or desired it."

Hicks groaned.

Hortense, with the soft light in her eyes glowing yet more softly, looked up into her husband's face; and it was quite plain that he understood just how Hicks felt. I know I did; and Fiske did, too.

"Do you mind, dear?" she asked softly.

He shook his head gently.

And then his wife leaned down and kissed Hicks right over the spectacles, and when she again stood erect there were tears in her eyes.

"Lucky dog," muttered Monty feelingly. "Lucky dogs," I agreed just as feelingly.

And we both stood silently watching the rattly old depot wagon-carriage disappear into the darkness of the quiet, spasmodically lighted street. Then Monty sighed. Then I sighed. Then we both sighed together. And we meant 'em, too.

We tried to adduce some comfort from the fact that there was but one Hortense, and two of us; so some one was bound to get left anyway. But we derived from this about as much consolation as the man whose legs were cut off got from the fact that his arms still remained; so, sighing again, we went to where Hick's was still sitting and, taking the match from his mouth and the cigarette from his hand, shook him a couple of times.

"Eh—what?" He gazed up at us with lack-luster eyes in which at length began to appear a faint gleam of almost human intelligence. And, as we bundled his lank frame into his lank car, he murmured helplessly, wondering:

"And to think that she took him when she might have had me!"

And——oh, but what's the use.

The Art of Handling Men

By James H. Collins in Saturday Evening Post

IN a Ouida or Corelli novel there is usually a point at which the tall, blond hero, erect as a Greek god, appears in the wild mountain pass, breasting the raging thunderstoom, and raps at the monastery gate for shelter.

The hero wants more than shelter. He is weary of life—bored with the world—blase. He wants a solitary retreat far from the maddening crowd. A mysterious burden rests on his soul. The good monks see this the moment they let him in the outer portal, and respect his reserve by maintaining silence.

The hero is tired of life partly because he has been everywhere and seen everything. But there is more than that. He has also become sated with his knowledge of men. Perfidy of man as he has found them—that is his ailment. He has looked men over in all lands and environments, from formal London drawing-rooms to the Bedouin in his tent. He finds them a pretty poor lot. They have sickened his soul. And so we discover him making his way against the thunderstorm in the Far Carpathians.

"Zip! Ker-rip!" goes the lightning. "Boom! Bang! Boom!" echoes the thunder. But when it comes to a choice between untamed elements and the perfidy of men the tall, blond hero doesn't hesitate a moment. Give him the elements.

Thousands have read this glorious stuff, their happiness not marred by the two tiny bits of external evidence that vitiate it—first, that Ouida and Miss Corelli are both ladies; second, that they are maiden ladies.

Alas for good, stirring romance! The men who come most widely into contact with men as God made them have the most optimism on the subject, and seldom take to the hills.

Not long ago Judge Cowing retired after twenty-eight years on the Bench in New York City. He had tried fifty thousand criminal cases, sent three murderers to the electric chair and six to the gallows, put firebugs, thugs and swindlers in prison for terms aggregating many centuries. He had sat in judgment on the lowest of men in their least attractive circumstances, dissecting diseased character, probing vicious motives. Yet he finished it all a kind, elderly man, and said he thought, on the whole, both men and the world were growing better—population grows faster than crime.

For sixteen years the watchman of a New York bakery has dealt out half-loaves of bread at midnight to a line of from three hundred to seven hundred outcasts. "Captain" Henry's opportunities to sicken of humanity have been exceptional. He ought to be tall and blond like a Greek god, and should have taken to the Carpathians long ago. In temperament, however, and also in physique, "Captain" Henry probably resembles no one so much as Santa Claus.

Testimony of policemen, ambulance surgeons, charity workers and prison officials all go for the same thing. The more one sees of even the worst of men at close range, the better one likes his kind. It is the exquisite who acquires a morbid dislike for humanity, and it has to be cultivated at long range.

How much does a man have to know about men to manage them?

Or can they be handled by a routine system regardless of the human quality—managed with a card index?

Is it true, as the cynic asserts, that men have to be moved by springs of self-interests, through their pockets and stomachs?

Every thousand men is likely to show one who is regarded as a born master of his kind. Every generation produces a few masters, and once in an age comes a Napoleon. How

much of this capacity is really inborn? How much can be acquired.

These are very serious questions to-day in our industrial civilization. Where once industrial life crystallized in small groups, and the master worked with his men and knew them, now we have gigantic masses of workers that compare with large armies. The Pennsylvania Railroad has one hundred and ninety thousand employes—more than were engaged on both sides at Austerlitz. With their families they would populate St. Louis and Cleveland. The Steel Trust has an organization more than four-fifths the military peace footing of Great Britain. In many ways the new order is an improvement. Sociologists, for instance, regard the sweatshop as a relic of the old industrial life, and look to the new to abolish it. But these great organizations have grown so fast that much of the personality, the human contact between master and man, has been eliminated. The problem to-day is to restore that element. Hundreds of corporation presidents, manufacturers, transportation officials and merchants are experimenting upon it, each in his own way.

It is not too strong an assertion to say that fifty per cent. of all the labor troubles grow out of purely human issues. If a strike results, the demand may be for shorter hours or more pay. Yet this is often merely the economic expression of a purely human grievance—"ten cents more a day" gives a better face to "discharge the foreman." The hundreds of labor troubles that never come to a strike—the sort that are being dealt with more effectively every day—are even more largely based on human issues, and settled on that basis.

A strike descredits organization. It may culminate in an economic demand, but it indicates that human touch has been lost somewhere between the head of an organization and its hands. In pathology this nervous disorder is called "lack of co-ordination." Unjust working conditions, favoritism, tyranny of petty bosses have gone on unknown for months. Suddenly comes industrial war, with its immense bill to pay in money, comfort and even life, with a civilization tied hand and foot to its routine. Settlement means overhauling the organization on a human basis, man to man.

Matters are further complicated in this country by race problems. Get together a force of one thousand men nowadays in America, especially in the east, and you have a very comprehensive ethnological exhibit. None of the big contractors would be at all astonished if a blue-painted Pict applied for work on a tunnel or foundation job. Carry the principle up among the salaried workers and the raw material is just as diversified, even when more refined.

A man born with the gift of managing men seldom has difficulty in selling it. A census of the great industrial executives would show that three-fourths have this knack, or have approximated it. Most of them began where they handled a force of men, kept it running peacefully (the various races working in accord), and advanced records of production.

Abraham Lincoln wanted ability in his cabinet and stepped over party lines to get it. Two of its seven members, Seward and Chase, had looked for the Republican nomination of 1860, and both underrated Lincoln. Stanton, the fiery Democrat, not only underrated but despised him, and had humiliated him years before. All three were temperamentally opposed to one another, and each of the trio went to Washington in 1861 expecting that Lincoln would be a figurehead, and he the power behind the throne. Without humiliating these able men, Lincoln showed, within a month, that he was master. He could have crushed the idol Seward with documents of his own writing; those documents never saw the light till both were dead. He kept the heavy, earnest Chase in harness, despite ingrained antipathy, and the bear, Stanton, virtually worked out his life-energy caged in the War Department.

Was this power of mastery born in Lincoln?

It is said Mr. Schwab's personality

is so magnetic that the day he visited a steel plant its output increased. It is also said that Mr. Corey, another head of the Steel Trust, is so striking ly opposite in this respect that his visit might mean a decrease. Corey started in the laboratory. Schwab began as a stake-driver. Corey superintended mills, but his disposition was to number men. Schwab called them "Bill" and "George."

Is Schwab's power inborn? Has some mysterious element of personality been denied to Corey?

Ask the executives of great manufacturing, transportation and mercantile organizations, and they will commonly say: "Yes, some men have it, and some haven't, and that's all there is to the matter."

Watch laborers and mechanics rise, one after the other, to be tried as foremen. Some pass this first peak of promotion easily and are off up a long grade to larger responsibilities. Others sink back in a few weeks through incapacity, vanity, lack of aggressiveness, lack of tact and generalship. See the youngsters brought from college and set over a handful of men. Some bring them together as a teamster gets a united, even pull from sixteen horses, while others flee in a few days as if from a hell.

Men who have this gift are not often able to deduce any principles from it. Men who haven't are certain there can be none. "Only one thing is absolutely sure," said an old superintendent. "When you find a man that makes good in this way he is usually an Irishman."

But an examination of the methods of men who handle men seems to show that there are really basic principles. The ideal manager over a big working force is generally warm-blooded, offhand in speech, and lives among his men. Being "out on the job" at all seasons is a vital part of mastery—some famous contractors can handle men in evening clothes so long as they can be on the job. But deduct this human quality, and much is still left.

President Winter, of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co., says there are three principles. Before men will work for you they must understand: first, that you are going to be boss; second, that you know your job and theirs; third, that you are square. He is an experienced railroader, a Westerner, and now has 14,000 men under him, operating more than 250 miles of street railway. One of the penalties of a high corporation position, he says, is that you lose the close contact with men—for ten years he hasn't been as close as he wanted to be.

The problem of how to be boss is almost invariably the first one met with and mastered. It is very often solved by a fist-fight in actual practice, or, if physical prowess is not called into play, there is a battle of character against character. Secretary Seward so thoroughly misjudged Lincoln that he drew up a complete administrative and foreign policy of his own and sent it to the president. Lincoln met Seward with a letter containing little but courtesy and expressions of appreciation; Seward's policy was even commended in part and the offensive portions disregarded. But the hand of iron was there, and Seward wrote to his wife: "Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities; the president is the best of us." Schwab took charge of the Carnegie plant after the Homestead strike, when it was disorganized and an inferno of hatred. His fighting strength lay in optimism, and he turned this misdirect energy into the production of steel. The basis for warfare was there, but the actual fight was made on character.

Introduce a new head or sub-head into any working force, from a half-dozen bindery girls to a railroad division, and that force instinctively braces itself for a trial of strength with the newcomer. Then follows a shock, and one or the other wins. There can be no compromise. The new superintendent may display ability by instantly singling out a group of malcontents for discharge. He may isolate a nasty little group of grievances and abolish them. "When I was in the railroad business," says one corporation executive, "I kept an eye out for trouble and adjusted it." Being an acute "trouble man" is a

large factor in management. Many an executive is treating symptoms, never finding the seat of the disease. A large engraving plant had a half-dozen strikes in two years. Each was settled, but trouble soon came again. The proprietor was certain discontent had become blind and chronic. A "business doctor" came into this plant, overhauled its system, righted some obscure evils, introduced a profit-sharing plan, and there has been no trouble since. Complaints and grievances cropped out like boils in a Massachusetts factory, and finally a regular "hospital" had to be established for their treatment in the shape of an arbitration committee of the hands. At the start, this committee was very busy. All the energy of the plant seemed to run to "jawing." But complaints became fewer and fewer, and now this committee is a safety-valve that diverts all undue pressure.

Knowing your job and theirs is part of the art of being boss. Until men recognize that a foreman, superintendent or manager is master of his business, he will get neither sympathy nor respect. Being square with employes is as important and far more difficult. It is easy enough to deal out justice to men under your eye. But how can it be managed over a system of 11,000 miles of railroad, or in a department store where the distance between the proprietor and some of his people is so great that one of them may starve to death without his knowing it until the newspapers begin to castigate him? Such a case happened in New York a few years ago, and to-day every employe of that merchant is required to keep at home a postal card, addressed to the store, upon which a report of sickness must be mailed.

Arbitration is glibly recommended as a universal panacea for labor troubles. It is a fine theory. It works well in practice, too. But it doesn't fit all cases or classes of men. There is a vast difference between the indoor force of a great store and the outdoor force that puts up a skyscraper.

The human touch in some organizations is a real element because these organizations are stable. Men come into them and stay because the work calls for skill, wages are good, employment is steady all year round, and there are promotions for exceptional ability. But how is human touch to be established and maintained in an organization of 15,000 street car men, for instance, drawn from a restless city population, migratory by instinct? Twice as many trainmen are needed in summer as in winter. The work is of a character that requires a not very high degree of skill, with consequent smaller pay, and a thousand and more outside demands for men are also eating up the organization.

How are petty bosses to be controlled? President Vreeland, of the New York surface car lines, says that wonders may be worked through firmness and intelligent sympathy with men by an executive who knows the kind of lives they lead, the anxieties that they carry about, the ambitions they have for themselves and their families. But to find petty bosses with this sympathy is a crucial matter. For lack of them many a system breaks its own weight. A force of 15,000 men must be estimated in the mass for so many potential units of production. Select subordinates unwisely, and the force will not produce normally.

In a Boston store where a board of arbitration sits on the appeal of every discharged employe, two-thirds of those who appeal are reinstated because it is found that subordinates have been unjust or worked out a grudge. When the late Colonel Waring took charge of the New York street cleaning department, his thousands of sweepers and drivers had known nothing but a system of political pulls in righting grievances. He introduced the practice of hearing appeals on discharge cases. In a short time he was hearing very little else. Thereupon he issued an order establishing a "committee of 41," each sweeping section, dump and stable electing a member. A meeting place was provided, and the committeemen's wages went on while they sat. This committee held three meetings a month to hear appeals, deciding about half.

Those that could not be decided were referred to a "board of conference," made up of five men elected by the committee and five from Waring's office. It sat once a month.

At the first meeting a sweeper was made chairman and one of the commissioner's men secretary. "Look out for Waring—it's one of his tricks," said the politicians. But the sweepers themselves saw the justice of the system, and, whenever a malcontent rose in their ranks, they converted or eliminated him. In the first year, out of 345 cases the committee settled 221. Of 124 passed to the board, 22 fines were reduced or remitted, 13 sustained; 8 discharged employes were reinstated and 17 denied reinstatement. Twenty-four practical suggestions for improvement of the service also came up through this committee. The presence of a committeeman in each section of the service acted as a check on foremen and even reduced the use of profanity.

These are a few ways in which the principle of "Be square" is worked out in actual practice. All over the United States to-day are found others, devised to fit individual needs. The element of personality enters into all of them, but results are largely secured through attention to plain matters of justice. Employers formerly fought attempts at arbitration on a purely sentimental basis. Their men came with a grievance and a demand. "Nobody but me shall run this business," was the reply, and immediately the issue was made a matter of stubbornness. But to-day the disposition is to take up these questions in about the same businesslike way that is followed in buying new machinery or raw materials.

As the element of sentimentality is eliminated, demands of workmen become fewer in number and are presented in a more businesslike spirit. Yet such methods of keeping the line open from the humblest employe right up to the chief are still complicated in a number of ways.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company investigates even the appeal of the man whose application for employment has been denied. President Winter took up such an appeal from his desk the other day to illustrate this point, and found it was the application of a Hebrew who charged that he had been excluded on racial lines. The real cause lay in his physical disability. But his appeal was not denied until that had been made certain. An employe with a grievance can sometimes take his case right up to the president, and even past the president to the board of directors. But good judgment must be exerted, or subordinates would be weakened in authority. Appeals often take on a complex nature.

In his railroading days Mr. Winter had the case of an engineer who was discharged as the outcome of a wreck. The engineer appealed on the ground that a lever on his engine was out of order, preventing application of brakes. The case was clouded by technical difficulties and went from chief to chief, until finally a committee of the Brotherhood came to the president. He settled it by inducing the committee to go over the evidence and give a decision. This verdict he agreed to abide by. The committee did so, and decided against the engineer.

In the past few years there has grown up among employers a wide interest in what is termed "welfare work." The Civic Federation maintains a bureau through which information about such work is spread. Welfare work includes almost everything that is done for the comfort of employes, from supplying clean drinking water to installing a profit-sharing or pension system. Its primary object is to get better service through contentment and health of employes. But the secondary object is that of getting acquainted with them.

One railroad president is said to put on jumpers once or twice a month and walk through the yards at his chief terminal, sometimes giving a hand in the roundhouse, again riding around on a shifting engine, but always observing and chatting. His men first regarded him as harmless.

Now they regard him as a friend.

Another railroader says he can't do much with men until he knows them, and can't know much about a man until he has seen his wife and family. This is a spirit that seems to be growing at a rapid rate among executives, and accounts for the social features that sprout out of welfare work, such as dinners, dances and lectures. One industrial president in the Middle West carries a photographer with him when he goes on a foreign vacation, has stereopticon slides made when he comes home, and lectures to his employes on "The Homes of the Pharaohs" or "Europe as I Found It." Probably nobody would care to pay to get into one of his lectures.. But that isn't the point. President Ralph Peters, of the Long Island Railroad, holds a reception in his office the first week in the year, and any worker on the road who can arrange his schedule is welcome to come in and shake the "Old Man's" hand. The annual dinner to employes is becoming a fixed feast in our industrial life, and plays the same purpose as the executive's occasional dinner to his official family. This may be an attempt to restore the close contact that existed between master and men when the latter lived at their employer's table. But what an advance over the "living-in" system still exists in England!

The publication of monthly magazines for employes is another means of getting acquainted, infusing spirit into an organization, letting the men out on the tracks, the yards, the engines know what the front office is doing. The Erie Railroad has one, and each employe is entitled to a copy with his pay envelope. It records the live news of the whole system. Another element in handling men is attention to their personal finance problems. It was necessary in the past to bring about weekly payment of wages by law. There is still an amazing amount of pig-headedness in this matter, and too little attention to the worker's desire to have his pay every Saturday night. But many employers have inaugurated profit-sharing systems and enable their men to buy stock below the market price, with installment payments. How far a little attention goes in this direction is shown in the padrone system, for which there is little but condemnation. The padrone enslaves newly-arrived Italians and charges them enormous commissions for finding work, and high rents for the tenements they live in. But the following experience of the New York street cleaning department shows that there is also a thick gilding to his fetters.

Until 1896 it was the custom in this department to draw upon padrones for the large extra force needed in cleaning up a big snowstorm. The padrone furnished young, robust men in any quantity at $1.50 apiece per day. What he paid was a matter between them and himself. But each man got his money for his day's work every night from the padrone and the latter waited weeks for the lump payment that came through the slow channels of the city government. Labor agitators fastened on this system and a law was passed requiring the city to pay two dollars a day for snow shovelers, and to hire only naturalized citizens, after physical examination. It was difficult to get men under the new law, and the slow system of city payment made the padrone system preferable.

The Passing of the Pay Car

By C. F. Carter in American Magazine

RAILROADING isn't any fun any more. Sordid commercial folk in Wall Street, with never an idea in their noggins but to invest money and make it pay dividends, have improved all the romance out of life on the rails.

They have reduced grades and straightened kinks and eliminated low joints and high centres and wooden culverts and crazy bridges until a ride over the division is about as thrilling as walking to church

Air brakes have so thoroughly crowded out the good old Armstrong kind that a brakeman has no use for skill or judgment or muscle or even a vocabulary in stopping a train. The engineer does all that is necessary with a slight twist of the wrist.

As for making a coupling, a brakeman no longer mines in the cinders on the back of the tank until he digs up a rusty old link and a couple of pins, and, taking these in one hand and his life in the other, sprints down the centre of an unballasted track and over unprotected frogs and guard rails six inches ahead of a string of cars rolling back at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. No; in these days of slavish adherence to M.C.B. standards he just stands around smoking cigarettes with an air of ennui and lets the cars couple themselves.

No more does he fracture the handle of the fireman's coal hammer and his own peace of mind in vain endeavors to pound a stub switch open after a grilling summer sun has expanded the rails until they are stuck as tight as if they were welded A fellow in a dog house on a pole away off yonder, by manipulating a few dainty levers, throws the switches for him.

They have replaced the little old eight-wheel engines, with their ear-splitting, staccato bark, with compound steel mountains, with cylinders like hogsheads and nozzles so big that the exhaust is gentle as a lover's whispered nothings, for no better reason than a desire to keep coal consumption down. No more can the engineer and fireman have a nice sociable quarrel in the cab whenever either's hair pulls a little, for now they are so widely separated they only see each other on Sundays.

Trains, instead of being made up of a dozen or so of pill boxes, now consist of a string of warehouses on wheels so long that when the front end is arriving at its destination the hind end is just pulling out at the other end of the division.

No more do engineer and conductor, watches in hand, make nice calculations on the time they can steal to make a meeting point that has a siding long enough to avert the necessity of sawing past. Roads are double-tracked and four-tracked and block-signaled till all a man has to do is to trundle along from block to block until his run is ended and repeat the process until he is retired on a pension.

Ah, no! Railroading isn't what it used to be. But if those Wall Street money grubbers had only left us the Pay Car all else could have been forgiven.

Do you remember how, in the good old days, the decrepit jokes about what was to be done when the Pay Car came were taken out of the moth balls along about the tenth of the month and dusted off and put through their paces?

How, toward the fifteenth, a feeling of sprightliness gradually stole over every one from the wipers in the round house to the lucky dogs who had passenger runs?

How this exuberance swelled in volume as the forte pedal was put on in anticipation, until toward the eighteenth everybody went about with a broad grin and nerves all a-tingle

like you feel when the orchestra is playing the creepy music to accompany the villain's midnight assault with intent to kill?

How, still later, everybody drifted down to the depot about four times a day to ask the station agent if he had heard anything about the Pay Car, until he grew as crabbed as a setting hen?

How, about the twenty-second, the waiter girls at the Depot Hotel would give you a saucy wink and bring you a great, juicy, melting, extra special wedge of pie you didn't order, for dessert, along with the ice cream and nuts and raisins and fruit and pudding and shortcake you did order? Those girls knew how to work a fellow for tips about pay day, didn't they?

At last, one day as you were letting 'em down the hill into the junction, the operator pulled his train order signal on you. Your heart leaped into your throat because you knew——

Well, you just felt it in your bones.

You went down the side of the car without knowing how you did it and sprinted for the switch to head 'em in on the passing track, and then flew to the station on winged feet, leaving the engineer to hold 'em with the driver brakes or let 'em run out at the lower end as he chose. And the grumpy old cormudgeon stopped 'em beautifully, without so much as saying "boo," when on any other occassion he would have unloosed a torrent of vituperation that would have set the ties on fire, and would have followed it up by heaving a monkey-wrench at you if you had been in range.

There behind the counter was the Old Man looking over the shoulder of the operator, who was spelling out the order without breaking oftener than every second word:

"Train No. 7, Conductor Flatwheel, Engineer Poundmen, will meet Pay Car special, Conductor Linkenpin, Engineer Moriarty, at Emerson."

Such an air of nonchalance as Old Man Flatwheel did assume as he turned away to discuss with the hind man of making a switch of that through car of corn next the engine to get it behind the way cars so we wouldn't be bothered with it at Lyons in doing our work on those heavy grades, and affected to forget that he was getting orders until the operator called him over to sign them. He was so slow about his signature that before the dispatcher's O.K. was received you looked out of the big bay window and saw the section gang which was working just beyond the Y throw down their shovels and run down the track like a herd of stampeded steers.

There, just coming around the curve, was a glittering vision of brass and varnish half hidden in a nimbus of smoke and dust. Two short blasts on a whistle greeted the gang, the vision hesitated for a minute, while the section men disappeared in the nimbus and reappeared as suddenly as if they had been shot out of a gun, and here came the vision gliding up to the platform with bell ringing and pop valve sputtering sotto voce, like a young lady trying to suppress a ticklish cough.

It was the Pay Car.

At this point you lost consciousness.

Some time later, while still as one in a dream, you realized that your numbed senses, beginning at the pilot, had taken in every detail of this romantic visitation of opulence.

Never was there such an engine as the one which pulled the Pay Car. At each point in her jacket was a band of brass four inches wide. Dome, sand box, steam chests and cylinders were encased in brass, polished until you could have seen to shave in it. Her front end and her dainty straight stack were rubbed with plumbago until they shone like a small boy's heel. All her bright work was smooth and spotless and glittering, while all the rest of her surface was striped and curlicued with all the colors the general shops could mix.

Moriarity, the lucky runner of this paragon, in a clean checked jumper left open at the neck to show a gorgeous red tie in which a diamond glittered, a hard boiled cady cocked jauntily over his left ear, was lolling

out of the cab window in such a way that all the world might see that he wore kid gloves while on his engine. Moriarty was something of a swell and he didn't care who knew it.

His only rival in sartorial effulgence was Pete Swanson, his Swede fireman, who was leaning out of his cab window with a stony glare fixed on vacancy, affecting to watch for signals. Of course he knew that all the signals which concerned him would be given with the bell cord; but his zealous attention to duty relieved him of the necessity of recognizing his humbler fellow mortals.

No plebeian overclothes eclipsed Pete's glory. There was the square-cut black coat that no one but a railroad man ever wore—you know the kind—a vest of fancy red cloth, trousers with stripes that you could hear ten car-lengths away, square-toed shoes with soles half an inch thick, and a stiff bosomed shirt with red and white stripes. On this foundation reposed a black satin puff tie held together by a locomotive done in gold. On his head at a rakish angle was one of those soft hats of the peculiar block affected exclusively by railroad men a score of years ago. No, you didn't need to read the tag to discover that Pete was a railroad man.

Coupled to the engine was a wheeled palace built on graceful lines in freshly varnished yellow paint which rivaled the brass work on the engine in brilliance. The plate glass windows were curtained with bright-hued brocade. Not a speck nor a flaw was to be seen. Even the yellow wheels bore only so much dust as had been gathered on the day's run. Through an open window came fragrant odors, while in the background a white jacket surmounted by a black face vibrated at intervals.

All this time Old Man Flatwheel was heading a little procession bound toward the rear platform of the Pay Car at a gait which he assumed but once a month. Flatwheel had conscientious scruples against undue exertion, so he always had the caboose stopped at the station platform so that without dissipating his energies he could saunter in to gas with the agent until the hind man announced that the work was all done and that we were ready to go. Then he would get his orders or a clearance and tell the hind man to give 'em the sign and saunter back to the caboose before they got to rolling. But to have seen the animation with which he swung himself aboard the Pay Car would have created the impression that he was the only working railroad man on the division.

At his side stalked Panhandle Dan, the engineer, his face actually wreathed in smiles. Panhandle Dan had a chronic grouch from 12.01 a.m. January 1 to 11:59 p.m. December 31, except for the three minutes once a month. On the way to the Pay Car he always perked up a bit and was even known to crack a joke with Old Man Flatwheel.

After these two came the hind man talking incessantly with the fireman. Charley always was talking that way. He had an automatic tongue which never ran down. Half the time he didn't know he was talking. His was what the doctors would diagnose as a reflex conversation.

Frank, the fireman, was the only sober one. He, poor fellow, was doing sums in mental arithmetic, trying to figure out how on earth $58.60 could be made to pay all necessary bills for a helpless father and mother, a wife and four kids, besides board bills for a man who was obliged to be away from home half the time.

Then there was the operator, in shirt sleeves and careworn air, hoping he could get back to his key before the dispatcher lost his temper; the agent placidly smiling; and the two coal heavers from the coal shed with an expression of almost human intelligence struggling up through numberless strata of grime and whiskers. After thirty days of humping over a scoop shovel in a choking smother of dust they were now about to be recompensed with thirty seconds of bliss in which they could fondle real money with their own hands. After that the storekeeper would do

the fondling and feel bad because there wasn't more.

You had presence of mind enough to float into the Pay Car in the wake of the others. There were nine in the little party and you knew by experience that the average time required to pay nine men was sixty seconds; also that Moriarty would have 'em rolling before the last man had scooped his allotted coin into his trembling palm.

But in the presence of death or the paymaster one may live an eternity in sixty seconds. How glad you were that you had not been rude and rushed in ahead of anybody, even the coal heavers! Now your hungry soul could have the uttermost second in which to revel in——

Great Mackerel! Just look at it!

A metal coin rack crammed to the muzzle with three denominations of yellow boys, flanked with silver, and on the desk behind it a very large wooden tray on which were long columns of yellow coins. D'ye ever see anything so pretty in all your life? No wonder your eyes stuck out until you could have used 'em for hat pegs.

And all the time an exquisitely musical "tinkle, tinkle, clink-clink" swelled up from coin rack and counter in response to the calls of the assistant paymaster. Talk about Beethoven's symphonies!

If it were not for that strong wire screen you could have touched that fascinating tray. For the infinitesimal fraction of a second a wicked thought flitted through your brain. Then you almost fainted as your roving eye stared down the barrel of a monstrous revolver. It was only in a rack, but it was within easy reach of the paymaster's hand and most eloquent for all that. Half a dozen of its fellows lay in the handiest places, with as many Winchesters lying on tables and settees, came in strong on the chorus.

Hurriedly your vagrant wits busied themselves with all the Sunday-school lessons you had ever learned. As your subconsciousness perceived that the head of the road's secret service department stood on the platform with his eyes intent on every man in the car at once, while Conductor Linkenpin stood on the ground outside very much alert, with his coat tail bulging suggestively, your bosom swelled with pride over the watchful care the company had exercised to bring its honest toilers their hard-earned money.

From the lithograph of Caroline Miskel Hoyt on the wall to the little hollows in the hard mahogany counter worn out by the attrition of the hundred and twenty-eight million dollars in wages the paymaster had plunked down on that spot since this first Pay Car ever built had been commissioned, you kept on absorbing details until your name was called.

A still greater rush of blood to your head caused you to gulp violently. Mechanically you lifted your hand to touch the pen as the others had done, and turned to go.

When you came out of your trance you were standing in the middle of the track, your eyes wandering from some yellow objects in your hand to a nimbus of smoke and dust which was just tipping over the hill to the accompaniment of the diminuendo flutter of Moriarty's exhaust.

But now!

Oh, well! After you have washed up on a certain day in each month you trudge drearily down to the station all alone, walk in, and lolling on the counter, affect to look indifferent and say:

"Hello, John!"

And the agent, after going over a column of figures three times, replies, "Hello, Bill," and gets up and goes to the safe and fumbles over some papers and hands you——

A check!

No jokes, no infectious sprightliness, no uncertainty to put a wire edge on anticipation, no fleeting vision of brass and varnish and opulence wreathed in a halo of romance to leave a golden taste in your mouth for a day, nothing but a measly old check handed over a commonplace counter by a man who lives next door to you.

Why couldn't they have left us the Pay Car?

Correcting the Rule of Thumb

By Oliver Norman in System

THE board of directors' yearly communication lay before the general manager of the Mann Mercantile Company.

It was his first news of the proceedings of the annual meeting. For Johnston was not a member of the board of directors; in fact, no one really was—except Benjamin Mann, founder, ninety-nine per cent. owner, eleven-months-of-the-year-absentee president of the Mann Mercantile Company.

So this polite and ambiguous letter to the general manager, expressing the directors' appreciation of his personal faithfulness, but also their disappointment in the year's meager profits and their hope that the coming year would show increased results—this was really a direct message from Benjamin Mann to Oliver Johnston to the effect: "Show a bigger profit in the next twelve months—or your resignation."

Johnston's call button rasped. A word to the answering messenger boy brought in the treasurer—built on the order of Mann's directors—a glorified cashier and head book-keeper.

The general manager went right to the point. "Braun," he said, "you and I are the only men outside the directors who know that this institution made less money this year than last, on a twenty per cent. greater volume. We were surprised, puzzled. Our one-man directorate is more than surprised. And it is up to me to find the cause and remedy it. My hunt begins to-day—the tenth of January—I want no further time handicap, for I have got to find the goal and make the run by December 31. Have you any idea as to the source of the trouble?"

"I am checkmated on this question," the treasurer replied. "You have our figures; sales nearly one-fourth more than last year—gross profits as large in proportion—all departments showing the necessary percentage of profits on the books; yet expenditures went way up and more than absorbed the additional gross profits."

"If you can't tell me, no one in this house can," Johnston said. Then, decisively—"I will know. To-morrow a new clerk comes into the executive department. Tell him everything, give him anything he wants, open up our books to him. He'll have to be the Stanley of my Livingstone in the Africa of the Mann Mercantile Company."

So on the morning of January 11, I entered the employ of the Mann Mercantile Company as general clerk.

It was a progressive store I began to study—full of the hustle and ambition of young men, and yet well directed by the merchandizing ability of its manager. The books showed the situation: an increase in volume of sales; corresponding increase in gross profits, for the margin between costs and selling price remained the same; the expense list had taken an unwarranted increase.

It was on the expenditures that I therefore concentrated my attention.

"The first data I want to get from your books, Mr. Braun," I said to the treasurer, "are the items of expense for last year and this year."

"We can give you those in an hour," Mr. Braun answered.

The two sets of figures came to me, item by item—rent, light, heat, labor, equipment, repairs, delivery expense, supplies—all the expense accounts.

They brought out nothing startling, or even significant; the percentage of increase was uniform over all. No one item, as I had hoped, showed a comparatively greater rise, thus marking it for special attention.

"Either some adverse general condition or some broadly mistaken policy of management," I reported to Braun at the end of a day's scrutiny of the figures, "has caused this pro-

portionately large increase in expenditure, or there is some one part or another of your store responsible for the increased expense in all lines. The next point, therefore, is to find what the increase in expenses has been by departments."

"But my books won't show that," the treasurer answered. "This is not a department store, you know, although we sell different varieties of goods. All expenses are figured in totals and charged to the store as a whole."

"But you surely have distributed your expense," I protested, "so that you know how much labor, how much rent, how much delivery expense, how much of any general expense, is to be charged to each general merchandise division of your business?"

"Nothing of the kind," the treasurer answered. "In the old days Mr. Mann, and now the present manager, have had complete and direct charge of the business; the figures of sales, which are kept by lines, and the general expense totals enable them to know the condition of the business."

The statement was made with such assurance that I was nettled.

"Why is this investigation going on," I demanded, "if these figures show the condition of the business? It's because your manager does not know the store's condition that we are making this analysis. What's the use, for instance," I added, "of knowing the increase in sales by lines when you don't know whether the expense of selling those lines is increasing proportionately?"

The treasurer made no reply.

"Let me see," I asked, "the report of sales by lines for last year and also for the preceding year."

Here I struck something. Not a clew exactly, but at least something different. There was a general increase in the volume of all lines, but five lines had increased very much more than the others. I looked up the location of these lines in the store, the stock carried of each, the gross profit they showed. At the end of the day I dropped into the general manager's office.

"Have you started any new departments this year, Mr. Johnston?" I asked, casually.

"Yes," he answered. "Three—although no one of them is extensive. We opened a music-box and phonograph department just before the holidays of last year. Then in the spring we introduced a line of sheet music, and as the goods seemed to be akin we put in books a little later."

"And are there any lines of goods that you pushed harder last year than you did before?"

"You bet we did." And the salesman's spirit within him kindled his eyes. "We certainly cleaned this town up on library desks and display counters. Times are prosperous; there have been a great many developments in this line of goods lately. Everybody seems to be putting in new equipment, and I was bound that we would get what was coming to us. I happen to know we got a good deal more. We did nearly half the business that was done in this town in these lines."

Then, as if recollecting that I would probably not be interested in the little gossip of the store, he added, "How are things going; any news?"

"No, not yet," as I arose and swung the door. "I won't have anything to say until I have something worth while to report."

The next morning we set two clerks from the accounting department on what turned out to be a long job—the distribution of all expenses by departments or lines of goods. It was not only a long task, but a very difficult one. It meant going over every item of expense, every payroll and invoice, charging the wages of the clerks to the goods they sold, charging each department its proportion of the rent, heat, and light according to the space it occupied, going through the delivery slips and charging each department according to the time that had been spent in the delivery of its goods. And even harder was the distribution of the general expense—the superin-

tendence, the janitor work, the accounting and administration expense.

It was two weeks before I had all my detailed figures ready for assembling; and when I began this final stage of the work I felt like an engineer must feel when the next blow of the pick is to join the two ends of his tunnel, according as he has calculated them in his blue-prints. Here I must find the trouble point—or I could find none, for my study of the business showed no other opening in the apparently strong front of the management.

It was the next morning that I went in to see Johnston with two sheets of paper in my hand.

"I have something to report," I said significantly. And although it was his busy hour, he cleared his desk and his office.

"Have you ever thought, Mr. Johnston," I began, "of exactly how much it costs to sell a sheet of music, or a chair, or desk, or piano?"

"I know the percentage," he came back quickly. "My monthly reports give me that."

"But I mean in a more detailed fashion than that. Have you any idea how much clerk hire it costs to sell a chair—how much rent, how much wear and tear on equipment, on your door springs even, in that one sale—how much of your superintendent's and your floorwalker's and your door opener's time it takes to handle that one customer? How much it costs to enter and post the bill and collect the account on that one chair? How much it costs you to deliver the goods?"

"It's all in the percentage," Johnston repeated. But his answer was not so cock-sure as it had been before.

"I can tell you," I said, "how much it costs you in rent and light, and heat and clerk hire, in superintendence, in wear and tear, accounting and administration to sell, if not one chair, at least all the chairs you sold; or all the pianos you sold, or music boxes, or desks, or books. That is more than you ever knew before, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "more than I cared to know, because it is only itemizing, it is only dividing up the entire expense. As long as I know the percentage, I know where we are at."

"But you don't know the percentage. You know, for instance, that your profit last year was four per cent. on all the goods you sold, taken in lump."

"Yes," was the answer.

"You have not known until this moment that while you made four per cent. on your chairs, you made six per cent. on your rugs and carpets, only one per cent. on your books, and that you lost money on the sheet music you sold, and on the musical appliances, and on the library desks, and barely played even on the counter line?"

The general manager had the right hand drawer of his desk open before my statement was finished.

"That's impossible," he asserted, as his hand placed the last report on his desk. "On musical appliances, for instance, we made a gross profit of fifteen per cent. and our operating expenses are only ten per cent., so we made five per cent. there. On our sheet music we made a little less, I confess. The gross margin there is only fourteen per cent., but even there we made fully four per cent."

I laid my sheets down on his desk. There was a department for each sheet. First, there came the total sales of that department for the previous year by months, and then for the year before that; opposite were the expenses for the two years by departments, itemized into the various expense accounts.

"Here is the proof," I said. "It is absolutely correct, as your accounting system will allow; and while your accounting system has not told you much, its original entries are doubtless correct. But I tell you here what the actual expense of each part of your store has been. When you come to think of it, you cannot expect it will cost exactly the same percentage of the selling price to sell a piano that it does to sell sheet music or a library table or a book. Coincidences don't come so uniformily. It may cost twice

as much, in percentage, to sell one article as it does another. Just because, to get your selling price, you mark all your goods up twenty per cent. from the cost price, you can't be sure that it does not cost twenty-five per cent. to sell sheet music, and perhaps only five per cent. to sell chairs."

"But why is not your method as much a guess as ours?" Johnston asked. "How do I know that it cost $20 rent, for instance, for our sheet music department, and $24 for heat and light, and $520 for clerk hire?"

"Because it actually did," I answered, and I proceeded to explain to him the basis of the figures before him. "It's a very easy matter to determine the total clerks' wages for any department for a year. It is merely the process of picking out the people who sell a certain line of goods and totaling their wages. It is just as simple to find the rent, the heat, and light for a department; that is a process of dividing the total number of square feet in the store by the number devoted to this department, and charging the same proportion of the year's rent. The superintendence is a little more difficult, but that can also best be arrived at on the basis of space, as can also the general wear and tear of equipment.

"Administration and office expense are charged in proportion to the department's volume of sales."

And so I went through every expense account, showing exactly the basis on which the distribution was made.

Buried in the interesting details which I had opened up to him, the general manager failed to see the forest because of the trees.

"These figures are interesting and they will doubtless help the management of the business; but how do they show what has been the matter with our profits?"

"Right here," and I picked out five sheets from the pile. "You pushed two departments particularly hard this year, chiefly in order to overcome competition. You lost money on both these departments.

"You opened three new departments; one was very successful; the other two you lost money on. Now, why?"

"You lost money on library tables and display counters because you were bucking against competition; you sold on too close a margin, did a great deal of advertising, and hired special salesmen. Your sales expense plus your general expense more than consumed your gross profit.

"You lost on sheet music because not only is the margin comparatively small, but each sale is for but a small amount. Then the department takes up a good deal of room; it requires a great display space; you have a piano there on which purchasers try the latest popular airs. And your gross profit is, therefore, more than eaten up by your general expense in this department. The same applies to books."

Johnston sat silent, his chin resting in his hand. He was waiting for more.

"Now take the year's business; subtract from your total expenses the expenses of three or four departments. The resultant profit would be larger than the actual profit you made last year, while the percentage of profit would show an even greater increase!

"I have shown you the cause. It carries with it the remedy. How that remedy should be applied is for you to say. Some of these departments you can doubtless drop; others you must keep in order to hold certain business for other lines. In one or two of the departments you can make such changes that they will show the right margin of net profits."

The general manager rose abruptly and picked up the sheets. "There is more important work for me to do today," he said, "than sit at this desk. I am going home to my library to work this out."

"Mr. Norman," he said, his hand on my shoulder, "you have shown me the goal and the straight path. I have got to run to make it. The rest ought to be easy."

And it was.

Bread Eaten In Secret

By Anne O'Hagan in Harper's

IT is difficult for even the most subtly agile of moralists to append the quod erat demonstrandum to this record of the final solution of Susan Apthorpe's emotional complexities. Twist the tale as one will, there is no point at which he can say: "Here was the great mistake; here she had indubitable choice. Had she but turned in this direction the outcome would have been utterly different." Chance, blind and cruel, played so large a role in the shaping of events; and temperament, as capricious, as uncontrollable, as chance, walked hand in hand with it. Even the mysteries among which the little drama came to its culmination were, perhaps, but Susan's fancies grown all-victorious.

Susan was twenty-two, and a normal young woman as young women go, when she met Hardaker. She was not a beauty, but she had charm—laughter, whimsy, wit of an uncertain, fine, feminine flavor, imagination. The impulsiveness of her youth was tempered with something of the poise of a woman of the world. Left an orphan, and not an heiress, before the end of her first decade, she had early learned something of the arts of concealment, of apparent subserviency, of simulated self-forgetfulness—arts whose practice is necessitated by a shifting residence among semi-indifferent relatives. Her tact, however, never degenerated into hypocrisy; she was, at bottom, too affectionate not to be willing to pay, in helpfulness and entertainment, for the haphazard care and shelter she received. But for the time when the child first perceived that the world had not been constructed for her—a fact which orphaned children recognize many years before their fellows—she had made a little world of her own, in which she ruled, a kind and lovely young princess. She emerged from it cheerfully enough at the call of the actual, and her guardians never had cause even to describe her as "dreamy," so immediate was her return.

Hardaker, at the time they met, was in the zenith of his social popularity, though he had not yet won complete recognition as an artist. He was, perhaps, forty; but he had carried into this beginning of middle age all the slim strong grace of body which had made him the most picturesque wrestler of his day in college. His was the classic regularity of feature which Susan lacked. Only his mouth, less full, with less of that sensuous joyousness which we call pagan, than the Greek type, laid a modern impress upon his face. It was almost thin-lipped, aristocratic, its native austerity converted into something which in repose resembled cruelty, as is often the way when a man of predominant intellect is deliberately a pleasure-seeker.

No one of the group assembled at Cedarholm, the Willis Apthorpe suburban place, expected Hardaker to be seriously interested in Susan, for whom the Willis Apthorpes were dutifully providing that season. When it became evident that the young woman held his attention for more than an evening or two for which the least fascinating of Susan's sex might hope to hold it, Mrs. Willis conscientiously did her utmost for her husband's cousin. She recalled to the girl the discrepancy in their ages, warned her that Hardaker was not of the marrying type, and related enough of the story of his successes with women to indicate that these were matters of notoriety rather than of fair renown. Susan received the information with the right degree of worldly, familiar indifference, tempered with a little youthful disgust.

"I don't think we need worry, Willis," said Mrs. Willis that night. Susan has a good deal of the coquette in her makeup. I doubt if she'll ever be very hard hit. And I think I suc-

ceeded in making her see that he will be a drab, uninteresting person of fifty when she is in the very flower of her young matronhood. If once you can make a girl connect a man with gruel and porous plasters, she's safe enough."

While the astute Mrs. Willis reasoned thus, Susan lay in the darkness, her soft mouth pressed against her forearm on the pillow. He had kissed it when she had extended her hand for a friendly good-night. His kiss against her cool, firm flesh was not warmer than that of her own lips caressing what his touch had made so rapturously dear.

She knew, even while she summoned before her closed eyes the look which had burned in his, that her cousin's wife had told her the truth about Hardaker. But for the hour she elected to forget it, to live in her own familiar kingdom of make-believe. In the morning she would issue into the real world and conduct herself as was seemly. To-night she would dream a splendid, thrilling dream.

For once she found it difficult to separate her two realms. Into her jealously cherished blindness of the night the bitter truth would flash its illuminations—he was a man who only played at love; into the daytime clearness of her perceptions some golden memory of her dream would drift, filling her laughing eyes with sudden warmth and tenderness, breaking the cool smile upon her lips into the sigh of happy reverie. Hardaker, not in the secret of her moods, was puzzled, piqued, fascinated, almost to the undoing of his plans. In a month, half their acquaintances began to wonder if he was, by a miracle, in earnest. When, at the end of the second month, he departed abruptly for Europe, there were as many willing to award her the palm for consummate coquetry as to add her name to the monotonous list of his victims. Only she knew that he had gone without asking her to marry him, and only he knew that he had gone lest he most imprudently might. In his creed, an artist's only excuse for marriage was the increase of his leisure or opportunity for work.

During her deliberate yielding to the intoxication of her dream, Susan had nursed the delusion that she discounted the pain of awakening by anticipating it. She found, however, that the real pangs were not so easily evaded. When he had gone, she longed for him as intensely as if she had expected, like the village maiden of familiar tragedy, to keep him forever; she missed his protestations of love—protestations made in a myriad ways—as if she had received them with full belief. It seemed to her that her hand was parched for the touch of his, that her eyes ached physically for the sight of his.

In her outward manner of life there was no change. She continued to occupy herself in a manner befitting a semidependent young woman of many social gifts but no remunerative talents. She lifted herself with graceful adaptability into several house holds, being in turn the glittering lure or the effective background for her hostess—here an excellent listener, there a humorous talker; here a skilful maker-over of old garments, there a sufficiently grateful recipient of new ones. Once, in the early period of her desolation, she had tried to make a useful career for herself and had dabbled in philanthropy after the fashion of the broken-hearted of her sex. But Susan's genius was not of the helping-hand variety. She soon withdrew from pursuits alien to her temperament and returned to her own sphere as an adornment of society and a subjugator of man.

In the latter profession she had the wonderful success that attends a native fitness for an undertaking. She liked—she could not help liking—the task of charming. Her inner conviction that she herself was proof against hurt lent, perhaps, an added zest to the sport. She advanced gayly, radiantly, to the duel when she saw an opponent worthy her skill; the sword-play, the passes, the poses, the fire from striking steel, delighted her. She felt that she wore an invisible armor, and sometimes the knowledge of her impregnability made

her kind to her fellow fencer and sometimes it filled her with a brilliant recklessness of execution.

But whether she was making an abortive, pathetic attempt to be of use in the world, or whether she was visiting relatives in the country or relatives in town, or whether she was perverting her ardor, her wit, her sentiment, to the tinsel uses of flirtation—whatever her outward life, her outward activities, innerly she thought of herself as James Hardaker's creature. She acknowledged it to herself with a sort of fierce pride in her abasement. She fostered the feeling. It made for her the secret life she had always had since her childhood.

The mere sight of his name in the papers always stopped her heart for the fraction of a second. Each success of his which the paragraphs recounted —and in these years the steps of his approach to his pre-eminent greatness were magnificent strides which all might mark—started it beating again with the heavy stroke of pride. She admitted his weaknesses, his cruelties, and brushed them aside. Thank Heaven, she said to herself, she had wasted her love upon a man, a great man, a power! False, inconstant, pleasure-seeking, was he? Ah, but he was great! Some women poured their love, their life's devotion, at the feet of poor, inefficient creatures whose moral weakness was redeemed by no strength of intellect, no beauty of artistic achievement. Thank Heaven, she had not been so base, so senseless, a groveller as these!

So six years had passed, and gradually the savor of her meaningless triumphs was growing stale against her palate. She was tormented by a sudden doubt of the nicety of her amusement of all these years; she consoled herself with the reflection that vulgarity of manner was universally conceded to be impossible to an Apthorpe; but was it possible to give dignity to a pursuit so innately trivial and vulgar as flirtation? Moreover, she was no longer able to pass at will into a world dominated by Hardaker. One day, when the trance eluded and defied her, a quick fear made her pale —a fear that she was not essentially different from the other women of her generation—no more fervent in loving, no more blindly loyal. It sickened her. She had had her vanity through the long time of her separation from Hardaker, a deeper vanity than the critics of her flirtations could have understood. It had been to believe herself a woman the intensity and constancy of whose love were boundless, a woman capable of an epic sentiment which only the accident of time and caste denied an epic expression.

The disdain for her amusements, the doubt of the endurance of her love for Hardaker, coincided with the appearance of young Willitson upon her horizon. She saw him first one afternoon at the country club, a big, broad-shouldered, boyish figure. He stood before the fireplace and he was quoting some one to the effect that the capacity for a great passion is as rare as the capacity to compose a great opera. He had had the cold color that an autumn walk brings, she reminded and she had liked his laugh as he had overthrown some sentimentalist with his bit of philosophy. She herself had thrilled with the consciousness of her secret genius. She had glanced up toward the speaker and had felt the blood mount girlishly to her face beneath the unexpected searching of his gray eyes. It was as though, in an idle conversation concerning poets, some one had divined a hidden gift of song. And yet, it was after that talk that she began to torment herself with the fear that her great song was merely doggerel, after all. She closed her eyes and summoned Hardaker's face. She struggled to wrest from unwilling memory the blueness of his eyes; but blue was a mere word in her mind, not a color, not a living light, as of old. She recalled words—they left her unthrilled. She reminded herself of twilights—sunsets, scenes set for romance, with Hardaker close to her, his hand touching hers, his face, beautiful and eager, bending toward her. But the scenes vanished before their message reached her heart. She was left in the darkness with the memory of

young Willitson's divining scrutiny of her.

That young Willitson had soon attached himself rather conspicuously to Susan's train was a matter commented upon by her relatives with the cheerful frankness common to families. Some of them averred that he was a boy, little likely to stir a real ardor in a woman who had so long played with fire. Some said that it would be a shame if she trifled with him after her custom, despoiling him of the morning freshness of his emotions merely to feed an insatiable vanity. Willis Apthorpe expounded a more hopeful theory to his wife.

"Did you ever notice Willitson's jaw?" he asked. "That fresh color of his blinds one to the cut of his face, rather. But you look at him the next time you see him. If he wants Susan, he'll get her. I'll wager you three to one that in five years you'll see her and a pair of young ones driving meekly down to the station to meet him when he comes out from the city in the afternoon. She'll quote his sayings and warm his slippers and humbly wait for him to finish the newspaper before interrupting him—provided he wants it. You mark my words."

"I'm sure I hope so," sighed Mrs. Willis. "But you know, dear, Susan has never seemed quite the same to me since the Hardaker affair."

"Hardaker? Nonsense!" Willis was emphatic rather than argumentative.

"But really—"

"But really," interrupted her husband conclusively, "the whole trouble with Susan is that she hasn't met men. Now young Willitson's a man though he's only a boy. He's going to love like a man and win his woman like a man, and marry and go out and do a man's work in the world. He isn't going to sit around turning phrases about his emotions. And that's the kind of man Susan needs and wants and is waiting for—you'll see."

"I'm sure I hope so," his wife sighed again, some presentiment upon her that so sane and fair a destiny was not for her cousin, despite that cousin's compelling and appealing charm.

Meantime young Willitson made it evident to all observers that he held Susan in extravagent admiration. He laughed at her witticisms, watched her changeful face by the evening together, condoned her ignorance of practical affairs—Willitson himself was rather phenomenal in objective knowledge—humored her caprices after the indulgent manner of the strong, not the ingratiating manner of the weak.

"He's too nice to be spoiled," Susan told herself as she did up her hair one evening, after she had been off for a splendid, swinging, stinging walk with him through the wind and the driving mist. She was trying to explain to herself why she had held her hand from flirtation with him. Her face looked back at her out of the mirror, glowing, smiling, young-eyed—such a face as she had not seen there for years. "Much too nice," she said again, more emphatically, "and very, very much too young."

Too young! She sighed. Had she offered up her youth on the altar of an unreality? How old was the boy—two, three years younger than she was? He might as well be a decade younger, she felt; he might as well be in the nursery! Ten years and she would be faded, withered, burned out, not to be thrilled even by the thought of the great, secret romance of her youth; ten years and he, the boy, would still be in the vigor and glory of life. A chill went creeping up to her heart. Out of the mirror, which had so often framed her memory of Hardaker's face, Willitson's eyes seemed to look forth at her, laughing, commanding her to put away recollections and anticipations, commanding her to—

"It couldn't be, it couldn't be," she told herself vehemently. "If that other was not real and eternal, then nothing can be real and eternal on God's earth—or I am not the kind that may feel real things. I will not be that other kind. I will keep my love, I will keep it."

She walked downstairs to find young Willitson in his favorite atti-

tude before the hall fire. He was talking politics with Willis, but he broke off to watch her as she came down. She passed him coldly, listened with a careful indifference as he explained how Mrs. Apthorpe, meeting him at the gate, had been so jolly as to ask him to come back to dinner just as he was.

"Very nice, I'm sure," said Susan, rudely. He looked surprised, and almost hurt for half a second. The ruddy color faded a little from his face and suddenly the firmness of his jaw became his most prominent facial characteristic. His gray eyes studied her. Then with a slight gesture of accepting her manner, he sauntered across the drawing-room to Mrs. Apthorpe. Susan felt chidden and ashamed. Like a child who is conscious of having misbehaved, she exerted herself at dinner to efface the impression of her wilfulness. But Willitson did not lose the air of a man who merely defers explanation and punishment to a fitting season.

When he was about to leave the house, it came.

"You promised to go with me to see those pictures of Lwein's," he said.

"Yes," answered Susan, docilely. "Is his exhibition on yet?"

"It opens to-morrow. Can you go then?"

Susan smiled and said that she could, without even the pretence of consulting a mental engagement-book.

"Won't you come in early and go to luncheon with me?"

"That will be delightful," said Susan.

"I'm not so sure you'll think so afterwards," he announced. "Very well, then. I'll meet the train that gets in a few minutes before one—the twelve-seven, isn't it?"

Susan's "yes" was unsteady. She was not going to be able to dominate the situation, to keep this downright person from downright utterance and demand—that she felt. But was she going to be able even to control herself, to hold fast to her dream before the vigorous, splendid sunshine he would let into her heart? The premonition of vanquishment shook her.

It was not a joy to her to find herself again on the verge of love. It discredited her past, it mocked her, it disgraced her in her own eyes. A good wife could scarcely feel more shame at the stirring of a vagrant emotion than Susan at the approach of a fresh passion in herself. Her long infatuation for Hardaker was, in her mind, redeemed from folly, ennobled, set among heroic sentiments, by its endurance, its subsistence upon pure imagination. That had been the badge of its sincerity, had marked it no spurious metal. That another emotion should have power to crowd it from her heart debased it and derided her.

She was not a religious woman, but that night she found herself upon her knees, her arms flung across her bed, her face hidden. She formulated no prayer, but all her being besought that her heart might be faithful to its fruitless dream.

As though in answer to her, her broken sleep held dreams of Hardaker, smiling, tender, triumphant. She awoke, strengthened against the boy. To be sure, she counted the hours until they were to meet, but she told herself that her impatience was the burning desire to say what must be said, to end the situation, to strangle the new feeling that struggled for life in her heart, while it was still quiescent.

The train loitered and lagged. She grew almost feverish. She trembled, and hated herself that she could not tell whether it was an old recollection of Hardaker or the memory of Willitson's good-night that thrilled her. She was suddenly afraid to meet the boy's eyes again. Why had she said that she would come, would see him?

And here the malignant fairy that had not been invited to Susan's chrisening took part in her destiny, or some power as wantonly cruel. To quiet her nerves, she leaned over and took from an empty chair opposite hers a morning paper flung there by some one leaving the train. Her eyes idly roamed up and down the columns. She was unconscious of a word, until there stood out clearly, as though in

some raised and curious type for the blind, a paragraph cabled from Florence. "American Sculptor Marries Heiress," it read. The day before, in the Italian city, James Hardaker had taken to wife the only daughter of an ex-ambassador whose chief fitness for his office had been the possession of a fortune larger than those of the monarchs to whose courts he had been accredited.

Jealousy that outlives love and simulates passion, that stirs the slight embers of a trivial emotion to a sudden final burst of flame, sprang up in Susan. Often as she had prepared herself for the announcement of Hardaker's marriage, the reality found her totally unready. It was as though some new substance had been thrown among the inchoate uncertainties of her heart and had crystallized them. She burned with misery and jealousy. Therefore she loved Hardaker. Therefore, she had no feeling at all for Willitson. So, if she had been capable of defining herself, she would have described her emotions.

As she met Willitson in the station, the unnatural, hard brilliance of her eyes, so unlike their customary liquid radiance, the harsh red line of her mouth, the furious rose that burned upon her creamy skin—all these gave him a minute's uneasiness. But he refused to listen to their warning; he had determined that day to settle for all time the question of his relation to Susan. Last night he had been deliriously sure that the settlement would be what he desired. To-day he would not let the doubt born of her strange, abrupt manner, her tense, excited face, deter him.

They were not far advanced at the pretence of luncheon when he spoke.

"You know what I want to say to you, don't you?"

The thought of hurting him was not distasteful to Susan in the mood in which she was, though usually she was all exquisite, illogical, feminine tenderness for the pain that she could see.

"I suppose I do," she answered curtly. He studied her with an air of grave surprise for a moment.

"Your manner when you came down to dinner last night," he began, "was so unlike your manner when you came home from our walk, and your manner at dinner so unlike either, that I was puzzled. I am not a subtle person like some of your friends." He half smiled. "I don't care for riddles. I don't want to waste time wondering where I stand with you, and guessing what you mean by this gesture and what by that smile, and whether I have offended you or not. I want to know—to know—how you feel about me."

She was regarding him with hard eyes and a satiric pressure of the lips. His gaze did not falter beneath the irony of her glance.

"Of course," he went on, "this is not a fitting time or place for this conversation. But you see you never treated me capriciously or coquettishly until last night, and my one idea was to have the thing cleared up at the earliest possible second. Susan—I'm pretty madly in love with you. I want your love, I want you, more than I have ever wanted anything in the world. Have I any chance at all?"

He bent forward slightly, his face pale, his eyes shining with suspense. The waiter, hovering near with a chafing dish upon a tray, discerningly withdrew a few feet.

It seemed to Susan that it would relieve the intolerable, throbbing agony of her own pain if she could wound as deeply. Still satiric and hard, she looked at him.

"You have not the least chance in the world," she replied, with a soft, concise brutality. He drew a sharp breath, settled back in his chair and nodded toward the bearer of the chafing dish. That functionary, regulating an alcohol flame, removing a cover disclosing the bubbling contents of the pan as though he revealed the riches of a jewel case, making passes across the table with plate and fork, mercifully hid the two from each other for a few seconds. When he had once more withdrawn, Susan stole a half-frightened glance at Willitson. Her cruelty had spent itself, after the feminine fashion, in one blow.

"I—I am very sorry," she whispered.

"You are not at all to blame," he told her courteously. "You must not reproach yourself in the least." The formality of his manner was not to her liking.

"You do not understand," she said.

"I am afraid I understand quite clearly all that concerns me.—Shall we have a French dressing with the alligator-pears or a—"

"I don't care what we have with our pears or whether we have pears, or anything," cried Susan, tempestuous, despite the softness of her voice. "You are angry. You think I did this for—my vanity's sake. Oh, yes, you do!"—as he made a slight gesture of dissent. "You despite me for a coquette. Every one does—"

"I love you," he interrupted her. "I wanted you for my wife. If you had cared for me you would not have coquetted any more. But you have said you don't, and, if you'll forgive my selfish concern for my own feelings, it's damnably painful for me to talk about it just now. You know I told you I wasn't an amateur psychologist."

But Susan did not want to drop the subject. The relentless egotism of grief, the passion for speech, for outpouring of soul, were upon her.

"You are angry with me," she persisted. "Ah, don't be. Pity me. Can't you see I'm wretched? Can't you see I'm tortured, crucified? Don't I know all about love and pain?"

Her voice broke in self-pity. Willitson leaned forward, forgetting himself.

"You poor girl, you poor child!"

"Don't be too sorry for me," she said in her turn. "I ought to be used to it. It's six—it's nearly seven years now."

"Is he blind or an ass?"

"He's married."

In the silence that fell upon them the waiter removed plates, brought cups. Willitson looked long and searchingly at her. The innocent melancholy of her expression—a sort of confession of ignorance—banished whatever ugly thought had sprung to life at her last words. Resolution gathered in his eyes.

"Listen," he said. His hand fell upon hers, nervously tearing at a leaf upon the table. "Listen. You're awfully young, after all. You're romantic—silly, dear heart, like a sixteen-year-old about a matinee hero. No, you mustn't be angry with me yet. You must listen. You've been fostering something unreal, playing, pretending. Let me teach you the truth. Give me a chance. Why, hang it all, I'm not a fool. You could care for me—I've seen it. Dear love, your eyes—either you've deliberately let them lie to me or you have cared—a little. Only last night—"

But the message from Florence had blotted out last night for Susan.

"I may have thought at one time that I could forget him and care for you," she said. "But I do not wish to. I did not wish to. Real or unreal, it's all there is in the world for me. I'd rather remember his hand clasp than—than feel your kiss," she cried recklessly. "The memory of him, once in a year, is dearer company for me than you, all of you, love and sympathy and talk and laugh, every day. I'd rather be the woman who loves him hopelessly, never seeing him, forgotten by him, than the best-loved wife in all the world."

"That is all romantic nonsense, Susan," replied Willitson. "To cherish passionately what can have no fruition is morbid, hysterical, false. I'll make you see that some day."

"Romantic, morbid, hysterical, whatever it is, it is my life," she asseverated.

"But it shall not be your life, Susan. Listen to me. You shall love me yet. I will make it the one object of existence to make you forget this—this moonshine. And I'll succeed."

"You never will. I shall not see you, hear from you, hold any communication with you, if you will not respect my feeling. Oh, you do not realize it."

"I realize it better than you do. I am a man. And I mean to win you. I wouldn't fight you, dearest, if I had any real rival, any man who could

offer you love and happiness. But as it is—you'll see. Oh, you sha'n't be able to evade me." He laughed. "If you refuse to see me I'll haunt you with my astral body; I'll impress myself upon the light and you'll never see any one else but me! If you won't hear me I'll make the winds my messengers. I'm talking like a drunken fool, am I not? But it only means that I'm not going to give you up to an illusion—that I'm never going to give you up. Do you hear me, Susan—I'm going to win you, for your happiness and my own!"

The boyish rhapsody and daring restored Susan somewhat to herself. She smiled faintly.

"Ah," she said, "you are very young."

"So I have all the more years to persuade you to be happy and all the more years to love you in," he answered, smiling a little also.

They went out into the gusty brightness of the March day. The violence of Susan's mood had passed, but it had left her tired.

"If you don't mind," she said, "we'll skip the pictures. I'm—I'm tired. I'll go home at once."

"But I do mind—most dreadfully."

"Nevertheless, I must go home. Get me a cab, if you will, and send me to the station. I—I think I'm too old for scenes."

"I want you to forget the scene," he rejoined earnestly. "I want you to come and see pictures with me in just a commonplace, every-day fashion. And I won't even tell you"—his eyes were mirthful and daring—"how we'll go jog-trotting to picture shows together all our life!"

She frowned and shook her head in quick impatience. "Let me go with you to the station, at any rate," he begged.

"No. I want to be alone."

"Ah, but remember how I'm not going to let you escape me in that way," he laughed. "At least to-night I may—"

"No, no, not to-night," she cried nervously, forestalling his request.

"But I may call you up on the telephone and learn that you have recovered from the—scene?" He could not have explained his own buoyancy; but hope—certainty—flooded his heart as he looked at her. The conquering mood of the night before was again upon him. He shut the carriage door upon her, and before he turned to give directions to the driver, he leaned in through its lowered window.

"Remember," he whispered, "I am going to win out. And you will be as glad as I."

Before anything more articulate than a blush could answer his confident prediction, the carriage began to move, and she looked out to see him standing, bareheaded, young, triumphant, in the bright light. And that vision of him remained with her all the afternoon, contending with the older one and—though she would not yet admit it—overthrowing it.

Late in the day she found herself in the library on the second floor of her cousin's house. The windows commanded a sweep of the high, sloping lawn, the bare trees, the broad road outside the grounds, and the ice-cluttered river beyond. Susan told herself that she was there to see the brief crimson fires die down behind the farther shore. But she knew in her heart that it was to watch for a swinging figure that sometimes strode up from the station in the twilight. Willitson had for home, besides his club in town, his sister's house beyond the Willis Apthorpe place. He would go there to-night, Susan argued; or could he have meant to telephone from the city? Ah, there he came through the enfolding dusk! No, it was Willis, turning in at his own drive. How ridiculous a blunder—to mistake Willis's middle-aged strength of outline for the swinging, youthful leanness of the boy! Then she remembered his boast—his promise—his threat—that she should come to see him in every vision her eyes beheld. She laughed in a flurry of shame and gladness that already his words began to be true.

Nervously, expectantly, she occupied herself after dinner. She paced the rooms aimlessly, she played snatches of melody. She had been hurt, she had fed her heart upon folly,

she had nourished herself upon mists —and now, what balm, what tenderness, were to be hers! She looked at her cousins. There had been no guests the younger children were asleep in the nursery, the older ones busy in the schoolroom with their books. Willis read in middle-aged comfort and Caroline pricked at a piece of fine linen with a needle. It was very sweet. Warmth and peace and the security of wedded love—how beautiful and blessed they were! Her fingers made a sudden discord at the piano.—Did she mean, then, without a further struggle, to yield to the domination of this new love, to yield to this new lover?

The telephone on Willis's desk in the library rang sharply. She turned, half starting to her feet. But Willis moved toward the instrument. She waited, unsure, trembling, to be summoned to it. Their talk would be, of course, non-committal, but—

"My God! what are you saying, Baird? It can't be true." That was what Willis was shouting in a high, hoarse voice. Lena Baird was Arthur Willitson's sister. From head to foot Susan was instantly cold, stiff, tense.

"Yes, yes. Of course. I'll come at once."

Caroline had stopped her embroidery and was staring at her husband, aghast at the horror and hurry of his tones. Susan was still sitting, perfectly motionless, at the piano.

"God! this is awful," shuddered Willis, stumbling up from the desk and crossing the room. "There's been an explosion. Baird has heard that young Willitson—the hospital telephoned. It seems Arthur had some memoranda with Baird's address—"

"For Heaven's sake, Willis!" Caroline was strident with fear and impatience. "Tell it straight. What is it?"

"Young Willitson's dead—killed in an explosion on Duane Street this afternoon. The hospital authorities have telephoned to Baird. He wants me to go in town with him. Identification—"

Then he became aware of Susan, tall and ghastly white, by his side.

"I do not believe a single word of it," she said woodenly, and, with that expression of unbelief upon her lips, fell forward into Willis's arms in a dead faint.

The steep slope to the river was garlanded with the pale green and rosy white of the later spring time when Susan looked forth again at evenfall. She was stretched in a long chair, a rug across her knees, her hands folded weakly in her lap. For weeks she had been lying in bed —not sick with tangible disease, not suffering keen pangs, but inert, indifferent, deadened to feeling.

Finally the spell broke. The doctor said that Miss Apthorpe had happily escaped with a brief attack of nervous prostration, and that now, with due care, with a cautious avoidance of excitements, with gentle stimulations of interest, with electricity and massage and tonics, her vigorous constitution would finally reassert itself. Then he went away and wrote a convincing paper upon the penalties exacted by nature from society women for gambling and automobile racing.

And Susan lay at the library window, looking idly down the billowy, blossoming slope to the broad road, where now and then the flash of varnish or the gleam of metal proclaimed the passing of equipages. Faintly she enjoyed the tender colors of the hillside. She still dwelt in the nebulous region where pain and joy are no more real than those are real men and women who pass and repass in a mirror at the end of a great hall.

The west grew softly, celestially bright with pink and primrose and lilac. The carriages rolled closer. Dark figures of pedestrians strode by the low wall at the foot of the hill. The frequent trains were bringing the men home from the city.

Along the road came some one swingingly. He seemed straight and tall and lithe. Something caught roughly at Susan's heart. A hand snatched at the veil which had enwrapped her. She leaned forward, her lips parted, her eyes starry, her whole face transfigured. The man paused at the gate, turned in, resolved

himself to Willis's stalwart proportions. She gave a great cry and threw herself backward in her chair. There was no longer any shield of misty forgetfulness between her and the agony of realization.

So she came quite back to life and its cruelty of loneliness. She never even said to herself that she had loved Arthur Willitson, and that in the loss of him, the loss of life with him, she had tasted what was for her the supreme bitterness. She was done with telling herself what her emotions were, done with cherishing them, with defying them, with all forms of playing with them.

Yet, unsought by her—beyond, indeed, any human power of seeking—the visionary life she had always maintained began to reassert itself. Dreams such as she had tried to compel in the old days came to her now unbidden. At first it was only in the twilights, under the shadow of a tree or under the flickering of a street lamp, that some familiar trick of shoulder or of stride, some turn of the neck or free motion of the arm, would make her heart stand still for the space of a quivering eyelash and then bound madly on. By and by the hallucination, that was no hallucination, grew more frequent. Arthur was dead, dead in the great glory of life, dead—ah, the misery of it!—because she had not granted such a little, trivial wish one sunny, blustery day—she knew it. That knowledge was the core of existence to her. Yet, constantly, men walked with his tread, bent their heads as he had done, sprang, ran—simulated all his vigorous supple motions. Never the man close beside her, never the one who brushed her skirts on the sidewalk, but always the one just turning the far corner, just alighting from the next carriage, the next car, just closing the door of his house behind him. And her eyes, charged with lasting sorrow, came at last to be always longingly fixed on the distances.

Nor was that all. The first time she had answered the telephone after her recovery from her illness—repressing a shudder as she lifted the receiver from the hook—that day the "hello" which had greeted her had been familiar, buoyant, young—the very tones that had prophesied to her joy and the fulfilment of destiny. Her answer had been a whisper. And then a commonplace voice had pronounced a commonplace message and her fluttering heart had dropped, a piece of lead in her breast.

The next time she had been called to the telephone, she went with tremulous expectancy. If only she might have her half-second of delusion that was no delusion! She gave the signal in a low, eager voice, and her blood, for an instant still in her veins, leaped at the answer. Again the "hello" was Willitson's own—ringing, assured, alive, alive, alive! And though the next word shattered into a thousand bits the sought-for joy, nevertheless, for one immeasurable heart-beat, Arthur's very tones had broken against her ears.

So it went on. He appeared to her—no glimmering wraith at twilight, no chilling presence in the pearly grayness of the dawn, but in the half-glimpsed grace and strength of other men, in half-heard calls from the distance, in a passing laugh, in a boatman's voice upon the water at sunset. None knew of her obsession. None guessed what her far-gazing eyes sought or for what she listened, with an ethereal light of hope upon her face. They said that she seemed like a woman living in a dream, but they did not guess how truly they spoke.

The days had slid into weeks and the weeks into months, until a year was nearly past. Willis and Caroline, coming home across the snowy lawn from some neighborly gathering one night, were talking of their cousin with that deeper, more protective tenderness they had felt for her since her retirement from the world. They were asking themselves how she might be again brought to the life of every day; they were talking of the wonder of her smile, asking themselves what hope shone through her transparent beauty like a light through a fragile lamp.

They unlocked the door and stepped into the soft warmth and luxury of the hall. The tall clock by the stairway chimed some late hour. Then the telephone bell in the library rang loudly, demandingly. They heard the gentle trailing of Susan's dress to the desk. Then they caught each other's hands in quick, instinctive affright.

For the trembling melody of her greeting had been followed by a full-throated cry of rapture. "Arthur, Arthur!" she called; and then: "Yes, yes. I know; I'll come."

As swiftly as a moonbeam glides into a room she had come into the hall, in front of her cousins. She did not speak to them; her shining eyes took no note of them. She unfastened the door so silently, so swiftly, that she seemed rather to pass through it than to unlock it.

"See who was calling up—ask Central. I'll follow Susan," whispered Willis, bounding to the door. He was out upon the broad, stone steps in an instant, but already the slight figure before him was speeding half-way down the white lawn. He ran, he called, but she made no sign of having heard. On she sped, suddenly flinging her arms wide in a gesture of most loving welcome, of most glad surrender, as she neared the wall.

He came rushing back, alone, white-faced, in a few minutes.

"I must have help," he said. "She—she fell—or—fainted—at the wall. I—It's over, dearest. Who was it telephoned?"

"Central said," whispered Caroline, her grieved, horrified eyes upon her husband's, her voice unvarying—"Central says that our house had not been called this evening?"

"But," protested Willis, while the servants began to gather in response to his ring—"but we heard."

"Yes," whispered Caroline; "I told Central so. She said that she could not understand—that she had not rung us up at all."

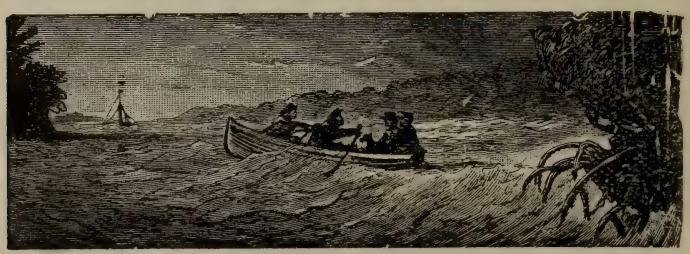
They looked at each other, wide-eyed, stupefied, their lips parted, their breath coming in brief gulps. Then Willis turned from his wife and gave his commands to the servants. The little group moved down the white lawn to where the snow at the foot of the garden was darkened by a long, inert figure.

There was a sleigh jingling ironically along the road beyond the wall. At sight of those bent over the relaxed form on the ground, and of the lanterns incongruously yellow in the white night, at sound of a hysterical maid weeping and of tense orders given the vehicle drew to a standstill. A man leaped from the back seat.

"This is the Apthorpe place, is it not?" he began. Willis turned dully toward the intruder, and the man spoke again. "It is, of course—Apthorpe, don't you remember me? Hardaker? Is there some trouble?"

He stepped nearer the burden that the men had lifted, and looked on Susan's face.

"My God!" he said very quietly. And then: "I've been thinking of her all the evening. We've been at the club with— What does it all mean, Apthrope?"



Our Men Of The Midi

By E. N. Vallandigham in Atlantic Monthly

OUR Southern whites present the only instance in the history of the world of a people mainly English by blood and tradition, who have dwelt continuously for six or eight generations below the 39th parallel. They are essentially a people of what the French call the Midi, and these interrelated facts of race and residence have been too little considered in the examination of their history and the prognostication of their future. Not elsewhere the world over have Englishmen dwelt continuously in large numbers under semi-tropical conditions for so much as three generations. The whites in Australia present the nearest parallel in this regard to our own Southern whites, but the white population of Australia has been considerable for only two generations, and large for hardly more than fifty years; and much of the increase up to very recent times came from immigration. It is fair to say then that only a small part of the whites in Australia are a people dwelling for more than two generations under semi-tropical conditions. They are an English people of the Midi in the making.

The total population of the British North American mainland in 1688, it is estimated, was 200,000. By 1700, it is believed to have grown to 1,850,000, in which latter estimate are probably included about 100,000 whites in the Canadas. Much of this growth came from natural increase, especially in the South, where a considerable part of the gain from immigration must be set down to the importation of African slaves. The first census, that of 1790, showed a population of nearly 4,000,000, almost equally divided between the North and South. Of rather more than 750,000 colored persons enumerated in that census by far the larger part were in the Southern States. As late as 1860 there were only a little more than 226,000 negroes in the North out of more than 4,440,000 in the whole country. Toward the end of the eighteenth century slavery had probably begun to check white immigration to the South; and again, immigration was not large for the whole country during the first forty years, under the Federal Constitution.

The number of white immigrants to reach the South after the opening of the nineteenth century must have been comparatively small save in the region immediately bordering upon Mason and Dixon's Line. From about the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, the increase in the white population of the older Southern States must have been largely the natural increase in the native population of English descent. There was much intercolonial immigration, but the newer South drew upon Virginia and the Carolinas rather than upon the North. Some thousands of French Hugeunots settled in the South between 1670 and the end of the seventeenth century; but these immigrants included many French of the Midi, so that the newcomers tended to intensify characteristics already developing in the native population under climatic influences. About the middle of the eighteenth century there was a movement of Scotch and Scotch-Irish immigration to the South, and nothing in the social history of that region is more instructive than the effect of new conditions, climatic and otherwise, upon these sturdy and impenetrable Protestants. After the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 there was an immigration of Irish and Highland Scotch to America, and part of these immigrants reached the South.

It may be said then that for almost two centuries, or six generations, the Southern whites have been essentially a semi-tropical people by residence, birth, and ancestry; and that not a

few of those who have come to the South since the close of the seventeenth century are descended on one side or the other from earlier immigrants; so that many of the Southern whites are of a race for nearly three centuries exposed to semi-tropical conditions. These people are in large part what we loosely call Anglo-Saxons; for whatever Celtic blood may have come to them from France, from Ireland, and from the Highlands of Scotland, has been in large measure mixed with purely English strains. There is, of course, a large unmixed French element in Louisiana, and a Spanish element not intimately mixed with English in Florida and Texas, besides a German element in Louisiana, in Maryland, in Kentucky, and perhaps elsewhere; while there has been within two decades some Italian immigration to parts of the South. When all these foreign strains have been taken into account, however, the fact remains that between Mason and Dixon's Line and the Gulf of Mexico there is a larger population of approximately pure English stock than anywhere else on earth outside of Great Britain.

We must bear in mind also, when we think of the Southern white as an Englishman of the Midi, that he and his ancestors have not been merely winter residents here for, say, two-and-a-half centuries, but have steadily made the region their home at all seasons. Englishmen have dwelt under tropical and semi-tropical conditions in India and elsewhere for a century and a half, but merely as a garrison, military and civil; for adaptable as the Englishman is, he has steadily refused to make India his permanent home. The Southerner's loyalty to the soil in all seasons seems to have been even more marked in earlier generations than to-day. Even now, however, from the Potomac to the Gulf, we find the Southern white for the most part either living in his accustomed winter home all summer long, or seeking only such relief as the seashore or the mountains of his own latitude afford. Finally, for more than a century and a quarter the people thus subjected to climatic conditions new to the race have been self-dependent, in no measure politically subordinated to the mother country, and singularly free in the matter of local self-government, so that they have developed without serious pressure from their brethren in Europe and America living under different climatic conditions. At the same time, they have preserved the common traditions of the race, and read its common literature.

What should we expect of an Englishman, in his own person and through six or eight ancestral generations subjected to conditions such as the race never before knew? We think we know the English character pretty well. It varies, of course, and within a pretty wide range. There are madly impulsive Englishmen; but the race is phlegmatic rather than the reverse, cool, self-contained, sturdy in maintenance of opinion, steady but not fiery in courage, moderate in love, prone to marry late rather than early, not excitable, distinguished by the occurrence of rarely imaginative individuals, but on the whole prosaic and negligent of the fine arts, and commonly sincere in the ordinary relations of life, however hypocritical in some of its conventions.

The Southern European, on the other hand, is apt to be excitable, fiery in his courage, ardent in love, imaginative, fond of pleasure and sensitive to the fine arts, somewhat effusive in his social relations, almost indecently frank in some matters that English conventional hypocrisy passes by in silence. When we think of these two and of our own Southerner, we easily realize that he is essentially an Englishman of the Midi. His semi-tropical climate has burned into him some of the qualities that we associate with the Southern European, but he has retained also many of his own racial characteristics. He is both fire and snow. He is ardent in love; but he at least equals the Englishman at home in jealous regard for the purity of his women and surpasses him—or any other man—in his romantic devotion to the other sex. His

courage has the fire of the Southern European, and the steadiness of the Englishman. He is soft of speech, and amiability itself at ordinary times, but roused to instant anger at the slightest suspicion of an assault upon his honor. Perhaps his most charming characteristic is his delightfully unsuspicious outlook upon the world, his consequent readiness to accept a new acquaintance for what he seems to be, and his open-handed hospitality. In this latter relation he shows the fascinating politeness of the European of the Midi, along with the essential sincerity of the Englishman in everyday social relations. You cannot altogether trust the social effusiveness of the Southern European; you rarely meet with such effusiveness in the Englishman; but if our Southerner invites you to his house after the second casual meeting, be sure that the invitation is given in good faith.

Physically, also, the Southerner is an Englishman of the Midi. He retains the relatively tall stature of his race; but he is apt to be dark and slender, rather than fair and large. He has cared less for systematic athletics than the Englishman at home, but having been mainly a dweller in the country, he has lived much in the open air, and has been handy with weapons, fond of horse and dog. There may have been a suspicion up to the middle of the last century that the Southerners were suffering some physical deterioration because of the climate to which they and their ancestors had been so long exposed; but the civil war seems abundantly to have demonstrated not only their courage and dash, but as well their endurance of all kinds.

These considerations of the physical and temperamental effects of the Southern climate upon the English race naturally raise the question whether the Southern white has retained the fine qualities of his English ancestors and superimposed upon them the fire and charm of the Southern European; whether he has suffered no serious loss of intellectual and spiritual effectiveness through the climatic conditions to which he has been subjected. It is hardly to be denied that the Southern youth suffered morally from his contact with an enslaved race, and continues to suffer morally from contact with the same race in a state of freedom. Doubtless each race has gained some good of the other; but they have also done much mutual ill. The South and the Southerner will long bear the marks of the evil institution that they so long cherished.

Every Northerner who is familiar with the South will at once recall squalid Southern villages and slovenly Southern farms as possibly proving the evil effects of an enervating climate upon the civic and domestic ideals of the whites. Schouler, the historian, intimates that the White House and its grounds had fallen into something like shabbiness under a long succession of Southern Presidents, remarking that upon the accession of John Quincy Adams the President's official residence took on the air of a neat New England homestead. The Southerner, indeed, often submits with apparent unconcern to slovenly surroundings such as would not be tolerated by an equally well placed Englishman, and the contrast between rural conditions in much of the South and in the greater part of New England is notoriously to the advantage of the latter. It would be hard to say how much of Southern slovenliness is due to climatic influence upon the ideals of the whites, and how much to traditions going back to the inefficiency of slave labor. Something also is to be set down to the poverty that immediately followed the war, when the pillaged South was almost perforce content to give all its energies to merely living; when families saw handsome old homesteads fall into ruins, and were meanwhile too poor either to repair them or to rebuild upon a smaller scale. Southern indifference to meticulous neatness, however, antedates the war. The story of the Virginian whose excuse for not mending his fences was that he found it cheaper to station little negroes at the gaps, is perhaps apocry-

phal, but it has some value as an economic indicator.

Intellectually and spiritually, however, the Southerner seems to have suffered not so much by reason of climatic conditions as by reason of his partial isolation, brought upon him in large measure by slavery. The institution to which the Southerner tenaciously clung after it had ceased to be economically profitable—if, indeed, such it ever was—separated him from the great stream of national life; and the race problem left in the train of slavery has sufficed in some measure to perpetuate his isolation. The wen of slavery had grown to be nearly as big as the civic body upon which it was bred, and amputation not only proved almost fatal, but also brought its own enduring evils. The Union is now perhaps politically intact; but it has never been quite intellectually, spiritually, and socially such. The South remains in some measure provincial, and the Southerner, even when intellectually alert finds it hard not to share the conditions with which he is surrounded. Because the South has escaped some of the worst aspects of Northern commercialism, the Southerner is apt to rejoice in his own provincialism. At the same time the South has shown the supersensitiveness to outside criticism characteristic of an isolated people, and has often responded to such criticism with a heat of provincial patriotic rage such as the Southern European could not excel. Thus things Southern have rarely appeared to the Southerner in their true proportions and relations. In matters of taste, also, the South has remained provincial or archaic. Even now much of the South is in the midst of that "architectural reign of terror" which made hideous the mid-quarters of the last century, but which happily the North seems at length about to emerge from. Again, the South has much of the time abstained from the highest endeavor in the fine arts, in mechanical invention, and in most other fields save those of politics and war.

During the first forty years under the Constitution, for the greater part of which period slavery was only growing its thews, the Union was perhaps nearer intact, not only in form but in spirit, than at any time during the next sixty years. The isolation of the South was less marked during those first forty years than later, and it was precisely then that she contributed her largest share in men and measures to our political progress. Unfortunately for all of us, that region came passionately to the defense of slavery about the time when the protective tariff system began to extend and threatened to be permanent. The South then made the tactical and politico-economic mistake of assuming that protection was good perhaps for one section, but certainly bad for another; whereas it was merely good for a privileged few in any section, and always bad for most of us everywhere. Thus the opposition of the South to the protective system became another source of isolation, another means of excluding her from participation in the stream of national development and from full sympathy with national ideals. In spite of occasional academic arguments for free trade as a universal good, the South by her own neglect was made to appear as selfishly arrayed against a system advocated as a national blessing.

At the same time the necessity that the South felt of fighting for slavery and against protection perpetuated her race of brilliant public men, and made her in politics at least the equal of the North. But after 1832 only one permanently resident Southerner was elected to the presidency. In the only other field of endeavor to which the South has unreservedly given herself, the military field, she has proved also of equal validity with the North, and in both these fields her distinction has often been won by individuals who were typically Englishmen of the Midi.

A few concrete illustrations will serve to enforce the contention of the immediately foregoing paragraph. Let us glance rapidly at some of the men who have conferred distinction upon the South in politics or in war. Wash-

ington, to be sure, was mainly an Englishman rather than a man of the Midi. What is true of him is almost equally true of several of his Southern contemporaries. Jefferson had marked traits of the Midi, and so had John Randolph of Roanoke. Calhoun seems almost a dual personality; he was intense and passionate in spirit, but coldly logical in his mental processes, and as conscientious as the sternest Puritan. His paternal family, indeed, came late to the South, though he inherited upon one side old Southern blood. But there is a large group of less conspicuous South Carolinians who signally illustrate the effect of semi-tropical conditions upon the people of that state. Hayne, Rhett, Brooks, Pickens, and others will occur to many, and the temperament of the Midi in an exaggerated form seems to belong to at least one conspicuous South Carolinian of to-day. Henry Clay was typically a man of the Midi, pleasure-loving, eloquent, sympathetic, charming in his personal relations, fiery yet steady in courage, sensitive upon points of honor—a shining and romantic figure, in the presence of which Puritan virtue as exemplified by John Quincy Adams at his early morning prayers seems a little cold and pale.

Coming farther down, we find in Lincoln marked traits of race, with others that may have been climatic, for he and his had long been men of the Midi. Stonewall Jackson, too, was, so to speak, mingled Covenanter and Provencal, with the Covenanter element in far larger proportion. Lee is perhaps the most conspicuous example that the South has furnished of an almost perfect blend of the Englishman and the man of the Midi. He had the dash and fire of the South with the steady coolness of the Englishman, the social warmth of the Midi with the domestic sincerity of his race. His English military biographer seems occasionally almost aghast at Lee's apparent rashness even when it was vindicated by success. Beauregard, in character, as in aspect, seems an unmistakable Franco-American of the Midi, and three or four other conspicuous Confederate commanders exhibited traits which may well be set down to climatic influence. It is hard to believe that the amazing exploits of Mosby and other partisan leaders of the border were not in some degree due to the fact that they and their bands were essentially guerrillas of the Midi.

Among the Southern public men of the mid-century period and earlier, the Breckenridges illustrate that union of logic and passion which marks some other Scotchmen of the Midi. Foote of Mississippi brought to the defense of the Union through many bitter years the same fire that some of his fellows of the Midi showed in their advocacy of secession. As to Jefferson Davis, he was a Southerner of English blood, whose racial characteristics seem to have been peculiarly resistant to climatic influences. When he shall cease to be the scapegoat of half a nation, and New England shall regard the Confederate President dispassionately, she may well find in him something very like a Puritan of the South.

It seems probable then that our Englishman of the Midi has gained more than he has lost by his six or eight generations in a sub-tropical climate. The Yankee's energy, persistence, temperance, thrift, and ingenuity have helped to make the people of New England perhaps the richest community in the world; yet they occupy as inhospitable a soil probably as that of any like area with an equal population. Furthermore, New England's material contribution to our national wealth is but a small part of her total benefaction to mankind. When all this has been acknowledged, however, and as well the steel-like faithfulness of the New England character, one must confess to missing in the Yankee a certain warmth and color which make the Southerner appear as almost of a different race. Falstaff, it will be recalled, could not warm to that "sober-blooded boy," Prince John of Lancaster, and reflecting upon John's abstin-

*The present occupant of the White House seems to have inherited a share of temperament from his ancestors of our Midi.

ence from wine, he was led to his famous soliloquy in praise of sack. "So that skill in the weapon," he reflects, "is nothing without sack;" and the very valor of Prince Hal himself he ascribes to the same agency, saying, "For the cold blood he did naturally inherit from his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he has become very hot and valiant."

What sack did for Price Hal, the semi-tropical suns below the 39th parallel seem in some measure to have done for the Englishman of the South, so that he has added to the qualities of his race some at least of those that give force and charm to the European of the Midi. Doubtless he has the defects of his acquired qualities; but he is really a new thing in the history of the human race, and, as such, an interesting product, with a possible future that gives matter for speculation.

What is likely to be the future of this man? It seems, so far as one may judge from the past, that he needs only to break the bonds of isolation, and rid himself of his provincialism, in order to enter into every field of endeavor in friendly competition with his brother of the North for the promotion of national progress. Plainly the old cause of isolation continues in a slightly new form. The South worked through at least two generations of our national life with one hand tied by reason of slavery. Slave labor was uneconomic, in part because the slave labored without hope; and hopeless free labor is likely to be little more effective.

Is the South determined to reduce its laboring population to hopelessness, or will our Man of the Midi solve the race problem rightly and so burst the bonds of his own isolation and emerge into the open? In spite of recent apparently discouraging events there are signs that he will answer successfully this Sphinx's riddle of the Occident. Pessimism as to the negro is, indeed, the loudest note now heard from the South, and the colored race has not in years had fewer sanguine friends at the North; but it frequently happens that an evil condition is upon the mend just at the moment when we have our eyes so riveted upon its ill aspects that we fail to note the signs of coming improvement. It is not impossible that such is now the case with the problem of the South; and nothing is so likely to soften Southern public opinion as the knowledge that the North recognizes our national problem as peculiarly a Southern problem, and watches the course of events below Mason and Dixon's Line in a spirit of broad human sympathy and not in a spirit of mere arrogant criticism. After all, the Southern white, however he may underestimate the remote possibilities of the negro race, knows better than his Northern critic its immediate condition and capacity; and there is still a deep-seated Southern affection for the negro that will respond to intelligent Northern sentiment.

Patience, patience and charity, then, is surely the counsel that should be addressed to North as well as South, and alike to both races. A gradual diffusion of the colored race, an increase of the whites by immigration and by excess of births until that race shall be everywhere in a substantial majority, and the accompanying material and moral improvement of the negroes (a thing easier of accomplishment when they shall be no longer densely massed in special areas), will give the problem a very different look from that threatening and disheartening one which it now seems to wear.

With this immediately threatening pressure of the race problem relieved, and men's minds freed for turning to other things, who shall say what our men of the Midi in coming generations may not accomplish in fields of endeavor that they now neglect or cultivate but feebly? It will be worth much to the Southern white to be drawn into the full stream of national life, to feel himself and his section one with the rest of the Union, not alone politically, but intellectually and spiritually.

With improved economic conditions at home and a less threatening race problem the South will perhaps be no longer subject to that ruinous drain of her energetic and ambitious youth to the cities of the North; and, on the other hand, the South will receive an increasing immigration of young men from the North and West eager to share in her rich but ill-developed natural opportunities.

Finally, if the boast that the Anglo-Saxon race is peculiarly gifted in the realms of politics and the higher imagination be justified, our Man of the Midi has a great future; for not only is he almost pure Anglo-Saxon, but his race has been warmed by the generous sack of his own semi-tropical sunshine; he is a blend of reason and passion new to the world of endeavor and service.

The Road To Success

Andrew Carnegie's Address to Students of Pittsburg Commercial College

IT is well that young men should begin at the beginning and occupy the most subordinate positions. Many of the leading business men of the country had a serious responsibility thrust upon them at the very threshold of their career. They were introduced to the broom and spent the first hours of their business lives sweeping out the office. We have janitors and janitresses now in offices, and our young men unfortunately miss that salutary branch of a business education. But, if by chance, the professional sweeper is absent any morning, the boy who has the genius of the future partner in him will not hesitate to try his hand at the broom.

Assuming that a young man has obtained employment, the next step for him is to "aim high," to see himself already in imagination the partner or head of his firm. He should not rest content for a moment in his thoughts as head clerk or foreman, or general manager, in any concern, no matter how extensive. He should say to himself: "My place is at the top," should be king in his dreams, he should make a vow to himself to reach that position, with untarnished reputation, and should make no other vow to distract his attention.

There are conditions essential to success. There can be no genuine, praiseworthy success in life without honesty, truth and fair dealing. A young man must be determined to live a pure, respectable life, free from pernicious, equivocal relations, with either sex, or there is no creditable future for him. His learning will not only go for naught, but will serve to accentuate the failure and disgrace.

Speculation is one of the greatest dangers to a young business man. There is scarcely an instance of a man who has made a fortune by speculation and kept it. Gamesters die poor, and there is certainly not an instance of a speculator who has lived a life creditable to himself, or advantageous to the community. The man who grasps the morning paper to see first how his speculative ventures upon the exchange are likely to result, unfits himself for the calm consideration and proper solution of business problems, with which he has to deal in the day, and saps the sources of that persistent and concentrated energy upon which depend the permanent success, and often, the very safety of his main business. Too, nothing is more essential to the young business man than untarnished credit; credit begotten of confidence in his prudence, principles and ability of character. Nothing kills credit sooner in any bank board than the knowledge that either firms or men engage in speculation. It matters not a whit whether gains or losses be the temporary result of these operations. The moment a man is known to speculate his credit is impaired, and soon thereafter it is gone. How can a man be credited whose resources may be swept away in one hour by a panic among gamesters? Who can tell how he

stands among them? except that it is certain—he has given due notice that he stands to lose all, so that those who credit him have themselves to blame.

Another perilous habit is that of endorsing—all the more dangerous, inasmuch as it assails one generally in the garb of friendship. It appeals to a man's generous instincts, and he says: "How can I refuse to lend my name only, to assist a friend? It is because there is so much that is true and commendable in that view that the practice is so dangerous. But there is a line at which the regard for the success of friends should cease and regard for one's own honor begin. If a man owns anything, all his capital and all his effects are a solemn trust in his hands to be held inviolate for the security of those who have trusted him. Nothing can be done by him with honor which jeopardizes these first claims upon him. When a man in debt endorses for another, it is not his own credit or his own capital he risks, it is that of his creditors. He violates a trust. Therefore, a man should never endorse until he has cash means not required for his own debts, and then he should never endorse beyond those means. This is the only ground which an honest business man can occupy.

The next question is, how to rise from the subordinate position a young man may have started in, through the successive grades to the position for which he is, in his own mind, evidently intended. The secret lies mainly in this. Instead of the question: "What must I do for my employer?" he should substitute: "What can I do?" Faithful and conscientious discharge of the duties assigned him is all very well, but the verdict in such cases generally is that he performs his present duties so well that he had better continue performing them. There must be something beyond this. Clerks, book-keepers, bank tellers are made of this class and there they remain to the end of the chapter. The rising man must do something excepional, and beyond the range of his special department. He must attract attention. If a shipping clerk he may do so by discovering in an invoice an error, with which he has nothing to do, and which has escaped the attention of the proper party. If a weighing clerk, he may save for the firm by doubting the adjustment of the scales and having them corrected, even if this be the province of the master mechanic. If a messenger boy even he can lay the seed of promotion by going beyond the letter of his instructions in order to secure the desired reply. There is no service so low and simple, neither any so high, in which the young man of ability and willing disposition cannot readily and almost daily prove himself capable of greater trust and usefulness, and, what is equally important, show his invincible determination to rise. Some day, in his own department, he will be directed to do or say something which he knows will prove disadvantageous to the interests of the firm. Here is his chance to stand up like a man and say so, to say it boldly and give his reasons, and thus prove to his employer that he, the young, man, has been studying to advance that employer's interests. He may be right or he may be wrong, but in either case, he has gained the first condition of success, he has attracted attention, and proved to his employer that he is not a mere hireling, but one who devotes his spare hours and constant thoughts to the business, and consequently, an employe to be thought of kindly and well. It will not be long before his advice is asked in his special branch, and if the advice given be sound, it will soon be asked and taken upon questions of broader bearing. This means partnership; if not with present employers, then with others. His foot, in such a case, is upon the ladder; the amount of climbing done depends entirely upon himself.

There is one sure mark of the coming partner, his expenditure is always within his income. He begins to save early, almost as soon as he begins to learn. He then invests securely in anything which he has good reason to believe will be profitable, but no

gambling. A rare chance will soon present itself for investment. The little he has saved will prove the basis for an amount of credit utterly surprising to him. Capitalists trust the saving young man. For every hundred dollars you can produce as the result of hard-won savings, Midas, in search of a partner, will lend or credit a thousand; for every thousand, fifty thousand. It is not capital the seniors require, it is the man who has proved that he has the business habits which create capital. It is the first hundred dollars saved that tells.

There is always a boom in brains. That crop should be cultivated, for the market cannot be overstocked, and the more brains one has to sell, the higher price one can exact.

Lastly—the prime condition of success is concentration—concentration of energy, thought and capital upon the business in which a man is engaged. Having begun in one line, he should resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it, to adopt every improvement, to have the best machinery, to know the most about it. Then, as Emerson says, no one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves.

The World's Greatest Telescope

By F. Crosby Parsons in The Overland Monthly

WITHIN recent years, many honors have come to the great commonwealth of California, none of which outrank in splendor or in prophecy the crown she has won as Queen of climatic conditions, furnishing a superior vantage ground for the sweep of the "magic mirror" when it shall swing to the motion of the universe—the largest telescope the world has ever seen.

To the far south, the ramparts of the Sierra Madre lift their serrated heights forever to north and east above the famed San Gabriel Valley, where, upon its loftiest peak, Mount Wilson, at an altitude of 6,000 feet, has been erected a fine solar observatory 230 feet long, with steel frame and canvas cover, giving it the appearance of a splendid ship about to sail out over the crags and steeps and voiceless canyons, above the vast pine forests that clothe the mountain sides, away over the fair valley with its vineyards and orange groves; away, away, into the limitless blue of the vaulted sky.

This white-winged ship contains not only a horizontal telescope, but is equipped with a variety of other instruments—clocks, short and tall, photographic machinery and an array of scientific paraphernalia that seems, indeed, the work of a magician to the ordinary poor mortal who follows the professor about in a dazed and confounded condition, secretly hoping he looks wise, and can manage to stammer: "Oh, certainly!" "Ah, yes!" in the right places.

The situation is relieved by the fact that the courteous conductor, Professor George E. Hale, never by word or look assumes that you cannot understand his explanations, or are not perfectly familiar with astronomy throughout its heights and depths.

The observatory is in charge of this genial professor, a man still young in years, possessing rare charm of manner, so modest, in fact, that he seems unaware of his rank as one of the foremost astronomers in the country; that his fame has gone abroad as inventor of the spectro heliograph, an instrument for photographing solar phenomena, and for his recent discoveries upon the sun.

When Mr. Carnegie gave ten millions to establish the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the largest grant accorded to any one department, amounting thus far to over $300,000, was allotted to astronomy.

The observatory shops, built and maintained from this fund, and where-

in are made all the instruments for use upon the mountain, are located in Pasadena, that beautiful city whose name means "the Valley's Crown."

Astronomers, especially, seem so filled with a sense of the immensity of the universe, and of their own comparative insignificance, that they are very modest men, and oft-times retiring, keeping much within the realm of their own thought.

All this wonderful work in the shops is under the superintendence of Professor George W. Ritchey, who possesses both of the above named attributes. Apparently unconscious of the boast he might make as standing among the leaders both here and in Europe, in his chosen field of astronomical photography, and the construction for this work of reflecting telescopes.

The great centre of attraction just now is the huge glass that was cast in St. Gobain, France, remaining in the Yerkes Observatory optical shop for five years awaiting funds for its completion, when it was brought to Pasadena, where for two years it has been under the eye of Professor Ritchey during the long and careful process of "grinding and figuring."

Do not suppose that the public are admitted, even on visiting days, into the very presence chamber wherein this splendid mirror rests upon its iron throne. They must pay their court through the medium of a glass panel.

The impression is of looking into an operating room, rather than into a shop.

The walls and floor are carefully washed—above the mirror is stretched a canvas; directions are given through a speaking tube, the workmen don surgeon's cap and aprons, performing their labor behind closed doors—all these precautions lest dust from the Everywhere, the very motes in the sunbeam, should gather upon the delicate surface.

Notwithstanding constant vigilance, particles will float upon the forbidden ground.

This mirror is 60 inches in diameter, 8 inches thick, and weighs one ton. As it rests upon the turntable it resembles a huge wheel of ice into whose green depths you can look as if it were a frozen block.

This lovely coloring in green is a surprise to the beholder, who thinks to see the mirror clear or about as white as a window pane.

In the work of grinding, fine emery and water are placed between the grinding tools and the surface of the mirror.

When the surfaces are properly smoothed, they are coated with pure silver, that metal furnishing highest reflective power. The concave front is the optical surface, the other side being polished aproximately flat, and silvered because the changes effected by the temperature would otherwise be unsymmetrical.

Before it was decided where to place the great telescope, various points were visited and their merits considered. The severe winters at Yerkes make the astronomer's work difficult, and as the San Gabriel Valley has a large percentage of cloudless days, it is hoped to find much advantage in the clear atmosphere and altitude of Mt. Wilson, a peak destined to be no longer unknown to fame.

And now the 60-inch mirror is to be outmatched upon its own grounds. A citizen of Los Angeles, Mr. John D. Hooker, has placed at the disposal of the Carnegie Institute fifty thousand dollars wherewith to purchase and prepare a disc of glass that shall be one hundred inches in diameter—the largest reflector lens in the world. This mammoth wheel will be eighteen inches thick, and weigh four and one-half tons.

Professor Ritchey explains that "this thickness is necessary that the glass shall be sufficiently rigid to retain its perfect form, and even then it is necessary to support the back and edges by an elaborate system of plates, levers and weights to prevent the flexure of the mirror when the telescope is in use."

The great French manufacturers of St. Gobain have agreed to undertake the casting. Prof. Hale says: "It will be an extremely long and difficult operation to cast and anneal such an immense mass, but in view of

their experience we confidently count on a successful outcome."

Prof. Hale asserts that this 100-inch telescope will give seven and a half times as much light as the most powerful photographic telescope in use, and two and a half times as much as the 60-inch reflector now being made.

He further declares: "We cannot tell whether atmospheric conditions even on Mt. Wilson will be perfect enough to meet the demands which will be imposed by the great size of the telescope."

Although the 60-inch lens will be ready within this year for its mounting, it will require about four years to complete its marvelous successor.

The work is by no means done when the glass receives its coat of shining silver.

Think of taking 250 tons of metal, huge iron castings, up a narrow mountain trail, at its widest only twelve feet, previous means of transportation having been the backs of sturdy little burros.

Even the stoutest of these strangely wise and sure-footed creatures could hardly be expected to climb eight miles up those perilous steeps with the precious mirror, weighing a ton, strapped upon his back!

For months the famous trail has been in process of widening and smoothing, at a cost of $25,000 under the skilful hands of Japanese laborers, who deserve unlimited praise for the marvel they have wrought. But at its best it is a dangerous road, subject to disaster from mountain rains and from boulders falling from above. To carry such heavy materials to that altitude, a special truck has been constructed by the Couple-Gear Freight Wheel Company of Detroit.

Much interest and enthusiasm was shown when the long, red-painted automobile car appeared for its trial trip upon the streets of Pasadena. A storage battery could not furnish power for four motors, so a gasoline engine of forty horse-power is connected with a dynamo which generates the electric current.

The direct transmission of power to each wheel is effected by a series of electric motors, one in each wheel, which is operated on its own axle so that shortest possible turns may be made.

There is a separate gear for each set of wheels, or the four may be steered together. The weight of the truck is eleven thousand pounds. A trap door in its centre allows portions of the castings to sink within its depths to bring the centre of weight as low as possible.

The 60-inch glass is not to be mounted in the observatory now in use upon "the peak," but will be placed in a metal building having a steel dome 60 feet in diameter, to be erected the coming summer by men sent from San Francisco, where all the heavy castings were made. The fine attachments and delicate machinery for adjusting the telescope, together with the driving clock, have been fashioned in the Pasadena shops. Next April the auto truck will begin carrying up materials for this dome, and last of all, some time in the autumn the famous glass will make the ascent. If the four years' work upon the 100-inch lens proves successful, another and larger building will be prepared upon the mountain top to receive it.

Since that day when "the morning stars sang together," men have striven to interpret the symbols blazoned upon the vaulted sky by Him who sitteth "above the circle of the earth."

The work of the astronomer is but dimly comprehended, to a very large extent unappreciated. Who stops to think of him up there in his lonely watch tower fairly wrestling with the spheres for science's sake?

He knows much of severe midnight, yes, all-night toil, of solitude, oft-times of bitter cold, of terrible stress upon nerve and brain and muscle, as with the world asleep, he sits motionless, yet with every sense alert, his keen eye upon the great glass which shall perchance reveal ere the sun comes again from out his chamber in the east, the path of some new star, the orbit of some whirling planet.

Powerless to "loose the bands of

Orion, or to bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades," nevertheless, he can do his heroic part toward swinging this old world up into clearer light

"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." The faint, far sound, mystic as the music of the spheres, fell upon the ear of astrologer, magician, divinator, among the ancients, gathering volume when heard by astronomers in Egypt, in Greece, in Chaldea, vibrating yet louder as Copernicus, Galileo, Herschel, bent their heads to listen.

Yet none of these ever dared to dream or prophesy or picture to the imagination the wonder that may be within the grasp of modern research, when away up among the solitudes of the hoary mount, the mighty lens turns its shining eye of silver upon the starry heavens declaring the glory of God, the firmament showing His handiwork.

Red-Head and Whistle-Breeches

By Ellis Parker Butler in The Scrap Book

WHEN Tim Murphy let his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment, and in the excitement of that disastrous night, joined the front rank of the strikers in a general mix-up and cracked the head of a deputy sheriff, the result was what he might have expected—two years in the penitentiary. That was all right. The peace of the commonwealth must be preserved, and that is why laws and penitentiaries exist, but it sometimes goes hard with the mothers and wives. That is also to be expected, and the boy should have thought of it before he crowded to the front of the angry mob or struck the deputy.

It went very hard with the boy's mother and wife. It went hard with his old man, too. It is a cruel thing to have one's only boy in the penitentiary, even if one is only a village hod-carrier.

Maggie Murphy, the boy's wife, did not suffer for food or shelter after the boy went to wear stripes, for old Mike had a handy little roll in the bank and a shanty of his own, and he took Maggie into his home and made a daughter of her; but the girl grew thin and had no spirits. She cried a good part of the time, quite as if Tim had been a law-abiding citizen, instead of a law-breaking rowdy. Then the baby came, and after that she cried more than ever.

As for the boy's mother, it was to be expected that she would weep also. Mothers have a way of weeping over the son they love, even if he has gone wrong. It is not logical, but it is a fact. It is one of the grand facts of human life.

When Maggie's baby came the boy's mother could stand it no longer. It had been urged—and there was some evidence to support it—that the boy had acted in self-defense. He said so himself, but he admitted that he had been in the front rank. The strikers had carried things with a high hand all along, and the jury had decided against him.

Night and day the boy's mother begged the old man to try for a pardon, but Mike knew it was not worth a trial. The Governor was an old man and a strong man, and not one to forgive an injury done to the State or to himself. He had never been known to forget a wrong, or to leave a debt unpaid. He was a just man, as the ancient Jews were just. It was this that had made him Governor; his righteousness and fearlessness were greater than cliques and bosses.

Old Mrs. Murphy, however, was only a woman, and the boy was her boy, and she pardoned him. She knew he was innocent, for he was her boy. Mike refused a thousand times to ask the Governor for a pardon, but as Mrs. Murphy was the boy's mother and had a valiant tongue, the old man changed his mind. One day he put on his silk hat, and with Father Maurice, the good gray priest, went up to the capital.

A strange pair they were to sit in the Governor's richly furnished reception room—Mike with his smoothly shaven face, red as the sunset, his snowy eyebrows, his white-flecked red hair, and the shiny black of his baggy Sunday suit; Father Maurice with his long gray beard that had been his before the days of the smoothly shaven priests, his kindly eyes, and the jolly rotundity of his well-fed stomach. The father's gentle heart was hopeful, but Mike sat sadly with his eyes on the toe of his boot, for he knew the errand was folly; not alone because the Governor had never pardoned a condemned man, but because it was he, Mike Murphy, who came.

He remembered an incident of his boyhood, and he frowned as he recalled it. Think of it! He, Mike Murphy, had bullied the Governor—had drubbed him and chased him and worried the life out of him. That was why he had told the old woman it was no use to try it. Who was he to come asking pardons when, years ago, he had done his best to make life miserable for the quaking schoolboy who was now the stern-faced Governor—the Governor who never forgot or forgave, or left a debt unpaid?

When the Governor entered the reception room he came in unexpectedly, as Father Maurice was leaning forward with one of Mike's red hands clasped in his two white ones. Mike was wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve.

The Governor paused in the doorway and coughed. His visitors started in surprise, and then arose.

It was Father Maurice who stated their errand, his seamed face turned upward to the serious eyes of the Governor; and as he proceeded, choosing his quaint Frenchified English carefully, the Governor's face became grave. He motioned them to their chairs.

He was a gray-haired man, and his face was the face of a nobleman. Clear, gray eyes were set deep under his brows, and his mouth was a straight line of uncompromising honesty. He sat with one knee thrown over the other. With one hand he fingered a pen on the desk at his side; the other he ran again and again through the hair that stood in masses on his head. His face was long, and the cheek-bones protruded. His nose was power, and his chin was resistance.

He listened silently until Father Maurice had ended. Then he laid the pen carefully by the inkstand, unfolded his gaunt limbs, and arose.

"No," he said slowly. "I cannot interfere."

"But his wife? His mother?" asked the priest.

"He should have considered them before," said the Governor sadly. "If you prepare a petition, I will consider it, but I cannot offer you any hope. They all come to me with the same plea—the wife and the mother—but they do not take the wife and the mother into account when the blow is struck. It is late to think of them when the prison door is closed. You will pardon me, father, but I am very tired to-night."

He extended his hand, in token that the interview was at an end, and Mike arose from his chair in the shadow. He stood awkwardly turning his hat while the Governor shook the priest's hand, and then shuffled forward to be dismissed.

"Good night, sir," said the Governor. "I did not hear your name—"

"Murphy," said the priest quickly—"Michael Murphy. He is the father of the boy."

The Governor looked the old man over carefully, and the old man's eyes fell under his keen glances.

"Mike Murphy?" asked the Governor slowly. "Are you the Mike Murphy who used to go to old No. 3 school in Harmontown, forty—no, nearly fifty—years ago? There was a Mike Murphy sat on my bench. Are you the boy they called Red-Head?"

The old man tried to answer. His lips formed the words, but his voice did not come. He nodded his head.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said the Governor, and Father Maurice sat down hopefully. Mike Murphy dropped into a chair with deeper dejection.

"Well, well!" The Governor nodded his head slowly, his gray eyes searching the ruddy face before him. "So you are the Mike Murphy who used to drub me?"

He smiled grimly. His eyes strayed from the old man's face, and their glance was lost in the air above his head. He smiled again, as he sat with the fingers of his left hand pressing the thin skin into a roll above his cheek bone, for he recalled an incident of his boyhood.

The Governor had once been an arrant little coward. His mother lived in the big white house two blocks above the schoolhouse, on the oposite side of the street. Red-Head Mike lived across the alley in a shanty. The Governor's mother bought milk of Mrs. Murphy, and Red-Head brought it every evening.

Red-Head was a wonderful boy. He was the first to go barefoot in the spring, picking his way with painful carefulness over the clods in the street. He was the only boy who chewed tobacco. The others chewed licorice or purple thistle-tops, but Red-Head had the real thing. He even smoked a real pipe without dire consequences, and laughed at the other boys' mild substitutes of corn-silk and "lady cigars"; and the way he swore was a liberal education. All the boys swore more or less, especially when they were behind the barn smoking corn-silk, but they knew it was not natural. It was a puny imitation, but the Red-Head article sounded right.

But it was when it came to fighting that Red-Head had proved his right to the worship of the world. He could lick any two boys in the school.

The Governor, who was plain Willie Gary then, could not fight at all. His early youth was one great fear of being whipped. The smallest boys in the school were accustomed to practise on him until they gained sufficient dexterity or courage to attack one another. He had a hundred opprobrious nicknames, which he accepted meekly. "Cry-baby" was the favorite. When he was attacked he hid his face in his arm and bawled, leaning his arm against any convenient fence or tree, while his tormentor drubbed his back at pleasure. He was happy when he could sneak home unmolested. The chiefest of his tormentors was Red-Head, but there was no partiality. All the boys drubbed him.

One day Mrs. Gary made him a pair of breeches. They were good, stout breeches of dove-colored corduroy, and his mother was proud of them. So was Willie. As he walked to school he felt that every one saw and admired them. He felt as conspicuous as when, in a dream, he went to school in his nightdress, but he felt more comfortable.

He took his seat in the schoolroom proudly, and when he was called to the blackboard to do a sum he walked with a strut. He felt that even the big boys—the wonderful youths who had money to jingle in their pockets—observed him, and he blushed as he imagined the eyes of the little women on the girls' side of the room following him.

As he crossed the floor, the legs of his breeches rubbed against each other, giving forth the crisp corduroy sound of "Whist—whist—whist." It could be heard in the farthest corner. All the scholars looked up from their slates or books. He caught Bessie Clayton's eye upon him, and his cheek flamed. She had blue eyes and yellow curls, and snubbed him daily.

Even the teacher glanced at his new breeches. Willie paused in his sum and looked at them with satisfaction himself. Then he walked back to his bench, and the corduroy spoke again—"Whist—whist—whist." It was as musical as the clumping of a new pair of red-topped boots.

As he slid into his place on his bench, Red-Head turned his face and made a mouth.

"Don't you think you're smart, Whistle-Breeches?" he whispered.

"Whist—whist," said the breeches in reply, as Willie moved, and every eye in the school seemed to gaze on him, not enviously as before, but sneeringly. Who'd want whistle-breeches?

When the recess bell rang, Willie walked to the playground with short steps, but still the corduroy whistled. Two boys behind him laughed, and Willie burned with shame. They must be laughing at his new breeches. Bessie Clayton passed him, and he stood motionless, crowded against the wall, until she was out of hearing.

He paused in the doorway timidly. Red-Head was standing just outside, one shoulder turned toward Freckles Redmond. It was the signal for a fight, and the small boys were crowded about them.

"Aw, you're one yourself," Red-Head was saying, "an' you dassan't say it agin. I dare you to it," he cried, but he caught sight of Willie. "Huh!" he shouted. "Look here, fellers! Here's Whistle-Breeches. Let's spit on 'em!"

The boys crowded into the entry and spat on them. Red-Head pulled Willie's hair twice, drawing his head forward as he would pull a bell-rope.

"Don't he think he's smart?" "Wouldn't have 'em!" "Whistle-Breeches!" "Whistle-Breeches!" they shouted in derision, and Willie whimpered and edged into a corner.

"Don't you do that," he said in a choking voice. "I'll tell teacher, I will!"

Red-Head stuck his freckled face close and shoved him with a warlike shoulder. His fists were doubled, and he jabbed Willie with his elbow.

"Aw, you tell him, then, why don't you, Whistle-Breeches?" he inquired. "Jist you tell him, an' I'll punch your face off."

He drew his arm back and feinted. Willie crooked his elbow to hide his face.

"Aw, come on, fellers," said Red-Head with deep disgust. "What's the use of foolin' with him? He ain't nothin' but a cry-baby in whistle-breeches. He ain't no fun."

That noon Willie remained in the schoolroom until the boys had gone. Some went home for dinner, and the rest ate their lunches under the oak tree at the side of the school. When the room was clear, Willie stole out by the back way and ran rapidly up the alley. He knew he was branded for life. The shame of the name of Whistle-Breeches bore him down. He meditated wild plans for getting rid of the offending garment. He would burn it, lose it in the river. He even considered running away from home.

After dinner he slipped quietly away from the table, crept up to his room under the slanting roof, and put on his old patched breeches. He came down quietly, but his mother caught him tiptoeing through the hall.

"Why, Willie," she said, "where are your new trousers, dear?"

"Upstairs," he said simply. "I don't want to wear them. They—they're too tight."

His mother saw the prevarication in the droop of his head.

"Nonsense!" she answered lightly. "They fit you perfectly, dear. If they are a little stiff now, they will soon wear soft. Go up and put them on."

"I don't want to," he replied stubbornly. He meant, "I will not," but he had learned the disadvantage of contradicting his mother flatly.

"William," said his mother sternly, "go upstairs and put on those trousers this instant."

He climbed the stairs slowly. He hoped he would be late to school. He would be so leisurely in donning them that his mother would make him stay at home to avoid the greater disgrace of being tardy. He thought of playing sick, but decided such an illness would be too sudden to excite his mother's sympathy. If only the schoolhouse would burn down, or word come that the teacher was dead! But neither came to pass, and his mother's voice sounded from the hall, bidding him hurry.

With his load of shame, he slunk out of the gate and crept to school, hugging the fences and making himself as insignificant and small as possible, walking with short steps to avoid the endless "whist—whist" of the corduroy. He sniffled as he thought of the woe the day still held for him. Some men, going back to business, glanced at him to see the

cause of his whimpering. He imagined they were thinking cruel things of his breeches.

He heard the tardy bell ring, and then he ran in and hurried to his seat. As he hastened down the aisle the corduroy spoke louder than before, but if Red-Head heard, he made no sign, and as Willie sidled on to the bench beside him he kept his nose buried in his book.

Willie did not go to the playground at the afternoon recess. He would have died rather, and for once he saw the advantage of the rule that the tardy scholar must lose that half-hour of play.

When school ended for the day, Willie hoped the teacher would keep him in. He was willing to be whipped rather than meet Red-Head again, but he was dismissed with the rest. He paused in the doorway, gathering his breath to make a run for liberty, as he had often run to escape his persecutors. As he waited, he saw Red-Head approaching, and he drew back; but Red-Head stepped up to him and took him by the arm.

"You let me alone now!" whimpered Willie.

"Aw, shut up," said Red-Head roughly. "I ain't goin' to hurt you. You shut up an' don't be a cry-baby. Come along an' I won't let 'em hurt you."

Fighting and scuffling were not allowed in the entry. Willie put his thumb in his mouth and gazed at Red-Head doubtfully. Such friendliness was unnatural. It savored of a plot to entice him forth to be slaughtered. It was not easy to believe that the Red-Head who had drubbed him a hundred times and who scorned him as a cry-baby, should seek to defend him.

Red-Head waited.

"Come on," he said at length. "I'll let you help me drive the cow home to-night."

Still Willie hesitated, although he was almost willing to risk a licking to be allowed to slap the sleek legs of Mrs. Murphy's cow with a limber willow switch.

"Come on," said Red-Head, "I'll let you smoke my pipe."

"Won't you lick me?" asked Willie doubtfully.

"Naw, I won't lick you. What would I want to lick you for?"

Willie followed Red-Head hesitatingly, with an eye to a safe retreat, if necessary.

One of the boys came forward from the group by the gate.

"Hi, here comes Whistle-Breeches!" he shouted gleefully.

Red-Head turned and clenched his fists, his blue eyes blazing.

"Shut up, Bob Palmer!" he cried fiercely. "Don't you call him that. That ain't no name to call a feller. You jist wisht you had breeches like 'em!"

Bob stopped suddenly. He looked at Red-Head in astonishment. Then he turned and ran to the boys by the gate. They listened to what he said, and then began a loud singsong chant: "Whistle-Bree-ches—Whistle-Bree-ches—Whistle-Bree-ches!"

Red-Head bounded forward, his eyes glowing wih anger. He toppled two boys over, and rained his blows right and left.

"Don't youse call him that!" he cried.

It was a surprise. The boys drew back and stood ready to scatter at the next onslaught. Red-Head waited, puffing, with clenched fists.

"The next feller that calls him that, I'll break his face!" he threatened. "An' I ain't foolin', neither."

They saw that he was not, and they waited respectfully as Red-Head and Willie walked away.

Willie went with Red-Head to drive the cow home, and Red-Head taught him how to double up his fist for battle according to the traditions of the school, with the knuckle of the second finger protruded.

"You jist do that," he explained, "an' you can hurt 'em worse. An' if they fight back, kick 'em in the legs. That's how I do. Why, you're as big as I am, an' I bet you're jist as strong. You jist stand up to 'em, There ain't nothin' in fightin' when you know how. If you jist stand up to

'em they 'most always back down. You begin on Tom Ament. He's a bigger baby'n you are. Anybody kin lick him. I kin lick him with my little finger. An' then you tackle Shorty. He's a baby, too. You're jist afraid."

It was Red-Head who egged Willie on to strike Tom Ament the next day, and Red-Head coached him until Tom took to his heels, defeated. Then Red-Head made him lick Shorty, and with the lust of victory in his veins Willie worked his way upward, and soon the other mothers began telling Willie's mother that he was a bad boy, always fighting, and Mrs. Gary wept over him. But no one called him Whistle-Breeches, and he learned that he was as much of a man as any of them, and more of a man than most.

Then came a battle royal, when Red-Head and Willie stood face to face and pounded each other for a good half-hour for supremacy, and Willie went down with a bleeding nose and an eye that was dark for days.

But Red-Head had taught him self-confidence, and self-confidence made him the Governor of a great state.

When the Governor's eyes came back to Mike Murphy's face, they rested a moment on the grizzled red hair, and a smile softened the lines of his mouth.

"Mike," he said, "I believe you used to give me a drubbing about once every day."

The old Irishman moved uneasily, and his hands played nervously with the rim of his hat. He drew his feet under his chair, and moved his lips without speaking. He thought of that last fierce battle, when the Governor had fallen with a bleeding nose, and he shifted his eyes from spot to spot on the soft carpet. He felt as does a mouse when the cat plays with it.

The Governor turned to Father Maurice.

"Father," he said, "I do not often allow myself a personal indulgence, but I have an unsettled score with Mike. I shall settle it now. I am going to pardon that young man."

Two tears fell from the priest's eyes and rolled slowly into the white forest of his beard. Mike Murphy stared straight before him, while his fingers felt vaguely for the rim of the hat that had fallen from his hands.

"Go home, Mike," said the Governor gently. "Go home and tell the wife and the mother."

When his petitioners had departed, the Governor sat long in the reception-room, thinking of the old days. When he opened his watch it was not to note the hour, but to look on a woman's likeness; and he crossed his arms on the desk and buried his face in them. The old days had given him much that the latter years had stolen from him. He sighed and lifted his head.

"Poor old Mike!" he said. "I'm square with him at last. I wonder why he took my part that day?" And he wearily climbed the stair to his lonely room.

He did not know that when Red-Head went home that noon, nearly fifty years before, he had found Mrs. Murphy cutting out a pair of corduroy breeches.



Women Who Have Immense Wealth

WHO is she?

Who is the female Croesus of this age of colossal fortunes, of magically acquired wealth?

Richest woman of the world—who can claim such distinction? Where does she live? What does she do? What are her hobbies? Is she generous to the poor? Is she married? Is she the mother of children? What are her characteristics—the peculiar traits that make every human being indifferent from some one else?

Would it not be interesting to know?

Yet the Sphinx could not give answer says the Chicago Inter-Ocean Undoubtedly there is one richest woman in the world, but who she is no one knows.

Old earth to-day has many rich women—women whose vast fortunes would have staggered the famous old King of Lydia. There are, for example, Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, Mme. Creel wife of the Mexican Ambassador to the United States; Bertha von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, head of the great Krupp gun works of Germany; Princess Marie Bonaparte of France; Mrs. Russel Sage, the Marchioness of Graham, England's richest heiress, and others. But who actually possesses the greatest amount of the world's goods is still a question for debate.

It is not that all rich women are peculiar that their doings are invested with more than ordinary interest. They are not more peculiar, perhaps, than their sisters of humbler financial station.

Naturally they are forced into the limelight by their wealth; money elevates them to a position of prominence and each little foible or idiosyncrasy assumes exaggerated proportions and attracts attention.

Their methods of enjoying their fortunes differ as much as do those in the trim little cottages where the wife is also cook and housemaid.

Some like to give money to the poor and to build hospitals and churches; other dote on dimpled doggies and other pets. Some are generous and open hearted; they give freely, and their names are blessed. Others are as "close-fisted as a dry potato," possessing as little of the warmth of human kindness as a ladle of liquid air.

Among the world's richest women some are young, rosy, and handsome, graceful and gracious. Others are aged and feeble. Some are married, others are single, still others are widows.

Now, what would you do if you should suddenly become rich? Gratify your whims, without doubt. That's what these women do—these modern Croesuses in petticoats.

There's La Senora de Creel, richest woman of the diplomatic corps at Washington and one of the wealthiest in all the world. Mme. Creel wear $14 dresses.

Her income is $5,000,000 a year. Her fortune is incalculable. From mines which her husband gave her years ago already more than $200,000,000 worth of precious metal has been taken. Much of this great sum, of course, was expended in conducting the mining operations. Her father is also enormously rich, and she is his only heiress.

And she wears $14 gowns!

"What do I think of American women and what they should spend on their dress, their entourage?" said Madame Creel recently in reply to a question. "Really, I do not know. I could not say."

"They say I am very rich," with a little deprecatory gesture of her hand. "I have cattle—600,000 very good ones. I have 280,000 acres of very good land. At my table every day sit 400 good friends—all welcome. My income exceeds $5,000,000 a year."

Mme. Creel was told that Miss Morosini of New York considered an expenditure for dress of $200,000 each

year quite within reason. The Mexican matron held up her hands in dismay.

"To say that a woman needs $200,000 a year for dress to move in society is sheer nonsense," she declared. "In Mexico a woman who spends $2 a week in entertaining her friends has done all that is expected of her. When my father had 400,000 cattle on the plains of Chihuahua I did not have a dollar a week spending money. I wore cotton gowns, and danced in them, too."

Mme. Creel is the mother of four sons and two daughters, and her grandchildren number four. She is handsome and affable, typical of the South, with soft skin, dark, slumbrous eyes and a wealth of raven hair. She delights in gowns of black satin trimmed with yellow lace. Her evening gowns, though modest, are elegant.

The daughter of General Louis Terrazzas, who won honors in the Maximilian incident, and was rewarded with large tracts of land, Mme. Creel, in addition to her own great wealth, is heiress to a fortune rating upward of $100,000,000. General Terazzas is governor of Chihuahua.

Ambassador Creel is president of the Banco Minero, the leading financial institution in the state of Chihuahua and one of the dominant spirits of the Banco Central of the Cty of Mexico.

He controls mines, railroads and factories in Chihuahua. Together the Ambassador's parents and his father-in-law practically own the state. The Ambassador's parents were Americans, hailing from Kentucky. His fortune is estimated in eight and nine figures.

And the wife wears $14 dresses!

Perhaps Mme. Creel's hobby—if it is such—is going among girls in her husband's mills and helping them. Her charity is enormous, but as she refuses to speak of it, it is little known. Recently she built an ideal hospital in her state. She is known as the "Lady Bountiful of Mexico."

England also claims a Lady Bountiful. The beautiful Marchioness of Graham, formerly Lady Mary Hamilton. She is the richest native born English woman.

Those that know her declare that she is a woman among women, noble in thought, generous to the extreme of generosity.

The Marchioness is the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. When he died she was left an estate which yields an annual income of $570,000. Lady Hamilton, upon her father's death, became mistress of Broderick Castle, Easton Park, Wickham market and the Isle of Arran.

The Isle of Arran—there is where the heart of the lovely woman lies! There during her girlhood, she was queen of 5,000 people. She loved them, and they loved her. Even now, escaping whenever she can from fashionable London life, she flees to her Scottish island where she is regarded as the Lady Bountiful, a very queen.

As a child, Lady Mary played with the children of her father's tenants. She swam with them in the cool pools on hot summer days. She romped with them in the woods and went fishing in the rivers.

Before she was married, the sight of Lady Mary walking through the village, her arms laden with presents for her friends—and all of the 5,000 were her friends—was a familiar one.

The Isle of Arran is one of the most beautiful of Scotland. There are forests where timid deer look from thick hanging greens. There are moors where grouse abound. There are streams filled with salmon.

With her playmates, Lady Mary went gunning after the deer, and thus she grew into a strong, healthy athletic woman. She went shooting grouse and became an expert rifle shot. She went fishing and was as "good a sport" as any of the men. She still goes hunting and fishing.

It was supposed that at the death of her father Lady Mary would inherit only his personal means. Then it was discovered that the old Scotch entail was invalid, and she would be entire mistress of his property and fortune.

But she did not cease to mingle with her people. Through the streets Lady Mary would tramp in a corduroy suit, top boots, and Tyrolean hat, as picturesque a figure as you could imagine. Her arms filled with gifts, she visited the peasants every day.

Lady Mary was married in London in June, 1906. Her husband, the Marquis of Graham, is also rich. He served as a lieutenant in the fifth volunteer battalion of the Black Watch. Both the Marchioness and her husband often go to Arran. Neither an automobile nor dog is allowed on the island.

The richest woman in France is the Princess Marie Bonaparte. Her fortune is enormous. Her mother was a grandmather of M. Blanc, the founder and proprietor of Monte Carlo, and the fortune which has descended to Marie amounts to —ah! who could say? Parisians shake their heads and raise their hands when they speak of it.

Princess Marie is a remarkable young woman. She is a skilled amateur photographer and an ardent automobilist. She had taken up Orientalism and has become a popular exponent of esoteric doctrines.

Her knowledge of astronomy has secured her admittance to half the scientific societies of Europe. She is the most noted linquist among Parisian women, speaking—ah! again the Frenchmen shake their heads—not one knows how many languages! She has studied under Boldelli, who says her voice surpasses any of the popular opera singers.

She is only 23 years of age, fresh and beautiful.

And Princess Marie's chief desire is what? Guess.

To become as free and easy going as American girls.

Unil the death of her grandmother, Princess Pierre, in December, 1905, the Princess Marie was kept secluded from the social life of Paris. Now she has thrown her doors open with a bang.

Among the persons admitted to the select coterie of the Princess Pierre was Countess Reventlow, wife of Denmark's Minister to France. Before her marriage the countess was Miss Mary Dameron, a reigning belle of the society of St. Louis. She was a typical American girl, and became the bosom friend of the young Princess.

From her Princess Marie learned of the freedom and independence of American girls, and now she has gone into Parisian society with American vim and vivacity.

What, think you, is the favorite pastime of the richest woman of Germany?

Frau von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, is said to possess property valued at $75,000,000 or more. Her income has amounted to more than $200,000 a month. Yet Frau von Bohlen, head of the great gun works, makes her own clothing. When she was married last October, she wore a trousseau made by her own hands, at a cost of something like $250.

As a housewife, Frau von Bohlen has proved a model. She takes particular pride in her home, like many rich German women, making her own clothing and often going into the kitchen and cooking.

She is exceedingly generous to her workmen. Of these there are more than 45,000. After her marriage an announcement of a gift of $250,000 to the workmen's invalid fund was made.

With every mail come to her upward of 150 begging letters. These are all examined, and no worthy case is said to be overlooked. Thus Germany's richest woman devotes herself to housekeeping, to her business and to charity.

Perhaps the distinction of being the richest woman of America rests among Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Sage. Mrs. Sage has announced tha she intends to devote her entire fortune, exceeding $60,000,000, for the benefit of humanity. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Green have given little, so far as known by the world.

Mrs. Annie Weightman Walker, both before and after the death of her father, the rich Philadelphia manufacturing chemist, William Weightman, showed admirable qual-

ities as a business woman. Every morning she was at her desk in the office of the big drug manufacturing plant; she attended strictly to business, and it is said that the merger with Rosengarten & Sons, the firm's chief competitors, was effected by her. After the merger, Mrs. Walker retired from business, and since then has been leading a quiet life. She divides her time between New York and Philadelphia. Perhaps Mrs. Walker's hobby may be said to be the raising of orchids. Every year at the horticultural show in Philadelphia she carries off prizes with her orchids. She maintains a splendid conservatory.

Mrs. Hetty Green rides in an automobile which cost $12,000—her one extravagance. Yet, because the board of assessors attempted to raise the assessment on her property at Bellows Falls, Vt., from $10,000 to $12,000, she prepared to desert the home of her youth.

"They'll impoverish me," Mrs. Green is said to have remarked to a neighbor.

"Why don't you give the house away to be used as a Carnegie free library?" was asked.

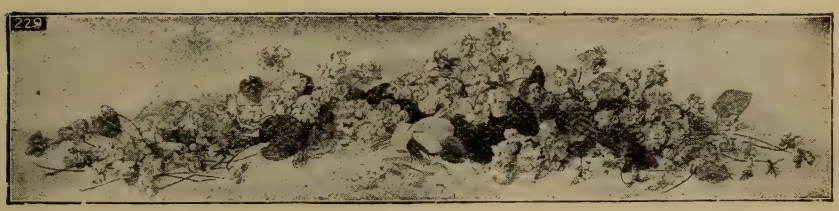
To this the aged millionairess replied vehemently that she had no use for Carnegie libraries, and did not propose to give libraries with strings attached.

Mrs. Green is said to possess a fortune exceeding $60,000,000. She devotes most of her time to accumulating money, bringing lawsuits against people who, she says, try to "do" her, and practising the gospel of thrift.

One of the most remarkable of America's rich women is Mrs. Helen M. King, the "cattle queen" of Texas. She owns more than 1,000,000 acres of land, and her fortune is estimated at $50,000,000.

In her time Mrs. King, who is past 70, has battled with desperadoes, fought against Indians, and has ridden the plains bareback, a typical woman of the West. It has been said that it is 50 miles from the doorway of Mrs. King's house to her front gate.

But the richest woman of Texas is never lonely. She possesses a magnificent library, and in the evening her chief pleasure is reading or playing the piano. In her employ Mrs. King has 1,000 men. Within two years she has given away 100,000 acres of land.



The Rise Of James Butler

The New York Herald

WHEN James Butler left Ireland, thirty-one years ago, his only assets were a ticket to New York, a rugged constitution, smiling blue eyes and an ambition to make his mark. When he went back to Ireland thirty years later to see the friends of his boyhood he was the owner of more than three hundred grocery stores, millions of dollars' worth of New York city real estate, the promoter of a scheme to own grocery stores in every city in America and the possessor of one of the finest trotting stables in the New World.

In these days of swollen fortunes and phenomenal business rises the achievements of Mr. Butler do not attract as much attention as they would have done in other periods, but his career is none the less interesting. At present he is conspicuously in the public eye because of the winning fight he has made to compel the Jockey Club to give consent for him to have racing at the Empire track, which he owns.

All his energies were centred in this fight, and its outcome created no surprise among those who have watched him in other battles. For three years he tried to get the "runners" at the Empire track, and he went to the courts, with the result that the Appelate Division of the Supreme Court in Kings ruled that the State Racing Commission should give him a license. There remained another hurdle, the Jockey Club, and his peace with it assures racing at the Empire track next month and during forthcoming seasons if Mr. Butler so desires.

Efforts to obtain from Mr. Butler facts bearing on his early career proved fruitless. He will talk about his horses and he will talk about the future, but himself and the past he declines to discuss. One of his friends said that he never looks back, but perpetually keeps his eyes on the future, and is always dreaming of things to be done, not things that have been done.

As a horseman he is among the country's foremost breeders and drivers, and his horses at East View Farm, on the Hudson, are among the best known trotters in the country, many of them sons and daughters of the famous stallion Direct. He knows a horse from the hoofs up. He knows how to drive as only a man who loves horses and understands them can drive, and he would rather win a race with one of his own trotters than do anything else in the world. It is interesting to note in this connection that on Monday last, at the Empire track, he personally drove five winners, three of them being by his own horse Direct. This was a record which has not been equalled.

It was only by accident that Mr. Butler did not become a hotel owner instead of a grocer. That was his first ambition after he got settled in America. But fate—a kind one, it has developed—threw him into the grocery business, and to-day he owns more stores than any other man in the world probably, and expects to own hundreds more before he retires from commercial activity. As he is only fifty-one years old now, and is as rugged and youthful in spirit, as he was when he drove his first race, it is probable that he will not retire for a long time.

Mr. Butler came from a little place called Russeltown, Ireland, where his family had lived on one piece of land for fifteen generations. He came to this country with his parents, with whom he lived a short time in Massachusetts, going to Chicago a short time later, at the age of twenty, and returning to New York in a year or two to work in the steward's department of the Windsor Hotel. He had no fixed ambition at that time, but was determined to learn a business,

and he picked the hotel business as a first venture. From the Windsor he went to the Murry Hill Hotel when that place opened, and while there formed a friendship with the proprietor, which continues at present.

Having been taught by his parents, hardy, prosperous countrymen, that part of one's earnings should always be saved, he started as soon as he began work to lay aside some of his weekly wages. His little nest egg grew until, about 1882, he had money to lend. It was at this period that the turn came in his life.

Mr. Butler had boarded for a long time with a woman named O'Connor. She had a son whose health would not permit him to do heavy work and whose ambition was to own a grocery store. His mother encouraged the notion, but there seemed no way of getting the necessary capital to start business. Mr. Butler saw an opportunity for investment, and he offered to lend $2,000 to young O'Connor, the two to form a partnership in the management of the store.

From the first the store prospered. O'Connor proved a good manager, and in a few months Mr. Butler raised money with which to open a second store. This also paid, and pretty soon a third was opened. Profits flowed in from this one, and after a time still another was opened. The possibilities of the business appealed to the young business man, and he bought out O'Connor and laid the plan for establishing a string of stores all over New York city.

It did not occur to him at that time that he might also extend his business to other cities; indeed, it was only recently that he decided to begin business in Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis—in fact, in all the principal centres of population in the country.

At present the James Butler Grocery Company owns 178 stores in New York city and is capitalized at $10,000,000. Mr. Butler owns the company. He also owns a heavy interest in a company which, under the name of James Butler, owns more than one hundred stores in Philadelphia and seventy in Pittsburg. Every one of them pays a profit; every one of them is conducted in exactly the same manner.

In addition to his grocery business he is a heavy owner of real estate and is continually increasing his investments. It is a subject of comment among real estate men that in all his deals he pays spot cash. This is the more notable in that one investment, the purchase of the Seminole and Ormonde apartment house in upper Broadway, the consideration was more than $1,000,000. For many years it has been his custom to buy corners on which his stores stand and his holdings have increased greatly in value. While Mr. Butler will not discuss the value of his real estate, persons who have associated with him declare that his fortune in real estate alone is well up in the millions.

His country estate is about two miles and a half from Tarrytown and is known as East View Farm. It is here that he spends much of his time in the warm months and here that he keeps his horses. The farm consists of 350 acres of rich meadow and upland, lying on both sides of the turnpike road between White Plains and Tarrytown, in a circular valley through which ripples a sparkling little river known as Sawmill Creek.

While he was a boy Mr. Butler's love for horseflesh had its beginning. He aspired to own a horse, and during the years that he was buffeted about before he found himself in business it never occurred to him that he would some day be one of the best known breeders of trotters in the country and would have a stable ranking with the very best. It was not until his business success had been assured that he started in to own trotters. In fact, there had been no recreation until he had placed his business on a solid foundation.

Before that he worked practically night and day. But when he found himself in possession of a comfortable fortune and with an income of growing dimensions he decided to branch out as a horseman. The first trotter he owned was a bay, bred by James B. Haggin. In honor of the

town from which the Butler family migrated he named the filly Russel T. He won races with this filly in 1894, and from that time his interest in the sport quickened and his string of trotters began to increase.

For the runners Mr. Butler has no great love, although he likes to see a race. His desire to have running races at his Empire track is due to a wish to have the property put on a paying basis. It was bought in for about $300,000 and he has spent a large sum in improving it. Its value is now placed at $1,000,000.

William H. Clark, once Corporation Counsel, built the track for runners, but he died before any races were held on it. There was one meeting for the benefit of Mr. Clark's widow. John B. Sexton and Frank Farrel bought the track from the Clark estate for $210,000, but the court reversed the sale and it was purchased by a syndicate in which Hugh J. Grant and C. K. G. Billings were heavily interested. Mr. Butler acquired an interest in it, and after a clash with Mr. Billings came out as the owner. He set out to have running races, but each season was balked by the State Racing Commission, which refused to grant a license on the ground that the track was not well equipped for running races.

Determined to have his way, Mr. Butler continued his efforts before the State Racing Commission, but met with failure until, in despair, he applied to the courts, with the result that an order was issued compelling the Racing Commission to give him a license.

Although possessing a handsome fortune and in a position to have as many luxuries as any man, Mr. Butler always has lived in an unpretentious way. He has been to Europe several times and has traveled about this country with his family, to whom he is devoted, but he has always done it in an unostentatious manner. During the winter months he spends practically all his time at his business, and in the summer, while spending much of his time on his estate near Tarrytown, he is always in intimate touch with all the details of his business.

In fact, so closely is he in touch with it that it was once said of him:

"Wake him up in the middle of the night and he can tell you just what he is worth at that particular moment."

His capacity for work is unlimited, and his grasp of detail is remarkable. For many years—in fact, up to five years ago—he personally managed his own affairs from a corner in a little office. He did all his buying—and he buys by the shipload and carload—looked after the deliveries from the main warehouse and looked over the reports of his scores of store managers.

But he doesn't attempt to do that now. The business has grown to such proportions that no one man could manage it. He has divided it into departments and at the head of each one he has placed a man who grew up with him in the business and who knows his ideas. He is the directing head. He knows more about the affairs of each department than the man in charge of it and keeps them constantly on their mettle. He is just as likely to drop into one of his stores in the northern end of the Bronx as he is into one of those in the heart of Manhattan. The managers are always looking for him and they never know when he is coming.

When he is in his office there is a stream of managers coming to him. He listens to them for a moment, answers their questions almost before they have finished putting them, and beckons to the next. He never hesitates, and he decides matters of utmost importance with lightning speed. Asked what qualities have aided Mr. Butler most in building up his enormous business and at the same time creating a fortune which promises to rank with the biggest of New York within a short time, one of his oldest associates said:

"His indomitable will and his persistence. When he starts out to do a thing he does it, if it takes him years."

Mr. Butler is not talkative when speaking of himself or his business affairs, but he consented to discuss briefly the opportunities at present for young men.

"All the advice I would give young men starting out in any line of business," said he, "is to persevere. Don't spend too much time in recreation. I do not say that no time should be set aside for play, because a little diversion makes a mind clearer for the problems of business life. But work while you work and always learn all there is to know about the subject in hand. Don't get a smattering of a thing and let some one else supply your information. Know what you are doing and than you won't make mistakes.

"There are more opportunities for success in business now than there ever were. That is because there is so much more business. There is no reason why a young man with good health and brains should not be able in these days to make a comfortable fortune. Ambition is the first essential; then comes perseverance. One should not be in too big a hurry about it. Go slowly, then you will be thorough."

The Man With One Pocket

By Margaret Cameron in Sunset

NED FARRELL was a gambler by instinct and a business man by conviction. Because his convictions tempered and guided the manifestations of his instinct, he was acting Pacific Coast manager for the old and conservative house of Kendrick & Company, Incorporated, instead of being a stock operator or a follower of the races. Moreover, his business methods had so favorably impressed the "Home Office" that there seemed a prospect that he would be permanently retained, in spite of his youth, in the managerial chair recently made vacant by the death of his former chief.

Therefore, because his conception of business integrity was definite and stern, Ned confined the indulgence of his taste for gambling to matching nickels for carfare, shaking dice or playing slot machines for cigars, buying Chinese lottery tickets from the "cousin" of his wife's cook, and otherwise provoking, in trivial ventures, the caprice of the God of Chance. It was the seduction of a wager, however, that finally led him into trouble.

His wife had been shopping in town all day, and he met her at a restaurant for dinner, preliminary to going to the theater. While he glanced over the menu she took off her veil, daintily shook it, folded it into a little square and thrust a pin through it.

"Please put that somewhere, dear," she said handing it across the table to him. The deftness with which he thrust the cobwebby fabric into his pocket without crumpling its folds bespoke his familiarity with the service.

"And here's the opera glass," she continued. "I forgot to give it to you this morning, and I've been carrying it around all the afternoon. Such a nuisance, when one is shopping!" Farrell's overcoat hung near him and he dropped the case into a conveniently yawning pocket. "And—would you mind taking my purse, too? I might lose it."

"What are those?" He indicated two or three small parcels which lay beside her plate. "The delivery system seems to be interrupted to-day," he whimsically added, as he found pockets for each of them.

"Well, one hesitates to ask a tradesman to send a tiny purchase that's only worth ten cents, the funny papers to the contrary notwithstanding," she replied, "particularly when one lives in a suburb. And those things all came from different shops."

A woman passed them, carrying a number of little parcels, several of which she dropped before she had them counted and arranged to her satisfaction upon a neighboring table, at which she seated herself.

"I'm sorry for a woman who has no husband." Farrell's tone was grave; as Millicent glanced at him, however, she noticed a slight but significent contraction of the muscles about his eyes.

"Don't be insufferable," she dryly responded. "A celibate condition probably has its compensations."

"Possibly," he admitted; "but nothing can alter the fact that the unmarried woman has no vicarious pockets to carry her belongings."

"A statement which admirably illustrates one limitation of the masculine point of view." There was challenge in her laugh, but Ned was not to be diverted from his purpose.

"Why does a woman hamper her comfort in that way?" he demanded. "Why has she not even one pocket, as a rule?"

"Why has a man several more than he needs?"

"To accommodate his wife's overflow," was the prompt reply.

"Small thanks to the man, however," she retorted, still laughing. "We are all unreasoning puppets in the hands of the gods. They give you twenty-odd pockets, counting those in your overcoat; they give us none at all. I suppose it's another exemplification of the traditional disposition of privileges between the sexes."

"It's another exemplification of a woman's lack of ingenuity! You always carry—this is quite impersonal, you know, dear—you women always carry such a lot of unnecessary things!"

"Y-yes?" drawled his wife, the mischievous gleam in her eyes disappearing under quickly lowered lashes. Her tone should have warned him, but he was fired by the incautious zeal of the reformer and swept rashly on.

"Women have no method," he argued. "Now, of course, a man wouldn't submit to the nonsense of no pockets; but if he had to—if, for some reason, he had only one—he would so manage that he wouldn't be seriously inconvenienced, and he wouldn't always be going around with a handful of little things and dropping one or another of them every three minutes."

"No-o?" queried Millicent, studying the menu.

"No," he persisted, piqued by her apparent indifference. "A man would contrive some way to carry all the things he needed without doing that sort of thing."

Millicent knew Ned and recognized her opportunity. Dropping the menu card, she flashed a tantalizing glance at him and laughed.

"I'll wager you can't get along for a week with one pocket," she declared, "let alone none at all."

"That would be easy money," he retorted. "I could do it like a mice."

"The proof of the pudding—," she suggested. "I'd like to see you try."

She well knew that her husband had not entirely outgrown the prankish spirit of his college days, although it was long since he had permitted it expression. But temptation in that guise he could have resisted, had she not laughed again, teasingly, repeating: "I'll wager you couldn't."

"Done!" he cried, his eyes asparkle. "Just for a lark! What are your terms?"

"Well—there's a ring at Shreve's that I admire." Her glance was questioning.

"Good! And if you lose, you shall find some way to carry your small necessities without burdening every man you meet."

"If I lose, I'll never again ask you to carry a small parcel for me."

"Oh, as to that," with a deprecating gesture, "I don't mind carrying your parcels. My objection is to the principle of the thing."

"Which pocket will you keep?" The demons of mischief that lurked in Millicent's dimples rioted about her mouth.

"Keep?"

"Yes; I'm going to sew up all the others, you know."

"Oh, you're going to sew up all

the others." Full comprehension of her purpose required a mental effort militating against originality of phrase.

"Because otherwise you would unconsciously make use of some of them. Habit is strong."

"True," he assented, reflectively thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, "habit is strong."

"Oh, by the way," continued his roguish wife, "by the terms of this wager, you are not permitted to tell your friends about it."

"Oh, I say!" protested Ned.

"Oh, no! You are to accept the inconveniences and makeshifts as a matter of course, as a woman must, and make no explanations. Otherwise, you'd have an unfair advantage. 'A little wager with my wife' would account for any sort of apparent eccentricity. If you tell, I win." And so it was agreed.

Several hours later, while his wife was engaged in sealing with her needle fifteen of the sixteen pockets in his business suit, Ned stood regarding with a whimsical face the articles which had been removed from those pockets, and which now lay in rows on the bed, in this order: his bill-book, a half dozen letters, cigar case, note book, commutation ticket, pencil, fountain pen, cardcase, toothpick holder, watch, gold pocketpiece containing his wife's picture, matchbox, small change from his waistcoat pocket, cigar clip, keys, knife, a purse holding gold and large silver coins, and his handkerchief. He had begun to divide these things into two very uneven piles, when of a sudden his puzzled smile gave place to an expression of blank dismay.

"By Jove!' he slowly ejaculated.

"Well?"

"Say, look here, Millicent, this is awkward! Mr. Kendrick and Scott Searles get back from Del Monte tomorrow."

Allen Kendrick was the venerable head of the firm in whose employ Ned hoped to continue as manager of the Pacific Department; Scott Searles was his son-in-law, and vice-president of the company, and it was supposed that their visit to the coast at this time was for the purpose of definitely deciding upon a manager for the department.

"Well?" By this time the dimple demons were well under Millicent's control, and her calm face betrayed only a cheerful interest.

"Well, don't you see?" Ned's voice held a suggestion of irritability. "I can't make myself ridiculous—"

"Oh, if you're willing to admit—" quickly began his wife.

"I admit nothing," he as quickly rejoined. "It can be done, of course —any man could do it, but—"

"But any man would like to make his own conditions?" dryly suggested Millicent. "Well, that's another masculine privilege."

"Not at all," he protested. "If it were anybody but the president of the company—"

"Oh, well, of course, dear, if you want to give it up—! It was only a joke anyway." She broke off her thread with a good natured laugh, and took up her scissors to rip the stitches. The laugh turned the scale. To him it seemed laden with indulgency.

"Not a bit of it," he stoutly declared, slipping the commutation ticket inside the lining of his hat, "I'll do it anyway, just to show you how simple it is, if one has a little ingenuity."

Before twelve o'clock the next day, when Mr. Kendrick and Scott Searles entered the office to go to luncheon with him, Farrell had had several slightly disconcerting adventures. On the car, he had been unable to reach any money until he had first removed his cigar case, and his handkerchief, and even then, his keys and his knife and the larger coins—loose in his pocket because he had found his purse too bulky to carry—prevented his quickly finding a dime. Meanwhile, the man who waited to match with him, to decide who should pay the fare for both, waxed facetious at his expense, and the terms of the wager prevented his making any explanation. And he had had a similar experience when he reached his private office, where the book-keeper was

waiting for a paper which was locked in the manager's desk. Farrell took out his cigar case, and as he drew up the keys, they caught in his handkerchief, dragging it out, and in thrusting back the handkerchief, he dropped the keys.

When he had been trying to arrange comfortably in his pocket the articles he had finally decided to carry, Millicent had mentioned that she always tied her keys to her garter and tucked them into the top of her stocking, but he had not adopted the suggestion. It had not seemed consistent with managerial dignity.

As the book-keeper returned them to him, Ned thought he saw an amused twinkle in the man's eyes, and he flushed, feeling like a schoolboy detected in a transgression. He resolved to find, before another day, a more convenient location for those keys, for no matter how much he may enjoy a prankish adventure, no young manager relishes the conviction of callow youth and awkwardness in the mind of a subordinate. However, as the morning wore on, he felt that he had not made a bad start, and he was still confident of his ability to win the wager.

As Ned pushed back his chair and arose to go to luncheon with the heads of the firm, Mr. Kendrick took out his watch, saying, "I think I'm a minute or two slow. What is the time, Mr. Farrell?"

Ned's hand went instinctively to his left side, and was quickly withdrawn. "Perhaps Mr. Searles can tell us," he replied, flushing. His color deepened as he looked up and met the calm, observant gaze of the vice-president.

"No," said Searles, "I left my watch for repairs on the way down here. It was out of order."

"Don't you carry a watch, Mr. Farrell?" testily inquired the old man.

"Why, yes, ordinarily," stammered Ned, "but—you see I'm not wearing it to-day." He recovered his self possession and threw back his coat, speaking lightly.

"I hope you didn't forget it," pursued the president. "It's not a good indication when a young man forgets. He may be honest, but he's not to be trusted. He lacks system, and system is the flywheel of business."

When he was dressing that morning, Ned had hinted that it would ruin the satin finish of his watchcase to put it in the pocket with his keys and his money. Millicent generously desiring to help, had suggested that he might slip the timepiece inside the belt of his trousers, or wear it pinned to his waistcoat, and had enthusiastically offered to lend him the jeweled hook that he had given her with the tiny watch which she sometimes wore. This, also, had seemed inconsistent with the dignity of his position, and he had compromised by hanging the watch on one of the hooks of his suspenders, where he could get at it fairly well if he were not too closely observed. And there it hung, vociferously ticking. He fancied that Searles must hear it, and as he glanced up and met the look in the vice-president's eyes, he flushed again.

To hide his confusion, he turned toward the outer office, saying: "Shall we take a little stroll about town before luncheon?" and the older men followed him to the street.

As they passed a cigar stand where young men were shaking dice, Mr. Kendrick's face hardened.

"There," he said, pointing to them with his stick, "is the bane of modern business life—the game of chance. I meet it everywhere, but particularly here in the West. The desire to get something for nothing—the desire to gamble—is weakening the integrity of all our young men and making them unfit for steady, conservative, honest, business. I'm told that a man sometimes puts a nickel into one of those slot machines, and gets a dollar's worth of cigars. Persisted in, that will ruin a man's moral perception. It will give him a certain obliquity of moral vision that is deplorable and dangerous, and it's wrong, all wrong!"

"Mr. Kendrick, isn' it possible that you exaggerate the importance—" began Ned.

"Not a bit, sir! Not a bit!" cut in the old man, and Farrell bit his lip

and listened, while the president continued, with the slow prolixity of age.

"It's just what I say it is, the curse of modern business life. Every other man you meet is a gambler. He plays these machines, or shakes dice, or matches coins for carfare—I know men, sir, who never ride on a street car without gambling for the miserable little fare! It's that sort of man who can't even let a presidential election go by—the most serious and pregnant event of our national life—without making it the subject of idiotic and degrading wagers. Or they bet on horses, or play poker, or buy lottery tickets, or speculate in stocks—sometimes with another man's money. It's all the same thing at bottom, sir. It's all gambling, and it's all dishonest, because it's all trying to get something for nothing, even if the something is no more than making another man ridiculous, as in the case of many silly election bets. If I find a young man addicted to that sort of thing, it's all I want to know about him. There may be men who are willing to give him employment, but he won't find it with Kendrick & Company. Every position with us is, in a sense, a position of trust, and every man in our employ must be a man who is trustworthy. And he can not be that if he's a gambler!"

"But, Mr. Kendrick—"

"Mr. Kendrick belongs to an old and very conservative school," interrupted Searle's pleasant voice, "a school which, as he himself says, is rapidly—"

"Now, Scott, I will not have you defending this wretched modern tendency," querulously objected his father-in-law. "You know perfectly well that in your heart you have no more tolerance for it than I have!"

Ned shot a covert glance of interrogation at the vice-president, and met a gaze so quizzical, so shrewd, and withal, so kindly, that his uneasiness was dispelled for the moment, and with a clearing brow, he led the way into the restaurant.

As they were finishing their dessert, Mr. Kendrick, grown unwontedly expansive and genial under the influence of his wine, said:

"Perhaps this is as good a time as any to tell you, Mr. Farrell, that Mr. Searles and I have been very much pleased with what we have learned of your work out here, and we think we could not do better for the Pacific Department than to leave it permanently in your hands." Ned flushed with pleasure, and would have stammered a response, but the old man continued, "It's not the policy of the company to place so much responsibility in the hands of so young a man, as a rule, but you seem to be an exception. I shall write to the directors to-night, asking them to confirm your appointment at their next meeting."

Ned made a modest little speech of acknowledgement, expressing his gratitude for the company's appreciation of his labors in its behalf, and added something about the continuance of his earnest efforts in the future. Then the men shook hands over the table, and the little unofficial ceremony was at an end. Mr. Kendrick took one of Ned's cigars and rolled it appreciatively in his fingers.

"It's strange how a similarity of taste in tobacco will prejudice one man in another's favor," he said. Ned rejoiced inwardly that this very reflection had decided him in the morning to give the major portion of the room in his hip pocket to his cigar case, at the expense of his notebook and some papers. Mr. Kendrick had complimented his cigars before.

"Have you a match?" asked the president.

"Er—no—I—I haven't my matchbox with me," replied the new manager.

Mr. Searles proffered his and the three men were silent for a moment, while they leaned back in their chairs and enjoyed the aroma of their cigars.

"By the way," said Mr. Kendrick, taking his notebook and pencil from his pocket, "I wish, while I think of it, you would give me the names and addresses of those Seattle men you mentioned the other day, with whom

you think we might make a deal. We're going back that way and might look them up."

"I'm sorry I haven't them with me," replied Ned. "I'll give them to you when we get back to the office."

Mr. Kendrick's brow contracted a little. "You read them to me from your notebook," he said. "Have you forgotten?"

"No," Ned moved uneasily, "but—I haven't my notebook with me today. I have the addresses at the office, however."

"H'm," commented the president, as he replaced his notebook and pencil in his pocket.

"I remember one or two of them," added Farrell, stung by Mr. Kendrick's sharp glance and his own knowledge of the reason for the notebook's absence. "One is George B. Giddings, whose office is in the—"

"Just write them down, will you?" curtly interrupted Mr. Kendrick. "We'll verify them when we get to the office."

Ned helplessly touched his closed pockets. "I—I haven't a card," he stammered.

"Take mine," promptly suggested Mr. Searles, handing it across the table.

"Thanks. And may I—er—may I use your pencil, also?" Then, seeing the surprise in the faces of both his guests, Ned added, with a nervous laugh, "the truth is, "I left most of my pocket paraphernalia at home this morning."

A sharp frown brought Mr. Kendrick's brows together. "It is very important, Mr. Farrell," he said, "that the manager of a large business should not only make a practice of having the ordinary requirements of business life about him, but that he should not forget to keep them about him. I don't like young men who forget. They're not to be trusted." He pursed up his lips and irritably stared at his prospective manager.

Farrell wrote the addresses slowly, while his mind whirled from one alternative to another, in an endeavor to find a lubricant for a situation which was becoming dangerous. His inclination was to make a clean breast of the whole affair, but that would be only to make matters worse. That his confession would yield the wager to his wife was of small consequence beside the fact that, in view of Mr. Kendrick's radical opinions it would almost certainly lead to the recall of his as yet unofficial appointment as manager.

Then it occurred to him that he might take the vice-president into his confidence. It was current gossip among the older employes of the firm that Scott Searles was the only man who had ever been able to persuade the president to retreat from a position which he had once taken. Ned remembered the quizzical smile in Searle's eyes when Mr. Kendrick had so unequivocally condemned all forms of small gambling, and decided that if worst came to worst, he would attack what seemed the line of least resistance, and tell the vice-president.

As he looked up and saw Mr. Kendrick's still frowning visage, his fingers involuntarily contracted, and the pencil that he had been using slipped out of their control and rolled to the floor. He had almost to get under the table to recover it, and he was still pulling at his waistcoat and readjusting his cravat when the waiter brought him the check. He tried to fish out a coin without first removing the various impedimenta that filled his one pocket to overflowing, but the money, naturally, was all at the bottom and perversely, eluded his grasp. Mr. Kendrick, with pursed lips and somber eyes, regarded his every motion, and Ned reflected that it would not improve the situation to fumble and empty his pocket in the president's sight, in order to get at money enough to pay for a very simple luncheon. His glance fell on a telephone booth, and relief seemed to beckon from its curtained seclusion.

"If you'll excuse me a moment," he said, addressing Mr. Kendrick, "I'll use the telephone before we go out, as we may not return at once to the office."

He arose, and as he did so, his watch, which had been pushed off

the hook of his suspenders by the pressure of his clothing while he was recovering the pencil, fell at his feet, with a sharp rattle. Mr. Kendrick, sitting next the wall, could not see it, but Searles, at the end of the table opposite Ned, pulled the cloth aside just before Farrell's napkin dropped over the watch, so that he saw, not only the watch, but the younger man's evident attempt to conceal it.

The vice-president's face took on an expression that Ned had never before seen in it; a sternness in comparison with which Mr. Kendrick's aged petulance seemed childish. For a moment the two men gazed into each other's eyes. Then Searles pushed back his chair and turned away his glance, but his face had not softened.

"Mr. Searles—," said Ned, and stopped to clear his throat.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Farrell," interrupted his guest. "You were about to go to the telephone, I believe."

Ned saw that his only salvation lay in a bold play. "I think you said that you wished to telephone to Mrs. Farrell," he suggested. "Will you do it now?"

"I don't remember expressing any such intention," deliberately replied Searles.

"Pardon me," persisted Ned. "I think you did." He met unwaveringly the question of the stern gray eyes. "Will you come now?" he repeated. Bowing coldly, Searles arose and followed his host into the curtained telephone booth.

Ten minutes later, when they again emerged, a quizzical smile played over the vice-president's lips and made pleasant little lines about his eyes. Ned's hands were sunk deep in his trousers pockets, around the edges of which there were occasional loose threads, and his face wore an expression of profound satisfaction.

"Father," said the vice-president, "we've just telephoned to Mrs. Farrell, and now we're all going up town to help her select a ring."

The World And The Door

By O. Henry in American

WHEN H. Ferguson Hedges, millionaire promoter, investor and man-about-New York, turned his thoughts upon matters convivial, and word of it went "down the line," bouncers took a precautionary turn at the Indian clubs, waiters put ironstone china on his favorite tables, cabdrivers crowded close to the curbstone in front of all-night cafes, and careful cashiers in his regular haunts charged up a few bottles to his account by way of preface and introduction.

As a money power a one-millionaire is of small account in a city where the man who cuts your slice of beef behind the free lunch counter rides to work in his own automobile. But Hedges spent his money as lavishly, loudly and showily as though he were only a clerk sqaundering. a week's wages. And after all, the bartender takes no interest in your reserve fund. He would rather look you up on his cash register than in Bradstreet's.

On the evening that the material allegation of facts begins Hedges was bidding dull care begone in the company of five or six good fellows—acquaintances and friends who had gathered in his wake.

Among them were two younger men—Ralph Merriam, a broker, and Wade, his friend.

Two deep-sea cabmen were chartered. At Columbus Circle they hove to long enough to revile the statue of the great navigator, unpatriotically rebuking him for having voyaged in search of land instead of liquids. Midnight overtook the party maroon-

ed in the rear of a cheap cafe far uptown.

Hedges was arrogant, overriding and quarrelsome. He was burly and tough, iron-gray but vigorous, "good" for the rest of the night. There was a dispute—about nothing that matters—and the five-fingered words were passed—the words that represent the glove cast into the lists. Merriam played the roll of the verbal Hotspur.

Hedges rose quickly, seized his chair, swung it once and smashed wildly down at Merriam's head. Merriam dodged, drew a small revolver and shot Hedges in the chest. The leading royster stumbled, fell in a wry heap, and lay still.

Wade, a commuter, had formed a habit of promptness. He juggled Merriam out of a side door, walked him to the corner, ran him a block and caught a hansom. They rode five minutes and then got out on a dark corner and dismissed the cab. Across the street the lights of a small saloon betrayed its hectic hospitality.

"Go in the back room of that saloon," said Wade, "and wait. I'll go find out what's doing and let you know. You may take two drinks while I am gone—no more."

At ten minutes to one o'clock Wade returned.

"Brace up, old chap," he said. "The ambulance got there just as I did. The doctor says he's dead. You may have one more drink. You let me run this thing for you. You've got to skip. I don't believe a chair is legally a deadly weapon. You've got to make tracks, that's all there is to it."

Merriam complained of the cold querulously, and asked for another drink. "Did you notice what big veins he had on the back of his hands?" he said. "I never could stand—I never could——"

"Take one more," said Wade, "and then come on. I'll see you through.

Wade kept his promise so well that at eleven o'clock the next morning Merriam, with a new suit case full of new clothes and hair brushes, stepped quietly on board a little 500-ton fruit steamer at an East River pier. The vessel had brought the season's first cargo of limes from Port Limon, and was homeward bound. Merriam had his bank balance of $2,800 in his pocket in large bills, and brief instructions to pile up as much water as he could between himself and New York. There was no time for anything more.

From Port Limon Merriam worked down the coast by schooner and sloop to Colon, thence across the isthmus to Panama, where he caught a tramp bound for Callao and such intermediate ports as might tempt the discursive skipper from his course.

It was at La Paz that Merriman decided to land—La Paz, the beautiful, a little harborless town smothered in a living green ribbon that banded the foot of a cloud-piercing mountain. Here the little steamer stopped to tread water while the captain's dory took him ashore that he might feel the pulse of the cocoanut market. Merriam went too, with his suit case, and remained.

Klab, the vice-consul, a Graco-Armenian citizen of the United States, born in Hessen-Darmstadt, and educated in Cincinnati ward primaries, considered all Americans his brothers and bankers. He attached himself to Merriam's elbow, introduced him to every one in La Paz who wore shoes, borrowed ten dollars and went back to his hammock.

There was a little wooden hotel in the edge of a banana grove, facing the sea, that catered to the tastes of the few foreigners that had dropped out of the world into the triste Peruvian town. At Kalb's introductory: "Shake hands with——," he had obediently exchanged manual salutations with a German doctor, one French and two Italian merchants, and three or four Americans who were spoken of as gold men, rubber men, mahogany men—anything but men of living tissue.

After dinner Merriam sat in a corner of the broad front galeria with Bibb, a Vermonter interested in hydraulic mining, and smoked and drank Scotch "smoke." The moonlit sea, spreading infinitely before him, seem-

ed to separate him beyond all apprehension from his old life. The horrid tragedy in which he had played such a disastrous part now began, for the first time since he stole on board the fruiter, a wretched fugitive, to lose its sharper outlines. Distance lent assuagement to his view. Bibb had opened the flood-gates of a stream of long dammed discourse, overjoyed to have captured an audience that had not suffered under a hundred repetitions of his views and theories.

"One year more," said Bibb, "and I'll go back to God's country. Oh, I know it's pretty here, and you get dolce far niente handed to you in chunks, but this country wasn't made for a white man to live in. You've got to have to plug through snow now and then, and see a game of baseball and wear a stiff collar and have a policeman cuss you. Still, La Paz is a good sort of a pipe-dreamy old hole. And Mrs. Conant is here. When any of us feels particularly like jumping into the sea we rush around to her house and propose. It's nicer to be rejected by Mrs. Conant than it is to be drowned. And they say drowning is a delightful sensation."

"Many like her here?" asked Merriam.

"Not anywhere," said Bibb, with a comfortable sigh. "She's the only white woman in La Paz. The rest range from a dappled dun to the color of a b-flat piano key. She's been here a year. Comes from—well, you know how a woman can talk—ask 'em to say 'string' and they'll say 'crow's foot' or 'cat's cradle.' Sometimes you'd think she was from Oshkosh, and again from Jacksonville, Florida, and the next day from Cape Cod."

"Mystery?" ventured Merriam.

"M—well, she looks it; but her talk's translucent enough. But that's a woman. I suppose if the Sphinx were to begin talking she'd merely say: 'Goodness me! more visitors coming for dinner, and nothing to eat but the sand which is here.' But you won't think about that when you meet her, Merriam. You'll propose to her, too."

To make a hard story soft, Merriam did meet her and propose to her. He found her to be a woman in black with hair the color of a bronze turkey's wings, and mysterious, remembering eyes that—well, that looked as if she might have been a trained nurse looking on when Eve was created. Her words and manner, though, were translucent, as Bibb had said. She spoke, vaguely, of friends in California and some of the lower parishes in Louisiana. The tropical climate and indolent life suited her; she had thought of buying an orange grove later on; La Paz, all in all, charmed her.

Merriam's courtship of the Sphinx lasted three months, although he did not know that he was courting her. He was using her as an antidote for remorse, until he found, too late, that he had acquired the habit. During that time he had received no news from home. Wade did not know where he was; and he was not sure of Wade's exact address, and was afraid to write. He thought he had better let matters rest as they were for a while.

One afternoon he and Mrs. Conant hired two ponies and rode out along the mountain trail as far as the little cold river that came tumbling down the foothills. There they stopped for a drink, and Merriam spoke his piece—he proposed, as Bibb had prophesied.

Mrs. Conant gave him one glance of brilliant tenderness, and then her face took on such a strange, haggard look that Merriam was shaken out of his intoxication and back to his senses.

"I beg your pardon, Florence," he said, releasing her hand; "but I'll have to hedge on part of what I said. I can't ask you to marry me, of course. I killed a man in New York—a man who was my friend—shot him down—in quite a cowardly manner, I understand. Of course, the drinking didn't excuse it. Well, I couldn't resist having my say; and I'll always mean it. I'm here as a fugitive from justice, and—I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

Mrs. Conant plucked little leaves

assiduously from the low-hanging branch of a lime tree.

"I suppose so," she said, in low, oddly uneven tones; "but that depends upon you. I'll be as honest as you were. I poisoned my husband. I am a self-made widow. A man cannot love a murderess. So I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

She looked up at him slowly. His face turned a little pale, and he stared at her blankly, like a deaf and dumb man who was wondering what it was all about.

She took a swift step toward him, with stiffened arms and eyes blazing.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried, as though she were in acute pain. "Curse me, or turn your back on me, but don't look that way. Am I a woman to be beaten? If I could show you—here on my arms, and on my back are scars—and it has been more than a year—scars that he made in his brutal rages. A holy nun would have risen and struck the fiend down. Yes, I killed him. The foul and horrible words that he hurled at me that last day are repeated in my ears every night when I sleep. And then came his blows, and the end of my endurance. I got the poison that afternoon. It was his custom to drink every night in the library before going to bed a hot punch made of rum and wine. Only from my fair hands would he receive it—because he knew the fumes of spirits always sickened me. That night when the maid brought it to me I sent her downstairs on an errand. Before taking him his drink I went to my little private cabinet and poured into it more than a teaspoonful of tincture of aconite—enough to kill three men, so I had learned. I had drawn $6,000 that I had in the bank, and with that and a few things in a satchel I left the house without anyone seeing me. As I passed the library I heard him stagger up and fall heavily on a couch. I took a night train for New Orleans, and from there I sailed to the Bermudas. I finally cast anchor in La Paz. And now what have you to say? Can you open your mouth?"

Merriam came back to life.

"Florence," he said earnestly, "I want you. I don't care what you've done. If the world——"

"Ralph," she interrupted, almost with a scream, "be my world."

Her eyes melted; she relaxed magnificently and swayed toward Merriam so suddenly that he had to jump to catch her.

Dear me! in such scenes how the talk runs into artificial prose. But it can't be helped. It's the subconscious smell of the footlights smoke that's in all of us. Stir the depth of your cook's soul sufficiently and she will discourse in Bulwer-Lyttonese.

Merriam and Mrs. Conant were very happy. He announced their engagement at the Hotel Orilla del Mar. Eight foreigners and four native Astors pounded his back and shouted insincere congratulations at him. Pedrito, the Castilian-mannered barkeeper, was goaded to extra duty until his agility would have turned a Boston cherry phosphate clerk a pale lilac with envy.

They were both very happy. According to the strange mathematics of the god of mutual affinity, the shadows that clouded their pasts when united became only half as dense instead of darker. They shut the world out and bolted the doors. Each was the other's world. Mrs. Conant lived again. The remembering look left her eyes. Merriam was with her every moment that was possible. On a little plateau under a grove of palms and calabash trees they were going to build a fairy bungalow. They were to be married in two months. Many hours of the day they had their heads together over the house plans. Their joint capital would set up a business in fruit or woods that would yield a comfortable support. "Good-night, my world," would say Mrs. Conant every evening when Merriam left her for his hotel. They were very happy. Their love had, circumstantially, that element of melancholy in it that it seems to require to attain its supremest elevation. And it seemed that their mutual great misfortune or sin was a bond that nothing could sever.

One day a steamer hove in the offing. Bare-legged and bare-shouldered La Paz scampered down to the beach, for the arrival of a steamer was their loop-the-loops, circus, Emancipation Day and four o'clock tea.

When the steamer was near enough, wise ones proclaimed that she was the Pajaro, bound up-coast from Callao to Panama.

The Pajaro put on brakes a mile off shore. Soon a boat came bobbing shoreward. Merriam strolled down on the beach to look on. In the shallow water the Carib sailors sprang out and dragged the boat with a mighty rush to the firm shingle. Out climbed the purser, the captain and two passengers, plowing their way through the deep sand toward the hotel. Merriam glanced toward them with the mild interest due to strangers. There was something familiar to him in the walk of one of the passengers. He looked again, and his blood seemed to turn to strawberry ice cream in his veins. Burly, arrogant, debonair as ever, H. Ferguson Hedges, the man he had killed, was coming toward him ten feet away.

When Hedges saw Merriam his face flushed a dark red. Then he shouted in his old, bluff way: "Hello, Merriam. Glad to see you. Didn't expect to find you out here. Quinby, this is my old friend Merriam, of New York—Merriam, Mr. Quinby.

Merriam gave Hedges and then Quinby an ice-cold hand.

"Br-r-r-r!" said Hedges. "But you've got a frapped flipper! Man, you're not well. You're as yellow as a Chinaman. Malarial here? Steer us to a bar if there is such a thing, and let's take a phophylactic."

Merriam, still half comatose, led them toward the Hotel Orilla del Mar.

"Quinby and I," explained Hedges, puffing through the slippery sand, "are looking out along the coast for some investments. We've just come up from Concepcion and Valparaiso and Lima. The captain of this subsidized ferry boat told us there was some good picking around here in silver mines. So we got off. Now, where is that cafe, Merriam? Oh, in this portable soda water pavilion?"

Leaving Quinby at the bar, Hedges drew Merriam aside.

"Now, what does this mean?" he said, with gruff kindness. "Are you sulking about that fool row we had?"

"I thought," stammered Merriam—"I heard—they told me you were—that I had——"

"Well, you didn't, and I'm not," said Hedges. "That fool young ambulance surgeon told Wade I was a candidate for a coffin just because I'd got tired and quit breathing. I laid up in a private hospital for a month; but here I am, kicking as hard as ever. Wade and I tried to find you, but couldn't. Now, Merriam, shake hands and forget it all. I was as much to blame as you were; and the shot really did me good—I came out of the hospital as healthy and fit as a cab horse. Come on; that drink's waiting."

"Old man," said Merriam, brokenly, "I don't know how to thank you—I—well, you know——"

"Oh, forget it," boomed Hedges. "Quinby'll die of thirst if we don't join him."

Bibb was sitting on the shady side of the gallery waiting for the eleven o'clock breakfast. Presently Merriam came out and joined him. His eye was strangely bright.

"Bibb, my boy," said he, slowly waving his hand, "do you see those mountains and that sea and sky and sunshine?—they're mine, Bibbsy—all mine."

"You go in," sand Bibb, "and take eight grains of quinine, right away. It won't do in this climate for a man to get to thinking he's Rockefeller, or James O'Neill either."

Inside, the purser was untying a great roll of newspapers, many of them weeks old, gathered in the lower ports by the Pajaro to be distributed at casual stopping places. Thus do the beneficent voyagers scatter news and entertainment among the prisoners of sea and mountains.

Tio Pancho, the hotel proprietor, set his great silver-rimmed anteojos upon his nose and divided the papers

into a number of smaller rolls. A barefooted muchacho dashed in, desiring the post of messenger.

"Bien venido," said Tio Pancho. "This to Senora Conant; that to el Doctor S—S—Schlegel—Dios! what a name to say!—that to Senor Davis —one for Don Alberto. These two for the Casa de Huespedes, Numero 6, en la calle de Buenas Gracias. And say to them all, muchacho, that the Pajaro sails for Panama at three this afternoon. If any have letters to send by the post, let them come quickly, that they may first pass through the correo."

Mrs. Conant received her roll of newspapers at four o'clock. The boy was late in delivering them, because he had been deflected from his duty by an iguana that crossed his path and to which he immediately gave chase. But it made no hardship, for she had no letters to send.

She was idling in a hammock in the patio of the house that she occupied, half awake, half happily dreaming of the paradise that she and Merriam had created out of the wrecks of their pasts. She was content now for the horizon of that shimmering sea to be the horizon of her life. They had shut out the world and closed the door.

Merriam was coming to her house at seven, after his dinner at the hotel. She would put on a white dress and an apricot-colored lace mantilla, and they would walk an hour under the cocoanut palms by the lagoon. She smiled contentedly, and chose a paper at random from the roll the boy had brought.

At first the words of a certain headline of a Sunday newspaper meant nothing to her; they conveyed only a visualized sense of familiarity. The largest type ran thus: "Lloyd B. Conant secures divorce." And then the subheadings: "Well-known Saint Louis paint manufacturer wins suit, pleading one year's absence of wife." "Her mysterious disappearance recalled." "Nothing has been heard of her since."

Twisting herself quickly out of the hammock, Mrs. Conant's eye soon traversed the half-column of the "recall." It ended thus: "It will be remembered that Mrs. Conant disappeared one evening in March of last year. It was freely rumored that her marriage with Lloyd B. Conant resulted in much unhappiness. Stories were not wanting to the effect that his cruelty toward his wife had more than once taken the form of physical abuse. After her departure a full bottle of tincture of aconite, a deadly poison, was found in a small medicine cabinet in her bedroom. This might have been an indication that she meditated suicide. It is supposed that she abandoned such an intention if she possessed it, and left her home instead."

Mrs. Conant slowly dropped the paper, and sat on a chair, clasping her hands tightly.

"Let me think—O God!—let me think," she whispered. "I took the bottle with me . . I threw it out the window of the train . . . I —— . . . there was another bottle in the cabinet . . . there were two, side by side—the aconite—and the valerian that I took when I could not sleep . . If they found the aconite bottle full, why—but, he is alive, of course—I gave him only a harmless dose of valerian . . . I am not a murderess in fact . . . Ralph, I—O God, don't let this be a dream!"

She went into the part of the house that she rented from the old Peruvian man and his wife, shut the door, and walked up and down her room swiftly and feverishly for half an hour. Merriam's photograph stood in a frame on a table. She picked it up, looked at it with a smile of exquisite tenderness, and—dropped four tears on it. And Merriam only twenty rods away! Then she stood still for ten minutes, looking into space. She looked into space through a slowly opening door. On her side of the door was the building material for a castle of Romance—love, an Arcady of waving palms, a lullaby of waves on the shore of a haven of rest, respite, peace, a lotos land of dreamy ease and security—a life of poetry

and heart's ease and refuge. Romanticist, will you tell me what Mrs. Conant saw on the other side of the door? You cannot?—that is, you will not? Very well; then listen.

She saw herself go into a department store and buy five spools of silk thread and three yards of gingham to make an apron for the cook. "Shall I charge it, ma'am?" asked the clerk. As she walked out a lady whom she met greeted her cordially. "Oh, where did you get the pattern for those sleeves, dear Mrs. Conant?" she said. At the corner a policeman helped her across the street and touched his helmet. "Any callers?" she asked the maid when she reached home. "Mrs. Waldron," answered the maid, "and the two Misses Jenkinson." "Very well," she said. "You may bring me a cup of tea, Maggie."

Mrs. Conant went to the door and called Angela, the old Peruvian woman. "If Mateo is there send him to me." Mateo, a half-breed, shuffling and old, but efficient, came.

"Is there a steamer or a vessel of any kind leaving this coast to-night or to-morrow that I can get passage on?" she asked.

Mateo considered.

"At Punta Reina, thirty miles down the coast, senora," he answered, there is a small steamer loading with cinchona and dyewoods. She sails for San Francisco to-morrow at sunrise. So says my brother, who arrived in his sloop to-day, passing by Punta Reina."

"You must take me in that sloop to that steamer to-night. Will you do that?"

"Perhaps——" Mateo shrugged a suggestive shoulder. Mrs. Conant took a handful of money from a drawer and gave it to him.

"Get the sloop ready behind the little point of land below the town," she ordered. "Get sailors, and be ready to sail at six o'clock. In half an hour bring a cart partly filled with straw into the patio here, and take my trunk to the sloop. There is more money yet. Now, hurry."

For one time Mateo walked away without shuffling his feet.

"Angelo," cried Mrs. Conant, almost fiercely, "come and help me pack. I am going away. Out with this trunk. My clothes first. Stir yourself. Those dark dresses first. Hurry."

From the first she did not waver from her decision. Her view was clear and final. Her door had opened and let the world in. Her love for Merriam was not lessened; but it now appeared a hopeless and unrealizable thing. The visions of their future that had seemed so blissful and complete had vanished. She tried to assure herself that her renunciation was rather for his sake than for her own. Now that she was cleared of her burden—at least, technically—would not his own weigh too heavily upon him? If she should cling to him, would not the difference forever silently mar and corrode their happiness? Thus she reasoned; but there were a thousand little voices calling to her that she could feel rather than hear, like the hum of distant, powerful machinery—the little voices of the world, that, when raised in unison, can send their insistent call through the thickest door.

Once while packing, a brief shadow of the lotos dream came back to her. She held Merriam's picture to her heart with one hand, while she threw a pair of shoes into the trunk with her other.

At six o'clock Mateo returned and reported the sloop ready. He and his brother lifted the trunk into the cart, covered it with straw and conveyed it to the point of embarkation. From there they transferred it on board in the sloop's dory. Then Mateo returned for additional orders.

Mrs. Conant was ready. She had settled all business matters with Angela, and was impatiently waiting. She wore a long, loose black silk duster that she often walked about in when the evenings were chilly. On her head was a small round hat, and over it the apricot-colored lace mantilla.

Dusk had quickly followed the short twilight. Mateo led her by dark and grass-grown streets toward the point behind which the sloop was anchored.

On turning a corner they beheld the Hotel Orilla del Mar three streets away, nebulously aglow with its array of kerosene lamps.

Mrs. Conant paused, with streaming eyes. "I must, *I must* see him once before I go," she murmured in anguish. But even then she did not falter in her decision. Quickly she invented a plan by which she might speak to him, and yet make her departure without his knowing. She would walk past the hotel, ask some one to call him out, and talk a few moments on some trivial excuse, leaving him expecting to see her at her home at seven.

She unpinned her hat and gave it to Mateo. "Keep this, and wait here till come," she ordered. Then she draped the mantilla over her head as she usually did when walking after sunset, and went straight to the Orilla del Mar.

She was glad to see the bulky, white-clad figure of Tio Pancho standing alone on the gallery.

"Tio Pancho," she said, with a charming smile, "may I trouble you to ask Mr. Merriam to come out for just a few moments that I may speak with him?"

Tio Pancho bowed as an elephant bows.

"Buenas tardes, Senora Conant," he said, as a cavalier talks. And then he went on, less at his ease:

"But does not the senora know that Senor Merriam sailed on the Pajaro for Panama at three o'clock of this afternoon?"

Charles S. Mellen: Railroad Lord of New England

By Frederick Coburn in The World To-Day

"I YIELD to no one of you," said Mr. Mellen in a talk before the West Side Workingmen's Club of Hartford, "I yield to no one of you that you have worked harder, or longer hours, or for less pay; that you have had harder taskmasters, or more disagreeable; that you have been more apprehensive of the future or more bitter over injustice; or that the spirit of discouragement has ever made the world darker than seemed possible to bear, so dark that almost any change was a promise of improvement. . . I am nothing more nor less than a workingman myself."

First and last Mr. Mellen is always "nothing more nor less than a workingman." The visitor to his offices in New Haven who sees the bowl of crackers and milk which constitutes the tardy lunch taken at his work often at 4 o'clock, or whenever he can find time to snatch it, the fellow official laboring with him who tells you that fourteen or sixteen hours a day comprise the not uncommon day's stint of the president of the road—these and other witnesses bear testimony to the immense working efficiency of the head of the rapidly expanding New Haven system.

For thirty-eight years, boy and man, Mr. Mellen has been engaged in railroading. When but eighteen years of age, just after he had finished his course in the local academy, and was hoping to complete his education at Dartmouth College, he decided for financial reasons to go to work.

Promise of future prominence did not necessarily appear in his first employment as a clerk with the Northern Railroad of New Hampshire, for the road itself was small, offering only limited opportunities, but hard work makes opportunities—and young Mellen worked. Three years of experience in keeping accounts and thus getting acquainted with the financial side of railroading have stood him in good stead during a lifetime. Presently he became clerk to the chief engineer of the Central Vermont, a position in which he became familiar with the engineering features of rail-

way operation. Thence he returned to the Northern Railroad of New Hampshire, this time as superintendent's clerk. There followed promotion to the chief clerkship, and later to the office of assistant treasurer.

In 1880 came a change to the Boston and Lowell as assistant to the manager. A year later Mr. Mullen was made auditor, then superintendent, and in 1884, after fifteen years of untiring work, general superintendent. In this position he scandalized old railroad men by actually increasing the number of local trains on the winter service, instead of decreasing them according to the established practice. They said that young Mullen must be crazy. Yet the road's business increased and his judgment was vindicated.

Thereafter came his appointment as assistant general traffic manager, and then traffic manager of the Union Pacific. Four years were spent in the West. Then he returned to New England as general traffic manager of the New York & New England, resigning after six months to become second vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. In 1897 in two minutes' telephone conversation Mr. Mellen considered and accepted the presidency of the Northern Pacific.

"I expected to find a railroad," he is reported to have said, "but instead, I find two streaks of rust across the prairie." At that time the line of the railroad across the prairie region could be found by the discoloration of the grass growing between the ties where it had rubbed against the greasy cars. The road was just out of the hands of a receiver. It had never paid a dividend on its common stock, which was then selling below twenty. It was known mainly as the road which had bankrupted the great house of Jay Cooke & Co., and which had later tested the strength of Amsterdam itself by a second bankruptcy.

Hard work proved its redemption. A man associated with Mr. Mellen in the Northern Pacific says that twenty hours out of twenty-four were not uncommonly given by the new president to his task. He got results quickly. At his coming, in addition to the financial difficulties of the road, its equipment was almost worthless. The ties were so rotten as often to fall apart when kicked. The track was covered with weeds. The rolling stock was antiquated and entirely inadequate. The traffic had fallen off. When Mr. Mellen left the Northern Pacific, six years later, its special trains were making seventy miles an hour over many portions of the route, Its giant engines hauled immense freight trains more economically than they could be handled by any other road, and its stock, now paying dividends, had risen far above par.

He had proved himself the right man for the presidency of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, which connects the two greatest centres of population in North America. At the head of the system Mr. Mellen, both through his personality and his policies, is necessarily in a position to do greater things than ever before done among eastern railroads. He has brought to his office an attitude of openness and accessibility. Two years ago he astonished lawmakers, and perhaps some railroad men, by going openly and personally to the Connecticut Legislature to ask for certain measures instead of resorting to the traditional methods of lobbying. He listens readily to the road's employes, for in his own phrase, there is "no frost on his doorknob." The great amount of work which he accomplishes excludes the possibility of trifling with his time, but an appointment concerning business that merits his personal attention is easily secured.

"In my early business life," he once said, "I had experience with men of affairs of a character to make me desire to avoid creating a like feeling of resentment to myself and the interests in my charge, should fortune ever place me in authority, and I am solicitous of a measure of confidence on the part of the public and our employes that I shall hope may be warranted by the fairness and good fellowship I intend shall prevail in our

relationship." At the same time he added, "But do not feel that I am disposed to grant unreasonable requests or to spend the money of our company unnecessarily.'

The policies of the New Haven's president reveal his personality. Above other things he believes in good equipment, as is shown by the money he has spent in bringing the New Haven to its present point of efficiency from the condition of "dry rot" which he inherited from his predecessors. Furthermore, he is an expansionist. Many lines have been acquired by his road in the last four years, and even now the most momentous consolidation of all, that with the Boston & Maine, is apparently in process of consummation. The New Haven, under Mr. Mellen, has spent more than $150,000,000, one-third on equipment and improvements, and two-thirds in buying securities of other lines, all of which give a commensurate return on the investment. That a railroad must fight the industrial battles of the territory which it serves is also one of President Mellen's guiding principles. He holds that it can fight these best by serving the section through unified lines of transportation of all kinds, whether steamship lines, steam railroads or electric lines. Unification promotes efficiency of service.

The era of electrification is beginning. It seems to be the theory of New Haven that all important steam roads will be electrified before many years, and that then the trolley lines, instead of continuing to be separate transportation agencies, will logically be feeders for the great trunk lines which are now the steam railroads. Already as a demonstration, the suburban services of the New Haven about New York City are being electrified under Mr. Mellen's personal supervision, and strong in his belief of the good results to be obtained from combining trolley and train service and working them together for the benefit of the public, he has acquired electric lines in much of the territory which his road serves.

Western Massachusetts furnishes the latest example of this policy, for in the Berkshire Hills President Mellen has projected many miles of electric road to open up and serve territory which has heretofore been without any means of transportation whatever. His idea as he expresses it, is to saturate New England with transportation facilities. He thinks the day near at hand when a trolley line will pass by almost every farmer's door, gathering and distributing freight for the main road.

President Mellen's principal reason for believing in joint ownership and operation of steam and electric lines appears in his argument that only thus can many districts hope to receive transportation facilities which are badly needed. To the independent builder of trolley lines, sparsely settled districts, such as those of western Massachusetts, offer no inducement, since there is no possibility of any immediate return on the investment. From the point of view of an established system like the New Haven, however, lines which in themselves offer no prospect of immediate return may nevertheless, by the work of development which they will do, prove in the end very valuable to the railroad as feeders.

These achievements have, of course, necessitated prodigious labor. During a recent summer one of the men from another department of the road said to the president's secretary who had been with him in the West: "When do you take your vacation?"

"When Mr. Mellen takes his."

"When is that?"

"Never."

"How does he stand it to work so hard and so constantly?"

"Because he enjoys it so."

Hard work has made Mr. Mellen a serious, incisive man, with great clearness of vision, with abundant constructive imagination. The policies for which he has stood have triumphed one by one. Even more significant than the increased earnings of the system, the improvement of its physical equipment and the development of new projects, has been the change of the attitude of the public.

Henry Frick, The Steel King Of To-day

By Herbert N. Casson in System

YES, it is true that I borrowed $20,000 and went into the coke business when I was twenty-four on my own account during the panic of 1873," said Henry Clay Frick, in his quiet, decisive way, when I asked him about this myth-seeming story of his business start.

"The coke industry was ruined, so everyone believed; and coke was selling below cost, at ninety cents a ton, when I negotiated that loan with a Pittsburg banker.

"At that time I was living in the coke region, though not in a coal miner's shack, as one report has said. I was boarding in a comfortable house at Broad Ford. There were very few coke ovens in those days and their owners were glad to sell them."

Mr. Frick was hardly beyond his majority when he made his debut as a financier. He was earning a salary of $900 a year—an unusually large amount for the Connellsville region—by acting as book-keeper and general agent for his grandfather, a fairly prosperous distiller and coke-maker.

He had no fortune of his own—no capital—no wealthy friends—nothing but a few small scraps of coal land that he had bought with his savings. In appearance he was a short, alert young man, with keen steady eyes, a straight, well-shaped nose, a mouth that showed refinement rather than strength, and with brown hair worn long and curling at the ends. Had it not been for his quick ways and businesslike manner, he would have seemed more like a youthful professor of literature than a man of affairs.

He had received no heritage from his parents—nothing except a flawless body and the best brain in Pennsylvania. His father was an American-born farmer, one of those hard-working men who always follow the line of most resistance. He was neither poor nor rich—just an ordinary soil-tiller, who dug the plain necessities of life out of his acres, but none of the luxuries. Like all the farmers of the Connellsville region, the senior Frick made a living by scratching the mere surface of the earth, while a hundred feet below their plows lay millions of dollars worth of the best coking coal in the world.

Before young Harry Frick was fifteen, his keen boyish mind had sized up the situation. He saw no future in farming, and got himself a job in the village store. For four years he remained here as errand boy and clerk; and then his grandfather took notice of his cleverness and made him the book-keeper and supervisor of a distillery which was the most prosperous enterprise in the district.

So, at twenty-four years of age, Henry Clay Frick had been ripened by ten years of hard work and responsibility. In that time he had earned probably $3,500, so that he was by no means a soft-fibred young novice in the game of business.

And he was as conspicuous among the other young men of the neighborhood as the Frick Building is to-day above the streets of Pittsburg. He was, in the first place, the best posted young business man in the village of Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania. If a question arose among the villagers as to the value of a coal mine or a house and lot, some one in the crowd was sure to say—"Let's go and ask Harry Frick. He'll know what it's worth, if anyone does."

This reputation as a village umpire came to him because of his habit of observation. He had keen eyes and a sure memory for useful facts. Prices, especially, were his strong point. He could tell the value of almost every farm within five miles of his grandfather's distillery.

While the other youths of the village were wishing themselves in Pittsburg or Philadelphia, so that they could have a "chance," young Frick

was studying his own business and his own neighborhood. This was the first stone of the foundation he was building, and that foundation stone he planted firmly. Frick studied business as a musician studies music or as a poet studies Shakespeare or Shelley. He preferred business to baseball or the theatre or the petty social intercourse of the village.

By nature high-strung and sensitive, he shrank from the harsh side of life. The boisterous raillery of the village store had been too rough for his liking; and the more isolated work of book-keeper and coke-maker suited him much better. He cared more for respect than popularity; and there was always a quiet dignity and reserve about his manner which prevented most people from taking liberties with him. He was not showy, but no young man in Pennsylvania had more pride than he.

He was particular in choosing his friends. Most of them were older than he, and none of them was of the sycophantic sort. He had few enemies, because he had the rare gift of self-control. Even when he was angry—and he was a man of intense feeling—he had the strength of will to repress an explosion. This power of repression was of immense value to him in later years. It saved him from a thousand wrangles in the turbulent world of steel men, and it gave him a presence of mind which, on one notable occasion many years later, saved his life from the attack of an assassin.

It is most clearly evident that Frick at twenty-four was giving himself over to preparation. His grandfather had put him in charge of a few coke-ovens; and he spent day after day studying the process of digging up the coal and roasting it into coke. He was naturally neat, almost fastidious, about his appearance, and coke-making was a grimy smoky business; but he wasted no time in wishing that he were somewhere else. He was taking care of the Here and Now.

He figured out the labor-cost of a ton of coke. Then he went to the village depot and asked questions about freight rates to Pittsburg. When a new coke oven was being built, he watched how it was done, and learned the cost of the materials.

Named in honor of Clay—the magnetic orator of Virginia who was, at the time of Frick's birth, the Grand Old Man of the Senate—young Frick, in spite of his name, was never a talker. Conversation was to him the means to an end, nothing more. He was more apt to be making figures on a sheet of paper, or trying to buy a small scrap of coal land from a farmer. A little further ahead every day, was another of his mottoes.

On several occasions I have met old men who remember Frick in the days of his clerkship. All agree that they noticed two qualities in him—politeness and attention to business—apparently always with the view of getting information in return.

"Frick gave me a lunch of cheese and crackers one day," said an eighty-year-old iron maker who is still living in Pittsburg. "I had been tramping up and down the hills, on the search for coal land, and arrived in the village very hungry. There was no hotel in the neighborhood, so I went into the store and asked for food. Young Frick was behind the counter, and he impressed me at the time as being a very businesslike and obliging clerk. But the information he quizzed out of me while I was munching his crackers was worth his while."

Living in the midst of coke districts Frick had the best opportunities for learning the producing side of the business. But he was greatly handicapped by the fact that there were no big financiers near by, from whom he could get instruction and larger ideas. No young man has ever had a more lonely struggle upward than Henry Clay Frick. Unlike Carnegie, who was in his youth surrounded by friends and helped by older and richer men, Frick had to make his fight alone. Before he became intimate with the great men of Pennsylvania, he had grown to be a great man himself.

But, in the days of his preparation, Frick studied the financial news of the daily papers. He learned who

the bankers were, and upon what terms they were willing to loan money. In this way he was ready when the time came to get in touch with the right financier—the one who would naturally be most willing to invest money in the making of coke. And it came in the panic year when he was twenty-four.

In 1873, because of a series of cumulative causes, the whole business system of the United States suddenly collapsed. There were five thousand failures in that year, with a loss of more than $225,000,000. Three million workmen were thrown out of the mines, mills and factories. And even Jay Cooke, the topmost financier of all, went down in the general wreckage.

The coke-making business naturally suffered more than any other, because it was the youngest industry in the United States. In the Connellsville region it was barely thirteen years old, and the older iron and steel men still regarded it with a certain amount of suspicion.

"The coke business is ruined"—this was the text of conversation, morning, noon and night, in the village where Frick lived.

The price of coke dropped like a plummet from four dollars a ton to ninety cents. This was so far below cost that the coke-makers raked the fires out and went home, half of them bankrupts. Everyone, with a single exception, heaped curses on the new-fangled trade that had burned up their capital in its blazing ovens.

The one exception was Frick. Although his uncle and his grandfather were among the coke-makers who were financially embarrassed, he had an opinion of his own—an opinion which, up to date, has netted him probably fifty or sixty million dollars. He believed in the future of coke.

This belief was not the dream of a youthful optimist. His six educational years of preparation made his belief a certainty. He knew all the facts. He had learned the cost of mining the coal, building the ovens and shipping the finished product to the Pittsburg furnaces. Therefore, when he decided that the time had come for him to quit the pay-envelope class and become a capitalist, it was not the guess of a gambler. It was the natural result of knowledge and observation.

"Now is the time to buy," said the keen young clerk to himself, when the wreckage of the coke business was complete. So, one evening, he sat down in his boarding-house and wrote a letter to Thomas Mellon, the famous Irish banker of Pittsburg. The letter was practically as follows:

Dear Sir:

There is a great opportunity to make money in this place by buying coal lands and coke ovens. Half of the owners are obliged to sell. I therefore ask you for the loan of $20,000, and hope you will send some one here at once to investigate the situation.

Yours very truly,
Henry Clay Frick.

To-day Mr. Frick is the real estate king of Pittsburg—all told, his personal share of Smoky City would sell for more than $14,000,000. The coke company that bears his name is the arbiter of its field. There are Frick banks, Frick buildings and Frick mines. He is purported the largest individual share-holder in the Steel Corporation and in the Pennsylvania Railroad, and his proprietorship extends into a score of corporations.

But when this letter was sent to Banker Mellon, in 1873, there was no one in the city who had heard the name of Frick. If Mellon had known that the writer of this letter was a twenty-four-year-old clerk, without property or financial standing, he might have tossed it into the waste basket. But there was nothing amateurish about the letter itself. It was businesslike and straight to the point. Therefore, Mellon, who was as shrewd a money-maker as ever came from Ulster, turned the letter over to his partner, J. B. Corey, for investigation.

Naturally, when J. B. Corey arrived in the coke region, and found no

one back of the $20,000 letter except a three-dollar-a-day clerk, he was surprised. But he was still further surprised to find that the daring young clerk knew all the facts about coke, and had a definite, clear-cut plan of operations.

"I saw that the young man had a firm grasp of the situation," said J. B. Corey, "so I went back and reported in favor of the loan. Mellon followed my judgment, and sent young Frick the $20,000 that started him on his brilliant career as a capitalist."

At once Frick resigned his clerkship and set to work quietly to buy coal lands and coke ovens. By the time the money was spent, the demand for coke had become stronger. The price rose from ninety cents a ton to three dollars. Two years later it soared up to five dollars, and the new firm of H. C. Frick & Company made a hundred per cent. profit.

At twenty-six years of age, Frick had established his credit and become the chief employer of labor in the neighborhood where he was born and bred. He had taken the one chance and the one occasion that came to him, in that remote community. He saw and understood the things that lay round him—that was the secret of Frick's success.

At thirty-three he had secured such a control of the coke supply that Carnegie was obliged to buy control of the Frick company. He had worked miracles in the coke district. At the time that he wrote his letter to Mellon, there were only two or three dozen coke ovens, and a hundred or more workmen, half of them unemployed. Sixteen years later, he had built up a company with $5,000,000 capital, 12,000 coke ovens, and 11,000 workmen. He had brought steady work and sure wages to a county of moneyless farmers; and established a coke industry which is to-day adding to the national wealth at the rate of $85,000,000 a year.

One of the exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 was the Frick display—a group of pyramids and pinnacles built of the silvery grey coke. The cost of the exhibit was $80,000—four times as much as the loan that started Frick in business; but the Frick Coke Company had grown to be so wealthy in 1892 that an $80,000 expense was a mere incident of advertising.

In 1889 Carnegie, who could pick winners better than any other Pittsburger, offered Frick a five per cent. share of the Carnegie Company, if he would become the active head of the Carnegian mills and furnaces. Frick accepted the offer, and became at once the foremost active steel-maker in the world. He had made the dizzy climb in sixteen years.

To-day, if you ask ten New York capitalists who is the most active and central figure in the world of American finance, nine of them will reply—"Henry Clay Frick." There are others who can mass more capital at a given point, such as J. D. Rockefeller, for instance, or Schiff or Morgan or Ryan. There are men who have more complete control in their own fields, such as J. J. Hill, Daniel Guggenheim and E. H. Harriman. But no one equals H. C. Frick as a harmonizing and consolidating influence, standing clear and free from the financial tribalism of Wall Street.

Wherever Frick has touched either the financial or political world, he has improved it. He is eternally opposed to shiftlessness and inefficiency. Wherever he is in control, there are no loose ends—no tricks—no scandals. He is too conscious of his own superior ability to resort to subterfuges of any sort. He is not in the slightest degree a gambler. Business has always been to him a game of chess, not faro. He has labored untiringly to put our industrial system on a solid basis.

"There will be less waste and warfare in the future," he said recently. He might have added that the present stability of our business structure is largely owing to his work as a peacemaker and corporation-builder.

And it is only thirty-four years since he sat down in his humble boarding-house and wrote the letter that made his fortune.

The Red-Headed Twins Of Dos Palos

By Frances La Place in Overland Monthly

THIS here thing of bein' a twin ain't all it's cracked up to be, specul if each durned twin is as like t'other as a lookin' glass reflectun of himself. My brother Jim's as like me as I'm like myself, freckles, green eyes an' all, an' his head ain't none lighter an' none darker. They is no other twins in Dos Palos scept me an' Jim. When we was kids, my mother used to say to the one what was handiest, "If you're Jim, tell Bill I want him, but if you're Bill, come here—I want you." Sure pop, it was alwus me she wanted, 'cause Jim sorter petted himself round the ole lady. Well, anyway, atween us the ole lady didn't have no tapioca, for when we savied why we was alwus the other feller.

If you never yet met Jim you'll know him soon as you meet him; that's providin' you don't give him the glad hand thinkin' he's me. The only thing what's diffrunt about us is our ways an' habits, an' so forth. Jim's as quick to spend money as I'm willin' to save it, an' Jim's as full of raisin' the devil as I'm fond of peace an' the mountains, an' Jim's as fond of borrowin' as he is of spendin', and' him havin' a lot of family pride an' affecshun, why, it's just natural like as he'd come furst to me for a loan. "Just a tenner; if you can't spare it, a five spot 'll do," he begins easy like, an' then winds up willin' to take any ole durned thing I kin give him, even if it ain't no better 'n fifty cents or a quarter.

Once down to Firebaugh he got playin' sorter heavy at faro bank, an' being' short of funds an' me far away, he borrers of a man down there by the name of Peters, an' then tells Peters, durn his soul, to ride out to the Double X ranch and get it back. Jim goes range ridin' the day that there Peters was to visit, an' me, innucunt as a yearlin', meets this here Peters kinder welcum like at the gate, never a-seen him afore, an' says, "Howdy do, stranger, what kin I do for you?"

"Stranger!" he growls, sorter down in his throttle an' squintin' up his eyes like he didn't like my looks. "Stranger, hey? It wasn't stranger down to Firebaugh when you borrered that ten spot of me, was it, you freckled-faced, green-eyed, red-headed lobster?" He keeps his big mouth open like he's goin' to say a heap more, but just friendly like I puts my hand back where I alwus finds my six-shooter, an' strange-like, he shuts his big mouth an' starts for the road, hasty like, an' keeps a-goin' that way.

Jim comes in that night lookin' some timid-like, an' 'quires 'bout my health an' so forth, an' then he says, off-hand-like, "All 'lone to-day?"

"Ain't I alwus alone, when you ain't here?" I says back, innucent.

"Sorter thought you might a had compuny," gurgles Jim, lookin' round the camp some interested.

"Maybe I did," says I, "and maybe you 'll help to bury him this evenin'. Some plaguey fool comes ridin' round here mistakin' me for some durned fool what looks like me, an——"

Poor Jim was that scared that I plugged Peters for sure that he begs me to hide him 'cause the boys what seen the deal'll think he done the shootin' 'stead of me. I let the truth out easy like after he got good and scared, an' then he makes me a solum promus never to borrer from anybody 'ceptin' me—a promus none to my likin', you bet.

You see what's libul to come to a man what's got a twin what looks more like himself than he does himself; but if I begins to tell you all what come to me through Jim, why I keep a talkin' till the end of the week, an' wouldn't be none through then.

The worst ever was the time Jim got stuck on a littl' half-breed Mexicun-Portugee gal what he meets at a

dance down to Los Bancos. This littl' gal was a sky farmer's gal. Guess you know what's a sky farmer. No? Well, a sky farmer's a feller, usual like he's a Portugee, or a Dago or a Mex, or all three mixed into one, what has a ranch 'long the San Joaquin River where it's good for farmin' about six months a year. He watches the sky a plenty, an' when things don't look his way, he ups and takes his furnootur an' his horse, durned old plugs, you bet, an' his pig, ain't never got more'n one, an' his cows an' with his famulle follerin' ahind, he moves, leavin' the old shacks there. Sure pop, when it's rained all over the place, an' the Joaquin's flowed over his land some, back he comes an' plants hay, an' off he goes agin, an' then time for hay cuttin' an' balin' back he comes agin. The sky farmer reasons like it's time for nothin' to lay down an' bake awaitin' for the rain, so he's makin' money in other parts. But you bet when it's rainin' lots an' his land's lot rich for hay, he's alwus back on time.

No sky farmin' in mine. I don't hanker, somehow, to kill six months with this here neck of mine twisted up like lookin' at a sky what don't alwus look to suit.

This littl' gal what Jim gets stuck on was a sky farmer's gal, an' 'cordin' to Jim, was purty as a colt's what curried. I'm no judge, so I says nothin' 'bout her looks an' so forth, but when Jim took to ridin' down to the valley to see her every day or so, I gets some anxus an' sorter hint around makin' 'quires. I didn't hanker to help feed a gal as well as Jim—that's what it means for me if Jim takes to double harness, 'cause Jim can't feed himself, let alone a gal, even if she ain't no more'n a sky farmer's gal an' used to nothin'.

"Jim," says I one day, "what's that gal's name an' where's her ole man's shack?"

Jim's freckles turns sorter red, an' he gets inturested in his boots, lookin' at 'em like he's never seen them afore. "Who?" he says, some foolish.

I tells him what I thinks of him then, an' him bein' some rattled, he tells all about her, what her name was, an' where she lived, an' how they loved each other.

"Rot!" says I, but sorter to myself, not so's to hurt Jim's feelin's, 'cause Jim's sensitive like, an' can't stand much hard talk, specul 'bout his love affairs. Jim had a lot of them afore this sky farmer's gal came along, but none never took so bad what he couldn't eat his three square meals a day.

"Bill," he says after a while, an' sorter snuffles, "could you let me wear your best close to-morrer, an' might you put a twenty in the pockut? I'm broke, honust, I am, an' kin I take your horse an' saddle an' bridle? There's a friend I know what's hankerin' for a ride on a good cayuse for a spell back an' this here friend won' harm nothing' 'cause this here friend rides like a full-fledged bronco buster what served time at the busnus."

Jim kept a-goin' right on, but I couldn't stand for any more just then, an' says "yes" to everything. I never could go them snuffles o' Jims.

"What time'll you be wantin' them?" I asks, after sayin' "yep."

"'Bout two, an' if——" He snuffles agin.

I stampeded, an' didn't hear, not to this day, what else he was thinkin' I wouldn't be needin' an' he would be wanting pretty bad.

Sun up the next day, Jim gives me a hand breakin', a two-year-old what I means to keep handy while Jim was a borrerin' of my best outfit. About one erclock Jim, bein' down by the crick takin' a wash up, I jogs off down the road sorter intendin' givin' the colt some exercise like, an' off-hand to visut the sky farmer's gal an' tell her how Jim stood 'cordin' to finances. I alwus hates to see people cheated, cards or matreemony specul like.

If Jim had a tole me how that there gal of his couldn't talk no lingo but Portugee-Mex, atween us we'd a saved a pile of trouble, but Jim didn't, an' me never mixin' much with forreners, can't talk nothin' but good United States.

I lopes up to the shack pretty fine,

an' out she comes, jabberin' away an' smilin' an' blowin' me kisses, like I could savey. She was tickled to death to see me, but didn't listun to nothin' I was tellin' her 'bout Jim—just kept a talkin' an' smilin' an' blowin' kisses. By-un-bye she runs in' an' then backs out agin with a big bundle under her arm what she takes sudden-like and throws at me, an' me like a ninny, thinkin' it was for Jim, ties it on front my saddle, mighty secure.

I tells her a lot more 'bout Jim, just to sorter relieve my mind, but she don't listun to nothin', but climbs right up aback on me on that colt an' there she gits grippin' me by the ribs with her hooks an' grippin' the colt by the ribs with her hoofs, never sayin' a word agin that colt what's buckin' like blazes an' tearin' round that yard like a bee stung him.

"Slide!" I yells, me only ridin' with a hackamore an' her there ahind me hoodooin' things an' givin' that colt, what thinks a lot of himself, a mighty big chance to think a lot more. Well, that gal stuck to me like a fly sticks to fly paper, an' I just natshul like stuck to that fool colt, what gets so durned stuckup he quit the yard. He took us down the road for home, goin' like he owed somebody money back there at the shack. We dusted moren't a mile of that road, when I sees comin' along at a nice friendly trot, leadin' my horse an' best saddle an' bridle ahind him, my brother Jim, all slick an' shiny in my new close. The gal, bein' pretty snug aback of me, sees nothing'.

My intentuns bein' good to middlin', I means to say "Hullo!" when we gets close to Jim, but that durned colt, takin' one sad, disgusted look at Jim in my close, turns offer the road an' after jumpin' mighty high over a crick an' a barbed wire fence, takes a short cut for home, leavin' the gal in the crick an' me atop of the barbed wire fence.

"You grass-eyed, lobster-jawed, turkey-egg-faced, green-eyed jealus thief," yells Jim, comin' close as he could, furst lookin' at me an' then at the gal, what was in the crick upside down. "You stole my gal, you did! You forced me to take your close an' your other things to throw me off the track, you did. You wanted to alope, you did—just to cheat me out of matreemony to-day." Jim snuffles when he thinks of what I done, an' snuffles agin when he looks at his gal in the crick. "You be a nice brother, cheatin' my gal. You told her you was a miliunare, you did." Jim stops for want of wind, an' me still bein' a-straddle that barbed wire fence what ain't none too pleasunt, I says nothin', but keeps right on undoin' myself from that there fence. The gal by this time gets right side up, but can't see nothin' cause her eyes is full of mud, just chuck full, an' she can't say nothin' 'cause her mouth is chuck full of mud, too.

By-an'-bye, Jim gets wind agin an' begins to say some more 'bout my looks an' ways, an' so forth, an' by then that gal has her eyes some clear of mud, an' looks at Jim sittin' there all slick an' shiny on his horse. "Jeem," she says, in a voice sad like an' some muddy, an' then round she turns an' spots me, who don't look none slick or shiny, my hat bein' some half mile back an' my "chaps" bein' some friendly with that barbed wire fence "Jeem," she yells, spittin' out more mud. "Jeem, Jeem, Je-e-m!" An' then she gits outer that crick an' takin' one good-day peep at Jim an' anuther at me, she starts down that there road, runnin' like she seen spooks an' yellin' like the spooks was after her.

Jim was some surprised when he sees her runnin' off like that, but me atop of that fence was none inturested.

"Now Marietta's mad," snuffles Jim, lookin' at me like I done him dirt on purpus.

"Mad, is she?" I says, some angry. "She ain't got no reason for to be mad. If there's anybody round her what's got a right to be that, why, that persun's me. Ain't it bad enuff to be taken for a fool like you without bein' left a straddle of this here fence, tied up with it like a yearlin' what never seen it afore? You shut your mouth till I'm off this here fence,

'cause if you don't I'll shut it for you when I get off."

That there speel shuts Jim's mouth pretty quick, an' then leavin' my horse there in the road for me, he rides off home snufflin' like he was sorry he lost that little gal.

It took more'n two days to catch that colt, what was runnin' round pretty fresh, a'carryin' that bundle with him, what belongs to the sky farmer's gal, not countin' my saddle an' hackamore.

Jim an' me decided we hankered none to give that gal her bundle, seein' as that fool gal thinks Jim a double spook, so Jim an' me not able none to use what's in that there bundle, makes a furst-rate scarecrow outer it. We ain't seen a crow round the place sence; asides it scared a coyote most to death one night. Mr. Coyote comes round soft-like in the moonlight an' sees that there scarecrow blowin' in the breeze. That Mr. Coyote's seen scarecrows a-plenty afore, but not with women's frilly trappin's a-wavin' in the breeze. The old feller gives one mighty scared yell, an' runs home an' we ain't seen much of him sence, you bet.

Jim snuffles some for a week, but cheers up sudden-like when I sends him for a time to Firebaugh, lettin' him wear my new close an' doublin' that twenty in the pockut. It alwus costs money to make Jim quit that there snufflin', but it's lots worth it to me, what hates snufflin' worse 'n rattlers, an' 'sides that, Jim forgets 'bout matreemony for a spell, an' that's worth a heap to me, too.

The Summer Beau Company, Ltd.

By Elizabeth M. Gilmer in Cosmopolitan

MISS HENRIETTA RENSHAW was a plump little woman, well groomed, well gowned and frankly forty-five. She belonged to that third sex—the business woman—now in process of evolution under our very eyes, and to subtle and intricate feminine intuitions she added a decision of character and a breadth and clearness of judgment typically masculine.

Had it pleased Providence to create Miss Henrietta a man, she would undoubtedly have been a "promoter." She had a love of trade for its own sake, the drop of gambler's blood that lures to new undertakings, and, above all, she possessed the prophetic vision that enables one to see the skyscrapers, the crowded streets, and the smoke stacks of a future metropolis in a corn field where two rival railroads cross each other. In a word, she had insight, imagination, enthusiasm, daring—all the qualities that would have rendered her a star in the financial heavens had she been permitted to fulfil the destiny for which she was intended.

Unfortunately, however, there are no blunders more tragical, or more frequent, than those of gender, and Miss Henrietta was a victim of one of these. With all the instincts of a Napoleon of finance she had been thrust by life into the petticoat contingent, whose participation in commercial affairs is mostly by proxy. This hampered her activity, but it did not throttle it. Perceiving that the market report section of the daily paper had more interest for her than the society column, and that no man had ever been able to raise in her breast the genuine heart-throb that she experienced when she executed, alone and unadvised, a neat little coup in real estate, she deliberately espoused a business career instead of a matrimonial one.

This was not because she was under the femininely painful necessity of actually supporting herself. She had inherited from her father a sort of Saturday-to-Monday fortune—the kind of income that enables a single

woman to live luxuriously if she understands the gentle art of eking out her finances by fishing for invitations, and that, if she doesn't, permits her to exist plainly on bread and butter.

"But why," demanded Miss Henrietta of those who branded it "new" in a woman to yearn for independence and plenty to eat, "but why should I visit when I loathe it? And why should I subsist on bread and butter when I have a sweet tooth and a long thrist, and hanker after cakes and ale?"

Nobody being able to supply the answer to this conundrum, she followed her bent, and after having perfected herself in stenography, as offering the closest approach that a woman is likely to get to the commercial whirlpool where big things are evolved, she entered the broking office of Banks & Blanks.

The ensuing years were a time of pure delight for her. The plotting of involved financial campaigns became the very breath of her nostrils. She gloried in the golden battle of the street, where men fought each other with dollars instead of with shot and shell. She had come to her own people, and it was not long before her employers, wearied and disheartened by a long succession of uninterested and perfunctory machine-like secretaries, recognized in her a kindred spirit. They began to confide their plans to her. Then, finding that she had that sixth sense of woman that enable her to take a flying leap at a conclusion and land on it with both feet, they fell into the way of making use of it, and of depending on her divinations of a situation to point the wise course when logic and experience failed to supply the tip as to whether it was better to buy or sell.

Such a life was absorbingly interesting and exciting, but it was also exhausting, and it was Miss Henrietta's habit to repair each summer for rest to the Purple Sulphur Springs, a delightful and fashionable resort in the mountains, which happily combined the charms of nature and good society. So far as she was individually concerned, this place was ideal, for Miss Henrietta had reached the time of life when physical comfort had become the standard by which she measured her environment, and the board, the beds, and the baths of the Purple Sulphur were beyond criticism. Moreover, she had also attained the state of grace where she could enjoy the entertaining conversation of a woman quite as much as the dull platitudes of a man, and of agreeable feminine companionship the Purple Sulphur afforded an unlimited supply.

But Miss Henrietta, looking about her, saw that, delightful as she found this summer resort, it presented a far different aspect to the two hundred or more young girls who had gathered there from all parts of the country. For them the trail of the serpent was over it all. It was a place of hopeless striving and struggle, a stream that they whipped in vain for fish, a wilderness in which no game rewarded the chase, for, alas! the Purple Sulphur was an Adamless Eden. Half a dozen senile old gentlemen, galvanized into a sort of spurious animation and gallantry by the presence of so much youth and freshness; a score of beardless boys, so callow that they seemed just to have been snatched from their perambulators; an occasional flashy drummer who dropped in for the Saturday night ball; with barely one or two eligible males of marriageable age, so frightened at the danger they confronted that they confined their attentions to married women—such as the roster of the sex without whose presence "hops" are as soup without salt, and a summer hotel a barren desert.

"And to think," reflected Miss Henrietta, "of all this aggregation of youth and beauty and good clothes being wasted on that collection of masculine freaks! Think of these girls dressing three times a day for doddering old beaus that are too blind to see what they have got on! Think of these fascinating creatures wasting their smiles and allurements on hobbledehoys that are too inexperienced even to know that they are being flirted with, and don't know enough to follow a lead when it is given to

them! Think of the champagne lunches that these devoted mamas are wasting, trying to corral men that they wouldn't look at through a telescope at home!

"My goodness, it's pitiful! it's tragical! Here are a lot of girls who have spent hundreds of dollars apiece getting ready to go off and have a good time, and whose fond parents stand ready to spend hundreds more to give them a good time, but they can't, because there are no men around and there isn't a bit of use in talking about a girl enjoying herself without a man around handy.

"It's impossible. It can't be done. What does a girl care for scenery except as a background for sentiment? Nothing. What does she care for dancing unless there is a man to two-step with her? My soul, when a woman sees two other women waltzing together, she feels like breaking out into sympathetic sobs on the spot. What does a girl care for poetry, or taking walks, or playing golf if she has to do it with another petticoat? She loathes, and hates, and despises them. Of course, sometimes she makes out that she enjoys it, but the pretense is so hollow you can hear it rattle if you get within earshot of it.

"I tell you the great, crying need of this day is for plenty of summer beaus, ——" but at this point Miss Henrietta interrupted her soliloquy with a gasp, for a bright and daring thought had flashed into her mind. "The people who make fortunes are those who supply a long-felt want," she said solemnly to herself. "Mr. Rockefeller furnished coal-oil to a world that was reading by candles. Mr. Jones supplied boneless codfish. Mr. Smithers, self-cooking breakfast food. All are multimillionaires. Why shouldn't I become rich by supplying beaus to the beauless summer girls who want partners to dance with, and men to flirt with, and who have fathers able to pay for all such luxuries?"

All winter the idea germinated in Miss Henrietta's mind. The more she thought of it the better it looked to her, and spring found her with her plans perfected and ready to be carried into execution. Accordingly, one day early in May, she presented herself in the office of the president of a small eastern college that is much patronized by ambitious young men who work their way through school by going west to harvest grain, or by becoming waiters and porters at summer resorts during their vacations. Miss Henrietta considered it neither expedient nor necessary to confide her scheme to the president. She merely stated that she proposed to employ some young men for the summer, that she was prepared to pay good salaries, and that the work she wished done was light, honest, and honorable, and entirely aboveboard.

"I want," she said, "twenty young men. They must be of good character, good looking, with good figures and pleasing address. One of them must have shown some proficiency in the elocution class, and be able to read aloud agreeably, and I should prefer that the rest be men who have taken part in college athletics, and understand outdoor games and sports, though I would be willing to waive this last consideration in favor of a serious young man who dotes on Ibsen and has views on the Higher Life."

The president, although somewhat mystified, supplied Miss Henrietta with the names of a number of young men who were paying their own way through school, and that night they assembled in her room at the hotel and listened while she unfolded her plans.

"I simply wish you to do for pay," she said, "precisely what the majority of you would do for fun, if you had the money. If you accept my offer I'll give you a salary, provide you with the necessary clothes, and pay your expenses at a summer hotel, and in return I shall expect you to promenade up and down the gallery, golf, dance, play tennis, read poetry, walk, ride, or boat with some designated young woman—and even make love to her, if it is desired. There will be nothing dishonorable in your atten-

tions, for the girl and her chaperon will have first arranged the matter with me, and will know that your 'Oh, Promise Me,' is no more personal than when a paid singer warbles such sentiment over the footlights. I think you will understand the matter more clearly if you will read the little price-list that I have arranged for confidential distribution, and that I will privately slip into the proper hands."

Thereupon Miss Henrietta gave to each of the young men a little typewritten slip which read as follows:

THE SUMMER BEAU CO., LIMITED.
(Private and Confidential.)

Conversation and general attentions from blond young man, Gibson type, or from dark young man, with black mustache (choice) .....per hr.	$1.00
Promenade up and down gallery of hotel (do. men, choice)...per trip	.25
Dancing, walzes (with assorted men) each dance.....	.50
Three for $1. Whole evening.	5.00
Boating (escort in white flannels) .....per hr.	1.50
Golf (chaperon to furnish highballs).....per hr.	1.50
Reading poetry under trees, Kipling.....per hr.	.75
Reading poetry under trees, Swinburne.....per hr.	1.00
Reading poetry under trees, Browning.....per hr.	2.50
Moonlight stroll (with appropriate line of talk).....per hr.	2.00
Flagging mountain (with athletic youth in knickerbockers)...per hr.	1.75
Mild flirtation .....per wk.	25.00
Pronounced flirtation...per wk.	50.00
Mad infatuation.....per wk.	75.00
Steady, effective devotion (guaranteed to make other girls envious) .....per wk	80.00
Assorted variety of beaus (enough to produce reputation of being a belle).....per wk.	100.00

Football heroes, slightly advanced rates. Fifty per cent. discount on attentions of men over fifty and under twenty years of age.

Absolute secrecy assured.

Under the personal direction of Miss Henrietta Renshaw.

After having perused Miss Henrietta's little explanatory price-list the young men looked at one another with doubt and hesitation in their faces.

"It seems so odd and unusual," said one.

"It is unusual," admitted Miss Henrietta, "but everything is unusual when it is new."

"I don't know about making love to a girl by schedule," objected another.

"It is much less laborious work than cutting wheat on a Kansas farm," returned Miss Henrietta suavely, "and I should think that it would be much more agreeable to make goo-goo eyes across a hotel table than to stand behind a chair and wait on her."

"But," put in a third, "won't we be objects of derision? Won't everybody know when we are giving a girl a rush that we are not doing it because we are infatuated with her but because we are paid to do it?"

"Set your mind at rest upon that score," Miss Henrietta declared with conviction, "because there are two things no woman ever tells anybody. One is her age; the other is the means she uses to secure a man's attentions."

"All right, then, we'll go," cried the young men with fervor.

The bargain thus happily concluded, Miss Henrietta made an appointment to meet them the middle of June in New York, at a fashionable tailor's where she would arrange to provide them with suitable wardrobes for the summer campaign. "For," said she, "even more than in her own adornment, a woman takes pride in the smart attire of the man with whom she is seen in public. More men have won women by the cut of their coats than ever did by their intelligence or morals."

From the first Miss Henrietta's scheme worked perfectly, and The Summer Beau Company, Ltd., was a great, if unheralded, success from its very inception. The young men, handsome, agreeable, attentive, all apparently devoted to ladies' society and all—wonderful to tell—dancing men, created a sensation at the hotel where they had descended like heaven-sent manna. Nor did the miracle stop there. Many a girl who had been languishing, a forlorn wallflower, suddenly burst into bloom as a belle immediately following a twilight stroll that her mother took

with Miss Henrietta, but the onlookers were too dull to put two and two together, and trace effect from cause.

Absolute silence reigned supreme concerning Miss Henrietta's financial and philanthropic little scheme. No girl lacked for attentions. The ballroom was thronged every night. Never had the hotel known so gay and full a season. And Miss Henrietta remitted checks to her bankers that made their eyes bulge.

It was while everything was at this high tide of prosperity that she had her attention arrested one morning by a moody and discontented young woman, whom she encountered sitting on a bench in a lonely part of the grounds near a bluff that was celebrated as the identical Lover's Leap from which an Indian maiden had hurled herself to death when forsaken by her lover. The girl was known to Miss Henrietta as Louise Alliway, the daughter of a western millionaire. She and her mother had been at the Springs for something like two weeks, and, from the first, Miss Henrietta had been attracted to her by her beauty and grace, and by something wistful and sad in her face that did not accord with her youth and all the gifts that fortune had showered upon her.

Miss Henrietta, skilled in reading character and in deducing conclusions from a fitting expression, saw that the girl was fighting with herself some battle of love, or pride, or ambition, and that some days the victory veered one way, and some, another. It was, therefore, with some hesitation that she delicately and tactfully broached the subject of The Summer Beau Company, Ltd., and gently insinuated that Miss Alliway might find that the society of the agreeable young men on her staff would relieve the ennui from which the young lady seemed to be suffering.

"One must be amused on a summer vacation, you know, my dear," she concluded lamely.

At her first words the girl had flushed crimson with indignation, and her lips trembled with scorn, but before Miss Henrietta concluded her halting speech a queer look of sudden determination leaped into her eyes.

"I will take it all," she cried fiercely. "I will pay you a hundred dollars a week to be made a belle, and if you will guarantee to make me so howlingly popular that nobody else—no other man that may come to the Springs—can get within a mile of me, I will give you three hundred—four hundred—five—anything you want."

"Done!" exclaimed Miss Henrietta.

"But why? You are not a girl who cares a fig for the common, vulgar, everyday admiration of every Tom, Dick, and Harry."

"I have a reason," replied Louise Alliway seriously, "and it's a man. Perhaps I shouldn't tell you such a story as mine, but I need you to help me play the game, ad so I am going to make a clean breast of it.

"I am engaged to a man named Dick Burton. I have been engaged to him ever since we were children. It's one of those family affairs that are such suitable matches they never come off. Our fathers are business partners; our mothers are intimate friends. Dick and I have been brought up in the same religion and politics and with the same taste in pie, and it has always been understood that when we grew up we would consolidate the money and social prestige of the two families by marrying, and thus keep everything in the firm, so to speak.

"We have always known that we were destined to marry each other and that we would do it eventually, but its being so settled somehow seemed to take the snap and interest out of it—at least for Dicky. He knew that he could have me any time he wanted me, and it made him feel that he needn't be in any hurry to foreclose his mortgage. Of course it looks like he isn't very madly in love with me, but I believe that he cares more for me than he realizes himself. It's just my misfortune that I have been sort of thrust on him, you know, and there was no difficulty in the way. It's like having the cooky-jar always standing around where you can reach it too easily. It palls on your palate.

"But I—I—I love him. Yes; with all my heart and soul, and so I have been hanging around waiting for him to come and take me, always ready to see him, happy when he noticed me, miserable when he forgot me, and eager to forgive him when he said he was sorry for neglecting me.

"At last I couldn't stand it any longer. My pride wouldn't let me. I made up my mind that I would go away from him, and leave him if it killed me to do it. And I made mama bring me here, where he couldn't drop in on me when he had nothing else to do, and have me study his moods to soothe him when other people had provoked him. I determined that the next move, if there was any next, should be made by him.

"And it has. When he found that I had gone without weeping at leaving him, or making him promise to write to me every day, he seemed surprised. When the days passed without me, he began to miss me, and for the first time in his life, instead of dictating a line to his typewriter, he has written me long letters with his own hand. I haven't answered a one, though I have had to wear gloves to keep from doing it. I made mama drop him a note, and lie gloriously in it. She told him that I was having such a hilarious time that I didn't have a minute to myself, but that I was happy and well. The result came this morning. He wired me that he will be here to-night.

"You see? It's a poor trick, but when he comes I want him to find me so surrounded with men that are apparently clamoring for my hand that he will feel that he has got to snatch me away from them or lose me. It's my last throw, and I am going to save my heart, or my self-respect—one or the other."

"I am with you, and it's a go," cried Miss Henrietta in a voice that united the certainty of one who can deliver the goods with the sympathy of a sister woman. "You'll win out, or else The Summer Beau Company goes into bankruptcy and shuts up shop."

She was as good as her word. In an hour every man belonging to her staff had been detailed to special duty about Miss Alliway, and urged to fervor of effort, and when Mr. Richard Burton arrived, prepared to monopolize his fiancee's society as of yore, he found himself checkmated at every turn. Did he propose a stroll to her, she was so sorry, but a young gentleman who was a sartorial vision was even then coming up the walk to accompany her to a leafy dell on the other side of the mountain. Did he challenge her to a game of tennis, she couldn't accept, because a youth in a dream of a blazer was awaiting her on the court. Talk to him? Miss Alliway declared she was desolated that she couldn't give him even a minute just then, but Mr. Percival Percy was going to finish reading his love-sonnets to her under the trees.

"I'd like to ask you to join us, Dick," she said, "for Percy—Mr. Percival I mean—reads so divinely; but three's sort of a crowd, isn't it, when a poet is reading his own poems? Poetry is so personal."

"Don't mention it. Nothing would induce me to intrude," returned Dick huffily, and Miss Alliway sailed serenely off, a cheerful light in her eyes.

Matters did not improve when Dick found that night that instead of choosing among her dances, as he was accustomed to do, she had not reserved him a single one. Before the hop opened every dance, and every possible extra, was engaged, and he had no choice but to stand around and watch her floating off in the arms of various immaculate-looking young men.

"Hang it all, Lu," he cried at last furiously to her, "I don't like it. I can't get in a word with you edgeways, and here we are engaged and as good as married, almost."

"Not at all," returned Miss Alliway serenely, "and while I have my freedom I intend to enjoy it."

"Well," replied Mr. Burton with heavy emphasis, "you'll have it for a mighty short time, for you have got to marry me next week. I guess that I am man enough to take care of my own," he added with grim emphasis,

"and if you think that I am going to let any of these measly, little tailor's dummies win you away from me, you have got another guess coming to you, that's all."

Miss Alliway coyly objected, but Mr. Burton was firm, and in the end she allowed herself to be persuaded to return west with him to prepare for a hasty wedding, and as the train thundered toward the setting sun the happy bridegroom-elect congratulated himself upon having snatched the belle of the Springs away from her suitors.

Three months later Miss Alliway's fond and indulgent papa, auditing the expense account of his daughter's wedding, came upon a canceled check for five hundred dollars made payable to the order of Miss Henrietta Renshaw.

"My dear," he said to beaming Mrs. Burton, who had just dropped into his office in her bridal finery to pay him a morning call, "my dear, what was that for?"

"That," replied the former Miss Alliway, with a twinkle in her eye, "that was for value received."

"Who Laughs Last"

By Margaret Cameron in Harper's Monthly

EARLIER in the day, when the accidental overturning of an inkwell in King's office had resulted in a liberal bespattering of Oakley's trousers, King had insisted that his own tailor should repair the damage.

"Fiddlesticks!" he had replied to his friend's arguments in favor of the hotel valet. "My man's absolutely reliable. He'll get your things back to you on time, he won't rot the cloth with acids—and he won't rob you, which is more than can be said of any hotel tailor that I ever heard of. "James"—to a boy—"telephone to—oh, what's-his-name! You know; my tailor—and tell him to send to The Caravansary to-night, at half after six, for Mr. Oakley's trousers. He is to take out these spots—tell him the stains are ink—and return them—When do you want them, Ned? Any time to-morrow will do, James."

So it was that when Oakley reached his hotel that evening, somewhat later than he had anticipated, he found the tailor's boy awaiting his arrival. He handed the damaged garment from behind a narrowly opened door to the messenger, and serenely went about dressing.

He was in good spirits. Not only was the business that had brought him to New York moving smoothly, but he thought he detected evidences of an undercurrent favorable to his plans. For one thing, Mr. Haslett's letter asking him to meet Mrs. Haslett at Jersey City that night and take her across town to the Grand Central Station, while unimportant in itself, was not insignificant, for Warren Haslett was not a man to incur any obligation, however slight, unless he had definite plans for discharging it, and this was not the first time he had indicated a friendly confidence in Ned Oakley, although, as their social acquaintance was slight, he had never before asked service of so personal a nature.

It was well known that Mr. Haslett was ever on the alert to find energetic and able young men for his business, and rumors had recently reached Oakley that there was soon to be a vacancy in the New York office—one which he felt himself qualified to fill; hence it was not strange that his head should be full of speculations as to a possible connection between these facts and the increasing favor shown him by the older man. He was smiling tenderly at the vision, back of all these hopes and plans, of Alice's face when he should tell her—if he should

tell her—that they were to live in New York, when the telephone bell rang.

"Baltimore wants you," said the operator, and a moment later a man's voice inquired: "That you, Oakley? This is Warren Haslett. Did you get my letter to-day?"

"Yes. I ought to have wired you that I did."

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't expect it. But for some reason I felt a little uneasy, and thought I'd call you up to make sure. You can go conveniently, I hope?"

"Oh, perfectly! Delighted."

"I feared you might have an engagement for dinner or for the evening."

"No; I'm entirely free to-night. Even if I were not, I should have been glad to change my plans so that I might be of service to Mrs. Haslett."

"Thank you. It's all right, then?"

"Yes. I shall start for Jersey City in a few minutes."

"Ah, that's good. How's the weather?"

"Rainy, and growing colder."

"Is it? That's bad! Mrs. Haslett has not been entirely well recently If her train should happen to be late—"

"Be perfectly sure that I shall be there, whatever the hour."

"Ah, thank you, Oakley. Don't let her get chilled. Good night."

"I'll look after her, sir—and thanks for the opportunity. Good night."

Still smiling, Oakley went to his suit case, which he had not fully unpacked. Contrary to his custom and against Alice's advice, he had brought no trunk, as this was to be purely a business trip, and a hurried one at that; and because she had failed to give him everything he had needed on a previous journey, he had humorously insisted upon doing his own packing this time.

He ran his fingers down at one end of his suit case and turned the contents back, without discovering the trousers he sought. Similar tactics brought no better result at the other end. Somewhat hurriedly, his smile fading, he pulled up what lay in the middle, disarranging smooth layers of shirts and underwear. No trousers. He stared in perplexity. He knew they had been there, for he had packed them himself. He distinctly remembered also that he had not unpacked them, thinking that, lying as they did at the bottom of the suit case they would keep their creases and be in good condition when he should need them.

Then it occurred to him that possibly the chambermaid, in an excess of zeal, had taken them out and hung them in the wardrobe. He flung open the doors, to be confronted by rows of empty hooks, save where his pajamas drooped in the centre. Springing back to the suit case, he dug into its contents, tossing shirts, socks, collars, and underwear recklessly in all directions, until he reached the clean leather bottom.

He rang for the chambermaid, and when she tapped at his door, furiously demanded through a crack, "Where are my trousers?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I say where are my trousers! What have you done with them?"

"I, sir? No, sir. I ain't seen no trousers, sir."

"Well, I certainly had an extra pair here, and they're gone. Now—"

"Perhaps the valet would know."

"That's right! Perhaps he would. Send him here, will you? Quick, please."

As the woman scurried down the hall Oakley slammed the door and returned to the wardrobe, to find the pajamas still hanging solitary and limp. Helplessly surveying the room, his glance fell on the long drawers of the dresser, and within thirty seconds every drawer in the room, large and small, had been jerked open, disclosing emptiness.

Taking down the telephone receiver, he urged, as the operator responded:

"Say! can't you hurry up that valet a little? I'm in a dev—I'm in a very great hurry . . . Yes, of course I sent for him! . . . . Yes, please."

Once more he opened the wardrobe, this time briskly shaking the meek pajamas, to make sure the er-

rant trousers were not hiding behind their folds; once more he found disappointment waiting in every drawer. He looked behind the door in the bath room and under the bed, and was engaged in dragging the divan away from the wall, when the valet rapped

"Did you bring my trousers?" demanded Oakley, opening the door a crack.

"Trousers? No, sir. Did you send them down?"

"Holy Moses! No! I didn't send them down! But somebody took them,



"Is that the best you can do?" he demanded.

and I want them—want them quick, too! Understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—when did you send them, sir?"

"I didn't send them, I tell you! I left them there in my suit case, and they're gone."

"Yes, sir. Perhaps the chambermaid—"

"Now, look here; I've had about enough of this! I don't know who took them, and I don't care. I know there was a pair of trousers in that suit case, and they're not in the room now. I want them. Great Scott! I've got to have them! I'm to meet a lady at 7.53 in Jersey City, and I've no time to lose. Now, you hustle!"

"Yes, sir. I'll ask the chambermaid—"

"I asked the chambermaid! Do you mean to say you didn't—"

"No, sir, I never take a gentleman's things, sir, unless they're left for me. You're sure they're not in the room?"

"Well, if they are, I can't find them. Come in and see if you can." He flung the door open with one hand and reached for the telephone with the other. "Give me the desk, and hurry up," he said. "That the desk? Well, there's a pair of trousers missing from room 637. The valet says he hasn't seen them, and the chambermaid says she hasn't seen them. Now, is there anybody else in this hotel who— What? . . . No, he's here now, hunting for them, but they're not here. . . She says not. . . That's all very well, but I can't wait for any deliberate official investigations. I want those trousers and I want them now! . . . All right. Come up, if you want to, but hustle! I've got to catch a train."

He crossed the room to where his watch lay on the dresser and glanced at it. "You've got exactly twenty minutes in which to produce the trousers and get me out of this hotel," he announced. "I've got to take the 7.25 boat from Twenty-third Street —understand?—and things'll break if I miss it."

"Would it be possible, sir, if you're in a hurry, to wear another pair?"

"That's it! I haven't any other pair!" Then, seeing the man's amazed glance, he added, "I mean—of course, I have another pair, but I sent them out, about half an hour ago, to a tailor."

"Yes, sir. Would it be possible for us to send to the tailor—"

"Why, of course! Send a boy, and tell him I'll pay for speed."

"Yes, sir. Where shall we send, sir?"

An expression of utter blankness settled upon Oakley's face.

"Good Lord! I—don't—know!"

"You don't know the address? But the name, sir?" anxiously persisted the valet.

"I don't know that either. My friend King recommended him. He's his tailor. He telephoned—"

"Yes, sir; but your friend? Mr. King? We can telephone him—"

"I don't know where King lives. He's in one of those up-town apartment houses, and his name's not in the telephone book. I heard him say so to-day. Isn't that the very devil!"

One of the clerks arrived at that moment, and the situation was explained to him afresh. He was polite, even deferential, to Oakley, and searchingly questioned the valet, the chambermaid, and Boots.

"Of course I'm sure I brought them," blazed Oakley, in response to a diplomatic suggestion. "What do you take me for? Haven't I told you I packed them myself? I left them in that—By George!"

In that instant he had remembered the mystifying postscript of a letter he had received from Alice that morning. Failing to grasp its meaning at once, he had dismissed it from his mind, intending to study it out when the claims of business were less pressing. Now he went to his coat and got the letter.

"Doubtless by this time you have discovered that it is your treat," he read. "I wear a five and three-quarters glove, you know, and I like them long. I have been told that trousers can be kept in fairly good condition without pressing if one places them carefully between the mattresses every night. 'It is to laugh!' Ha, ha!"

He stared at the words, incredulously rereading them, and Alice's dancing eyes and mischievous mouth mocked him from every space. It will be remembered that he had insisted upon packing that suit case himself.

The clerk protested that he was very sorry; he would do his best to find the missing garments; the affair was most unfortunate and incomprehensible; such a thing had never happened before in the history of the hotel.

"Never mind. I guess I've found the solution. It's on me, all right." Oakley laughed rather sheepishly. "I thought I packed them—but I didn't. Another case of 'You never can tell.' Now, see here. I'm in a deuce of a hole. Help me out, will you? I'm pledged to meet a lady in Jersey City at 7.53. I've got to meet her, that's all there is about it! And I must have a pair of trousers in ten minutes. Now, what can you do?"

Really, the clerk and the valet didn't know. They recognized that the situation was awkward, and while they were in no sense responsible for it, they would cheerfully do anything in their power to be of service.

"Thank you. That's very nice—but it isn't trousers," said Oakley. "How far is it to the nearest clothier's? Can't you send—"

"No use. Every shop is closed at this hour."

"Borrow a pair for me."

"Impossible, sir!"

"Nothing's impossible! Man alive, I can't go this way! There must be somebody in this hotel who has extra trousers about. Borrow some. Steal them, if you must, but get them!"

"Couldn't we send some one else to meet the lady? It could be explained that you are ill, or—"

"No it couldn't, for I telephoned the lady's husband, not half an hour ago, that I would certainly meet her. Important matters—business affairs, understand?—hang on my keeping this appointment. Can't you see that it's serious? Do something!"

The little clerk looked up at Oakley, towering above him, and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you were of an average size, it might be possible, but—"

"Well, I'm not of an average size. I'm six feet two and weigh two hundred and forty-seven. There's a man down at the end of this corridor who's as big as I am. Go and get—"

"Impossible! Quite impossible!"

"Well, do something!"

The clerk and the valet departed, and Oakley charged about the room, raging and impotent. Even had he been willing to lie, a plea of sudden illness would have been an obvious

artifice from a man of his invariable health, and he felt that to confess the truth—the idiotic, humiliating truth—to Warren Haslett would be deliberately to brand himself as an irresponsible fool and to lose a great part of the confidence he had won. For his own part, he could take his medicine; when a man makes an ass of himself, he deserves to eat husks, but Alice—The tender vision-face of his wife grew wistful as his air-castles tottered over their shaking foundations, and he savagely struck his fist against a window-casing.



"No, Sir. I ain't seen 'em, Sir."

Then he sat on the edge of the bed, regarded his trouserless legs, and gave way to peals of sardonic laughter. After which he fell again walking the floor, muttering execrations upon his own carelessness.

The valet rapped sharply and entered, a pair of dark trousers over his arm.

"I know they're too small, sir," he admitted, as Oakley seized them hopefully and held them up in derisive despair, "but they're all I can get. They belong to the clerk. We thought perhaps—would you be willing to try them on, sir?"

Oakley struggled into the garments, which not only refused to reach his waist, but rose to a point midway between his knee and his ankle at the bottom.

"Is that the best you can do?" he demanded.

"The very best, sir. I have some trousers down in the pressing-room, and while it would be as much as my position is worth to let you have any of them I—I went to see, sir. But it was no use. The gentlemen all seem to be small. These are the best I could get."

Oakley was looking fixedly on his long ulster, hanging on the rack, and fantastic schemes were forming in his brain. After all, it would be only to cross town in a cab, and perhaps to spend a few minutes in the waiting rooms at the stations.

"You're sure these belong to the clerk?" he questioned. "I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Yes, sir. He said if these were of any use to you, sir, you were welcome to them."

"Is it still raining?"

"Yes, sir."

"Windy?"

"No, sir."

"Good. Go and get some pins. Get plenty of them. Safety pins, if possible. Hustle! There's no time to lose now."

With his knife Oakley cut off the legs of the clerk's trousers well above the knee, and when the valet returned he found his patron completely dressed in the coat and waistcoat of his business suit and the nether garments of his pajamas.

"Here we are," said Oakley, pulling on one of the severed cheviot legs. "Just you pin that good and tight where it ought to go to look right from the bottom, will you? That's all right. Long enough? Got it fastened firmly? Good! Now the other one . . . So! Now give me that ulster. Button it down the back there as far as you can. You might pin it, so it won't flap apart. I sha'n't want

to walk much. . . . There! That covers perfectly, doesn't it?"

Standing in the long, heavy storm-coat, closely buttoned, only a few inches of the trousers bottoms showing below it, there was nothing in his appearance to suggest that his attire was not wholly conventional.

"Yes, sir. That'll be all right if you're very careful."

"Oh, I'll be careful! Don't you worry about that!" He handed the man a generous tip. "Tell the clerk I'll see him later, and have a cab ready for me by the time I get downstairs, will you?"

He looked at his watch and found he had three minutes to spare.

"Hah! 'It is to laugh!'" he remarked triumphantly smiling back at Alice, as the cab started for the Twenty-third Street Ferry.

Mrs. Haslett's train was on time, and Oakley was glad to find that, although he had met her only twice, he recognized her immediately. She came toward him, erect, alert, smiling, and protesting that it was an imposition to bring any one across the river on such a night, to which he naturally responded that he found it only a pleasure. She added that she would have forbidden Mr. Haslett to make the arrangement, if—aside from the pleasure of being met and cared for—she had not wished to renew and extend her acquaintance with Mr. Oakley, of whom she had recently heard her husband speak so often and so pleasantly. Remembering Mr. Haslett's confidence in his wife's judgment of men, Oakley hitched his ulster closer about his knees and mentally congratulated himself that he had not let this chance escape him, while Alice's face smiled approval from the background of his thoughts.

From this auspicous beginning the conversation proceeded delightfully, his own ease and pleasure in it convincing Oakley that he was making the good impression he desired. Mrs. Haslett's information and interests were wide, her preceptions keen, and she had the tact born of extensive social experience. He knew that she was skilfully drawing him out, and he knew also that he was giving her his excellent best in response. Nevertheless, he was entirely unprepared for the next move in the game.

When they had almost reached the New York side he glanced at his watch between phrases, and parenthetically assured her that they had ample time to get across town before the departure of her train for Stamford.

"I hope meeting me has not disarranged your plans?" she tentatively inquired.

"On the contrary, it gave the evening a purpose which it had otherwise lacked."

"But—of course you have dined?"

"Not yet."

"Really?" Her face brightened. "Then I have less hesitation about exercising the privilege conferred by white hair and asking you to take me somewhere to dinner. Will you?"

"Why—of course—I shall be delighted," stammered he, instinctively wrapping closer the enfolding skirts of the ulster, "but—your train?"

"Well, that's part of it—though a small part. Perhaps Mr. Haslett's told you I am on my way to Boston, where I must be to-morrow; but because I couldn't leave Baltimore until late this afternoon, and didn't care to spend the night in New York, I decided to go on to my sister's in Stamford, taking an early train from there in the morning. On the way up it occurred to me that if I cared to stay in New York this evening, I might simplify matters somewhat by taking the midnight train, which would give me a fair night's, sleep, and enable me to reach Boston early in the morning. I resolved not to suggest this, however, unless we got on well. I'm a very selfish old person, and I like to be entertained. But if you have other plans"—her quick glance read his face, which he was unable entirely to control—"you must not let me interfere with them in the least."

A faint gleam of hope was instantly extinguished.

"No. Oh no," he said, trying to force cordiality into his tone, while his mind seethed in an effort to arrive

at a quick solution. "I have no other plans at all. I told Mr. Haslett that my evening was entirely free. It's very good of you to give me this opportunity. It's a great pleasure, I assure you—and an honor. Of course"—another gleam of hope—"you will let me take you first to a hotel."

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she replied. "I suggest that we drive to the Grand Central, engage my berth, leave my bag, telegraph to my sister, and then go directly to dinner. Why not?"

"But—I fear you may be overtired. Mr. Haslett telephoned that you had not been well, and—" Her light laugh interrupted him.

"Did he? How like Warren! I had two days of headache last week, and in consequence he'll insist upon coddling me for a month. I am perfectly well, and really quite eager for our gay little adventure. Let's lose no time."

At that moment, to effect Mr. Haslett's adherence to her original purpose, Oakley would cheerfully have been accounted the dullest of bores, but perception had come too late. Vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself, and he had now no choice but to satisfy the lady's appetite for more of his agreeable society. He could never afterward remember what they talked about on the way across town, but by the time they reached the Grand Central Station his resolution was taken. Confession and explanation were out of the question with this woman, back of whose gracious and kindly manner one perceived always a certain stateliness of bearing, no more to be ignored than it was to be deliberately affronted. Having shouldered the undertaking, he must carry it on, leaving its outcome on the knees of the gods, who had thus far included him in the protection extended to children, drunkards, and fools.

Arrived at the station, Mrs. Haslett remained in the cab, while he sent her telegram, engaged her berth, and left her bag to be called for, pocketing the check. He looked over the great waiting room with some vague idea of assaulting any big man he might see and demanding his trousers or his life, but a monotonous average in the size of the men left the thought still embryonic.

When the cab was again on its way, he said:

"Since we are neither of us in gala attire, I have told the man to drive to a rather out-of-the-way restaurant that I know, where the cooking is excellent and the rooms quiet. I hope you'll not find it stupid."

"I shall find it delightful," she graciously declared.

Oakley bade the cabman wait and was given the customary carriage check. In the restaurant, he chose a corner table, and himself took the corner chair, where he attempted for the first time a feat that he had often seen women perform. Seating himself in his ulster, he unfastened all but the two lower buttons, and, with the waiter's help, wriggled out of the shoulders, keeping the skirts about his legs the while. When the man would have taken the coat away, he objected, and then, unable entirely to ignore the surprise in Mrs. Haslett's glance, he added, rather lamely:

"With your permission, I'll keep this about me, Mrs. Haslett. Don't you find it chilly here? I seem to be shivering."

Which, in a sense, was true. He was shivering. His companion, however, was alarmed lest he had taken a cold, and solicitously insisted upon his drinking a cocktail, to ward off possible evil effects from exposure to the rain. With the ulster firmly wrapped about his legs, and the tablecloth pulled over it as an additional screen, Oakley, in his corner, felt reasonably safe for the moment, and so began what proved to be a long and a merry and a memorable dinner.

They constantly discovered fresh points of common interest, and again Oakley congratulated himself that he had not permitted appearances to frighten him out of attempting the seemingly impossible. Over the coffee they grew confidential. She told him of the boy she had lost, and he showed her the two pictures of Alice which he always carried, and touched lightly

upon his desire to bring his wife back to New York, where her girlhood had been spent.

Mrs. Haslett talked of her husband, of his contemplated gradual retirement from active business, and of his search for men in whose hands he could eventually safely place his affairs. Finally she spoke frankly of Oakley himself, and of Mr. Haslett's interest in him.

"He tells me," she said, "that you have three of the four qualifications which he thinks essential for a successful business man. You have imagination, which stands for originality, and resource, and initiative; you have dignity—perhaps poise is the better word; and you are absolutely truthful. If you prove also to have good judgment, there is no reason why your future should not be very bright."

Oakley flushed slightly as he replied, "I can't tell you how highly I value Mr. Haslett's good opinion."

"Well, you have it. This is very direct, but I think it sometimes helps to know these things. He particularly admires your truthfulness. He told me recently that he had seen you in some embarrassing crisis, where the average man would have sought refuge at least in evasion, and that, to his delight, you were absolutely frank and open. We believe—he and I—that in the end truth must always prevail, and I thought you might like to know that yours had not been fruitless."

"Thank you. I don't like to lie," said he, simply.

The talk drifted on to other things, but Oakley's spirit was jubilant, and the radiance had returned to the hovering vision of his wife. There was a moment of embarrassment, to be sure, when the bill was presented and he absently felt for the bill-book in his hip pocket, but his false motion was not noticed. He wriggled back into his ulster without attracting particular attention, and followed Mrs. Haslett to the door, devoutly thankful that his last ordeal was over and that ahead there lay only the plainest of sailing.

Looking out from the glassed vestibule, they discovered that it had turned colder, and that the rain, freezing as it fell, had made of the streets and sidewalks smooth sheets of ice. The porter had gone a few steps down the street, where he stood chatting with a policeman and watching the reharnessing of a horse that had fallen.

"If you'll wait here a moment," said Oakley, "I'll get the cab and return to help you down."

He failed at first to attract the porter's attention, and had carefully descended the icy steps before the man saw him and hastened forward to get the carriage check. As Oakley turned to go back, a careless, hurrying messenger boy jostled him. Oakley slipped, staggered, flung out a foot in a vain effort to retain his balance, and went down heavily. The boy, instinctively seizing the only thing within reach, which happened to be the flying skirt of the long ulster, slid on a foot or two, plunging, and also fell, peeling the coat up over Oakley's unprotected legs as the husk is torn from an ear of corn, the detaining buttons yielding to superior force. A brilliant electric sign lighted the scene perfectly, and as Oakley sat up and dragged the coat again over his blue and white pajamas, he was conscious of but one thing—that was the frozen horror in Mrs. Haslett's face as she watched him from the vestibule. The next instant the policeman twisted a hand in his collar and jerked him roughly to his feet.

"You're a nice one, you are!" exclaimed that functionary, severely. "Making an exhibition of yourself in the public streets! You come along with me."

"Don't overstep your authority, officer," suggested Oakley, brushing himself off and twitching his clothes into place. "I'm not liable to arrest."

"Y'ain't? Huh! Don't you try any funny business with me. I saw ye!"

"Since when has it been a crime for a man to lose his balance?"

"That's all right. Disorderly con-

duct for yours! I tell ye I sawe ye! You come along without any back talk, now." Then, as his glance caught Mrs. Haslett, he added, "That woman with you?"

"No," said Oakley.

"H'mph! You were calling a cab. I'll be bound there's a pair of ye!" Keeping his hold on his prisoner, he imperatively beckoned to Mrs. Haslett, who reluctantly approached, assisted by the porter. She was very pale, and the kindly glow was gone from her eyes, leaving them cold and steely.

Oakley's mind was working rapidly, and he covertly extracted a roll of bills from his pocket and kept them in his hand, althought, as he watched the policeman, he decided not to attempt that sort of thing with him. The man was obviously a powerful and unreasoning machine that nothing short of political influence could stop in mid-career.

"Do you know this man?" demanded the officer of Mrs. Haslett.

"I've already told you that the lady is not with me," glibly interposed Oakley before she could reply. "I never saw her before."

"That'll do from you," said the policeman. "He was calling your carriage, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Certainly I was." Again Oakley took up the narrative. "Now, just listen a minute. I was standing in the vestibule when this lady came out of the restaurant, and from my being there—and perhaps from my long coat—I suppose she took me to be the porter, who was yonder, talking to you. At any rate, she handed me her carriage check, and I brought it down and gave it to the porter here, as any man would have done in the circumstances. That's all there is to it. I repeat, I do not know the lady. I never saw her before, and I'm very sorry to be the cause of even a moment of embarrassment to her."

Stealing a glance at her, he was convinced that his ready lying had destroyed whatever might have remained of her regard for him after the revelations of his tumble; and yet, he must at any cost prevent her being drawn further into this dilemma.

"H'm! You're a smooth one!" commented the skeptical policeman, who had been watching Mrs. Haslett's face. "Did they come together?" he asked the porter.

As yet uncertain of the denomination of a bill slipped into his fingers while the policeman studied Mrs. Haslett, the porter merely said he didn't remember.

At that moment their cab drove up, and the officer turned to the driver.

"Cabby," said he, "ye brought these two here together, didn't ye?"

With the hand farthest from the policeman Oakley displayed a ten-dollar bill, crushed it, dropped it, and set his foot on it.

"No, sir," intelligently replied the cabman. "I brought the lady alone. I got her at Twenty-third Street, drove her to the Grand Central, and then here. She told me to wait."

"Ye didn't bring the man? No nonsense, now!"

"Naw!" The cabman eyed Oakley disdainfully. "I never seen him before."

"H'm!" said the policeman. "All right. There's something queer about this—but you can go." He nodded to Mrs. Haslett. "I guess you're all right. You just made a mistake in your man."

"Yes," she said. "Evidently I made a mistake in my man. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I don't know," affably rejoined the policeman. "He's a smooth one, and if you hadn't, we might not have caught him."

"That's true, too. Perhaps it's just as well. Good night, officer."

The driver got down from his box to help her into the cab, and before remounted he stooped to pick up something from the sidewalk where Oakley had stood.

On the way to the station-house the prisoner's reflections were of the gloomiest, and presently the one ray of comfort remaining to him—the consciousness that Mrs. Haslett was on her way, uninvolved and unhindered—was swallowed by the black re-

collection that he had in his pocket the check, without which she would have great difficulty in getting her bag. And she would have little time to spare. He started up, saw the answering movement of the policeman guarding the open end of the patrol wagon, and settled back hopelessly. He had messed things.

"Name?" indifferently asked the desk-sergeant at the station.

"John Williams." The sergeant glanced at him keenly, but wrote the name.

"Address?"

"Great States Hotel."

"Charge?"

"He's no pants on," said the policeman who had brought him in.

"What!" The sergeant looked up incredulously.

"Now, here!" said Oakley, stepping back to afford a full view of his coated figure. "I look all right, don't I?"

"You certainly do." The sergeant's tone warmed with the appreciation he always gave to physical perfection.

"But his pants ain't real," continued his subordinate. "They're only shams. They don't go much above his knees, Doyle says. He sent him in.

"Well, what of it?" bodly demanded Oakley. "If a man wears a—what you call a 'dicky,' and it gets ripped off him in an accident, you don't arrest him for not wearing a shirt, do you?"

"But pants is different," urged the policeman.

"No, they're not. They just seem different. You say yourself I look all right."

"Have you had an accident?" asked the sergeant, whose black-lashed, blue eyes were beginning to twinkle, although he in no way relaxed the official severity of his manner.

"Accident? No! What I've had is no accident! It's been a regular landslide! And for the love of Heaven, get this over and let me go, or there'll be one more calamity! I'll put up anything you like. There's my money, there's my watch and chain, there's a scarf pin that's valuable, though perhaps it doesn't look it. Take them all as security and give me an hour's freedom. Then I'll come back and you can do anything you like with me. You'll do that, won't you?"

"Is John Williams your name?"

"No, of course it isn't. I'll tell you what my name is, if you like—but I'd rather you wouldn't write it down there," he added, glancing at the book.

"Never mind," said the sergeant. "Go on. Tell your story—and tell it straight."

So Oakley told his story, and he told it straight, suppressing only Mrs. Haslett's name. Moreover, he told it to two Irishmen. It may be added that during the narration official gravity and decorum suffered somewhat.

"There you have it," he finished. "Now take my security and let me go long enough to get that poor woman her bag and start her for Boston. Send me under guard if you like, only give me that much time. Will you?"

"I'll do better than that," declared the sergeant. "D'ye think I've been here so long I don't know an honest man when I see him? Take your stuff, sir. I'll not detain ye. While I'm whistlin' for a cab for ye, Casey here'll take ye upstairs and give ye a pair o' my pants, lest ye fall again, sir. We're about of a size, I think."

Oakley impulsively pulled a bill from the roll already in his hand, and then slowly returned it. A moment later he handed his open cigar case to the sergeant.

"Thank ye, sir, I don't mind if I do. 'Tis a good one, by the smell. Ye can return the pants at yer leisure, sir. Sure, that's all right. 'Tis a pleasure, sir!"

Fortunately the drive to the Grand Central Station was not long, and the horse was not only sure-footed and well shod, but fast.

Mrs. Haslett, whose progress had been much slower, was standing at the parcel counter, her watch in her hand, anxiously aruging with the boy in charge.

"I repeat, I haven't the check," she

said, with some asperity. "The man who has it is—isn't here, and will not be here, and my train is about to go. Here is the key, and if you'll just let me come in there a moment, I'll identify the bag, unlock it, and prove my claim. I simply must have—"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Haslett," interrupted Oakley's deep voice at her elbow. "I'm afraid I have caused you great annoyance. Here's the check."

He handed it to the boy, and looked gravely into her startled eyes.

"I'm afraid you can never forgive me," he continued, "but I'd like to claim the privilege of any prisoner at the bar, and state my case—if you will listen."

"Very well," said she, coldly. "I will listen, but you must be quick."

He gave the bag to a passing porter, and as they walked out to the gates he told the story rapidly and well, omitting no illuminating detail and dwelling on none. He made no plea of good intention, but let the facts speak for themselves, and as he talked he watched her face. Presently little wrinkles appeared at the corners of her eyes, then irresponsible chuckles broke forth, and in the end she was wiping away tears of laughter.

"This closes the statement of the defence," he concluded. "Now I plead guilty and throw myself upon the mercy of the court."

"Well, I dare say the court ought to be very severe," she responded, still laughing, "but—you remember I told you that I was eager for adventure, and you certainly supplied it generously! I haven't been so entertained in years! You've placed me under an obligation that I can never hope to discharge myself, so I see no way out of it except to ask Mr. Haslett to do something very nice for you and that charming wife of yours. Good night."

Oakley stood uncovered as long as she was in sight, and then went slowly out to his cab. Alice's radiant, triumphant face glowed at him from its dusky corners.

"Well, little girl," said he, aloud, "after all, 'it is to laugh!'"

An Accomplished Chairman

Sir William Van Horne, chairman of the Canadian Pacific, began his business career selling oranges on the Illinois Central.

After that he sold books on the Alton. Yet he is one of the most accomplished of the big men of Canada.

He is a connoisseur on art and all things that pertain to it. He is himself a painter of rare ability, and he has fitted up in his house at Montreal a studio where he may be found at work on colors when he is not too busy in "the world of affairs."

He has also the most complete collection of orchids in the country. Six months ago he heard, through his South American agent, of a new variety that grew in the forests of La Plata. He has at present two botanists after that orchid. When he gets it he will be happy for a month.

J. D. Rockefeller on Opportunity in America

Cosmopolitan Magazine

THERE never were greater opportunities for young men in America than are offered here on every side to-day. The older heads of the great industrial enterprises are retiring in favor of younger and fresher blood; and they, in their turn, must give way as time goes by to the third generation that is growing up. Former office boys in the Standard Oil Company are now in charge of important departments. Men who began as laborers in other great industrial concerns have similarly advanced to the front rank. The consolidation of interests has opened up avenues to unlimited success for the poorest boy who will learn to economize and concentrate. Education is also a tremendously important factor—the technical school particularly—in making the upward course of the earnest, willing-to-work young man straight and clear.

"In every way, it appears to me, the boy of to-day enjoys inestimable advantages over the boy of fifty years ago. The whole field of human effort lies open to him. It only remains for him to take advantage of his opportunities. If I were asked to say a word of advice to him, it would be this: Decide upon your course—the thing that you feel yourself most fitted to do—and then go straight ahead and do your best. Be prudent, economical, and honest. Take care of your health; don't despise recreation. Remember that wealth is not everything; and if you make a mistake, bear in mind that to err is human. Don't despair; keep your eye fixed on your goal and keep on trying. A conscientious effort along these lines will inevitably bring success and with it that which is not second in importance—happiness.

"When I was ten years old, I had succeeded in saving some money earned in various boyish ways about my native place. It was only fifty dollars, but a neighbor needed just that amount, and I loaned it to him at seven per cent. interest. At about the same time I was hoeing potatoes for a farmer at thirty-seven and one-half cents a day. Well, at the end of the year I found that the money I had loaned out at interest had earned me three dollars and fifty cents. I took the interest in my hand and by an easy calculation found that it represented almost ten days' labor. From that time onward I determined to make money work for me.

"The very best advice that I can give to any boy or young man is to save. There are glorious opportunities ahead for him; but how can he be ready to take advantage of them unless he has cultivated the habits of economy and prudence? He must save all he can, in season and out of season. That first experience of mine taught me a lesson that I have remembered all my life. It taught me to rely upon myself; it taught me the virtues of self-repression, of prudence, economy, and self-respect. There is no feeling in the world, I think, comparable to that of self-reliance—that ingrained sense of relying upon oneself in every emergency of life, of not having to depend upon anyone, of realizing that all that one has is his by reason of his own efforts. That is true independence.

"Extravagance is our national curse. We make more money in the United States than do the people of any other nation in the world. But we are also more extravagant than any other people. The French are the richest people in the world because they are the most economical. They are economical not only in the matter of money, but in all things. Ride through France, you will scarcely find a foot of arable land that is not under cultivation. They economize their time, their energies, and are lavish only with their opportunities,

with which they can afford to be lavish, for by economy they have prepared to take full advantage of them when they appear.

"But don't conceive the vain notion that wealth is everything. No man has a right to hoard money for the mere pleasure of hoarding. I believe that the gift of money-making is imparted to a man just as the gift of poetry, or sculpture, or the art of healing is given to a man—just as one man is endowed with a genius for mechanics, another for finance, and a third for industrial enterprise. And as each of these gifts is bestowed, so must it be used for the general uplifting of humanity. That is another lesson that should be impressed upon the American youth. To make a selfish use of his opportunities is to defeat the purpose for which they were given him. Every man owes a debt to humanity, and in accordance with the manner in which he discharges that debt will he be judged.

"At the beginning, the boy must look to his health; without health one can do nothing. Health is a blessing that transcends all other earthly things. The man with nothing but good health is rich compared with the man of wealth who has lost his health. Therefore, I would say to the boy who is beginning life and wants to take advantage of all the rich rewards that come from meritorious effort, guard your health. Do not sacrifice it to anything else. Get all the fresh air you can; none of the pastimes of boyhood is to be ignored. I look back upon my fishing and wood-chopping days in Ohio as the happiest of my whole life. Don't grow old before your time. Maintain an interest in life and all living things.

"And then a young man must be both practical and persevering. Don't attempt to do more than you can carry out successfully; but, having taken counsel with yourself, allow nothing to stand in the way of your success, once it is planned wisely. Perseverance is the great thing. The young man who sticks is the one who succeeds. There are innumerable opportunities for the young man who knows just what he wants to do, and will do it with all his strength. Don't let your ambition run away with you. Move slowly but surely. Always obey instructions; you must learn to obey orders before you can hope to give them.

"I would also say to young men, be earnest. Earnestness and sincerity are two of the sign-posts along the road to success. Inspire your employer with confidence in you. It is chiefly to my confidence in men and my ability to inspire their confidence in me that I owe my own success in life.

"Don't be afraid of work. The sturdy, hard-working men make our country great. And don't reach forward too eagerly. One of the great evils of the day is the anxiety of young men to get to the front too rapidly. Lasting successes are those which are carefully, even painfully, built up. Life is not a gamble, and desirable success cannot be won by the turn of a card. Be satisfied with small results at first. Cultivate a due sense of proportion. A man who is engaged as a chauffeur is expected to be a good chauffeur, not a director of a bank or the manager of a railroad. The caddy who attends strictly to business on the golf links and accurately and promptly follows the ball, is more apt to make a success of life than the book-keeper who permits his mind to wander from his books to the work of the superintendent out in the shop.

"The true economy of life, after all, I have found, is to find the man who can do the particular thing you want done, and then leave him to do it unhampered. I have small faith, however, in the man who plans elaborately on paper. I once asked a landscape-gardener to undertake the improvement of two thousand acres of land. He set to work on an elaborate paper scheme which I saw at a glance was impossible. He was not practical. He planned too much on paper.

"Do all the good that you can. Be generous and charitable in your attitude toward your neighbors. It

will cost you nothing, and you will reap a rich reward.

"I have the utmost faith in boys. I must have, for I have the utmost faith in the future of our country. All that is needed is to awaken them to their opportunities, and for this we must depend upon our religious and educational institutions. I think a college education is a splendid thing for a boy; but I would not say that it is absolutely necessary. I hadn't the advantage of a college education; but I had a good mother and an excellent father, and I like to feel that whatever I may have lost through failure to secure a college education I made up through my home training. It is in the home circle that the character of a boy is formed. There he imbibes those principles which will follow him all through life. The home training gives him something that he can never get at college; but at the same time I am not decrying the advantages of a college education, and I would say that wherever it is possible a boy should have it.

"Better than a college education, however, is the training that a boy gets in the technical schools that have sprung up all over the country. This is an age of specialization. There is an unceasing demand on every hand —in the mining industries, the railroads, the industrials, the mills, and the factories—for men with special, technical knowledge that will enable them intelligently to take up the important work that is going on. Here is a great advantage that the boy of fifty years ago didn't enjoy. Now one may enter a school and learn in his youth many of the things that the hardest kind of labor was needed to teach in bygone days. He gets the technical knowledge that enables him to begin a long way ahead of the boy of fifty years ago.

"I am a great believer in the influence of environment on a boy's development. There is much in the old maxim, 'Show me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what kind of a man you are.' The boy who is not careful of his associates will not be careful of anything else. The higher moral tone of the world, for I firmly believe that the world is growing better all the time, is greatly to the advantage of the growing boy now.

"The atmosphere of the farm, I think the history of our famous men has shown, is a great beginning for a man. But it does not follow that a city-bred boy has not equal opportunities. I suppose that, after all, much depends upon the boy himself in this case. But whether born in city or country, a boy must ever be careful to avoid the temptations which beset him, to select carefully his associates and give attention at once to his spiritual side as well as to his his mental and material forces. Religion is one of the great moving forces of the world. No man can neglect its teachings and hope to be a completely rounded out man.

"I deny emphatically the assertion that opportunity has been restricted or individual effort stifled by reason of the growth of the trusts. On the contrary, the trusts have opened wider avenues and greater opportunities to the young men of to-day than those of any other generation ever enjoyed. In the old days, before the union of interests, murderous competition made any business venture precarious; but aside from that, through lack of time, opportunity, and capital, the young man was kept within a very restricted field. It is combination that has produced the capital to open up mines and factories, to build great industrial plants and the monster wholesale and retail establishments. It is combination and capital that have sent the railroads shooting in a hundred different directions all over the continent. The reduction of the work of the world to scientific principles has opened possibilities for young men in a thousand different lines. And only the beginning has been made. At the beginning of our present economic era, men, brains, and ability were needed to take hold. Those men have about performed their tasks now. But who that has faith in his country will accept the theory that the work has all been done; that railroad development has reached its limit; that

the steel industry can go no further; that in coal, iron, copper, lead, the industrials, agriculture, shipping, finance, the apex of development has been reached and that all that is required for the future is to steer the bark straight?

"Even were this so, every generation would require thousands of young, ambitious, and vigorous men to take up the work where the retiring heads leave off. But it is not so. Our material progress, great as it has been, has only marked the beginning, and it is to the rising generation of young Americans, and to those who will follow them, that we look to carry the work along. They are the inventors of the future, the devisers of time and labor-saving appliances, of more modern methods. They are the new executives, the future masters of finance, the creators of material wealth, and the reapers of the great rewards.

"In the enlarged field which consolidation and concentration have created, there is no possible limit to the success which an ambitious young man may achieve. The demand for young men of brains, ability, and stamina is already greater than the supply. They are absolutely necessary if the great interests which have been created are not to fall into decay. Progress is the key-note. Improved methods, fresh blood, a new viewpoint, is needed all the time. The apprentices are becoming master-workmen; the master-workmen are becoming superintendents; the superintendents, chiefs, and so it goes. The field is constantly broadening. The big interests and institutions are becoming bigger all the time. We old fellows are being forced back, the younger men are stepping into our places. It is a constant procession. At the forge and in the counting-room to-day are the young men who ten, twenty years hence will be the captains of industry of their day.

"It must be so; there is no other way out of it. The poor boy is in a position of impregnable advantage. He is better off than the son of the rich man, for he is prepared to do what the latter will not do, or rarely so; that is, plunge in with his hands and learn the business from the bottom. It is to them the sons of hardy Americans, that we look to carry into the future the progress of the present. The future, with all of its infinite possibilities, is in their hands.

"Read the history of the steel industry. The men who worked in leather aprons before the blazing furnaces twenty years ago are its directing heads to-day. And, as I have said, the former office boys of the Standard Oil Company are now its heads of departments. There is no limit to the height that a deserving boy may climb.

"Not long ago a business associate spoke to me about increasing the salary of a valuable executive to fifty thousand dollars a year.

"'Isn't it too much?' said he.

"'Is he worth it?' asked I. 'If he is, I'll vote for it.' What a man is worth intrinsically is the measure of his success in life.

"Yes, decidedly, the opportunities for the young American boy are greater to-day than they have ever been before; and no boy, however lowly—the barefoot country boy, the humble newsboy, the child of the tenement—need despair. I see in each of them infinite possibilities. They have but to master the knack of economy, thrift, honesty, and perseverance, and success is theirs."



The Evolution of Jacko

By Catharine Welch in Pearson's

JACKOS are the common heritage of childish humanity. Everyone of us has, in the days of his youth, owned and cherished a Jacko, and found its long, lank body, clad in parti-colored fur and its soulless squeak, a satisfactory household substitute for the monkey at the Zoo.

Probably of all the countless Jackos in the world, the best beloved was the black and white specimen possessed by Edytha. Her Jacko was so dear to her that half his fur had been worn off by her ecstasies of affection, and of his once long and sweeping tail there remained but a melancholy stub, while the squeak had long ago departed for good and all, and no amount of insinuating pokes would persuade him to utter the slightest sound.

All these defects, however, only added to Edytha's love for him. He was her dearest, perhaps her only friend; though this was due, not so much to Jacko's attractions as to the absence of other material from which friends could be made.

Of course, there was dada, but he was visible no oftener than once a week, and then for only a few minutes at a time. There was also mamma, who attired like a pictured princess in a fairy-book, made daily formal calls at the nursery. And there was nurse; but nurse, Edytha's aristocratic feelings told her, was only nurse after all, so it is not to be wondered at that, of them all, Jacko proved the only congenial friend.

There were some things, however, that Jacko could not do. One of them was to answer questions. Neither honeyed appeals nor the most persistent shakings would induce him to tell where the rain came from nor what made the birds fly, nor to reply to any other of the queries that tormented his small mistress every time she looked out of the window.

One thing in particular troubled her just now. Somewhere or other she had come across a word of tantalizing interest.

"Nurse," said she, "what does 'Ev-o-lu-tion' mean?"

Nurse knew nothing about it, but had no intention of making such a humiliating confession.

"Goodness me, Miss Edytha, you'd not understand if I told you."

"Oh, yes, I should," replied the child with conviction. "Tell me, anyhow."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. It's not for little girls like you to know."

And, despite Edytha's intreaties, nurse was obdurate.

That afternoon dada paid one of his rare and fleeting visits to the nursery.

"Dada," said she, "what is ev-o-lution?"

"Great Scott!" he cried, with a roar of laughter that almost shook the child off his knee.

Edytha persisted.

"What is it?" she repeated.

"Well, my dear," said he, "I don't know much about it myself, but I think it's a notion some folk have that we were all monkeys once."

Edytha's mouth opened wide.

"Monkeys!" she cried. "Monkeys like Jacko!"

"That's it," replied dada, charmed at the ease with which he had explained a difficult subject, "monkeys like Jacko."

"But how——?" began Edytha.

"Whew!" dada whistled, "is it four o'clock already? I must run. Goodbye, youngster."

A hurried kiss, and he was off, and Edytha alone faced a mighty problem.

Seated in a small and demure heap on the floor she held Jacko in her arms, as was her habit at times of great mental stress, and addressed him seriously.

"Jacko," said she, "did you hear

what dada said, that we were all monkeys like you once?"

With wrinkled brow she paused a moment in silent thought.

"I suppose I was a monkey once, myself," she said at last.

The idea was rather too tremendous to take in all in a minute, but, gradually, she assimilated it. Suddenly she jumped to her feet excitedly, and held the monkey out at arm's length.

"Jacko!" she cried, shaking him back and forth in her excitement. "Jacko! If I was a monkey once, why then some time you may turn into a little baby!"

She marched up and down the nursery in her agitation. The idea took hold of her with a mighty fascination—to have instead of Jacko a little child who would play with her and be her friend like Jacko, and, rising to heights that Jacko could not reach, would be able to talk to her, and perhaps to answer her questions!

Her brain was on fire, she started to run and ask nurse's advice as how to bring about this miracle. Half way to the door she paused.

Had not nurse said that this delightful subject of evolution was no fit one for a child? Had not nurse been disapproving and discouraging when even she had broached it to her? Would not nurse be likely, instead of helping, to throw difficulties in her way?

All these questions she answered with a disheartening "Yes."

Where, then, should she turn for sympathy and advice? Ah, where?

Edytha decided that if this glorious idea was to be put into effect, she must not hope for outside help. Unaided and unadvised she must work with Jacko toward this marvellous end.

"Jacko," said she, clasping the toy to her breast affectionately, "you will try, won't you? You'll turn into a child if you can, won't you, dear?"

And, in the dimness of the early twilight, it seemed that Jacko nodded, almost that his stiff painted lips smiled.

Just then there flashed into her mind memories of a conversation she had held with nurse some months before: "Where did I come from in the beginning?" she had asked.

"From the top drawer of your mother's dressing-table," nurse replied. "I found you there one morning, when you were a little baby."

Edytha did not hesitate. With Jacko held fondly in her arms, close against her little heart beating fast with excitement, she tip-toed along the hall, down the stairs and into her mother's dressing room. Softly she moved across the dimly-lighted room, and pulled open the top drawer of the dressing table, and there, in a bed of sweet-scented laces and ribbons, she laid Jacko.

"Good-bye, Jacko," she said as she kissed his stiff little nose. "Do turn into a baby, if you can. Do try, Jacko dear, won't you?"

And then, softly, she crept back to the nursery.

Four days passed slowly by, and then one afternoon at the nursery door Edytha saw nurse standing, with a something in the set of her head and the look of her eye that proclaimed she had great news to tell. In her arms was a tiny white bundle, held tenderly, and as Edytha looked at it, it seemed as if her heart would stop beating in the clutch of a great hope.

"What is it?" she cried.

Nurse put your finger across her lips.

"Hush!" she whispered. "You'll wake him. It's your little new brother that came this morning."

"Oh!" the child cried softly. "Dear old Jacko, you did try, didn't you?"

"Nurse," she questioned, "where did you find him?"

Lumbering and slow of invention, nurse fell back on the old reply. With a chuckle, she answered:

"In the top drawer of your mother's dressing table, Miss Edytha."

The Aerial Encounter of Judge Reardon and Monsieur Rambaud

By McCready Sykes in Appleton's

JUST then the automobile stopped. There was no doubt about it. The machine stopped; the whirling landscape stopped and Judge Reardon stopped in the middle of his sentence. The sentence had begun like this:

"And what pleases me most is that we have made our trip of three hundred miles without a single accident or involuntary—" and he would have said "stop," but to his great chagrin he did it instead of saying it.

The judge's machine was a big forty-horse-power touring car; we



"A huge guy-rope rose into the sky."

were bowling along at a moderate rate, and were coming among the suburbs of Paris; pedestrians and teams were not infrequent, so we were negotiating the road cautiously.

The sensation of stopping was peculiar; we felt nothing snap; we heard none of the painful inarticulate grunts or puffs that so frequently herald mechanical accidents; but there was a peculiar and very sudden tug that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. The judge leaned forward, saw nothing, and then looked over the side. The wheels were actually moving, but for some mysterious reason the machine stood still.

"Devilish funny!" exclaimed the judge. "Here's a fine, hard road, and the wheels slip as if they were on packed snow."

We both jumped out and ran around in front of the car. Then a very curious thing happened.

While the wheels were turning, the machine actually began to move away from us. With a sudden accession of speed it shot back mockingly almost, and the judge called out "Jump in quick!"

We made a flying leap and climbed into the front seat, where the judge cast a quick, instinctive glance at the reversing lever. It had not been moved. The judge whistled softly.

"Beats me!" he exclaimed. Then an angry cry burst from his lips. "Look at that, will you?"

I followed his eyes, backward and upward, and saw what had happened. A huge guy-rope, drawn taut at the projection of the rear seat, rose into the sky above our heads, running into the ether like the rope of a Hindu fakir; and the eye, following its course, came to a huge oblong flat shape in the sky, which we both instantly recognized.

"It's one of these d—d aeroplanes," shouted the irate judge, "and they've anchored their grappling rope in our car. For cool, downright impertinence give me one of these Frenchmen."

It was true. We were caught by one of the dirigible aeroplanes about which Paris was all agog last summer. The aeroplane's course was not our course, and we were being dragged ignominiously backward. Fortunately, our speed was not great;

the aeroplane, big and powerful as it was, had to overcome the resistance of our own opposed power, which of itself would have driven us twenty miles an hour in the opposite direction.

"See if you can unhook the thing," said the judge; and I climbed over the back of the seat. Alas! the anchor was firmly imbedded under the tonneau and would not budge; at least, it was impossible to get the slightest purchase with the huge guy-rope stretched tight as a ship's cable by the terrific pull of the airship.

"Can you cut the rope?" called the Judge.

I had thought of that; but saw in an instant that the infernal contrivance was re-enforced with light steel strands. I was still looking for some means of extricating the anchor when the judge called out cheerily, "I'll stop the car."

"For heaven's sake, don't!" I cried, but I was altogether too late. It was all very well for me to groan inwardly at this blunder of the judge's, but he was so excited that I really should not have blamed him for doing what under ordinary circumstances would have been precisely the right thing to do. Our own forward impulse had been the only thing there was to counteract the opposing pull of the airship, and when the judge shut off the power, and to my horror set the reverse lever, our backward speed was accelerated not only by our former twenty-mile energy, but by a like additional amount afforded by our new backward motion; so that instead of leisurely jogging backward at some twenty miles an hour we were now swashing along, unguided and blind, at considerably more than a forty-mile rate. Our situation had become one of extreme danger; not only that, but we were a menace to life along the road. The judge turned pale when he saw what had happened, and I confess that I was not a little frightened.

"Turn on all the power and go back—go forward, I mean!" I cried.

"I can't," gasped the judge hoarsely. "I can't do it without smashing the gear and ripping her to pieces."

The landscape was flying past at an alarming rate. We kept the horn going constantly, and made almost incessant use of the megaphone which we always carried in the car. Peasants hurled curses at us as they dodged, and light-hearted, laughing groups parted suddenly as we backed upon them in our mad course. A motor car going backward at forty miles an hour was a novelty even for the Frenchmen. I had no doubt they took it for the eccentricity of an American millionaire or Parisian flaneur.

"It's all right so long as the airship pulls straight and the road doesn't turn," said the judge. "But suppose the darn thing wabbles, or the road takes a bend. Ten feet one side or the other will bring us against those stone walls."

"Arretez-vous!" called an angry voice behind us. The road police around Paris are mounted on motor bicycles on which when necessary they can make terrific speed, and the irate officer yelled to us that we were exceeding the speed limit and were under arrest.

He rode alongside, speeding furiously to keep pace. We were now going more than fifty miles an hour. Conversation was difficult. The officer paid little heed to our explanation that we were not willingly violating the law. He said we could explain that in court. His only duty was to make the arrest.

"Go to blazes!" yelled the judge in the teeth of the furious gale caused by our motion. "Arrest that impudent cross-eyed son of a sea-cook of an aeronaut up there in air! Why don't you stop him from dragging us along in this way?"

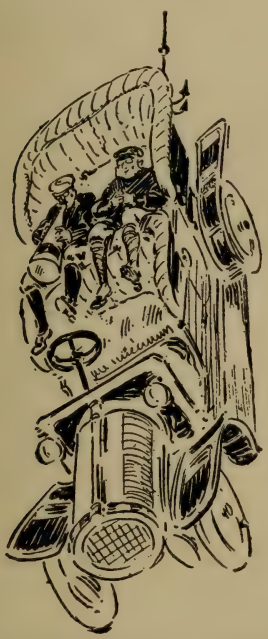
The French policeman was polite, even though he was tearing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. "Monsieur, that is the distinguished explorer, M. Jules Rambaud. He is adorned with a license to navigate the air."

"Navigate the infernal regions!" yelled the judge, giving a despairing honk-honk and narrowly escaping collision with a fat cow that lumbered

out of our way and looked after us with frightened eyes as we tore along the highway. "If there's law in France, I'll have it on that infernal murderous air-flying villain. Stop him, officer! What are you police for, anyway?"

"I have said, monsieur," called back the polite officer, as we tore madly on, "that he is adorned to navigate. Sapristi, you must not do that! It needs that you demonstrate your license before to ascend, gentlemen."

This last exclamation of the officer was called forth by a sudden and unexpected change in our trajectory. It was something that I had been



"'It is not permitted to ascend without the small license.'"

dreading for a long time, and I fancy the judge had, too. That possibility had been hammering at our brains through all our terrible ride. We might have said of the motor car what Gloster in the play sarcastically remarks of the aspiring blood of Lancaster, "I thought it would have mounted."

And now, to our terror, it did mount. Whether under the impulse of an uplift of a current of air or by the act of the aeronaut, the aerial monster slowly forged upward. Simultaneously the rear of the motor car left the ground; the car trailed along for perhaps a hundred feet, tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the judge and myself both bent hurriedly down to give another wrench to the anchor and learn if by this slight shift of position it had become possible to dislodge it. We worked and tugged at this for some little time, so excited and absorbed in our work that we forgot for the moment to observe what was happening to the car. We could do nothing; the anchor was firmly lodged in the chassis itself, and nothing but an ax could extricate it.

"We might as well get out of the car," I said. "There's liable to be a smash, and if the aeroplane lifts the car up there'll be the devil to pay when she drops. Besides, we'd have hard work to stick in."

"What!" cried the judge (we were talking with our heads under the seat, where we were working on the anchor), "get out here and be nabbed by that fool of a policeman! We shouldn't be able to follow the car. Besides, the guy-rope can't break. You see, it has to be made strong enough to hold the aeroplane, and to do that it must be able to support the car. No; j'y suis; j'y reste."

But it seemed that our discussion was merely academic, after all, for while we had been talking, the aeroplane, still ascending, had lifted us gently and easily from the earth. The automobile had swung on the pivot of the anchor till it now hung at a very slight angle from the perpedicular, probably less than fifteen degrees; in consequence, using the seats in normal fashion was out of the question, but we found that by sitting on the back of the back itself of the front seat we could be very comfortable and fairly secure. The seats were of the Novoni type, so much in vogue in France, with broad, flat backs. The slight tilt of the machine, due to the fact that the anchor was imbedded behind the centre of gravity, aided by the lean of the back itself, rendered it fairly easy to sit securely even on the polished seat-back.

As the car rose to a vertical position, the rugs and paraphernalia in the front seat had, of course, spilled out; but luckily we had an abundant supply of rugs in the back; there was a basket of provisions strapped behind; and we had at our feet the megaphone. With the rugs and our automobile coats (fortunately heavy) we felt that we should be fairly protected even in the colder upper strata of the atmosphere. In the hamper were food, whisky, and cigars. As the judge had pointed out, there was really not much danger of the rope breaking, and except for the hazard of the landing, the outlook was hardly more dangerous than in ordinary travel. It was by long odds preferable to our highly perilous situation of five minutes before, where we had been tearing madly at the rate of fifty miles an hour along a road within twenty kilometers of Paris, drawn by an uncontrollable power, and seated in a car that had become nondirigible; a situation, too, where in addition to these very serious physical dangers we were exposed to the personal mortification of arrest.

Our minds were recalled to this last danger so happily escaped by the plaintive voice of the French policeman, calling after us as we mounted majestically:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! it is not permitted to ascend without a small license. And it is that you have exceeded the speed limit; that it is twice that you have violated the ordinance. Gentlemen, I pray that you honor me with your names and addresses."

We were congratulating ourselves on our escape from this danger when one of a very different sort presented itself. Just as the front wheels of the car left the earth, it happened that we rose quite rapidly, but we felt in an uncomfortable way that we were in a composition of forces, somewhat as one feels the pull of the gyroscope in its tendency to maintain its plane of rotation as against the motion imparted by lifting the spinning top. The guy-rope rose toward the aeroplane at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the earth; although, of course, this angle had been somewhat less while we were being pulled along the road. As we were lifted from the earth we were pulled in much the same direction, or rather even more toward the vertical, as the aeroplane was, as I have said, rising rapidly; but the moment we were in the air, the motor car plunged with a violent angular motion necessarily imparted in its fall to a position directly beneath the aeroplane; in fact, had it not been for the extreme suddenness of our lift, the car would have scraped and bumped along as it described the arc whose lowermost verge was the extremity of a radius drawn from the aeroplane directly in the line of gravitation; but owing to our very sudden pull upward, the motor car now swung through this arc with a velocity that was inconceivably frightful, swinging, in fact, far beyond the vertical line, then back again on the other side, like a mighty pendulum swinging over the earth. The length of this pendulum was, as nearly as we could judge, at least four hundred feet; and I shall never forget the horrible seasick sensation, as the great automobile swung slowly back and forth over the earth, the feeling of hanging over an abyss as we paused on the upward swing, then falling dizzily back and rushing up the ghastly slope of the opposite swing. I may add that during our entire journey equilibrium was never quite established, as every quick shift or turn of the aeroplane started the oscillations in greater or less degree; but we soon grew accustomed to this libration of movement, and, in fact, found it rather stimulating and enjoyable.

I think I have said that we had with us in the car some excellent whisky and an abundant supply of cigars. Fortified with these, we surveyed with much interest the panorama beneath us.

We observed the features of the terrestrial aspect familiar to aerial observation—the distorted perspective, the peripheral illusion, the depressed middle distance, and the dominant tonality of secondary colorings. Presently the Eiffel tower came

into view on our north, over the smoke and occasional mists of the city; we saw the dear old Bois in all its cool umbrageous stretch; the white river, and the bridges, and the square towers of Notre Dame. Our course was taking us off to the south and east of the city.

"I'm relieved at that," remarked Judge Reardon, between the puffs of his cigar. "The octroi might bother us if we had landed in the Champs Elysees or at the Tuileries; we have quite a little in the way of whisky and cigars and Lord knows how many matches."

"Monsieur Rambaud will have a pretty bill to pay you if anything happens to the motor," I observed. "You have no doubt, have you, that the owner of the aeroplane is liable?"

"Of course he's liable," said the judge. "I've been thinking about that very thing in the last few minutes. In the first place, it's an undoubted trespass. In the second place, it comes about as close to an assault and battery as it's safe to come; and I suppose we have a good cause of action for false imprisonment."

"How about the ordinary case for negligence?" I inquired.

The judge lit a fresh cigar, and tucked the rug under him.

"Yes, of course, that's the obvious remedy. It's clearly negligence to cast an anchor four hundred feet down out of the sky and let it go dragging all over France. It's a plain case of res ipsa loquitur. I don't think the court will make us give proof of any other specific act of negligence."

"And, of course, there's no contributory negligence on our part," I added.

"Oh, no; not at all. There's only one question that has occurred to my mind; and that is whether, traversing the air as we are, a medium available to all the world, like the ocean, those infernal French courts may not hold infernal French courts is applicable."

"In that case," I said, "all we have to do is to libel the aeroplane."

"Yes. I suppose there's nothing in France like the Harter Act in the United States. Under that act, you will remember, the owners of a vessel may limit their liability for maritime torts to the value of the hull at the termination of the voyage. By the end of his voyage that fool of an aeronaut up there will probably have smashed his blessed car. You may recall that all that the victims of the Slocum disaster in New York could get out of the owners was the value of the burnt hull."

"I wonder," I observed, thinking aloud, "if jurisdiction will be given to the admiralty courts in cases of aerial navigation?"

"Possibly not," returned the judge, "but I think that in any such event, many of the principles of admiralty law, so peculiarly adapted to the questions arising in connection with vessels navigating a fluid medium, will doubtless be applied. You probably remember the famous case of the airship Pioneer, decided last year in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York."

I remember reading an editorial comment on this case in the Bench and Bar, but the facts had slipped my memory.

"The Pioneer," resumed the judge, "was a powerful and luxuriously furnished twelve-cylinder aeroplane built for a Pittsburg millionaire for use in establishing quick residences whenever he needed them for purpose of divorce. You remember that it was held by the United States Supreme Court (four judges dissenting), in Morey v. Morey, that a person whose legal residence was in an airship and who had his washing done on board, was not subject to local statutory requirements of the States as to residence, and that until Congress should legislate on the subject there was no national law covering the case, so that such a person might acquire a residence at once. Well, Morey, like some of our other multimillionaires, got quite into the remarrying habit. The great case of Flannagan v. Morey grew out of one of his aerial trips.

"You know that in many of the tall flat and tenement houses in New York, where there is little yard space,

it is customary to hang out the family wash on lines stretched from building to building. Each floor has its own series of lines, so that by eleven o'clock on any Monday morning the interior of the block looks like a glorified bargain day at a White Sale.

"Well, Morey's big airship was passing across Seventh Avenue a little north of 116th Street, when it was thought necessary to descend suddenly. They threw out a grappling rope and then changed their minds. When the anchor rose in the air, they were horrified to find that they had taken with them the week's wash of forty families—ten floors and four families to the floor."

"I suppose that caused no end of



"Fortified with these,"

a row," I ventured, throwing an extra wrap about my shoulders. The air had become perceptibly cooler.

"I should think so," the judge went on. "Morey refused to compromise, and the suits were all tried and in most cases substantial damages recovered."

"How did they get hold of Morey?" I asked.

"Indicted him for larcency and had him brought back from New Jersey," said Judge Reardon. "It was a serious question in the courts whether he could be said to have fled the jurisdiction, as he had not set foot in New York. The United States Supreme Court held in Morey v. Sheriff of Hudson County, by a vote of six to three, that a person who had sailed across a State boundary in an airship had fled in the strictest etymological and constitutional sense. Some of the Harlem people went over to New Jersey and sued Morey there for trespass de bonis asportatis. One man got twenty dollars for the loss of his pajamas; but the judgment was by a divided court."

Judge Reardon is well known as a man who has brought to his chosen profession the thoughtful research of the earnest student. He is never in more charming mood than when philosophically reminiscent, and I was pleased to have him talk away.

"One of the most interesting cases," he went on, "was the great case of United Gas Co. v. Board of Trustees of Village of Morris, decided by the New York Supreme Court in Saratoga County. A balloon landed in a wheat field and the gas bag bounded along for a quarter of a mile or so. An enterprising plumber rigged up a pipe line and sold gas to the inhabitants for two weeks at cut rates. The gas company that held an exclusive franchise to furnish gas in the village sued the authorities for damages and recovered judgment.

"In Rastioli v. Schermerhorn, a suit brought by an eminent professor in the University of Wisconsin, it was sought to recover damages for dropping a grain of sand in the plaintiff's eye, the local justice of the peace gave judgment for the plaintiff on the principle, as he said, of respondent superior, but the judgment was affirmed on other grounds.

"In the famous case of McWhirter v. Perkins, the Supreme Court of California laid down the principle that the rule of the road is applicable to airships, and that they must meet on the right and overtake and pass on the left. Twenty States have passed statutes amplifying the rule of the road and allowing one of two vessels meeting in the air to pass above the other on giving the proper signal.

"In Moriarty v. Vanderbilt, the Rhode Island state courts allowed

forty per cent. salvage to a farmer whose barn was lifted up and carried into the next county by a grappling iron from a turbine aeroplane."

And so the judge continued, explaining how the wise and just system of the common law was nicely adapted to the new problems arising out of the invasion of the air, and how the statute law was amplified and expanded to meet these fresh problems; the judge said that it was the glory of the law that it contained within itself this very principle of growth.

We were riding easily. The air was still growing cooler, and the afternoon sunshine was not unpleasant. We were keeping well to the south and east of Paris. My attention was attracted to a group of floating objects some eight or ten miles ahead of us. I took them to be airships of various patterns.

"All the French aeronauts seem to be out to-day," I remarked, calling the judge's attention to the level sky before us.

"Yes," replied the judge; "it's a holiday, and the Societe des Panorames Celectes is doing a land-office business with its 'Seeing Paris' airships. They have them now so that they go straight up and down, like elevators. For twenty francs you can be taken up in a luxurious car, five hundred feet straight up in the air, where you can look all over Paris. The first-class compartments cost seven francs extra; they are fitted up like cafes, and you can have absinthe and cigars and Le Temps or Le Rire. They are much frequented by the boulevardiers."

I had turned our field glass on the nearest.

"There's a man with a megaphone!" I exclaimed; "he's evidently talking to the people in the car. He moves his hands and shrugs his shoulders and seems quite excited."

"No," said the judge, without looking up. "He's just pointing out the different objects of interest. They got that idea from the New York automobiles. Eh, what's that? Lend me the megaphone, will you?"

The judge put the megaphone to his ear, turning it toward the sky. "Our captor is talking to us."

In watching the "Seeing Paris" airships and listening to the judge, I had forgotten all about our own conductor. I glanced quickly up, and with the aid of the field glass saw that he was talking to us. He had an enormous electric megaphone. These contrivances were used experimentally in the Russian-Japanese war, but I remembered reading in the Revue des Deux Mondes that on account of the ever-present terrestrial atmospheric disturbances they had been found of little practical use. But in these silent strata of the upper air the aerial waves transmitted the auditory vibrations with a scarcely perceptible diminution of intensity; and indeed, we found that with our own ordinary megaphone we could make ourselves heard very well indeed.

"Pardon, messieurs," came a voice from the silent ether of heaven. The tones were low and distinct and we recognized the Gascon quality of voice; "Pardon, messieurs. I regret exceedingly to have taken you out of your way. I am Jules Rambaud, now of Paris, and I trust that both you gentlemen will dine with me this evening at the Trois Freres. Come at seven o'clock, and let me present my apologies at the nearer view. I entreat that you will not do yourselves the fatigue of to dress."

Carefully aiming the megaphone, I called:

"We are greatly honored, and we accept your invitation with much pleasure. Allow me to present my intrepid comrade and host, Judge Theophilus Reardon, of Schenectady, Etats-Unis."

The judge reached for the megaphone, and as soon as our friend Rambaud had acknowledged the introduction the judge called out:

"I am delighted to meet you, Monsieur Rambaud. I've read your work on the Congo with great interest. I didn't quite agree with you in your views on the origin of the Pygmies, but I must say that Flammard's expedition bore out your conclusions."

"Ah!" cried the aeronaut; "then it

is that you are familiar with the researches of Flammard." And here a lively conversation ensued on anthropological topics, in which in truth I took little interest.

We were rapidly approaching the "Seeing Paris" airships; three of these were in operation. These machines are constructed on the familiar Marfleur type, and are admirably adapted for vertical ascents; several of them are in use by the French Government along the German frontier.

I was particularly attracted by a small aeroplane which circulated about the heavier Marfleur machines. As we approached I observed that it contained three men in uniform, two of them adorned with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The men were examining M. Rambaud's car minutely. Presently one of them called through a megaphone:

"It is defended that one advance himself. One is within the proprietary air of the societe des Panorames Celestes!"

"What's that?" cried Judge Reardon sharply, turning his megaphone in the direction of our genial host. "What's this nonsense about proprietary air?"

"Alas! he has right," responded Rambaud from the celestial height. "The ground over which we are about to fly is indeed of the Society whereof he speaks."

"Suppose it is!" roared the judge. "This isn't the Society's air."

"You forget, M. le juge," called down Rambaud, with great urbanity. "You forget that under all systems of law the ownership of the proprietor of the soil extends downward to the centre of the earth and upward to the zenith. Is it not that you have in your law a maxim to that effect?"

"Confound it, the fellow's right!" exclaimed the judge, turning to me. "Cujus est solum, ejus est ad coelum."

There was no help for it. We had to go around. "It results, messieurs," called down our conductor, "that I must ask if you will dine at half after seven of the clock instead of at the seven. We must respect the law."

We were now so far to the south that the only thing we could do to avoid sailing across the Society's air was to make a long detour to the east. This was most unfortunate, for it took us at least eight miles out of our course and we thought regretfully of the delayed dinner at the Trois Freres. The automobile swayed frightfully as the aeroplane made a swift turn, and I again experienced that sensation of aerial seasickness of which I have already spoken. Fairly familiar with the literature of aerial navigation, I could remember no mention of a similar phenomenon, and had been at first a little alarmed; but the judge had reassured me by pointing out that the oscillation of our trajectory, due inevitably to the pendulum-like nature of our support, was an element not present in ordinary ascents, and that it was therefore not surprising that no mention of its supervening physical nausea was to be found in the usual literature of aerial navigation.

For a while my interest in the dinner at the Trois Freres was subdued, and as the swaying motion persisted in a modified degree, I was not altogether sorry when M. Rambaud called down that he feared that he should have to make a descent. It seemed that one of the valves of the aeroplane was leaking, and he feared that he could not develop sufficient power to complete the journey to Paris, which in our course around the Society's proprietary air was, as he informed us, at least a good ten miles journey away.

The descent was a delicate matter; for Rambaud had no apparatus for taking up the slack of his anchor rope. In fact, it is well known that the work on this particular feature of aerial navigation is still in an experimental stage; the great weight necessary in the windless, tackle and machinery precluding the use of the devices familiar on aquatic craft.

M. Rambaud announced that he would endeavor to land us on the road, and that by sailing under reduced power and steering very carefully he might manage to make a landing for the aeroplane so soon thereafter that

the automobile would not be dragged across the stone walls that are such a conspicuous feature of the landscape in the immediate vicinity of the French capital.

Unfortunately, we landed in a greenhouse. The aeronaut was profuse in his apologies, and called down from his lofty height as we neared the roof of the unfortunate gardnerer's premises, explaining that a sudden pull of wind had proved too much for his already weakened engine, so that his car was no longer entirely dirigible. The radiator of the automobile was the first to strike; it went crashing through the glass, sash,



"'Pardon, messieurs.'"

frame and all, and had hardly reached the support of the upper timbers of the greenhouse when, the front being thus again supported, the machine quickly righted itself; the chassis crashed through the frail supports, and amid the most indescribable confusion of breaking glass, crashing frames and flowerpots ground to pieces, we found ourselves, disheveled and astonished, sitting bolt upright in the car, and gazing in amazement at the forest of ferns, ruins of geraniums, roses and a multitude of exotics whose broken stems and dismantled branches bore all too painful witness to the ruin we had caused.

We had descended so rapidly from the cool upper strata of the atmosphere that the sudden high temperature of the conservatory was, as I remember, very distressing. But in a moment we had forgotten all about the heat. The aeroplane was still sailing bravely on; and the automobile had scarcely righted itself, when, obeying the pull of the airship, it lunged viciously along the floor of the greenhouse, dealing destruction as it went and ruthlessly tearing through high-piled banks of the most exquisite flowers, overturning a bench of Spanish roses and ripping down one of the most gorgeous collections of orchids it has ever been my fortune to behold.

"In God's name, gentlemen, what is this that you are doing?" A horror-stricken face appeared at the farther door; a short, well-built man of about fifty years thus greeted us, speaking in excellent French; in his countenance rage and despair at the destruction of his property mingled with open-mouthed astonishment at the apparition of our motor car suddenly descending from nowhere and plunging madly about in his most respectable greenhouse.

There now ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. The airship, sailing as she was under reduced power, was practically anchored by the motor car, and yet retained sufficient motion to gyrate wildly about on her rope, with the result that the automobile, obeying every move of the aeroplane, was lunging back and forth in the greenhouse, hither and yon, this way and that, extending the path of destruction with every move, to the gruesome accompaniment of the crashing of broken glass, the falling of sashes and flowerpots, and the heartbroken cries of the unfortunate greenhouse-keeper as he saw the work of his life shattered and dissipated before his eyes.

"D—n it, man! we're anchored to an airship," roared the judge. "We can't stop the thing."

The maddened floriculturist ran out beating his breast and giving forth fresh ejaculations of despair. When he located the aeroplane he shook his fists at it in the ecstasy of rage, and

then with a sudden cry he ran toward the little barn that stood some twenty paces from the greenhouse. He emerged quickly with an ax, and rushing furiously toward us he sprang into the car and began hurling well-directed blows at the anchor rope.

"Don't do that!" the judge cried angrily; "that man and his infernal airship are going to pay us damages for this. They've ruined our car. And they're going to pay you, too."

The judge had forgotten his friendly acquaintanceship of the afternoon; it was not strange that his wrath returned with this fresh calamity. But the owner of the greenhouse was too furiously bent on getting the motor car clear of the aeroplane to stop for the judge's warning; and I confess that I felt somewhat relieved when after repeated blows of the ax the anchor rope parted. The aeroplane gave a sudden lunge upward, shot off to the north and was lost to sight.

"And now, gentlemen," said the proprietor of the greenhouse, "perhaps you will have the goodness to give me an explanation of this most remarkable invasion of my premises, and to arrange for the payment for my property thus wantonly destroyed. This greenhouse and its contents represent an investment of sixty thousand francs; and the loss of my business, which you will readily comprehend, gentlemen, is ruined by this little pleasure jaunt of yours—God knows how I am to measure it." And the honest fellow burst into tears, as he looked about.

The remaining episodes in our automobile trip that summer are of interest to the thoughtful jurist chiefly, and there is little in them to detain the attention of the general reader. Judge Reardon was well content to give up the remainder of his tour in order to make an exhaustive study, in collaboration with his French lawyers, of the numerous and important legal questions involved in the litigation that grew out of our afternoon trip. I forgot to mention that we did not keep our dinner appointment; in fact, we did not reach Paris till the next afternoon. Profuse apologies were tendered M. Rambaud on this score without prejudice to our right to bring an action against him for damages on account of the fouling of the anchor in the car. It seemed, however, that the judge's absence from the dinner imposed upon him the necessity of fighting a duel with M. Rambaud; and as Judge Reardon and myself had been kindly put up at one of the best Paris clubs, the judge felt that he could hardly decline the challenge; especially as our lawyers informed us that a declination might injure our standing in the French courts. The duel was a brilliant affair, and in a way compensated us for the loss of the dinner at the Trois Freres; Judge Reardon's epigrams were favorably commented upon by the leading Paris journals, and a new cafe in the Boulevard Haussmann was visited by the dueling party on their return from the combat, where an excellent dinner, tendered by the seconds to the principals, was awaiting us. In recognition of Judge Reardon's gallant conduct on the dueling ground, and afterwards at the dinner, the cafe was named the Cafe Reardon, and is, I believe, much frequented by American jurists visiting the French capital.

The litigation was protracted and expensive. The ancient and well-established principle of law that the dominion of the owner of the soil extends indefinitely in a vertical direction, was laid down in a careful and well-reasoned opinion of the learned court; and although the decision was against him, it was a source of no little pride to Judge Reardon, as an American jurist, that numerous American authorities, both State and federal, were cited in support of the ruling of the court. I believe that a bill is pending in the French Chambers, designed to relax in reasonable measure the rigor of this rule, in view of the demands of modern traffic and the increase of aerial navigation. But in the United States it is evident that no such relaxation can be permitted. It is a well-established doctrine of the law of real property that the owner of the land owns up to the zenith;

and if the landowner's exclusive proprietary rights in the air above his land have not heretofore been asserted except in relation to trespasses of a fixed nature, this is because the science of aerial navigation is yet in its infancy. The time will doubtless come when the air, which in its character of space is unquestionably the subject of private ownership, will be parceled out just as the land is; and the unfortunate majority who own neither land nor a portion of the sky will be entitled to the use of the air only by the sufferance of its owners, and on making just compensation. The only free air will be that overlying public roads, parks, the public domain, etc. No such relaxation as is proposed in France



"'Our captor is talking to us.'"

will, as I have remarked, be possible in the United States; for the air, being appurtenant to the land, is property in the strictest sense, and its ownership is protected by the constitutional limitations imposed upon both the State and Federal governments, that no person shall be deprived of property without due process of law.

I regret to say that Judge Reardon was ultimately forced to pay a very large sum of money. For the benefit of students of jurisprudence, I present herewith a summary of the fines and recoveries awarded by the French courts: no damages were allowed against M. Rambaud or his airship, our suit being dismissed on the ground that we were guilty of contributory negligence in riding in an automobile so constructed that grappling anchors from airships could not be removed while the car was in motion.

This is what Judge Reardon was called upon to pay:

	Francs.
Damages to M. Rambaud for loss of time	100
Damages to M. Rambaud for one anchor rope	20
Damages to the Societe des Panorames Celestes for trespass (nominal)	20
Government fine, for trespass on Society's air	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit while going backward in automobile	100
Fine for navigating the air without a license	200
Fine for making an aeronautic descent without a license	100
Damages to greenhouse	40,000
Damages to proprietor of greenhouse for loss of business	20,000
Fine for trespass on greenhouse premises	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit in automobile while in greenhouse	100
Fine for running automobile into greenhouse, the same not being a public road	100
Fine for fighting a duel without obtaining permission of Prefect of Police and paying license fee therefor	10
License fee for duel, paid nunc pro tunc	25
Costs	3,725
Total	64,600

My friend was particularly pleased that the fine and license fee for the duel were, as the reader will observe, limited to amounts practically nominal: and on his remarking this to our leading counsel, we learned that both the license fee for duels and the fine for duels fought without license had been reduced to nominal figures by an act introduced by the French Government only two years before, in response to the urgent denunciations of the party of the Extreme Left, who complained that the former legal exactions were so onerous as to make the cost of duels practically prohibitive except to the wealthier classes. On the passage of the measure the premier announced, in a voice thrilled

with emotion, that a wisely paternal government had now brought dueling "within the reach of all."

But the remainder of the judgment was an obligation which Judge Reardon felt hardly able to meet, and on the advice of counsel he took an appeal. Elaborate arugments were had before a full bench.

Upon this appeal, in view of the very important legal questions involved, there was engaged as special counsel against Judge Reardon, the renowned Maitre Dautelle, one of the ablest and most learned advocates of Paris, and indeed of Europe. On the afternoon of his final argument, the Chamber of Deputies adjourned and the members of the cabinet attended court in a body. The scene was impressive in the extreme. Tall in stature and ardent of aspect, the form of Dautelle was endued with a majesty worthy of the weight of his great argument. Opposed to him though we were, we could not but admire his eloquence.

"Let not the goddess of justice," cried the eloquent advocate, his tall form swaying with emotion and his voice ringing like a clarion, "let not the goddess of justice turn from the problems that press before her eyes. So venerable, so majestic, is this everliving fabric of beauty and of truth, this mighty system of law in the civilized world, that hers be our homage forever. So plastic, yet so sure; so kind, yet so firm her mandates, that we may not doubt that as new fields arise for their application, new and adequate laws will be found for their solution. Was it not a great English jurist who said, 'The perfection of the common law is the perfection of common sense?' Ah! my masters, these words are as true of that great system of the civil law to which continental nations bow. As new needs arise, so does the law extend. Step by step the law follows science, invention, and the arts. The railroad came, and the law of common carriers speedily adapted itself to the change. Behold the civilized world united, a network of telegraphs, cables, telephones, wireless messengers of thought! Does not the law meet these changed conditions and adapt itself to them? Automobiles come, and the law is ready. By statute, by decision, by the labors of the jurist, does the mighty system of modern law adapt itself to these powerful vehicles.

"And now, O judges, we are become masters of the air. Air is invaded, and trepassed upon. Monsters from the empyrean blue descend upon the dwelling place of men. New duties arise; new contracts; new rights; new wrongs. How splendid is the law! How nobly she adapts herself! Let us follow her!"

The band struck up the Marseillaise. The President of the Court wept copiously. Maitre Dautelle himself, in a state of profound agitation, embraced Judge Reardon. The ministers shed tears of joy, and in the rear of the room a new wing of the Opposition was hurriedly formed, choosing Maitre Dautelle as its leader. The triumphant advocate, marching amid the huzzas of the court room to the judges' bench, waved aloft his manuscript and shouted, "Liberte, Egalite, Freternite!"

It was a thrilling moment!

After four months' deliberation the court wrote an exhaustive opinion, covering all the points in the case. The judgment was modified by striking therefrom the 100 francs fine for exceeding the speed limit while going backward in the automobile, and as so modified was affirmed with 600 francs extra cost of appeal. When the decision was rendered and the remission of the fine pronounced, our advocate burst into tears; he said that they were tears of joy, for never more could it be said that a foreigner could not obtain justice in a French court of appeal.

What Men of Note Are Saying

HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY on the Future of Canada :

"I never walk in the streets of Ottawa or along the beautiful drives of Rockcliffe Park without remembering, and with a feeling of exaltation, that I am treading on soil which, before the close of the present century will carry the capital city of a nation of eighty millions. I never look at the buildings on Parliament Hill without a feeling of admiration for and gratitude to the old boys of 1860, who planned so bravely and so well, and I hope the example of their faith in the future of their country will animate every successive generation from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

* * *

DR. FALCONER to the People of the Maritime Provinces :

"From a purely physical point of view these provinces are a necessary factor in the life of the Dominion, affording an outlet to the Atlantic all the year round which is a priceless possession and an inevitable channel for the route of the world's travel and commerce.

"They are and must remain as a necessary link in any national chain. Remove these links and the whole chain will have to be rearranged.

"The Maritime Provinces will serve their highest function according to the quality of manhood which they contribute to the commonwealth. Are its men disciplined, are they moral, are they masters of themselves, are they able to show that they are greater than their material environment ?

"The very fact that the people of these provinces, though prosperous, are not wealthy, is in their favor. There is perhaps less likelihood here than elsewhere of the invasion of luxury. They may find it easier than others do to assert their manhood, because the climate and the soil will never enervate them by offering too easily the comforts of life. Nor need we think that this mastery comes only by supreme effort of will. It follows in the wake of homely duties honestly done.

"In these provinces we should be true to ourselves and live a life that is the most natural to ourselves. Maintain our individuality. Let me urge you not to be over-anxious to reproduce here the same type of living which is found elsewhere. These provinces, if they live their own simple and yet busy life, will enrich the total life of the Dominion more than by seeking to follow the example of larger and wealthier provinces. The very variety of life here gives it character.

"Character is a supreme commodity which will always serve as a rate of exchange in human life, because it cannot be counterfeited and is of an essential value in itself. It is not exclusive nor, like ordinary gold, found only in certain strata. It is found wherever men live in fear of God, and in love of their fellows. As long as the springs of our people's life are fed from the rise in lofty sources of truth, obedience and reverence, and while in the dust and heat of common day on plains we seek to live in sympathy with Him who sat by the well of Sychor at high noon and did not disdain the outcast, we shall have a people whose face is radiant with moral health, whose eye is clear to see afar and whose nerve will be strong to guide our nation in the way of wisdom."

* * *

HON. SYDNEY FISHER, Minister of Agriculture, says Europe's eyes are on the Dominion.

"I spent a month on the continent this summer, and I was greatly impressed with the increase of knowledge concerning Canada, particularly in countries in which Canada has made a display at an exhibition. The displays that we are making at European exhibitions are spreading knowledge about Canada to an extent that it is hard to estimate. As a result of the display we made at Milan, I found this summer in Italy, at the post office, the intelligence offices and among the common people a knowledge concerning Canada that never

existed before. This is bound to produce good results for Canada. When a man now makes up his mind to emigrate Canada is one of the places that he considers and enquires about before leaving his native country. Manufacturers and commercial men consider Canada as a possible source of materials which they use in their business, and capitalists are bound to look upon Canada with increasing interest as a field for investment. Conditions are quite different from those of ten years ago, when the United States was the only part of the North American continent which the European knew anything about, and when you registered at a hotel as coming from Canada the clerk would probably ask you in what part of the United States was that.

"The Canadian display at Dublin is spoken of by everyone, from the aristocrats to the workingmen. Their majesties the King and Queen visited the show when I was there, and both expressed their appreciation and pleasure at the display made by Canada."

* * *

BARON PALLES, Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, compares Irish and American courts :

"If the Standard Oil fine had been imposed in Ireland, the Standard Oil would either have to pay the $29,000,000 fine at once or, if they appealed the case, the appeal would have to be heard and decided without any delay. Then, if the decision was sustained, we would collect the fine on a judgment immediately.

"We would hardly tarry as long as they do in the American courts before making the Standard Oil pay up."

* * *

KEIR HARDIE, M.P., Chairman of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons, on Socialism :

"Socialism is an intelligent movement which does not appeal to the instincts of the individual or of the incompetent, but to the instincts of the man who loves his fellows and desires to see a truer conception of life prevail than obtains at the present moment. Socialism assumes a higher type of humanity. It is the embodiment of the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount in the everyday business life of the community.

"There is at present one socialism. It means the abolition of private property in land and in industrial capital. At present we produce goods to make a profit for the capitalist irrespective of whether such production benefits or injures the community. Under socialism production would be for use and hired labor would give place to associated service.

"You will find capitalists under protection and free trade, but protection makes the growth for the trust easier. Trusts are inevitable under either. The question is whether the monopoly is for private or for public interests."

* * *

HON. THOMAS BENT, Premier of Victoria, compares Canada with Australia :

"Canada is great with the greatest possibilities of any country on earth. Its location had much to do with its rapid development, set as it is on the greatest national highway of the world and is such a close neighbor to England and the continent that it can command an immigration Australia can never get. Then, too, Australia is a little more particular and our Immigration Restriction Act would forbid the landing of many immigrants accepted by Canada. Australia may be a little exclusive, but we have an ambition to make Australia a 'white Australia' not only literally, but in the character of its citizenship as well.

"How do the Canadian cities compare with the cities of Australia ?"

"That's not a fair question to ask me while I am in Canada. The Canadian cities are simply wonderful to contemplate, their age considered. The energy, the dash, the progress is beyond anything I expected to see. They are simply world-beaters. I would like to see this great Dominion fifty years from now, with a population as great as the United Kingdom; with three or four transcontinental railways; with Winnipeg with a million population; with exports equal to its great southern neigh-

bor, but I am afraid that pleasure will be denied me.

"On my return home I will do everything in my power to build up a trade between Canada and Australia. We want to do more business with you. You should take more of our butter, frozen mutton, onions and fruit, and we should take more of your fish and timber and manufactures.

"I have made my first trip across Canada, have seen Montreal and Ottawa, have visited Niagara Falls to inspect the transmission of electricity, have viewed the immense areas of the middle west and have been charmed with the mountain resorts, and on all sides have I seen expansion. Moreover, Canada is next door to a market of 135,000,000 people, and no wonder that people are flocking in. Australia is a good place for people to make a new home, but there is no comparison between the two countries. The season in Australia is now winter, so that the two countries are not even in competition."

" What lends a certain charm to the other virtues of the compassionate Samaritan was the fact that he was of a different nation and of a different religion to the man whom he succored.

"When it is a question of charity, that virtue knows no religion. Charity knows no faith nor nationality nor color. The only question we have to propose to ourselves is, ' He is the victim of suffering humanity, and it is our duty on such an occasion to extend to him the right hand of fellowship and of mercy. The religion that Christ presented to us was not merely for admiration, but for an example that no man is sufficient unto himself. The bonds of social intercourse are as closely intertwined as are the physical bonds of the human body.

We mutually depend upon one another. Of what avail is all riches to a man if he have no friend to grasp him by the hand, no companion to cherish him, no servant to minister to him ? Is not such a man poor and miserable and blind and naked ? What would it avail anyone to possess the coal mines of West Virginia and Pennsylvania if there were no hardy sons of toil to mine those coals and carry them to the marts of commerce ? What would the entire wealth of the Island of Manhattan avail us if there were no one to share it with us ?

We must help one another to the best of our ability, thus making life's burden the easier to bear. Do not say to me : ' What have I to do with my brother ? Am I my brother's keeper ?' You are your brother's keeper, and you will be responsible to God as such. We would all of us to-day be groping in the darkness of idolatry if we were not our brother's keeper, and we would be deprived to-day of the inestimable blessings of our civilization."—Cardinal Gibbons.

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Slips or Cuttings from the Garden. F. Duncan....Ladies' Home Jour.
Summer Flowering Bulbs. T. Baker.....Home Magazine
Language of Insects. Dr. H. C. McCook.....Harper's
How to Treat the Shying Horse. N. Newnham-Davis....Suburban Life
The Poisonous Plants. W. G. Fitz-Gerald.....Suburban Life
True Stories About Sharks. T. J. Hains.....Technical World
Champion of the Sankes. H. D. Jones.....Technical World
Some Remarks on Gulls. Henry van Dyke.....Scribner's
Wild Flower Sanctuaries.....Spectator (July 27)

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

The French Salon. Helen Clergue.....Putnam's
The Political and Social Side of Life in San Francisco. A. Dosch.....
.....Pacific Monthly
Western Affairs at Washington. Ira E. Bennett.....Pacific Monthly
Making Candidates by Camera. Robert L. Dunn.....Appleton's
Vermont, Thrifty and Incorruptible. Frank Putnam....New England
Why the Nations Can Not Disarm. A. S. Hershey.....Reader
What Is Socialism? Wm. Hard.....Reader
What Japan Really Intends. S. Mathews.....World To-Day
Commercial Importance of Sanitary Canal. H. King....World To-Day
At the Cross Ways. J. A. Spender.....Cont. Review
The Move of the Midi. Laurence Jurold.....Cont. Review
The Ebbing Tide of Liberalism. Calchas.....Fortnightly Review
The State of India. G. W. Forrest.....Fortnightly Review
The Metamorphosis of England. S. Whitman.....Fortnightly Review
The New Geneva Convention. Prof. T. E. Holland..Fortnightly Review
The Disposal of Africa. Sir. H. H. Johnston.....Fortnightly Review
Japan, Great Britain and America. C. E. T. Stuart-Linton.Empire Rev.
The Abuse of Local Patriotism. W. K. McClure.....Empire Review
Egypt and India.....Empire Review
Will Roosevelt Run in 1908? David G. Philips.....Success
Lord Cromer's Record.....Saturday Review (Aug. 3)
Raisuli and Europe.....Saturday Review (July 27)
Mr. McKenna's Sop to Stiggins.....Saturday Review (July 27)

Democracy and the Bench.....Saturday Review (July 27)
The English in Egypt (According to a Social'st).Saturday Rev. (July 27)
Unionist Free Traders and the Fiscal Debate....Spectator (July 20)
The Political Effect of Assassination.....Spectator (July 20)
The Lords and Public Business.....Spectator (July 20)
The Menace of Socialism.....Spectator (July 27)
The Coup d'Etat at Seoul.....Spectator (July 27)
The Government and the Education Question.....Spectator (July 27)
The "Guillotine" and its Application.....Spectator (July 27)
Oxford and Cambridge.....Spectator (July 27)
The United States in Porto Rico. E. A. Forbes.....World's Work
Japan's War Tax and Poverty. W. J. Kingsley.....World's Work

RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.

The Story of the Central Pacific. W. F. Bailey.....Pacific Monthly
The New Yosemite Railroad. Edward H. Hamilton.....Cosmopolitan
New Zealand Railway Finance. Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol.....Moody's
Railroads vs, the State. Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol.....Moody's

RELIGION.

How the Church Can get Hold of the Boy. Rev. P. E. Powell.....
.....Ladies' Home Journal
The Religious Education of Children. Sir O. Lodge.....Cont. Review
Gods and Saints in Ancient Ireland. T. W. Rollenston....Cont. Review
The Problem of the Old Testament Re-stated. Prof. Jas. Orr.....
.....Cont. Review
The Divine Man. Emma McCaillard.....Cont. Review

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

An Important Scientific Discovery.....Harper's
Mars: Is it a Habitable World? E. V. Heward....Fortnightly Review
The Electric Theory of Matter. W. A. Shenstone.....Cornhill
To Use the Earth's Inner Fires. Rene Bache.....Technical World
Earth Wobbling at its Poles. Jno. E. Watkins.....Technical World
Machines Which Almost Think. Wm. R. Stewart....Technical World
New Engine Speed Recorder. H. W. Perry.....Technical World
Ploughing by Gasoline. Geo. T. Hackley.....Technical World
An Avenue to the Infinite.....Saturday Review (Aug. 3)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The Rules of the Game. Ed. A. Ross.....Atlantic Monthly
Following the Hounds in California. Chas. F. Holder.....Travel
On the Golf Links of St. Andrews. A. Lounsberry.....Travel
At Sea with the Gloucester Fishing Fleet. G. Richardson.....Travel
A Dip in Great Salt Lake. C. Howard.....Travel
Hunting Elk and Antelope in Wyoming. P. C. Townsend.....Travel
Hunting the Cat Tribe in the Orient. G. d'Erf Browne.....Recreation
Your Hunting Trip this Fall. Edward Cave.....Recreation
Some Canoe Trips Worth While. G. M. Richards.....Recreation
The Sport of Small-Arms Practice.....Recreation
A Change from Striped Bass Fishing. F. L. Harding.....Recreation
Elephants, Rhinos and Hippos. R. Norton.....Appleton's
Racing in its Relation to Horse-Breeding. J. T. Speed.....Century
Herds of the Mountain. Alfred C. Gathorne-Hardy..Chambers's Journal
Burn-Fishing in the Highlands. W. Muir.....Chambers's Journal
Sports and Recreation. Harry Palmer.....Success
An Up-to-date African Hunt. Max C. Fleischmann.....Cosmopolitan
The Curiosities of Sport. Geo. Hibbard.....Metropolitan
The Alleged Decline of British Sport.....Spectator (July 20)

THE STAGE.

The London Stage. Oscar Parker.....English Illustrated
The Drama of the Month. Gertrude H. McGiffert.....Metropolitan

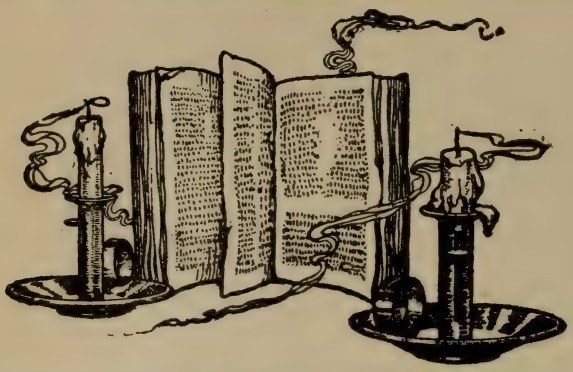
TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Oldest City in the World. Dr. Edgar James Banks.....Putnam's
Picturesque Cranford. Josephine Tozier.....Putnam's
On the Hurricane Deck of a Combine. Fred. Lockley..Pacific Monthly
Up Popocatepetl. Geo. F. Paul.....New England
Motoring Through the Country of Millet and Rousseau. J. Marchand....
.....Travel
A Trip Down the Thames from Oxford to London. E. Brook.....
.....Travel
A Country Under two Kings. Robert Shackleton.....Harper's
Saracinesco—A Village of Models. Grace E. Channing.....Harper's
Climbing Fuji. Annie L. Miller.....Overland Monthly
A Week-end Auto Trip to Southampton. M. W. Colwell.....Travel
A Tourist's Trip Through Panama. E. Crawford.....Travel
From Beyond the Snow Line. Alfred S. Johnson.....World To-Day
Bits of Old China. I. Sheldon-Williams.....Int. Studio
Recent Uncovering of the Tomb of Queen Thy. A.E.P.Weigall..Century
The Palace of Amenhotep III. Robt. de P. Tytus.....Century
On a Yacht from Trinidad to Jamaica. Mrs. T. Gascoigne..Empire Rev.
Life in Rhodesia. Gertrude Page.....Empire Review
The Modest Pleasures of Berlin. B. G.....Empire Review
Memories of Maoriland. E. L. Massy.....Empire Review
Amongst the Mutiny Cities of India. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.....Cornhill
A Summer in Bungalow Town. G. B. Crozier.....English Illustrated
Friesland's Placid Ways.....English Illustrated
With the Nubian Tribes of North Africa. Capt. T. C. S. Speedy.....
.....Chambers's Journal
A Negro College Town. Booker Washington.....World's Work
The Buried Treasures of Herculaneum. R. Lanciani.....Munsey's
Scaling the Volcano. B. F. Fischer.....National

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

How Four Thousand Girls Found Health, Emma E. Walker, M.D.....
.....Ladies' Home Journal
The New Woman Who Would do Things. Margaret Deland.. "
The Wooing of the Army Girl. Harrison Fisher..... "
As a Clergyman Sees Women. By a well-known pastor..... "
How and when to be Frank with Boys. G. Stanley Hall, LL.D. "
How Parents Can Help Teachers. Marion Sprague..... "
Why Cooking is so Easy with Me. Mrs. S. T. Rorer..... "
American Women Lawyers. Stella Reid Crothers.....Home Magazine
The Care of the Baby. Charlotte Aikens.....Home Magazine
The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. Grace M. Gould.....Smith's
A Beauty Sermon to the Outdoor Girl. Augusta Prescott.....Smith's
Making Unfermented Grape Juice at Home. Jno. W. Hall.....
.....Suburban Life
Bernard Shaw on American Women.....Cosmopolitan
What is a Shop Girl's Life? Mary K. Maule.....World's Work

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

The six best selling books in Canada for the month of July are as follows :

1. Cruise of the Shining Light. By Norman Duncan.
   Long Labrador Trail. By Dillon Wallace.
2. The Brass Bowl. By Louis Joseph Vance.
3. Port of Missing Men. By Meredith Nicholson.
   Princess Virginia. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
4. Running Water. By A. E. W. Mason.
5. Short Cruises. By W. W. Jacobs.
6. Captain of the Kansas. By Louis Tracy.

United States Best Sellers.

1. Lady of the Decoration. By F. Little.
2. Brass Bowl. By L. J. Vance.
3. Mayor's Wife. By A. K. Rohlfs.
4. Port of Missing Men. By Meredith Nicholson.
5. Princess Virginia. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

It is noticeable that three of the best selling six in the United States summary occupy pretty nearly the same positions in the list as they do in the Canadian summary.

Fiction.

JOSEPH VANCE : An Ill-Written Autobiography. By William De Morgan, Toronto : Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1.25. A book of no ordinary merit which is not easily summarized. It possesses a distinct flavor of Dickens, yet the author is no slavish imitator. Joey and his parentage, with all that pertains to his early life and associations are worthy of the great master himself. In the latter chapters the story is developed by means of letters and numerous digressions, but these are always illuminating and never tedious.

THREE COMRADES, THE. By Gustav Frenssen. Boston : Dana, Estes & Co. Cloth, $1.50. A translation from the German in which much of the spirit of the original has been preserved. It is a masterpiece in its delineation of simple German character on its native soil. And it also possesses a broad human interest, treating, as it does, of home and fatherland, of sin and sorrow, of true love and honest work.

SATAN SANDERSON. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Indianapolis : Bobbs Merrill Co. Cloth, illustrated, $1.50. An absorbing story in which an ingenious plot forms the chief interest. Satan Sanderson, at one time leader of a band of college roisterers, turns clergyman on conviction and becomes rector of a fashionable church. Through a strange likeness to another young man of dissolute habits and rotten morals, and through the

play of circumstances, he becomes involved in a remarkable series of events, in which his double, the latter's newwed wife and himself are the chief characters. The scene shifts to a western mining town, presenting vivid scenes of the rough life there.

LADY OF THE BLUE MOTOR. By G. Sidney Paternoster. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, $1.50. Geoffrey Hardinge, a wealthy young English Automobilist, while in a suburb of Paris, is requested by a beautiful English lady to prevent anyone from following her into Paris. He does so by blocking one of the gateways, while arguing with an official, thus preventing Comte D' Hautville from entering. The count discovers his game and warns him to quit meddling in other people's affairs at the request of strange ladies who refuse to give their name. Hardinge persists, however, and is the means, during a stirring narrative, of foiling the count at all points, and rescuing the girl from his clutches, the villain being killed and his car smashed to pieces while cheating in an automobile race.

Historical.

GLEN O' WEEPING. By Marjorie Bowen. The Musson Book Co., Toronto, $1.25. A fascinating presentation of people and incidents connected with an event known in history as the "Massacre of Glencoe." The author treats it from the standpoint of a military execution justly carried out on a clan who, by their own act, were outlawed. Exciting scenes of love and intrigue are woven into the story. The wild and lawless savagery of Highland warfare and the no less cruel and perfidious treachery of the nobles at the head of affairs, with much Jacobite plotting, form the setting of this clever historical romance.

VICTOR OF SALAMIS. By William Stearns Davis. Toronto: Macmillan. Cloth, $1.50. A story of Grecian life in the time of Xerxes, Leonidas and Themistocles. Glaucon, a victor in the Isthmian games, is pronounced a traitor to Athens through the machinations of his false friend, Democrates, an orator held in high esteem by the Athenians, and who is in love with Glaucon's wife. He escapes and rescues a brother-in-law and sister of Xerxes, and is given a Persian title. He escapes from the Persian hosts invading Athens, and renders great service by his speed as a runner. Finally Democrates commits suicide after unsuccessfully trying to betray the Grecian army, and Glaucon returns, with honor cleared, to his wife in Athens.

Travel.

LONG LABRADOR TRAIL. By Dillon Wallace. The Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto. $1.50. A thrilling tale of dangers encountered and overcome in a new and hitherto unexplored portion of Labrador. This book records the completion of a great enterprise undertaken by the late Leonidas Hubbard. It contains valuable information of a geographical and scientific character regarding this section of our great continent. This was the best selling book in Canada during the past month.

HISTORIC VIRGINIA AND THE JAMESTOWN CENTENNIAL. Chicago: Laird & Lee. Cloth 50c.; paper 25c. This little book contains a brief history of the events and persons connected with the dawn of American history 300 years ago. It is profusely illustrated with maps, drawings and photographs.

ITALIAN LAKES, THE. By W. D. McCrackan. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, illustrated, $2. Incidentally, short sketches are given of eminent persons in the world of art, literature and history, whose lives are associated with the region described. A delightful book for the fireside but invaluable for the traveler.

GLIMPSES OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION. Chicago: Laird & Lee. Cloth, 75c.; paper, 35c. A book containing 216 views, 32 of which are in colors, of the Jamestown Exposition and various points of historic interest in the surrounding country.

Miscellaneous.

HAUNTERS OF THE SILENCES. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L.

C. Page & Co. Cloth, $2. In this, his latest book, Mr. Roberts has depicted some more aspects of nature, both animate and inanimate. His method is, first, to make sure of his facts by close observation and study of his subjects, and then to throw around these the glamor of imaginative fiction. Under his skilful treatment the denizens of the field and forest enact their drama of life in the mind of the reader—and henceforth nature study possesses for him a new fascination.

OLD HOME HOUSE. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cloth, $1.25. Captain Jonadab and Barzilla Wingate—two delightful old mariners, are reproductions of former old friends in Mr. Lincoln's earlier books, but we meet them here in quite other scenes and in an entirely new role. As landlords of the Old Home House, they are as refreshing and whole-souled as ever. For quaint humor and dry Yankee wit, expressed in choice nautical phraseology, the present book is unsurpassed.

SISTER CARRIE. By Theodore Dreiser, New York. B. W. Dodge & Co. Cloth, $1.50. This is a fascinating and realistic story, tracing the career of a young country girl from the time she arrives poor and friendless in Chicago, until she blossoms out in New York as a stage favorite.

Jefferson's Ten Rules

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

Our Fall Importations of Genuine

Oriental RUGS

have just arrived and we cordially invite all Rug lovers to pay us an early visit.

Goods sent on approval to any part of Canada.

SEND FOR PRICE CATALOGUE

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

Oriental Art Importers

40 KING STREET EAST, - TORONTO

Hardwood Floors

from the plain oak strip 1¾ in. to the most elaborate parquet design.

Write for our catalogue and price list.

ELLIOTT & SON LIMITED

79 King St. W., TORONTO

Beauty and Solid Comfort



That's something that money seldom buys, but when you insist on brick fireplaces made from

MILTON BRICK

you secure both. Since your money can buy something ornamental as well as useful why not have the best **fireplace—Milton Brick.**

The price is right. Send for catalogue.

Milton Pressed Brick Company

Works and Office, MILTON, ONT. **Toronto Office, 75 Yonge St.**

Humor in the Magazines

A well-known judge, who had the reputation of being a "bon vivant," was one day trying a case in which there was a dispute about a water supply. Having just partaken of a hearty luncheon, he began to nod suspiciously during the counsel's long-winded argument. Suddenly the barrister thundered out:

"What we want, my lord, is water!"

"Very little in mine, please, very little in mine," cried his lordship, starting up anxiously.

Several people had the bad taste to chuckle loudly.

* * *

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to escort his wife one evening to the theatre.

"I don't like the tie that you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another," said his wife.

The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed. Habit had been too much for him when he took off his tie.

* * *

With the object of encouraging marriage, the clergyman of a country parish introduced a system of elastic fees, allowing the bridegroom in each case to pay just what he liked. His receipts had varied from a cigarette-paper to a five-pound note, and the innovation was proving, on the whole, fairly successful.

The other day he had just made a young couple man and wife, and had retired with them to the vestry to sign the register, when the bridegroom asked him how much he was expected to pay.

"Pay just what you like," said the parson. "Pay whatever you think it's worth to you."

The young man looked bashfully at the clergyman, and admiringly at his bride.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm not a millionaire!"

* * *

At length the old chap unearthed a sixpence, but it slipped through his shaking fingers and fell on the floor of the 'bus.

Stooping down, the conductor searched lovingly for that sixpence, but all he could find was a couple of brass buttons.

"Look again," said the man, who was giving him such fine practice in will power.

Once again the conductor bent down, and found two more brass buttons.

"Look again," said the useful passenger. "I insist upon it! I'm a shareholder in the company!"

The portly gentleman had been looking for his fare at least five minutes, and the conductor thought hard things.

"I wouldn't look again if you was the general manager and the board of directors all in one," said the conductor. I've only two trouser buttons left, and their job's too responsible for taking any more risks."

* * *

The speaker lost the thread of his discourse twice during the last minute, he

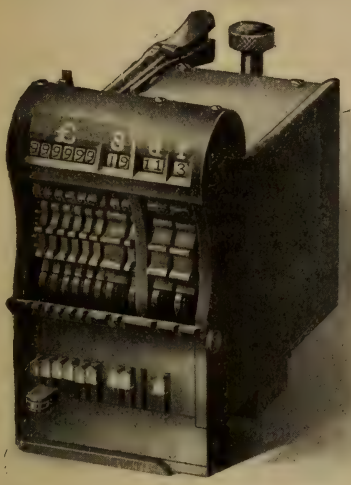


THE VISIBLE PROOF.

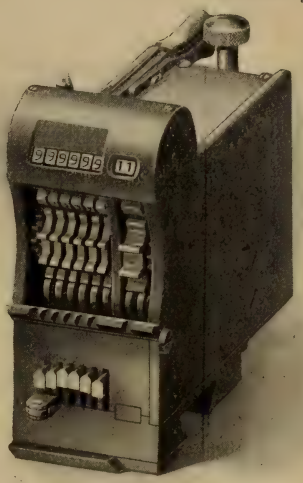
"Do you call these prize cattle? Them ain't the kind our folks raise. My father raised the biggest calf in the country."

"There is no doubt about it, young man."—Judge.

NEW ADDING REGISTERS



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MONTREAL **TORONTO** **WINNIPEG**

was hot and uncomfortable, and his tie had worked its way under his ear.

But what did that matter? The meeting was a political one, his views were theirs, and terrific applause greeted the close of his speech.

Suddenly he spied a slip of paper peeping from a last year's Blue Book, which he had requested should be on the table for reference.

"I have an announcement to make," he said, rising with more or less grace, and referring to the paper. "Mr. Jenkyns Smythe regrets his unavoidable absence to-night, on account of his wife's dangerous illness. I am sure Mr. Smythe has our utmost sympathy."

There was a dead silence, during which a lady and gentleman left the front seat and the hall.

It was Jenkyns Smythe and his new wife. The paper had been sent to a meeting there twelve months before, and had been used as a bookmark since. It referred to a spouse who was gone.

* * *

Mr. Littlejohn grinned. It wasn't that he particularly liked walnuts and wine, but his wife and the other ladies had gone to the drawing-room, and for a space he would be his own master.

"I must tell you a story about my wife," he whispered eagerly to his male guests.

"Go on," said Mr. Greymare, who had a fellow feeling.

"The other morning," resumed Mr. Littlejohn, with the air of a man who is getting his own back, "my wife gave me a wigging for wasting my time reading instead of doing up the back garden. Well, what I was going to tell you was that one day last week, when I had left for the office, she made a cake, put it in the oven, and sat down to read a novelette. She got so much interested that when she opened the oven door, the cake was——'

Just then Mrs. Littlejohn came into the room.

"And the joke of it was," went on her husband, "that they found that motor car next day in the middle of a mill pond."

Everyone yelled with delight, but it wasn't at the story.

"Take warning!" said the new teacher, scowling at his class. "I mean to confiscate everything that any of you makes a noise with.'

Tin whistles and all similar musical instruments were plunged into innermost pockets, and the silence could be felt.

Presently there came from the far end of the room a clattering, buzzing, rumbling sound that would have brought a fortune to an inventor of children's toys, could he have reproduced it.

"Bring that thing here!" cried the teacher, fixing an unfortunate pupil with his eyes.

"Please, sir," came the reply, "I can't! It's the hot water pipe!"

Once again silence—palpable and unbroken.

* * *

Courtesy is often lacking in modern life, but at least two advertisers in a certain local newspaper believe in it.

In one issue this appeared :

"The gentleman who found a purse containing money in High Street is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

A day or two later appeared the response, which was equally courteous :

"The recognized gentleman who picked



THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

Striped Jersey; "'Ello, Bill. What are you now?"
Bill: "Food for babies. What are you?"
Striped Jersey: "Anti-fat."

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK

S. W. Corner Broadway at 54th St.



Near 50th St. Subway Station and 53rd St. Elevated.

Ideal Location. Near Theatres, Shops and Central Park.

NEW, MODERN and ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

Coolest Summer Hotel in New York. All outside rooms. Transient rates $2.50 with Bath and up.

Special rates for Summer months.

SEND FOR BOOKLET

Headquarters for Canadians

HARRY P. STIMSON
Formerly with Hotel Imperial

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The LENOX HOTEL
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MODERN. HIGHEST GRADE. FIRE PROOF.

OUR OWN RAPID ELECTRIC CARRIAGES, EXCLUSIVELY FOR PATRONS, operate continuously every few minutes from Hotel through Business District and to all Depots, for principal trains.

EUROPEAN PLAN
$1.50 per day up.

GEORGE DUCHSCHERER, Prop

To Tourists

I am open for engagements to take tourists into any part of Spain, Portugal and Morocco. Thoroughly familiar with all the sights. Have taken some Canadians to interesting parts seldom seen by even experienced tourists. Terms very reasonable. By arranging in advance can meet the steamer and take parties. For tourists whose time is limited, I can, if they arrange with me in advance, show them the principal places of interest in Southern Spain and Morocco, and bring them back in time to proceed by the next steamer, a week later. For those with more time I have very interesting trips lasting from one to three months.

Reference by permission to the Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine.

JOSEPH BUZAGLO

Family Courier, Gibraltar

A Pleasant Home In a Pleasant City

Visitors to ATLANTIC CITY are impressed with the large number of hotels and cottages where the convalescent is cared for. There is an air of quiet comfort and refined simplicity about

The Big Cottage

1209 Pacific Avenue

conducted by

MRS. M. E. BURGESS-WALLING

The house is pleasantly situated, the verandas are wide and shady, the rooms large, the cuisine most excellent, the service well ordered and the terms reasonable.

Mrs. Walling will mail particulars to any address.

A resident Doctor, Trained Nurse and Masseuse.

up a purse in High Street requests the loser to call at his house to reclaim his property."

* * *

A philanthropical Fifth Avenue lady was visiting a lower east side Sunday School. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils, she took the class in hand to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?"

Not one answered.

"Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?"

A grimy fist went up.

"Well, what am I doing, little boy?"

"Buttin' in!"

* * *

"I made a good deal this morning," said the New Yorker.

"What was it?" asked his country friend.

"Well I leased the basement of my building for a rathskeller, then I leased the lot for a hundred feet below that for a storage cellar, and the hundred feet below that I leased to the Underburrow company for a subway station. And there's a man after me now for the hundred feet below that for a Turkish bath—says he'll pay a good rent, too, as he'll get his heat free."

"What with all that and your fifty story office building, you must make a mint of money out of your skimpy little lot," said the country friend.

"Oh, that's not all," answered the New Yorker. "The hundred feet of air above my roof I leased to the Joy line of air freighters, and above that I get ground—I mean air—rent for the station of the London-New York airship line."

* * *

A university graduate was recently given a confidential clerkship in the office of the president of a huge railway system.

The young aspirant was not told at what hour he should report; so the first morning he appeared in the office of his chief at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work. Nothing was said of the clerk's tardiness.

On the second attempt the clerk presented himself at eight-thirty, only to find that the president was there ahead of him, working hard.

The third day the young man went at eight o'clock, with the same result.

That night as he went home the clerk took counsel with himself, and determined to be ahead of the boss the next morning. Accordingly he arrived at the office at seven-thirty the fourth day; but there was the chief working away as if he had not left the office at all.

As the clerk entered, the president looked at him with a quizzical air. "Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your forenoons?"

* * *

"Sam, what would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake! I'm sho' I dunno wot I'd do ef I had a million dollahs; but I know wot I'd do ef I had two dollahs. I've bin waitin' two yeahs ter git married."

* * *

A certain young society man was much given to telling exaggerated stories and was rapidly gaining a reputation for untruthfulness which worried his friends and particularly his chum, who remonstrated with him and threatened to disown him if he did not mend his ways.

"Charlie," said he, "you must stop this big story business of yours or you are going to lose me as a friend. Nobody believes a word you say, and you are getting to be a laughing-stock."

Charlie admitted that he was aware of the fact but complained that he could not overcome his fault, try as he would. He suggested that had he but somebody beside him when he started to elaborate upon his tale, to tread on his foot, he was sure he could break the habit.

A few days later they were invited to a dinner party and his chum agreed to sit next to Charlie and step on his toe if he went too far. All went well until the subject of travel was brought up. One of the company told of an immense building that he had seen when on a trip up the Nile. This started Charlie, who at once began to describe a remark-



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Tourist.—"What do the people round here live on, Pat?"
Jarvey.—"Pigs, Sorr, mainly, and tourists in the summer."—Punch.

able building he had seen while on a hunting trip on the northern border of India.

"It was one of the most remarkable buildings, I presume, in the world," said he. "Its dimensions we found to be three miles in length, two miles in height, and"—as his watchful friend trod on his toe—"two feet wide."

* * *

His Majesty's inspector was examining a class of boys on the subject of "birds." Having received correct answers to the questions relating to feathers, bill, feet and wings, he put the question :

"What is it a bird can do which I am unable to do ?"

"Fly," was the answer he hoped to get.

For several moments the boys thought but gave no answer. At last one held up his hand.

"Well, my lad, what is it ?"

"Lay an egg, sir," said the boy.

* * *

An editor once engaged a reporter, whose first duty was to describe a big fire in a neighboring town. Arrived at the place, the reporter found great masses of flame pouring from the huge factory building. He seemed nonplussed, and didn't know what to do. Finally he sent back to the office this telegram : —"Have arrived, and the fire is burning fiercely. What shall I do ?" Of course, he was sent to write up the fire, but as it was now too late for the afternoon edition, the editor said something under his breath, and sent back the following reply : "Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."

* * *

A famous French painter had a fixed rule that none of his pupils were to be allowed to smoke in his studio.

One day, however, he came into the room, and distinctly saw that one of his pupils had a lighted cigarette in his fingers, which he was endeavoring ineffectually to conceal. With a style of somewhat heavy banter, the painter went up to him.

"That is a curious kind of pencil you have got there, my young friend," he remarked. "May I ask what you propose to draw with it ?"

"Clouds," was the ready answer.

* * *

A little child was crying miserably one afternoon in Moscow. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls soon brought a big crowd around him.

"What is the matter, my child. What troubles you ?" everyone asked.

The boy paused finally. He looked at the multitude which had assembled. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble :

"I'm lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Troubetskoy, the champion clothier of the South End, who has just got in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats, and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than anyone else in the city ?"

* * *

The nervous foreigner got up in the crowded tramcar and made his way with difficulty along the aisle until he reached the conductor.

"Ogscuse me, mister," said he, "but ze car he r-run so slow, and why, if you please, is it not so ?"

The conductor was rather bewildered for a moment, but, with commendable intelligence, he hit upon the correct idea that he was being questioned as to the tardy motion of the car.

"Yessir," he answered briefly. "But we can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider.

"Would you please to say him again?" he asked apologetically.

"Certainly !" said the conductor blandly, but louder than before. "I said the car ahead is behind. Do you follow?"

Then the poor foreigner returned to his seat, holding his head in both hands.

"Zee car-r ahead, he ees behind," he muttered hopelessly to himself. "Truly the way they do things in this Angleterre, it is vonderful !"

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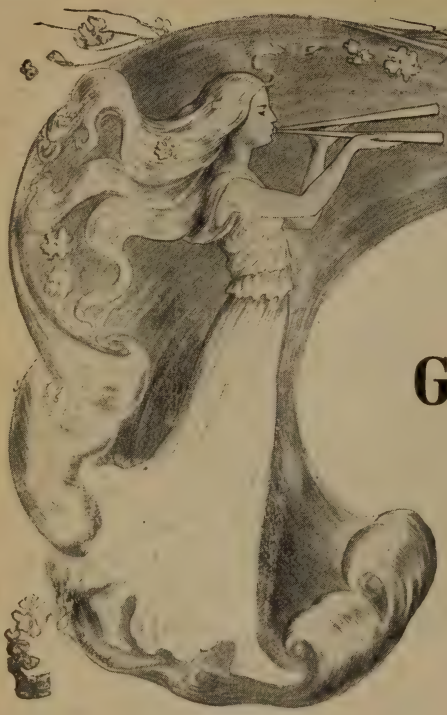
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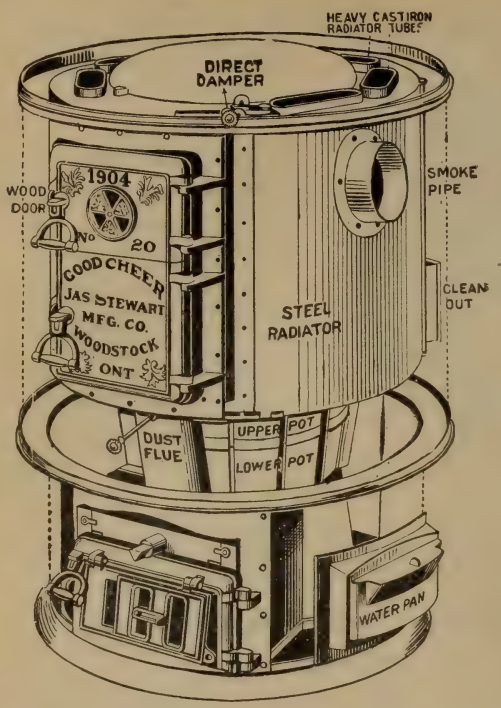
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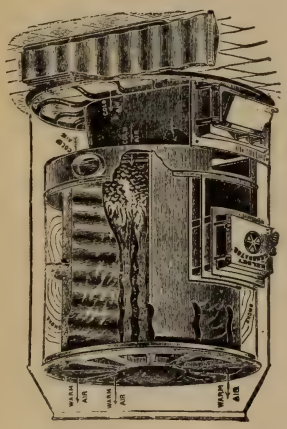
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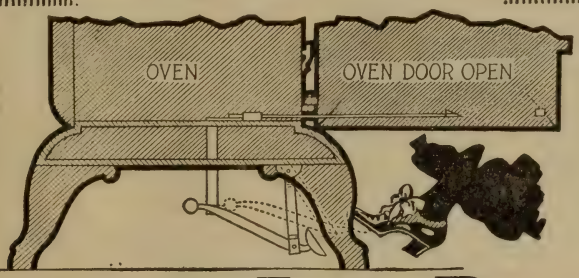
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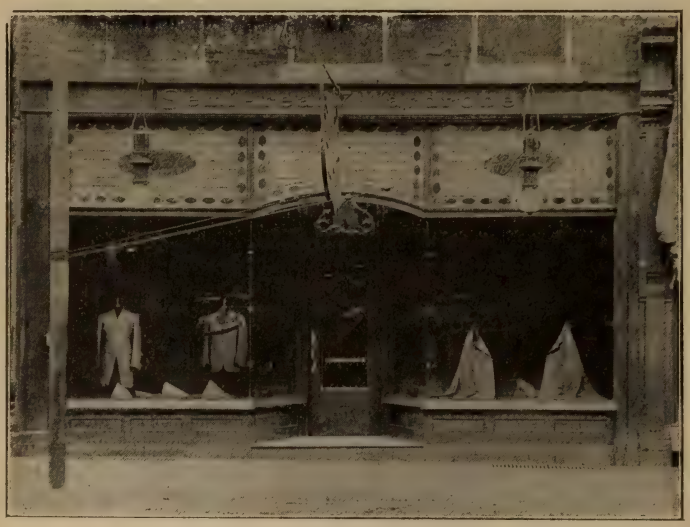
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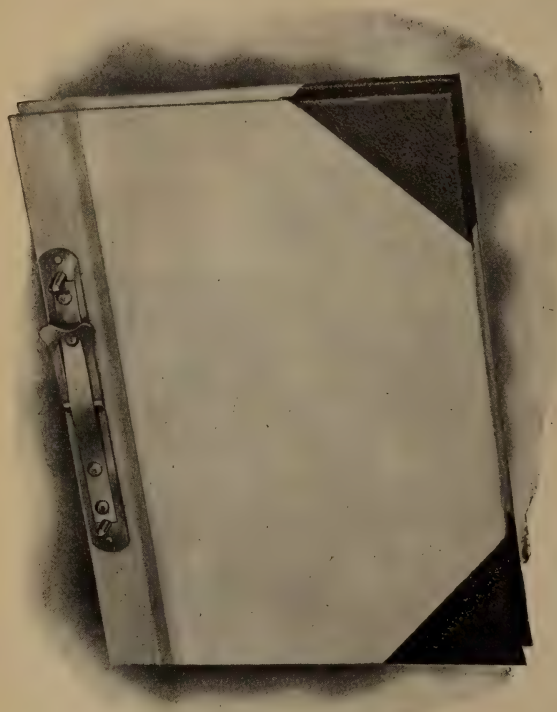
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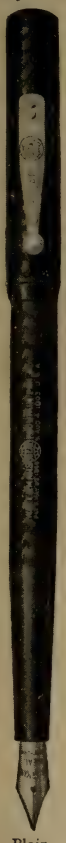
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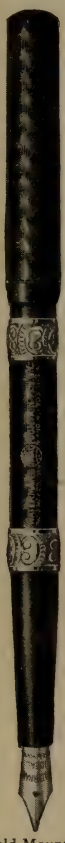
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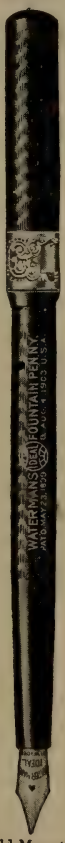


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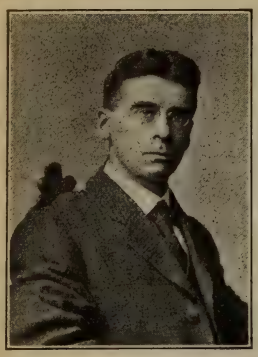
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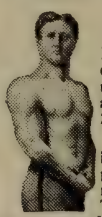
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TORONTO - Canada

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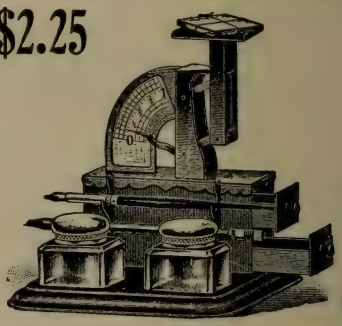
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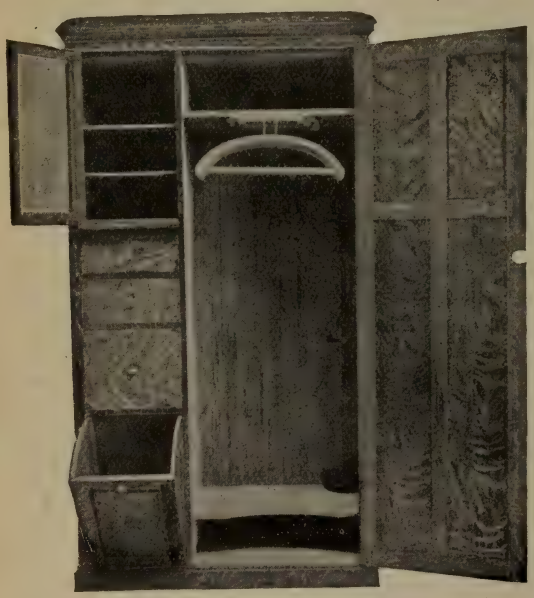
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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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Sir Robert Gillespie Reid

Commercial Magazine

IN the recent distribution of Royal birthday honors, Mr. Robert Gillespie Reid, of Montreal and Newfoundland, was elevated to the dignity of Knighthood. This distinction was conferred upon him in recognition of his splendid achievements both here and in the Dominion and in the sister colony, where he is a sort of colonial colossus, a railway and steamship magnate who stands unequalled and whose other varied and progressive enterprises—in mining, lumbering, and the operation of dry docks, street-cars, electric lighting and similar industrial ventures, make him a unique figure in the front rank of the captains of industry whose far-seeing and all-embracing projects are revolutionizing the world in these latter days.

When the history of the marvellous progress of British North America the past thirty years comes to be written, the name of Robert G. Reid will be found linked with those of Donald Smith and George Stephen, the famous pioneers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as what they did for the Dominion in opening up the silent places of the vast Northwest, he has done for our eastern neighbor with the Reid Newfoundland Railway in penetrating the untrodden wildernesses of that Province and making accessible to the prospector, the investor, the sportsman and the tourist the varied attractions this long-neglected island possesses, and the opportunities for the profitable employment of capital which it is now known to afford in abundance.

It is rather remarkable the principal figures in the stupendous enterprises which have rendered Canada so prominent since Confederation should all be Scotchmen and that the genius of the Scottish race should find such repeated expression in the development of the great Dominion. Thus, the Hudson Bay Company is officered almost entirely by Scotchmen. The Canadian Pacific Railway was projected and carried to a successful issue by Scotchmen. The Bank of Montreal has been made one of the world's greatest financial factors by Scotchmen. The Allan Steamship Company —Canada's special shipping line—owes its origin and its success to a Scotch family, and the forward march of Newfoundland along the highway of progress has been very largely due to this Scotchman—R. G. Reid—so prominent in railroading, the overshadowing business of the present day.

Robert Gillespie Reid was born in Coupar-Angus, Perthshire, in 1844, and belongs to the class of men who are the architects of their own fortunes. His father was the owner of

small linen mills, and the lad, after some years' schooling, was apprenticed to a builder, who had leased quarries at Leys, three miles from his home. Here he learned his trade as a stone-mason, trudging daily to the works and back, with his dinner in his pocket. On attaining manhood he emigrated to Australia, in the days of the gold finds there. He and three others tramped some hundreds of miles through the bush to reach the gold "diggings," as he had got a tip from a returning miner, who had made his pile, as to where a promising lode existed, and the mining law in those times required at least four persons to combine to secure a claim. His chums, on arrival, though, were dissatisfied with the prospect and decided to abandon it. He, however, was of different mettle, and as he could not secure the claim by himself, he turned to his trade and took a contract to build a bake-oven at the goldfields, the first ever seen in that locality.

Recalled to Scotland, after three years in Australia, by the death of his father, Mr. Reid next crossed to New York and after studying industrial conditions there, concluded that Canada offered him a better field for the employment of his talents. Accordingly he moved to Ottawa, where he took several contracts in connection with the erection of the imposing Parliament Buildings there. From that he went to Buffalo, where he built the International Bridge and returning to Ottawa, constructed a series of ridges on the railway line between that point and Montreal, which is now owned by the C.P.R. Then he carried out the renewal of a number of bridges on the Grand Trunk Railway and next proceeded to Texas, where he built all the bridges on the International Railroad from Austin to Laredo. It was an easy transition from this to the carrying out of similar work on the Southern Pacific Railway, west of the Pecos and one hundred and fifty miles into Mexico. Some of these undertakings were remarkable engineering feats. At Austin, where a treacherous bottom and rapid current had baffled all efforts to establish piers and masonry, he succeeded in overcoming these obstacles and in very quick time had the whole installation complete, the structure standing to-day as a monument to his skill and unswerving determination. At Eagle Pass, again, he spanned the Rio Grande with one of the finest bridges of modern times, an abiding testimony to his workmanship and talents. Yet another famous bridge which owes its erection to him is that across the Delaware Water Gap, one of the "sights" of that region. To this bridge attaches a story illustrative of the man. The contract had actually been secured by another builder, who had then induced Mr. Reid to join him in it. When the latter inspected the site he observed to the other: "We shall lose about $15,000 on this job." Next morning the partner had decamped, but Mr. Reid built the structure himself and met the losses it involved, though he had not signed the contract at all when his partner disappeared.

This fealty to his pledged word has marked his whole career and has won him the unqualified esteem and confidence of all those with whom he has been associated in business ventures. His fame as a bridge-builder in the South was now so widespread and his work so satisfactory that the projectors of the C.P.R. induced him to return to Canada to undertake not alone the construction of their most difficult viaducts, but also the building of the heaviest sections of that railway itself along the north shore of Lake Superior. It was one of the most difficult divisions of the great trascontinental road, piercing through a rugged and broken country where deep gorges had to be spanned by mighty structures of stone and steel, and the frowning Laurentian cliffs gashed with yawning rock cuts and cavernous tunnels. Mr. Reid, though, carried this herculean task through with the thoroughness and fidelity which attended every work he undertook and to which his invincible resolution inspired him. By the promptness and

perfection of his labors here he came to be recognized as among the leaders in his business in Canada and and was admitted to the fraternity of sturdy empire-builders who have graven their names deep into the history of Canada by the bands of steel with which they girdled the continent from ocean to ocean.

But there were still great achievements for him to accomplish. It was now 1890, he was a millionaire, and his three stalwart sons, William, Harry and Robert—had come to manhood, and were able and efficient helpers to him in his various undertakings. East of Cape Breton lies Newfoundland, separated only from it by the 90 miles of Cabot Strait; and as a railroader he was aware that Newfoundland was struggling with an almost hopeless railroad problem. In 1881 the island colony had decided to build 80 miles of track to skirt round Conception Bay and connect St. John's and Harbor Grace, the two principal towns, and the numerous hamlets between, this being the most populous portion of the island. An American Syndicate had secured the contract, but had defaulted thereon, and some English bondholders completed the line and were operating it through a liquidator. The Government next attempted to build a line of 26 miles from Whitbourne, the central point on the former, to Placentia, but this proved so costly, because of political control, that no further essay in that direction was possible. An extension north to Notre Dame Bay, the great copper producing region, was now called for, and despairing of any more hopeful prospect the Colonial Government sought contractors abroad for the accomplishing of this work.

Among those who tendered was Mr. R. G. Reid and his offer was satisfactory beyond even the hopes of the Newfoundland Cabinet, for he agreed to build the line for $15,600 a mile and to take in lieu of cash the Colony's 3½ p.c. bonds in payment for his work. His proposal was closed with at once and he started operations before the ink was dry on the signed contract. Fortunate it was for Newfoundland that she had a man of Mr. Reid's financial stability and resolute determination in the early days of the, for her, colossal enterprise she had engaged in, because the first five years of his labors were attended by a series of setbacks almost heartbreaking in their cumulative effect and calculated to make a less resolute contractor abandon the whole venture in despair. In July, 1892, the major portion of the town of St. John's was destroyed by fire, 11,000 persons being left homeless and the property loss being twenty millions with insurance of but one-fourth that amount. The effects of this disaster were felt far and wide throughout the colony, and Mr. Reid was seriously hampered in his undertaking in consequence. Eighteen month later, at the end of 1893, a general election was held, which saw the Whiteway Ministry returned with a reduced majority, but a series of election petitions were filed, which, on coming to trial in due course, caused the unseating of seventeen out of twenty-three of the Liberal members. When the first two seats were vacated the Ministry resigned, hoping to nullify the proceedings thereby, but the Governor refused to sanction dissolution, and the Liberals retorted by declining to pass a Revenue Bill. The bitterest partisan warfare was waged at home—in the press, in the courts, in the constituencies and in the legislature; public credit was impaired abroad; a truncated Parliament and a makeshift Ministry were collecting duties without warrant of law under cover of a warship's guns; timid investors were unloading the colony's securities at a paralyzing rate in London; and a railroad contractor was midway through the interior, trying to carry on his appointed task, but distracted by the reports of the political warfare behind him, which threatened at times to bring down the whole financial fabric of the colony. This, indeed, very nearly happened at the end of 1894, when the memorable bank crash

came, which proved the climax of all these troubles. The Colony's local banks went to pieces, many mercantile firms closed their doors forever, thousands were reduced to beggary, panic swept the island to its farthest shore and the Government had to pawn its securities at 50 cents on the dollar to raise the wherewithal to meet the interest due in London on the public debt on December 31, and thereby avert bankruptcy.

In this emergency, Mr. Reid proved a true friend to the Colony. He was mainly instrumental in inducing the Bank of Montreal to establish itself in the island and become the Government's financial mainstay, and he assisted materially in arranging for the rehabilitation of many crippled commercial concerns. Then, when the Colony's delegates, a few months later went to Ottawa, to seek terms of union for the Colony with Canada, he acompanied them and lent the influence of his powerful interests in the Dominion towards bringing about this result. Finally, after the negotiations for union failed, and when the present Premier, Sir Robert Bond, undertook his mission to Montreal and London to endeavor to raise a loan for the Colony, Mr. Reid went with him, and at Montreal introduced him to Hanson Brothers, Canadian agents for Coates & Co., London Bankers, and they successfully arranged with them the financial treaty which enabled Newfoundland to restore its shattered fortunes. During the negotiations, a cablegram was received from the Colonial Ministry that the Government Savings Bank was in difficulties, and the Hansons and the Bank of Montreal arranged to supply the necessary funds to satisfy all claims for withdrawal of deposits.

The straits to which Newfoundland was reduced at that time can be imagined from the fact that Sir Herbert Murray, ex-Chairman of the British Board of Customs, was sent out to dispense a relief fund of $250,000, appropriated by the Imperial Government towards the alleviation of distress throughout the island, and was expending it in the construction of public works, paying those engaged at the rate of 50 cents a day. The Colony's credit stood at zero in London, and a large banking firm which had agreed to purchase a substantial block of Mr. Reid's bonds refused to do so. He was traveling in Egypt then, his health having been impaired by the difficulties of railroad construction through a wilderness like Newfoundland's, and the strain of such a series of setbacks, and on his return to England, found that this default had been made. By that time the crisis had passed in Newfoundland, and the Colony was no longer regarded as hopelessly bankrupt, and the bankers were profusely apologetic and desirous of taking up the securities. But Reid said "No; you have broken your word and gone back on your bargain. I will not give you these bonds now." And he held them himself for eighteen months longer, before he sold them; while the moral of this, as impressed upon financial men, was that here was a capitalist who regarded a pledged word as sacred and lived up to that principle.

In Newfoundland he had, two years previously, demonstrated in striking fashion his adherence to it. His original contract with that Colony was to build 200 miles of railroad northward to Notre Dame Bay. Before this section was completed the Government were so well satisfied with his work and with the prospects of future development which the opening up of the interior indicated, that on his recommendation they decided to extend the road to Port-aux-Basques, at the Western extremity of the island. This meant another 300 miles, through an unknown country, which had never yet been surveyed, yet Mr. Reid signed a binding contract to build the line through this wilderness for the same price and under the same conditions as he had constructed the previous section. But the Government would not consent to operate the entire railroad system for a term of years, for the vicissitudes the Colony had undergone had convinced the

Ministry that when the railroad was completed and handed over to them to operate, they would have a "white elephant" of enormous proportions to deal with and that the operation of the line as a State venture would be ruinous financially. Mr. Reid agreed to operate the system for ten years without cost to the Colony, taking as his only remuneration 5,000 acres of selected land per mile or between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 acres in all, in alternate blocks on both sides of the track or elsewhere throughout the Colony, if that failed to provide sufficient, apart from swampy or barren areas. This offer the Government gladly accepted and thus it was that Mr. Reid became a great land-owner.

This negotiation was attended by the incident which proved Mr. Reid's fealty to his pledged word. The pourparlers were taking place in winter in St. John's. The only civil engineer on the staff who had even traveled over the western part of Newfoundland was summoned to the city from the railroad to impart to his chief all the information. After remaining two days he started back again. He had to proceed to an advanced post on snowshoes and while doing so was beset by a tremendous blizzard which piled snow across the barren uplands forty feet high. When its cessation permitted him to venture abroad again he made for the nearest telegraph station and wired Mr. Reid to have nothing to do with the contract to operate a railroad across Newfoundland in winter, instancing his experience as a proof that no road could ever be kept open the whole year round.

His advice, though, came too late. Mr. Reid had given his word to undertake the contract, and though that instrument had yet to be ratified by the Legislature, he would not draw back. It is very doubtful, however, if the history of railroading the world over contains a parallel instance to this—where a contractor undertook to construct 300 miles of railroad through a country that had never even been surveyed; and also contracted to operate it afterwards, notwithstanding winters of almost Arctic severity, and in defiance of the advice of his most experienced engineer. It is further characteristic of Mr. Reid, that by a lavish expenditure the past ten years, practically elevating the whole of his track on the exposed plateaus some three feet, he has eliminated the question of snow blockades seriously interrupting his winter traffic.

Succeeding the "Bank Crash" in Newfoundland, came a period of widespread depression in business which the magnitude of that disaster rendered inevitable; and drastic retrenchment in the shape of reduced salaries and diminished appropriations for the public service, equally inevitable if the Colony was ever to regain its former stability. The reaction of these conditions on the general industry of the island was to render it stagnant and the outlook gloomy and the reflection of this was the overthrow of the Whiteway or Liberal Ministry at the general elections in the autumn of 1897 and the return of the Winter-Morine or Conservative party.

Since 1901 Sir Robert Reid (as he now is) and his three sons have converted all their possesions and franchises in that colony into a limited liability corporation, the Reid-Newfoundland Company, with a capital of $25,000,000, but the stock is held by them. He is himself the President and his sons are the directors and executive officers, who have taken off his shoulders the burden of the multifarious details of the varied phases of this gigantic enterprise. They have 6,000 square miles of lands in all parts of the Colony—lands rich in mineral, forest and farmstead wealth, silver, copper, iron, pyrites, lead, asbestos, slate and petroleum are amongst the products Mr. Reid is obtaining from the bowels of the earth; his mills have been sawing lumber for years and he was one of the principal holders of the lands acquired by the Harmsworths for the pulp-making plant valued at $5,000,000 which they have established at Grand Falls. He still retains, moreover, pulp areas even more valuable

than these and which are destined ere long to be the seat of one of the greatest pulp-making projects in the world. For the settling of his railway line he offers the most liberal inducements, as the more settlers who locate there, the better for him. He is pursuing an active campaign in the United States and Canada for the development of tourist and sportsmen's traffic, and from early spring until late in November the inrush continues—salmon fishers in the earlier months and caribou hunters in the late ones, with an army of tourists the whole time, great numbers of whom now take the Reid steamer that plies all summer to Labrador to enjoy the scenic beauties of the peninsula.

He has always been foremost in assisting in the establishment of other large industries in the island. As one of the principal stock-holders in the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, he was largely instrumental in inducing that corporation to purchase the iron mines at Bell Island, Conception Bay, from which it now derives its supplies of ore for its smelting works at Sydney, C.B., and he is one of the proprietors of the Newfoundland Timber Estates Company (with Mr. Whitney, of Boston), which is operating extensively in the island. He is likewise financially interested in the sealing, whaling and varied manufacturing industries of the Oldest Colony.

With such activities in progress and still greater in prospect, the part that Sir Robert Reid and his sons are playing in the maintenance of the prosperity of Newfoundland is not to be lightly disregarded. They are by far the largest employers of labor in that island and the extent of their prospects is constantly expanding.

Sir Robert Reid has been most generous in his benefactions to Newfoundland, and no deserving object, great or small, meets a refusal from him. Towards the Victoria or Woman's Wing of the General Hospital at St. John's Lady Reid contributed $5,000; his own contributions and those of his sons to every philanthropic movement are given anonymously and must amount to thousands of dollars annually.

That so signal a career should be crowned by so signal an instance of Royalty's favor seems eminently fitting. Here in Canada his business merits had already won him recognition from the financial world, by his election to a directorship in the two greatest institutions of the Dominion—the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Bank of Montreal; and his philanthropic efforts by his choice as a director for the Montreal General Hospital. In Newfoundland he is no less highly esteemed, having enjoyed the cordial esteem of successive Governors and leading public men of that Colony. The present able Governor, Sir William McGregor, who was himself elevated to the dignity of G.C.M.G. in the same honor list, the first Governor of Newfoundland ever to attain that distinction, gave as the first function following upon the "Birthday" a garden party at Government House in honor of Sir Robert and Lady Reid.

Sir Robert Reid is a remarkable personality. Silent as the Sphinx, his voice when he does speak is soft and gentle, his manner is mild and quiet, without suggestion of bluster or modern pushfulness. Yet his whole being is instinct with the idea of reserve power. For some years he has been a martyr to rheumatism, contracted by hours of exposure in ice cold water at Grand Narrows while watching the completion of a critical piece of bridge-work and so cannot grapple with details.

That the new Knight may be long spared to enjoy the honor which so worthily and so appropriately crowned a career marked by such splendid achievements and destined to be of yet greater promise to Newfoundland, to Canada and to the Empire in the days to come, will be the wish of all who feel that the highest destiny of the Oldest Colony will be best promoted by a cordial union of interests between his enterprise and its people for the advancement of the island in which both have so much at stake.

A Present for Teacher

By Grace L. Collins in The Craftsman

IT was well-nigh incredible. That morning's rumor semed not half so likely to be true as other rumors circulated in the school-yard at recess—rumors to the effect that the principal employed barbed-wire instead of a ruler in the discipling of naughty boys, or that Miss Hicks, the instructress of the highest grammar grade, had taught for a hundred years. No one could tell where this latest rumor had started, whether on the "boys' side," an arid stretch of scuffed gravel, echoing to barbaric whoops, or on the "girls' side," where the grass grew in tufts and a withered walnut tree made a rendezvous for the exchange of secrets. Perhaps this particular rumor had entered by neither of the latched gates marked "For Boys," or "For Girls," but by the central archway, whose semi-circle of iron was perforated in a pattern forming the announcement "Public School Number Two." This was the Teacher's Entrance, and the morning's incredible rumor was to the effect that a teacher, Miss Hanson, was to be married.

"I don't believe it," said Bobby Morris, recently promoted to the Middle Grade, of which Miss Hanson had charge. "I don't believe any man would dare ask a woman who knows as much as Miss Hanson to keep house for him. She never gets stuck in the multiplication tables, and she can hold her pen just like the pictures of 'Correct position' on the inside cover of the copy books, and she can play 'As We Go Marching Through Georgia' on the piano for us to do calisthenics by, and she can take pink and green chalks and draw a pattern of wild roses on the blackboard around the Roll of Honor names."

"I don't believe it's true either," agreed Susie, the older sister, gazing with sentimental vagueness into the fernery on the luncheon table, "because I don't see what he and she could find to say that would possibly do for love-making. Of course he can't help remembering all the time that he's talking to a teacher, and must be careful not to say me for I. And his letters must be just like compositions, that she'd have to go over with red ink marks in the margins. Then he can't possibly come to see her, because the Grammer School Principal doesn't approve of callers, unless there's bad news in the family and they've come to take you home."

"Who is it you're chattering about?" asked Mr. Morris. "Miss Hanson—that nice, washed-and-ironed looking girl I pass on my way to the office?"

"That can't be the one you mean, father," said Susie, "if you call her a girl. She may look younger than some other teachers, but really they're all exactly the same age. Bessie Parker says so. The Principal told Mrs. Parker that his first requirement in a teacher was 'the age of discretion.'"

"I hope that nice little Miss Hanson has been discreet in her choice," Mrs. Morris observed. "You children must give her a nice wedding present—nothing elaborate or expensive, of course, but something to remind her of her loving young pupils."

"I'd like to see the wedding present that'd remind her of me," remarked Bobby. "I can't think what it'd look like."

The clang of the "first bell" sounded through the air of District Number Two, and the children both jumped as if the bell addressed words of summons directly to their ears. Wherein lay the horror of being late to school, their parents could not fathom. Neither Bobby or Susie sprang guiltily alert when it was a question of being late to bed, or to dinner, or to church. Investigation of school methods revealed no torment lying in wait for the offender who did not

arrive at the storm door entrance before the lingering strokes of the last bell faded upon the air. Quoting Dr. Johnson's dictum to the effect that that which reason did not prompt, reason cannot account for, Mr. and Mrs. Morris finally agreed to let the little Morrises respond to the ringing of the first bell, like the genie to the rubbing of the lamp.

That evening the rumor of the morning was confirmed. Miss Hanson had been spied in the Teachers' Room, being embraced by Miss Hicks, the pedagogue of a century's experience. In the hallway, the janitor had been overheard to "make so bold as to bless her bright face." Bobby contributed the item that during geography period, the principal himself had made an affable entrance into the Middle Grade, and after Miss Hanson had directed the pupils to trace on their maps the courses of the Yang-tsi-kyang and the Hoangho, he had made facetious remarks to Miss Hanson, which had flushed her cheeks to a rosy pink above the linen collar. Further, Susie, herself a graduate from the Middle Grade and a devotee of the instructress, had lingered outside the perforated arch for Miss Hanson's exit, in order to accompany her as far as the corner where their ways parted. Hanging to the left hand of her idol (the right being occupied with the results of a written test in arithmetic) Susie had felt, under the glove, a jeweled ring on the fourth finger.

"And you needn't bother about Susie and me getting her a wedding present," said Bobby. "The Middle Grade is going to take up a subscription, and all together give her a present, and I'm chairman of the committee."

"Bobby on a presentation committee!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, recalling Bobby's unerringly bad taste in literature and art. "I'm proud of you, my son, but, for your future safety, I hope that Miss Hanson's fiance may not know that it was you upon whom this honor was conferred."

"Oh, Bobby," appealed Mrs. Morris, anxiously recalling the boy's approval of the ornate china in a cafe, as contrasted with the willow pattern at home, "doesn't your committee think that it would be a good idea to let Miss Hanson herself choose, or if you want to surprise her, ask Miss Hicks to——"

"No, mother, the committee doesn't think that's a good idea at all," replied Bobby, setting his square chin. "Miss Hanson is our teacher, it's our pocket money, it's our present, it's our room, it's our——"

"That will do, Bobby," said Mr. Morris.

It was the last day of the term. There had been exercises in the Middle Grade. "Pieces" had been spoken. Songs, pitched by Miss Hanson in a La-a-a that had never before been so emotionally tremulous, had been sung. An intricate march and drill had been executed up and down the aisle and "on the floor." Then Miss Hanson, in a voice shakier than ever, had made a little speech of farewell to the "dear children, whom she would always remember, and who, she hoped, wouldn't qui-quite forget her." It was all as it should be, but now, on Mrs. Morris's face, grew deeper the expression of apprehension that had lain there like a shadow all the afternoon. For, rising with that jaunty air which awakened forebodings in his mother's heart, Bobby Morris, chairman of the presentation committee, grasped in his strong, energetic hands a flat parcel, secreted in his desk till this moment, and advanced to the desk. His few well chosen remarks (framed by Mr. Morris during luncheon) were lost upon Mrs. Morris, as she sat with eyes riveted upon the package, while all the atrocities of the village shops, so attractive to the eyes of Bobby and his colleagues, defiled before her mental vision.

With a girlish anticipation, Miss Hanson snipped the wrappings, and then, with a delighted smile, held up an admirable photograph of the Mona Lisa, framed in a dull wood whose sepia tints were in perfect keeping. With a gasp of amazed relief, Mrs. Morris sank back upon her bench.

"This is perfectly lovely," beamed Miss Hanson. "I really think I must thank the parents as well as the pupils, for suggesting the choice of this fine replica of a masterpiece which happens to be a particular favorite of mine."

Bobby shot a complacent glance across the benches. "Nobody but the committee had any say-so about it," he mentioned.

"That makes it even more significant," replied Miss Hanson. "I almost think that my little illustrated talks on art may have had some influence. This picture is doubly gratifying. I shall always treasure it. Perhaps you children will repeat for me the latest motto in the copy book, as its sentiment seems most applicable here. You may remember it, for you each wrote it fourteen times last week."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," chorused the children, triumphantly.

"Without intruding on the private affairs of your committee," suggested Mr. Morris, at the next gathering of that family, "may I ask how you happened to hit upon, er—select—La Giaconda?"

"Huh?" asked Bobby. "Oh, you mean the woman in Miss Hanson's present. Well, ever since that time I got taken to the art exhibition, I haven't forgotten the homely things that people said were good looking. And sometimes, when I'd finished my practical problems the first in the class, Miss Hanson showed me an art book that she kept in her desk, with pictures of the same sort, only worse. So, when the boys on the committee decided that the present would be a picture out of a picture store, and not a sofa pillow, or a bureau set, or a plated water pitcher (because the girls, when they disagreed, got to crying in department stores), I said:

" 'Now, see here, do you want to choose something artistic?'

"And they said, 'yes.'

"Then I said, 'Do you know how to tell when it is artistic?'

"And they said, 'no.'

" 'Well, I do,' I told 'em. 'You hunt around for the worst bargain for your money, until you find the poorest looking, dullest colored picture you ever saw, drawn by a man who worked before they taught freehand.'

"So the picture man took us to a section where there were quite a few like what I said. 'Now,' said I, 'of all these guys, which is the worst?'

"Well, some chose one and some another, but when we noticed the cracks of the old canvas showing through that one photograph, we decided on La What-do-you-call-her. But it had a bully frame, shiny as glass, cut in a pattern like Number Fifteen for advanced workers, in the book that came with Will Baxter's jigsaw. Of course I knew that frame would never do, because we all liked it. The girls came near crying again, but I had the picture man bring out one frame after another, till he showed one that didn't look finished, and was so ugly it made the boys want to fight me for calling it 'artistic.' But I said,

" 'Now, just wait a minute and see if I ain't (am not, yes, mother) right.' And I asked the price, and you can bet your bottom dollar (no, father, I won't say it again), that horrid, mean, hateful picture cost more, for that number of square inches, than anything else in the store. And that rough old frame—why, it came seventeen cents a foot higher than the shiny one.

"So then the committee knew that I was right, and we all went off and had soda-water because we'd worked so hard, and they treated me to my glass, because I knew how to pick out a present for teacher that'd be 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.' I think it's a good idea to understand art, after all."

Cupid Goes Slumming

By Alice Hagan Rice in American

IT is a mooted question whether love is a cause or an effect, whether Adam discovered a heart in the recesses of his anatomy before or after the appearance of Eve. In the case of Joe Ridder it was distinctly the former.

At nineteen his knowledge of the tender passion consisted of dynamic impressions received across the footlights at an angle of forty-five degrees. Love was something that hovered with the calcium light about beauty in distress, something that brought the hero from the uttermost parts of the earth to hurl defiance at the villain and clasp the swooning maiden in his arms; it was something that sent a fellow down from his perch in the peanut gallery with his head hot and his hands cold, and a sort of blissful misery rioting in his soul.

Joe lived in what was known by courtesy as Rear Ninth Stret. "Rear Ninth Street" has quite a sound of exclusive aristocracy, and the name was a matter of some pride to the dwellers in the narrow unpaved alley that writhed its watery way between two rows of tumble-down cottages. Joe's family consisted of his father, whose vocation was plumbing and whose avocation was driving either in the ambulance or the patrol wagon; his mother, who had discharged her entire debt to society when she bestowed nine healthy young citizens upon it; eight younger Ribbers, and Joe himself, who had stopped school at twelve to assume the financial responsibilities of a rapidly increasing family.

Lack of time and the limited possibilities of Rear Ninth Street, together with an uncontrollable shyness, had brought Joe to his nineteenth year of broad-shouldered muscular manhood, with no acquaintance whatever among the girls. But where a shrine is built for Cupid and the tapers are kept burning, he seldom disappoints the devotee.

One morning in October as Joe was guiding his rickety wheel around the mud puddles on his way to the cooper shops, he saw a new sign on the first cottage after he left the alley—"Mrs. R. Beaver, Modeste & Dress Maker," he read. In the yard and on the steps were a confusion of household effects, and in their midst a girl with a pink shawl over her head.

So absorbed was Joe in open-mouthed wonder over the "Modeste" that he failed to see the girl, until a laughing exclamation made him look up.

"Watch out!"

"What's the matter?" asked Joe, coming to a halt.

"I thought maybe you didn't know your wheels was going 'round!" said the girl in a burst of audacity, then fled into the house and slammed the door.

All day at the shops Joe worked as in a trance. Every iron rivet that he drove into a wooden hoop was duly informed of the romantic occurrence of the morning, and as some four thousand rivets are fastened into four thousand hoops in the course of one day, it will be seen that the matter was duly considered. The stray spark from a feminine eye had kindled such a fierce fire in his heart, that by the time the six o'clock whistle blew the conflagration threw a rosy glow over the entire landscape.

As he rode home the girl was sitting on the steps, but she would not look at him. Joe had formulated a definite course of action, and though the utter boldness of it nearly cost him his balance, he adhered to it strictly. When just opposite her gate, without turning his head or his eyes, he lifted his hat, then rode at a furious pace around the corner.

"What you slicken' up so fer, Joe?"

asked his mother that night; "you goin' out?"

"Nope," said Joe evasively, as he endeavored in vain to coax back the shine to an old pair of shoes.

"Well, I'm right glad you ain't. Berney and Dick ain't got up the coal, and there's all them dishes to wash, and the baby she's got a misery in her year."

"Has paw turned up?" asked Joe.

"Yes,' 'answered Mrs. Ridder indifferently. "He looked in 'bout three o'clock. He wos tolerable full then and I 'spec he's been took up by now. He said he was goin' to buy me a bird cage with a bird in it, but I shorely hope he won't. Them white mice he brought me on his last spree chewed a hole in Berney's stockings, besides, I never did care much for birds. Good lands! what are you goin' to wash yer head for?"

Joe was substituting a basin of water for a small girl in the nearest kitchen chair, and a howl ensued.

"Shut up, Lottie!" admonished Mrs. Ridder, "you ain't any too good to set on the floor. It's a good thing this is pay-day, Joe, for the rent's due and four of the children's got their feet on the ground. You paid up the grocery last week, didn't you?"

Joe nodded a dripping head.

"Well, I'll jes' git yer money outen yer coat while I think about it," she went on as she rummaged in his pocket and brought out nine dollars.

"Leave me a quarter," demanded Joe, gasping beneath his soap-suds.

"All right," said Mrs. Ridder accommodatingly; "now that Bob and Ike are gitting fifty cents a day it ain't so hard to make out. I'll be gittin' a new dress first thing you know."

"I seen one up at the corner!" said Joe.

"A new dress?"

"Naw, a dressmaker. She's done got out her sign."

"What's her name?" asked Mrs. Ridder, keen with interest.

"Mrs. R. Beaver Modeste," repeated Joe from the sign that floated in letters of gold in his memory.

"I knowed a Mrs. Beaver onct, up on Eleventh St.; a big fat woman that got in a fuss with the preacher and smacked his jaws."

"Did she have any children?" asked Joe.

"Seems like there was one, a pretty little tow-headed girl."

"That's her," announced Joe conclusively. "What was her name?"

"Lawsee, I don't know. I never would 'a' ricollected Mrs. Beaver 'cepten she was such a tarnashious woman, always a-tearin' up stumps, and never happy lessen she was rippitin' 'bout somethin'. What you want? A needle and thread to mend yer coat? Why, what struck you? You been wearin' it that a-way for a month. You better leave it be 'til I git time to fix it."

But Joe had determined to work out the salvation of his own wardrobe. Late in the evening after the family had retired, he sat before the stove with back humped and knees drawn up trying to coax a course thread through a small needle. Surely no rich man need have any fear about entering the kingdom of heaven since Joe Ridder managed to get that particular thread through the eye of that particular needle!

But when a boy is put at a work bench at twelve years of age and does the same thing day in and day out for sevn long years, he may have lost all of the things that youth holds dear but one thing he is apt to have learned, a dogged, plodding, unquestioning patience that shoves silently along at the appointed task until the work is done.

By midnight all the rents were mended and a large new patch adorned each elbow. The patches, to be sure, were blue and the coat was black, but the stitches were set with mechanical regularity. Joe straightened his aching shoulders and held the garment at arm's length with a smile. It was his first votive offering at the shrine of love.

The effect of Joe's efforts was prompt and satisfactory. The next day being Sunday he spent the major part of it in passing and repassing the house on the corner, only going

home between times to remove the mud from his shoes and give an extra brush to his hair. The girl meanwhile was devoting her day to sweeping off the front pavement, a scant three feet of pathway from her steps to the wooden gate. Every time Joe passed she looked up and smiled, and every time she smiled Joe suffered all the symptoms of locomotor ataxia!

By afternoon his emotional nature had reached the saturation point. Without any conscious volition on his part his feet carried him to the gate and refused to carry him farther. His voice then decided to speak for itself, and in strange, hollow tones he heard himself saying:

"Say, do you wanter go to the show with me?"

"Sure," said the pink fascinator. "When?"

"I don't keer," said Joe, too much embarrassed to remember the days of the week.

"To-morrer night?" prompted the girl.

"I don't keer," said Joe, and the conversation seeming to languish he moved on.

After countless eons of time the next night arrived. It found Joe and the girl cozily squeezed in between two fat women in the gallery of the People's Theatre. Joe had to sit sidewise and double his feet up, but he would willingly have endured a rack of torture for the privilege of looking down on that fluffy blond pompadour under its large bow and of receiving the sparkling glances that were flashed up at him from time to time.

"I ain't ever gone with a feller that I didn't know his name before!" she confided before the curtain rose.

"It's Joe," he said, "Joe Ridder. What's your front name?"

"Miss Beaver," she said mischievously. "What do you think it it?"

Joe could not guess.

"Say," she went on, "I knew who you was all right even if I didn't know yer name. I seen you over to the hall when they had the boxin' match."

"The last one?"

"Yes, when you and Ben Schenk was fightin'. Say, you didn't do a thing to him!"

The surest of all antidotes to masculine shyness was not without its immediate effect. Joe straightened his shoulders and smiled complacently.

"Didn't I massacre him?" he said. "That there was a half-Nelson holt I give him. It put him out of business all right, all right. Say, I never knowed you was there!'

"You bet I was," said his companion in honest admiration; "that was when I got stuck on you!"

Before Joe could fully comprehend the significance of this confession the curtain rose, and love itself had to give way to the tempestuous and absorbing career of "Old Gaunt-Eye the Ghost-Detective." Through a labyrinth of crime the heroine fought her way, jumping from a runaway engine, fleeing from a burning tenement where she had been gagged and chained, heriocally going over Niagara Falls in a barrel to escape her pursuers, only at the end of the third act to find herself beside the deathbed of her only child, "Little Rosebud," who knelt in her crib and sang four verses of "Home, Sweet Home" before she died.

At this point Joe arose abruptly and muttering something about "gittin' some gum," fled to the rear. When he returned and squeezed his way back to his seat he found "Miss Beaver," with red eyes and an apparent cold in the head.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Joe.

"My shoe hurts me," said Miss Beaver, still unable to look up.

"What you givin' me?" asked Joe, smiling. "These here kinds of play always hurts my feeling too. 'Tain't nothin' to be 'shamed of."

But Miss Beaver was too much moved to recover herself at once. She sat in limp dejection and surreptitiously dabbed her eyes with her moist ball of a handkerchief.

Joe twisted about uneasily. Suddenly an electric shock passed through him. Entirely by chance his hand had brushed hers as it lay under her

wrap on the arm of the seat between them. His heart almost stopped beating as he sat there staring straight ahead, with every nerve tingling. Then as the loadstone follows the magnet, his hand began to travel slowly back toward hers.

When the curtain rose on the last act, her small hand was a willing captive in his large sympathetic one, and Miss Beaver was enabled to pass through the tragic finale with a remarkable degree of composure.

When the time came to say goodnight at the Beavers' door, all Joe's reticence and awkwardness returned. He watched her let herself in, and waited until she lit a candle. Then he found himself out on the pavement in the dark feeling as if the curtain had gone down on the best show he had ever seen. Suddenly a side window was raised cautiously and he heard his name called softly. He had turned the corner but he went back to the fence.

"Say!" whispered the voice at the window, "I forgot to tell you— It's Mittie."

The course of true love thus auspiciously started might have flowed on to blissful fulfillment had it not encountered the inevitable barrier in the formidable person of Mrs. Beaver. Not that she disapproved of Mittie receiving attention, on the contrary, it was her oft-repeated boast that "Mittie had been keepin' company with the boys ever since she was six, and she 'spected she'd keep right on 'til she was sixty." It was not attention in the abstract that she objected to, it was rather the threatening of "a steady" and that steady, the big, awkward, shy Joe Ridder. With serpentine wisdom she instituted a counter-attraction.

Under her skillful manipulation, Ben Schenk, the son of the saloonkeeper, soon developed into a rival suitor. Ben was engaged at a down town pool-room, and wore collars on a week day without any apparent discomfort. The style of his garments together with his easy air of sophistication entirely captivated Mrs. Beaver, while Ben on his part found it increasingly pleasant to lounge in the Beavers' best parlor chair and recount to a credulous audience the prominent part which he was taking in all the affairs of the day.

Matters reached a climax one night when, after some close financing, Joe Ridder took Mittie to the Skating Rink. An unexpected run on the tin savings bank at the Ridders' had caused a temporary embarrassment, and by the closest calculation Joe could do no better than to pay for two entrance tickets and rent one pair of skates. He therefore found it necessary to develop a sprained ankle which grew rapidly worse as they neared the rink.

"I don't think you orter skate on it, Joe!" said Mittie sympathetically.

"Oh, I reckon I kin manage it all O.K.," said Joe.

"But I ain't agoin' to let you!" she declared with divine authority. "We can just set down and rubber at the rest of them."

"Naw, you don't," said Joe; "you kin go on an' skate, an' I'll watch you."

The arrangement proved entirely satisfactory so long as Mittie paused on every other round to rest or to get him to adjust a strap, or to hold her hat, but when Ben Schenk arrived on the scene, the situation was materially changed.

It was sufficiently irritating to see Ben go through an exhaustive exhibition of his accomplishments under the admiring glances of Mittie, but when he condescended to ask her to skate and even offered to teach her some new figures, Joe's irritation rose to ire. In vain he tried to catch her eye; she was laughing and clinging to Ben, and giving all her attention to his instructions.

Joe sat sullen and indignant, savagely biting his nails. He would have parted with everything he had in the world at that moment for three paltry nickles!

On and on went the skaters and on and on went the music, and Joe turned his face to the wall and doggedly waited. When at last Mittie

came to him flushed and radiant, he had no word of greeting for her.

"Did you see all the new steps Mr. Ben learnt me?" she asked.

"Naw," said Joe.

"Does yer foot hurt you, Joe?"

"Naw," said Joe.

Mittie was too versed in masculine moods to press the subject. She waited until they were out under the starlight in the clear stretch of common near home. Then she slipped her hand through his arm, and said coaxingly:

"Say now, Joe, what you kickin' 'bout?"

"Him," said Joe comprehensively.

"Mr. Ben? Why, he's one of our best friends. Maw likes him better'n anybody I ever kept company with. What have all you fellers got against him?"

"He was block marveled at the hall all right," said Joe grimly.

"What for?"

"It ain't none of my business to tell what fer," said Joe, though his lips ached to tell what he knew.

"Maw says all you fellows are jealous 'cause he talks so pretty and wears such stylish clothes."

"We might, too, if we got 'em like he don," Joe began, then checked himself. "Say, Mittie, why don't yer maw like me?"

"She says you haven't got any school education, and don't talk good grammar?"

"Don't I talk good grammar?" asked Joe anxiously.

"I don't know," said Mittie; "that's what she says. How long did you go school?"

"Me? Oh, off and on 'bout two year. The old man was always boozin', and maw, she had to work out, 'til me an' the boys done got big enough to work. 'Fore that I had to stay home and mind the kids. Don't I talk like other fellers, Mittie?"

"You talk better than some," said Mittie loyally.

After he left her, Joe reviewed the matter carefully. He thought of the few educated people he knew: the boss at the shops, the preacher up on Twelfth Street, the doctor who sewed up his head after he stoped a runaway team, even Ben Schenk who had gone through the eighth grade. Yes, there was a difference. Being clean and wearing good clothes were not the only things.

When he got home, he tiptoed into the front room and picking his way around the various beds and pallets, took Berney's school satchel from the top of the wardrobe. Retracing his steps, he returned to the kitchen, and with his hat still on and his coat collar turned up he began to take an inventory of his mental stock.

One after another of the dog-eared, grimy books he pondered over, and one after another he laid aside, with a puzzled, distressed look deepening in his face.

"Berney he ain't but fourteen an' he gits on to 'em," he said to himself; "looks like I orter."

Once more he seized the nearest book and with the courage of despair repeated the sentences again and again to himself.

"That you, Joe?" asked Mrs. Ridder from the next room an hour later. "I didn't know you'd come. Yer paw sent word by old man Jackson that he was at Hank's Exchange way down on Market Street and fer you to come git him."

"It's twelve o'clock," remonstrated Joe.

"I know it," said Mrs. Ridder, yawning, "but I reckon you better go. The old man always gets the rhematiz when he lays out all night, and that there rhematiz medicine costs sixty-five cents a bottle!"

"All right," said Joe with a resignation born of experience, "but don't you go and put no more of the kids in my bed. Jack and Gus kick the stuffin out of me now."

And with this parting injunction he went wearily out into the night, giving up his struggle with Minerva, only to begin the next round with Bacchus.

The seeds of ambition, though sown late, grew steadily, and Joe became so desirious of proving worthy of the consideration of Mrs. Beaver

that he took the boss at the shops partially into his confidence.

"It's a first-rate idea, Joe," said the boss, a big capable fellow who had worked his way up from the bottom. "I could move you right along the line if you had a better education. I have a good offer up in Chicago next year; if you can get more book sense in your head I will take you along."

"Where kin I git it at?" asked Joe, somewhat dubious of his own power of achievement.

"Night school," said the boss. "I know a man that teaches in the Settlement over on Burk Street. I'll put you in there if you like."

Now the prospect of going to schol to a man who had been head of a family for seven years, who had been the champion scrapper of the South end, who was in the midst of a critical love affair, was trebly humiliating. But Joe was game, and while he determined to keep the matter as secret as possible, he agreed to the boss's proposition.

"You're mighty stingy with yourself these days!" said Mittie Beaver one night a month later when he stopped by on his way to school.

Joe grinned somewhat foolishly. "I come every evenin'," he said.

"For 'bout ten minutes," said Mittie with a toss of her voluminous pompadour; "there's some wants more'n ten minutes.'

"Ben Schenk?" asked Joe, alert with jealousy.

"I ain't sayin',' went on Mittie. "What do you do of nights, hang around the hall?"

"Naw," said Joe indignantly. "There ain't nobody can say they've sawn me around the hall sence I've went with you!"

"Well, where do you go?"

"I'm trainin'," said Joe evasively.

"I don't believe you like me as much as you used to," said Mittie plaintively.

Joe looked at her dumbly. His one thought from the time he cooked his own early breakfast, down to the moment when he undressed in the cold and dropped into his place in bed between Gussie and Dick, was of her. The love of her made his back stop aching as he bent hour after hour over the machine; it made all the problems and hard words and new ideas at night school come straight at last; it made the whole sordid, ugly day swing round the glorious ten minutes that they spent together in the twilight.

"Yes, I like you all right," he said, twisting his big, grease-stained hands in embarrassment. "You're the onliest girl I ever could keer about. Besides, I couldn't go with no other girl if I wanted to, 'cause I don't know none."

It is small wonder that Ben Schenk's glib protestations reinforced by Mrs. Beaver's own zealous approval should have in time outclassed the humble Joe. The blow fell just when the second term of night school was over, and Joe was looking forward to long summer evenings of unlimited joy.

He had gotten two tickets for a river excursion and was hurrying into the Beavers' when he encountered a stolid bulwark in the form of Mrs. Beaver, whose portly person seemed permanently wedged into the narrow aperture of the front door. She sat in silent majesty, her hands just succeeding in clasping each other around her ample waist. Had she closed her eyes she might have passed for a placid, amiable person whose angles of disposition had also become curves. But Mrs. Beaver did not close her eyes. She opened them as widely as the geography of her face would permit and coldly surveyed Joe Ridder.

Mrs. Beaver was a born manager; she had managed her husband into an untimely grave, she had managed her daughter from the hour she was born, she had dismissed three preachers, induced two women to leave their husbands, and now dogmatically announced herself arbiter of fashions and conduct in Rear Ninth Street.

"No, she can't see you," she said firmly in reply to Joe's question. "She's going out to a dance party with Mr. Schenk."

"Where at?" demanded Joe, who still trembled in her presence.

"Somewhere's down town," said Mrs. Beaver, "to a real swell party."

"He oughtn't to take her to no down town dance," said Joe, his indignation getting the better of his shyness. "I don't want her to go and I'm going to tell her so."

"In-deed!" said Mrs. Beaver in scorn. "And what have you got to say about it? I guess Mr. Schenk's got the right to take her anywhere he wants to!"

"What right?" demanded Joe, getting suddenly a bit dizzy and blind.

"'Cause he's got engaged to her. He's going to give her a real handsome turquoise ring, 14 carat gold."

"Didn't Mittie send me no word?" faltered Joe.

"No," said Mrs. Beaver unhesitatingly, though she had in her pocket a note for him from the unhappy Mittie.

Joe fumbled for his hat. "I guess I better be goin'," he said, a lump rising ominously in his throat. He got the gate open and made his way half dazed around the corner. As he did so he saw a procession of small Ridders bearing joyously down upon him.

"Joe!" shrieked Lottie, arriving first, "Maw says hurry on home, we got another new baby to our house."

During the weeks that followed Rear Ninth Street was greatly thrilled over the unusual event of a home wedding. The reticence of the groom was more than made up for by the bulletins of news issued daily by Mrs. Beaver. To use that worthy lady's own words, "she was in her elements!" She organized various committees—on decoration, on refreshment, and even on the bride's trousseau, tactfully permitting each assistant to contribute in some way to the general grandeur of the occasion.

"I am going to have this a real showy wedding,' she said from her point of vantage by the parlor window, where she sat like a field marshal and issued her orders. "Those paper fringes want to go clean across every one of the shelves, and you all must make enough paper roses to pin 'round the edges of all the curtains. Ever'thing's got to look gay and festive."

"Mittie don't look very gay," ventured one of the assistants. "I seen her in the kitchen cryin' a minute ago."

"Mittie's a fool," announced Mrs. Beaver calmly. "She don't know a good thing when she sees it! Get them draperies up a little higher in the middle, I'm goin' to hang a silver horseshoe onto the loop."

The wedding night arrived and the Beaver cottage was filled to suffocation with the elite of Rear Ninth Street. The guests found it difficult to circulate freely in the room on account of the elaborate and aggresive decorations, so they stood in silent rows, awaiting the approaching ceremony. As the appointed hour drew near, and none of the groom's family arrived, a few whispered comments were exchanged.

"It's most time to begin," whispered the preacher to Mrs. Beaver, whose keen black eyes had been watching the door with growing impatience.

"Well, we won't wait on nobody," she said positively, as she rose and left the room to give the signal.

In the kitchen she found great consternation: the bride, pale and dejected in all her finery, sat on the table, all the chairs being in the parlor.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mrs. Beaver.

"He ain't come!' announced one of the women in tragic tones.

"Ben Schenk ain't here?" asked Mrs. Beaver in accents so awful that her listeners quaked. "Well, I'll see the reason why!" and snatching a shawl from a hook she deliberately crushed a coiffure that had been erected with infinite pains.

Out into the night she sallied, picking her way around the puddles until she reached the saloon at the corner.

"Where's Ben Schenk?" she demanded sternly of the half dozen men around the bar.

There was an ominous silence, broken only by the embarrassed shuffling of feet and an occasional deprecatory laugh.

Drawing herself up, Mrs. Beaver

thumped the counter until the glasses danced.

"Where's he at?" she repeated, glaring at the smallest and most embarrassed of the lot.

"He don't know where he's at," said the man, looking around sheepishly. "I rickon he cilebrated a little too much fer the weddin'."

"Can he stand up?" demanded Mrs. Beaver.

"Not without starchin'," said the man, and amid the titter that followed Mrs. Beaver made her exit.

On the corner she paused to reconnoiter. Across the street was her gayly lighted cottage, where all the guests were waiting. She thought of the ignominy that would follow their abrupt dismissal, she thought of the refreshments that must be used tonight or never, and lastly she thought of the little bride sitting forlorn on the kitchen table.

With a sudden determination she decided to lead a forlorn hope. Facing about she marched weightily around to the rear of the saloon and began laboriously to climb the steps that lead to the hall. At the door she paused, and made a rapid survey of the room until she found what she was looking for.

"Joe!" she called peremptorily.

Joe Ridder, haggard and listless, put down his billiard cue and came to the door.

Five minutes later Joe breathlessly presented himself at the Beaver kitchen. He had on a clean shirt and his Sunday clothes, and while he wore no collar, a clean handkerchief was neatly pinned about his neck.

"Everybody but the bride and groom come into the parlor," commanded Mrs. Beaver, "I'm agoing to make a speech, and tell 'em that the bride has done changed her mind."

Joe and Mittie left alone looked at each other in dazed rapture. She was the first to recover.

"Joe!" she cried, moving timidly toward him, "ain't you mad? Do you still want me?"

Joe, with both hands entangled in her veil and his feet lost in her train, looked down at her through swimming eyes.

"Want yer?" he repeated and his lips trembled, "gee whiz! I feel like I done ribbeted a hoop round the hull world!"

The signal was given for them to enter the parlor, and without further interruption the ceremony proceeded, if not in exact accordance with the plans of Mrs. Beaver, at least in obedience to the mandate of a certain little autocrat who sometimes takes a hand in the affairs of man even in Rear Ninth Street.

"We must all either go forward or go back," said a reflective man of affairs; "there is no standing still in nature. This is a truth that applies peculiarly to the business world. Young firms grow because they have not yet become slaves of old-time methods. Old houses of business have a tendency to drop out of existence, unless there is a constant infusion of new blood. Habit and custom keep them in old ruts, and as it is becoming less and less possible to merely 'mark time' in commerce, they are gradually edged out of existence by stress of competition: "My advice, then, to those who want to succeed in life is to 'keep going.' Keep putting out new ideas, new methods, and new developments. It is the only way to keep abreast of the world, whether in your individual life or in a business career."

Past, Present and Future of the Middle Classes

By T. H. S. Escott in Fortnightly Review

THE social problem of the unemployed is perceived by Mr. John Burns, as well as by many others not of cabinet rank, and outside the labor group, to include a wider area and to be charged with deeper issues than may be sometimes associated with the familiar phrase. The difficulty of the proletariate has long been, and really in a far acuter degree, that of the middle class, as indeed of every section of the community, except the plutocratic order. The difference between the better and the viler sort of out-of-work is that the latter grumblingly parade their difficulties in the public thoroughfares, resent the imposition of any sort of labor test as a condition of relief, and spice their importunate mendicity with a contemptuously irresponsible indifference to physical or mental effort, unless they happen to be in the vein for it. Their companions in unemployment, of the better kind, slave uncomplainingly at anything they can get and keep their troubles to themselves. In pre-competitive-examination days there used to be a short and simple way of providing the well-born, unemployed with a self-supporting industry whose exercise implied no professional training, or, indeed, qualifications, educational, moral, or physical, of any sort. This device consisted in creating jobs out of nothing and financing them out of taxation.

When the State ceased to be, after this good old fashion, the nursing mother of her children, boys of gentle birth, breeding, and of liberal education turned their eyes to "something in the city." Here was another step towards the fusion of classes so often talked about, whose real commencement, by the by, dates from the remote epoch when the inhabitants of these islands first became a commercial people. To-day the "something in the city," at a decent living wage, is more difficult of access, and implies the exercise of greater influence than did a couple of generations since, a nomination to a foreign office or a treasury clerkship. New court remains the centre, both of wealth and power, and of widely reaching beneficence, as well as of national and personal service. But the applications for a clerkship in the Rothchilds' has even a more slender chance of success than for a desk at Coutts' Bank. In the same way even a foothold in any of the middle class professions implies a combination of merit and luck that, if not unique, grows every day more exceptional.

What, then, are we to do with our boys? To that question hangs another, less pressing, perhaps, but of equal, if not greater social significance: What is to become of that most artificial creation of human progress, the middle classes? It sounds a paradox. It is a demonstrably historical truth that the English middle classes are, to a large extent, the product of foreign agencies. The most conspicuous instance of this is, of course, the industrial and commercial settlements founded in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by the Huguenots. These quickly assimilated themselves to the native population of their adopted country. Thus the Oiseaux originated the great business house of the Birds. The Bouchers and the Labouchères both merged themselves in the Anglo-Irish Butchers, except in a well-known case in which a Labouchère rose to be Colonial Secretary of State, and, preserving his original patronymic, to found an ennobled house. Before this, during 150 years, Englishmen had remained the subjects of Norman or Angevin kings. That severe and steady pressure of the regnant alien crushed out of existence local and tribal differences. It moulded and confirmed national unity. The rulers, given by Normany and Anjou to this island, assured it a long term

of practically unbroken peace. The first Henry founded administrative stability. The second based that gift upon a foundation of law. Long years indeed were wanted to build up the new legal order. Here, again, the enterprise of English sovereigns, outside the land they governed, had its domestic and peaceful uses. The twelfth century opened with the disuse of the ancient practice converting prisoners of war into bondsmen. Already the humanizing agencies of christianity had produced a sentiment against that slavery which was still an English institution. Feudal lords, at the instance of their ghostly confessors, were constantly enfranchising their slaves. To prove themselves consistent, the clergy, in whose hands was the administration of justice, showed special indulgence to the villians, borders, and cottars, degraded by misfortune into human chattels. Not till the reign of Charles II. was there any statutory abolition of English slavery. So late as George III. Scotch colliers received servile treatment, and if they quitted their original place, were liable to be brought back by summary procedure before a magistrate. Only in 1775, by the Act 15 Geo. III., cap. 28, were the colliers of North Britain placed on the same footing as other servants. The system, of course, was not so bad in its working as in its principle. Between 1272 and 1307 the villians had obtained a substantial degree of emancipation. Legal effect had already been given to the custom of paying wages, and permitting those serfs who possessed necessary means to provide a substitute in the fulfilment of their lord's command, to reap his corn, to cleanse his fish-ponds, or to cart his timber. It is, therefore, clear, that on the eve of the middle ages in this country was coming into existence a class of free laborers, at liberty to engage their services to the best bidder. Here, then, are the premediaeval germs of the English middle class. With the right of holding property, with the immunities of free men, the vassals received the power of unlimited acquisition by industry or by bargain. Their food would have borne comparison with that of the same class to-day. Mutton and cheese were reserved for festivals, such as harvest-homes. Fish, especially herrings, were abundant. Unadulterated beer flowed into the hedger's and ditcher's can. As yet traffic in the necessities of life was managed without the commercial middlemen, who have become the symbols of modern middle-class prosperity. Farmers sold their crops immediately after harvest to the most handy buyers. Nor did corn become really dear till the winter months.

The industrial community participated in the beneficent results of the progress of manufacturing industry, and the growth of urban populations. The establishment of woolen manufacture in England was due to the Plantagenets. The chief seats of that industry had, of course, always been in the boroughs and townships. The trade existed in 1275. By 1331 it had developed into a considerable industry, stimulated and expanded by John Kempe's invention of the weaving process in that year. Such were the contributory conditions under which during the fourteenth century, rather earlier, that is, than the conventional beginning of the middle age epoch, England first became a generally civilized country, humanized by some degree of material well-being, quickened by a general circulation of political ideas.

On the establishment of William the Conquerer's line, the soil of England had been parcelled out among the Norman nobility. It was, therefore, in the hands of a comparatively small number. Those owners lived on their estates. For the most part they kept their management to themselves. In that task they were helped by a host of retainers and dependants. Those magnates had often been pressed for funds with which to sustain their feudal estate. They now discovered, in the new developments of English commerce, a remunerative motive for reducing their overgrown establishments. If they did not themselves directly engage in trade, they financed

those who did so. Their old troops of retainers had been dismissed; their estates were rented out. In that way they secured the funds for their commercial investments. At the same time these territorial classes adopted a more costly style of living, and indulged a taste for jewel ornaments, shared by them with the negro savage. (Adam Smith, in the Wealth of Nations, book 3, ch. 4, speaks of the cost of the early support of 1,000 men, as going to purchase diamond buckles, and of the moral weight and authority that come from the possession of capital.) The new capitalist or landlord now wore woolen and fine linen clothes, instead of coarse canvas and a leather jerkin. The stone walls of his mansion began to be covered with whitewash, or even with wall hangings; the floor, at a later date, with carpets in the place of rushes. Through the glass of his latticed windows the owner of the soil looked out on a cultivated garden, or an ordered park. Those innovations steadily reacted on the class of the great man's dependants. Villians exchanged the subjection of their livery for the liberty of trade. Wealth, formerly concentrated within the narrowest limits, ceased to be the monopoly of a class. As feudal lords transformed themselves into modern merchants, their serfs grew into shopkeepers. A generally prosperous people was substituted for an opulent and despotic aristocracy. The historic and documentary proof of the change now described is seen in the complaints of the Commons (1406) against the growing competition between rural and urban industry. Sometimes during the fourteenth century children brought up to the plough were forbidden by statute to quit at any time the pursuit of husbandry. To evade that law, agricultural labourers sent their children into towns, and bound them as apprentices to traders from their earliest years. To counteract that practice was now passed the law prescribing that no person not possessed of a rental of twenty shillings should send his child into any trade or mystery in any city, but that the country father should train his son only to his own industry. No legislation could check the advance of the new middle class. When Henry VII. came to the throne in 1485 the old villians had been gradually absorbed into a new and superior order. Bricklayers in the Statute of Labor (1496), are called artificers, and in conventional parlance are spoken of as gentry. In the next reign, the most thriving among the new class had to be prohibited by legislation from wearing the fur-decorated coat, or the peaked boots, distinctive of gentlemen.

Meanwhile, ever since the Norman Conquest, there had been in progress another and entirely different movement, whose results were equally favorable to the social order that is the subject of these remarks. In the Norman days a great wrong had been done through the degradation of the free man into a feudal satellite. On the other hand, by way of compensation, the English lords, elbowed out of their place by the Norman peers, had been depressed to an ignoble level. They now fused themselves with the well-to-do representatives of the new commerce. The middle class, in fact, became organized by a process that is curiously prophetic of what has so often happened since, and is still going on, in the relations between the ancient territorial order and the continually growing number of rich men outside it, who by intelligence, by taste, and by wealth, qualify themselves by identification with it. Only when such amalgamation not merely of orders, but of interests, opinions, and ideals, was complete could the Commons with the slightest prospects of success have challenged the Stuarts to a deadly duel, or for that matter, could the Commons' House of Parliament have come into effective existence at Westmintser. The English middle class is, indeed, a monument of an union between the different forces inherent in separate social strata.

In 1830 a great economic crisis was reached. The masses had begun to move when the price of bread first rose. But neither the sanctioned as-

sociations nor the vitality of the denounced and legally forbidden caucus (the term, as M. Ostrogorski shows, was known in England even earlier than this) could hasten constitutional change by a single day. Its achievements in industry and mechanical science had made the middle class the arbiter of the nation's affairs. It now took the political field. In 1830 was introduced at Birmingham the political union between the lower and middle classes, which soon extended to all the great centres throughout the country. The new alliance disclaimed any idea of intimidation. It revealed the existence of an organized moral power, whose political significance was not to be "despised or disregarded." Only when the lords talked of continual opposition to the Bill did the Midland corporation threaten to march on London. At last the victory was won. The unions were not disbanded, but the middle class left them; they ceased to be a power. The Whig chiefs had rallied their party on the basis of electoral reform. They could now affect contempt of their indispensable allies, the "Birmingham fellows." The working classes had not really come into the measure. In some places, as in Preston, their political estate was less satisfactory than it had been before, for the Whig act had abolished certain of the old historic franchises without giving anything in their place. The material miseries of the masses had become acute. The consequent political unrest found expression in a revival of the Birmingham Union. That, in 1839, culminated in Chartism. Of this, too, the midland metropolis became the headquarters. The middle classes, however, now held aloof. Disraeli and one or two political philanthropists, who eventually became Conservatives, supported the Chartist petition on the ground that the working classes were under a specific grievance calling for Parliamentary enquiry. Public opinion remained indifferent. The proletariate, deprived of its old allies, laid down its arms. A little later the Conservatives themselves were practically to concede all the "points of the charter." But for the moment the trading and professional order remained unsympathetic. As a consequence the whole affair collapsed. The old Chartist machinery, the household suffrage societies, and so forth, if they still lingered on, were merely names. No pressure that these could apply was wanted to make Disraeli in 1867 and the fourteenth Lord Derby the founders of English democracy. In that year the middle classes thought the suffrage discussion had been open long enough, that it should be closed once and for ever. The moment for a final solution had come. The Conservative Reform Bill passed substantially as it had been introduced, because it reflected the popular feeling in favor of getting a political nuisance out of the Parliamentary way.

The whole course of its history, the changing ideas and interests, the moulding influence of the associations connected with it, in a word its affinities of all kinds, necessarily impart to the middle class, whether in England or elsewhere, an artificial and a fluctuating character. Its boundaries are being constantly extended. Causes purely accidental in their origin may identify it to-day with views and interests from which it may be estranged to-morrow. Hitherto the story of the English class has been one of progressive assimilation to its neighbors that are, conventionally, a little above it in the social scale. Wealth and education, social as well as literary, are the two great levellers in our civilization. Both of these have in practice conspired quite to obliterate the distinction between the two divisions of the great and growing order, just below the aristocracy. Public schools and universities ceased, like the House of Commons itself, to be the resort of special sections of the community. "Every man," said the younger Pitt, "with ten thousand a year from land can claim a peerage, if he wishes it." "Every man," said Disraeli, "with something like a hundred thousand a year from any source whatever can demand, as a matter of right, a seat in the Lords." The two remarks

mean the same thing. The time has come when they may be supplemented with a third: "By virtue of her sex, every woman is a lady," so said Bulwer Lytton. "And every man, too," was the Irishman's comment on the chivalrous aphorism. There was really very little of a bull here. In the twentieth century all male citizens, who conform to certain decorous conditions in their conduct and their persons, possess as the Hibernian wished to imply, an indefeasible title to the description of gentleman. While the middle class at one end becomes every year less distinguishable from the aristocracy of birth or wealth, less prosperous middle class sections and individuals are constantly being depressed into what the polite world knows as the inferior orders. These will probably find their permanent place at some time or other, not in the bourgeoisie but in the proletariat.

In the education debate of 1874, when the then Lorn Sandon was vice-president of the council, the late Henry Fawcett showed that the effect of a certain ministerial proposal would be to confer exceptional benefits on children who were born paupers. The blemish thus indicated was removed as the measure went through committee. But, at the present moment, is not the lot of a boy born in any part of the industrial order practically happier than that belonging to the child, certainly of lower middle class, probably of many upper middle class and professional parents? The order below the middle class pays no income tax, has at its disposal the priceless boon of absolutely free and consummately effective education. Scarcely a rung is now wanting to the national ladder of teaching, from the infant school to the most advanced classes of the university lecture-room, or of the scientific researcher's workship. To-day nothing but aptitude and application is wanted to qualify any school-board pupil for the highest career that rank or opulence could desire for its favorites. That, of course, specially applies to England, but both in Germany and France the tendency is to improve the prospect of the multitude out of all proportion to the opportunities enjoyed by the middle class. A professional man belonging to the old establishment order of English gentry probably retrenches his own expenditure, and makes other petty sacrifices, to give his sons the same liberal training as was received by himself some fifty years ago. If the youthful objects of that care make the best use of their advantages, things turn out tolerably well. An Eton boy, with real fitness and talent for any professional employment, will not do worse, may even do better than the laborer's son, gratuitously grounded in all necessaries at the Board-school, or the small tradesman's son who pays a fee not necessarily to learn better or more, but in compliance with the conventions of his class. Suppose, however, the young Etonian not to reveal any special qualifications, to develop into merely a healthy specimen of gentlemanlike youth. Even then, all for the present seems satisfactory. But, let there occur one of those vicissitudes that confront our public school lad with the necessity of at once beginning to earn his own livelihood, he will forthwith painfully discover the disadvantage of having been born a "gentleman's" son.

Not so many years ago there were still in London and elsewhere many managers of commercial houses who appreciated the social products of a public school education. Such persons would strain a point in favor of an Eton or Harrow lad's admission into their counting-house. That class of employer, if not quite gone, is rapidly disappearing. For successful competition in the lower divisions of the Civil Service the public school boy has less chance than the Board-school pupil. Victory in the higher ordeals of the Service goes generally to the crammer's crack disciple or a candidate fresh from Aberdeen or Glasgow. The mere fact of having creditably passed through the most famous public school in the land has, in fact, become as commercially valueless as a pass testamur at Oxford or Cambridge. For the mere young gentleman, whatever his exact degree, there

has ceased to be a place in the industrial polity. During the earlier ages of their history, the children, however, highly educated, of all Jews, learned some handicraft. The same habit obtains, to-day, in Canada, probably in other of our colonies. Before many generations have passed the same practice may become universal at home. A few years ago the forester's occupation, as it has been perfected in Germany, was discovered to yield a decent livelihood to industrious lads. To-day electrical engineering and South African mining attract increasingly the sons of professional fathers, who, too late discover that in place of the years and money expended on the process of acquiring the Eton or the Harrow veneer, they would have done better for their boys by placing them under the tuition of a Birmingham or Manchester artisan.

The expansion of England in countries inhabited by inferior races, at this particular imperialist epoch, seems, of course, especially rich in the promise of remunerative employment to parents piteously asking the question, which was never new, "What are we to do with our boys?" Hence the numbers of those who went out to South Africa as "yeomen"; of these many remained to ply the plough after the sword had been sheathed.

The mentian of our social polity beyond the four seas suggests a fact that may seriously react upon the future relations of classes in the Mother Country. One of Disraeli's happiest sallies at colonial success contains a clever picture of the man who finds a nugget, shears a thousand flocks, becomes member for Melbourne one day, and for London the next. A respectable measure of prosperity in our great dependencies is, however, oftener secured on a much lowlier level. A boy goes to Canada, is presented by his friends with a small farm, a wagon, and a team. He wearies of agriculture, sees an opening to embark his little capital in trade. He starts a grocery store. Within a year the Etonian's teas, the speciality of his establishment, have become the pride of the province. That sort of thing in some degree or other goes on throughout different parts of that empire on which the sun never sets. The young gentlemen who start these commercial emporia in due time bring up families of their own. They may have a pedigree reaching beyond the Norman times. The latest generation has, voluntarily, seceded from the patrician, or even the higher middle class. Boys become colonists to obtain a livelihood. If that end be honestly accomplished, friends at home, not being importuned for remittances, are not too critical as to the means. The social divisions that now exist may not be likely to die out, but the process already noticed of interchange between these orders in an age at once democratic and plutocratic, cannot but continue with increased strength. The depression from above is not less inevitable than the rising from below. With the liberal professions at home gradually closed against the majority of lads who have to look only to their own exertions, the prejudice against the manual industries, or against retail trade, will disappear at home, as it has already died out in the colonies. The middle class of the future may preserve the historic and convenient name, but its composition and character will be something that cannot now easily be forecast. That, of course, must involve changes of political feeling, and of party development, too far reaching and vast for present consideration.

It was a remark of Huxley to the present writer, "The great question seems to me not how to train our sons to rise above their station, but to secure, if possible, that those whom Nature meant, and associations have fitted, to be grooms or music-hall lions, should be insured the career for which they were born." The eldest son lives on the estate. The younger sons live on the State. That used to be the example set in the highest places and reproduced with much fidelity on the lower grades. It has for some time ceased to be a practicable arrangement. The consequence is that the well-born, well-bred youths formerly provided for by the public revenues,

have gone into the city, some perhaps as company directors, but many more as clerks or touts. The movement, long in progress among the middle classes, is exactly analogous to this. Lord Aberdeen is only one among several noblemen who have given their sons a first life start in a manual industry.

The aspects of our imperial polity as an industrially equalizing and democratizing agency are being progressively felt not only by parents, but by sons. Classical Athens and Rome contrived to do very well with no middle class at all. They even conducted on extensive commerce by means of those whom Aristotle calls slaves, but who often corresponded more closely to the bailiffs or factors of our day. Early in the last century the gentlemanly prejudice against engaging in retail trade was not less strong than it had been with the sages and philosophers of old Hellas. Today it has largely disappeared. Philanthropy prompts some peers to start as publicans. Prudence and hard times forbid their refusing to make a fair profit out of the business. Countesses open book-stores in Dover Street. The daughters of Anglo-Indian officials, or Anglican divines, who take millinery lessons from Piccadilly or Mayfair modistes, have for their fellow students the daughters of bishops and earls. At the south-coast creameries, where special convenience exists for five o'clock tea and small talk, the select host of waitresses may be led by a young lady whose home is the country deanery or the stately mansion just built by retired General FitzPompey, a little inland, but still commanding a view of both the piers and the whole Sussex litoral.

China's Rejection of Opium

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald in Technical World

A TRANSFORMATION is in progress in the world's most populous empire—a transformation which all thinkers agree in describing as momentous. Powerful Viceroys like Chang Chih-tung and Yuan Chi-kai are sowing their provinces with schools of Western learning; and the sixteen other provinces are doing the same. The broadminded Tuan Fang, Viceroy of Nanking, who has traveled much, has actually ordered the erection of an immense girls' school in his capital city. And the old literary examinations have been abolished; offering to the dead prohibited; and cultivated Chinese educated in America and England are fast rising into prominence. The Chinese penal code, 2,000 years old, has been entirely revised, and horrible tortures and methods of capital punishment—such as the "slicing" and strangulation—abolished forever.

Nine thousand miles of railroad are under construction, including one line from Pekin to Hangkow; and to descend abruptly to smaller things—but with vast social consequences—the Empress Dowager has declared against the foot-binding of the women. An Imperial edict has gone forth, and societies have been formed in all parts of the Empire against the ancient practice; and each of the eight great Viceroys has put forth proclamations of his own against it. Truly China is awakening from her sleeping sickness, guided and directed by Japan.

But surely the most significant of all the many signs is the momentous edict giving warning of the total suppression of the opium traffic and smoking all over the Empire, which is to be accomplished within ten years. Each year the area of home-grown poppy is to be reduced ten per

cent., otherwise land will be confiscated. On the other hand, a bonus will be given for early cessation in culture.

All urban opium smokers must register at the Mandarins' offices and rural people with village head men. Smokers above sixty will be dealt with leniently, but those under that age must decrease their consumption 20 per cent. per annum. Otherwise magistrates and officials generally will be put out of office, and scholars stripped of academic honors. Shops for the sale of the drug may be closed gradually; but smoking dens must be closed within six months. And the trade in pipes and lamps must cease within a year; while officials are charged to distribute free or at cost all the most scientific anti-opium remedies.

Most important of all, however, the supply is to be cut off at its fountain head, which is India. The Tsung-li-Yamen, or foreign office at Pekin, has approached the British Minister with a scheme to abolish Indian poppy culture within the ten years of the edict. But the trouble is, the serious gap such a step would leave in India's revenue; and India, as we all know, is a precarious country to govern, for millions of her people are forever hovering between starvation and bare living.

Her Government has already received upwards of $1,750,000,000 out of this trade, which has been an immense standby ever since the old "Company" days of the Thirties. "I do not deny," said the Marquis of Ripon when Governor-General, "that it (opium) is not a satisfactory branch of our revenue; but I say distinctly I will be no party to abandoning that revenue, unless I can clearly see my way to replace it with some other form of taxation which would be neither oppressive to the people, nor strongly repugnant to public opinion."

But since, as I will show, England has literally forced this pernicious drug upon China at the bayonet's point, it is thought the Home Government might contribute to India's finances for a few years, for "The crime has been a National one; so let the expiation be National, too."

It is also pointed out that since Russia has been crippled in a military sense for years to come and could therefore make no southward movement through Himalayan Passes, even if she were so inclined, India's military establishment might be reduced and the money so saved used to counterbalance the loss of revenue brought about by a cessation of the opium traffic.

I doubt whether in all history you will find so distressing a story as this forcing of a curse on a helpless nation for the sake of money. Let me review the story briefly: It is nearly two centuries since opium-smoking reached China from Formosa; but the habit spread slowly at first. An Imperial edict was issued against it as early as 1729; and China has fought bitterly against the poppy until this hour, when her tardy victory seems in sight.

In the early years of the nineteenth century the old East India Company, whose charter gave them a monopoly of China trade, maintained floating warehouses full of opium at the mouth of the Canton River. But the Chinese attitude, then as now, was uncompromisingly hostile to its importation, so "John Company" must needs dissemble. They did not carry it in their own vessels, but sold it to private agents in Calcutta, granting them licenses for its importation into China. This done, they gravely assured the Chinese Government they were in no way responsible for the actions of these men!

Naturally, conflicts soon arose between the smugglers and the Chinese Preventive Service; and this at a time when smuggling was a capital offense in England. Commissioner Lin was speedily sent by the Emperor to Canton to put an end to the nefarious traffic. He seized and destroyed 20,283 chests of the drug—"smuggled into China in the teeth of the Chinese laws," as John Morley described it in the British Parliament.

But the British agent on the spot viewed Lin's action as an outrage,

and actually began war against the detestable industry. More surprising still, England resolved to see that war through. There was no pretense that China was in the wrong, for the British Cabinet had sent out orders that the opium smugglers should not be shielded.

The unhappy Chinese troops advanced upon their opponents with bows and arrows and thought to frighten the enemy by terrible devices on their shields. Of course they were beaten; and the result of the first opium war was that China had to open four ports, cede Hong Kong, pay $12,000,000 for the cost of the war, another $3,000,000 for miscellaneous debts, and $6,000,000 for the destroyed opium. After this the contraband traffic went on as before.

The Emperor Taou-Kwang steadfastly refused to legalize it. "Nothing will induce me," he said, "to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people." And when Captain Hope, of H.M.S. Thalia, stopped two or three opium ships above Shanghai, he was recalled by Lord Palmerston and ordered to India, "where he could not interfere in such a manner with the undertakings of British subjects."

Commissioner Lin wrote pathetic letters to Queen Victoria on the subject. "We would now concert with your Honorable Sovereignty means to bring to a perpetual end this opium traffic, so hurtful to mankind—we in this land forbidding its use, and you in your dominions forbidding the manufacture." Finally, after the Lorcha Arrow War of 1856, indirectly connected with opium, China reluctantly agreed to legalize opium by placing a heavy duty upon the drug.

Yet always under protest. The Chinese Foreign Minister in 1869 suggested China should grow her own opium rather than import it from India. "We do not want to do it," he said, "but we are driven to it." About this time the situation was admirably summed up by Sir Robert Hart, G.C. M.G., Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs since 1859, and the most interesting and influential foreigner in all the Chinese Empire.

"The position the Chinese take up," Sir Robert Says, !'is this: 'We did not invite you foreigners here. You crossed the seas of your own accord and forced yourselves upon us. To the trade we sanctioned you added opium smuggling, and when we tried to stop this, you made war on us. Your legalized opium has been a curse in every province it penetrated; and your refusal to limit or decrease the import has forced us to a dangerous remedy. We have legalized native opium, not because we approve of it, but rather to compete with and drive out the foreign drug. And it is expelling it. When we have only the native product to deal with and the business in our own hands, be sure we will stop it in our own way.'"

To this forceful summary the Tsung-li-Yamen added: "The Chinese merchant supplies your country with his goodly tea and silk, thus conferring a benefit on her; but in return the British merchant empoisons China with pestilent opium." Sir Rutherford Alcock, then Minister in China, read this document to a committee of the House of Commons in 1871, and declared that the Chinese ministers "were ready to enter into any arrangement for the stoppage of the traffic, irrespective of the large revenue they were deriving from it." No answer was ever returned.

To-day 700,000 acres of land carries the opium poppy in India; and it is the only crop on which the Government advances money when the seed is sown. In Bengal, opium is cultivated under licenses granted to individuals or to the head-men of groups, by department. When it is extracted, the cultivators deliver it to the district opium officers, when it is sent down to the two great Government factories in Bengal for manufacture. In due time the drug is sent to Calcutta to be sold at the monthly auctions. Each season the Government is notified how many chests will be sent to market, and the price is fixed by auc-

tion. Thus does the unholy traffic go on year after year.

The entire opium industry of India is worth in round figures $50,000,000 a year; and while the bulk of the drug goes to China enormous quantities are taken by the Straits Settlements, Borneo and Indo-China. But it is the special taste of the Chinese that is most considered in the processes of manufacture. Quite apart from the opium grown and manufactured in British India, however, there is also a great output of the "Malwa" variety, grown in the native and protected states by means of money advanced by Bombay speculators and wealthy merchants of Central India.

All Malwa opium from Baroda and Rajuntana must pass through British territory on its way to Bombay for export to China; and a transit duty is levied on every one hundred and forty pound chest by the Government. This duty once stood at 700 rupees per chest, but this was reduced ten years ago to 500 rupees, as the trade was falling off. Now, about the actual manufacture. Crude opium is brought in from the country in earthen pans to a Government examining hall. Here its consistency is tested either by the touch or by thrusting a scoop into the mass.

Next a sample from each pot, which is numbered and labeled, is further examined for purity in the chemical testing room. The next department is the mixing rooms, where the contents of the earthen pans are thrown into immense vats and mixed by means of blind rakes until the whole has become a homogeneous paste. It is then taken to the balling room, where it is made into those balls so familiar to every traveler in China.

The ball-makers are furnished with a small table, a stool and a brass cup for shaping, besides a certain quantity of opium and water called "lewa," and an allowance of poppy petals in which to roll the opium balls. An expert hand will turn out more than 100 balls a day, all of precisely the same weight.

The drying room comes next; and here the balls are placed to dry in small earthenware cups before being stacked. White examiners go round to examine them, and puncture with a sharp steel those in which gas from fermentation may be forming. And lastly, there is the stacking room, where the balls are packed for transit to Calcutta and Bombay, en route to China.

Here one may see hundreds of Hindu boys, turning, airing, and examining the opium balls. They clear them of mildew, moths or insects by rubbing them with the petal dust of the poppy.

I have said that for many years China has grown opium herself; and the culture is especially extensive in Si-Chuen. Here it is increasingly cultivated in the first harvest, and ripens in April or May. Thus it is cleared from the ground in time for rice, maize or meal to follow in the greater summer heat. But the increasing consumption of opium has led to rice and corn fields being planted with the poppy; and there is no doubt in my mind that this accounts for the many terrible famines that have afflicted China of late years.

It is no wonder the Chinese Government want to sweep away the poppy altogether and grow good food in its place. No one pretends that opium smoking is anything else but a real blight. Notwithstanding India's persistent efforts to force it upon China, I notice that Australia and New Zealand absolutely prohibit importation of the drug, save for medical purposes. And in the Transvaal, where 50,000 Chinese are employed in the gold mines of the Rand, opium smuggling incurs a penalty of $2,500 and six months' imprisonment.

The mines have no use for the ordinary Chinese coolie who smokes or eats two pounds of opium a month. And we have been brought face to face with the subject in the Philippines. It will be remembered that we sent out a commission two years ago to investigate legislation on the subject in Japan, Java, China and elsewhere. The Japanese we learned feared opium as we fear the rattle-

snake, and they are stamping it out in Formosa.

The net result of our opium commission was that the use of the drug was recognized as an evil for which no financial gain could compensate. And a strict law was passed that there should be prohibition in the Phillippines after next year, so far as Chinamen are concerned. For opium is a narcotic poison. First comes exhilaration and excitement, and after that deep depression, such as marked the classic cases of De Quincey and Coleridge.

Paralysis of the brain, coma and death inevitably follow. These were the symptoms attested by 5,000 doctors who signed a declaration on the subject in 1892. Its effects are terribly visible on all hands in China where parents will actually sell their children into slavery to get the drug. British Consul-General Hosie, speaking of the Si-Chuen Province, with its population of 47,000,000, writes as follows: "I am well within the mark when I say that in the cities fifty per cent. of the males and twenty per cent. of the females smoke; while the ratio in the country stands at twenty-five and five respectively."

I myself have seen entire populations given over to opium smoking in Yunan; and I never met a missionary, white trader, or Chinese gentleman of the educated classes who defended the drug's use for a moment. And there is yet another side dealt with by Chester Holcombe, sometime United States Minister at Pekin. "One result of the opium trade," he says, "is the intense hatred of all things and all men foreign. The Chinese from their point of view have been attacked and overcome by an unknown and necessarily inferior race for the sake of the money which was to be made by forcing a deadly poison upon them. Is there any other explanation necessary of the anti-foreign feeling in the Chinese Empire?"

But there seem to be signs of better things; and already efforts are being made to restore the vast and magnificent province of Si-Chuen to her ancient grain-growing prominence, so disastrously upset of late years by the invasion of the poppy, which like a noxious weed has run over the whole land. On all hands opium remedies are being called for; and to my own knowledge a young Chinese druggist has made a fortune out of the leaves of a certain creeper which he discovered accidentally while collecting medicinal plants in the jungle.

Chancing to make an infusion of these leaves, he and a friend tried it. This friend was a confirmed opium smoker and to his amazement found the stuff took away his craving. The remedy was persisted with. More leaves were chopped up fine and then roasted or charred and an infusion made that looked and smelt like senna tea. Thus from the Emperor and his powerful Viceroys down to the humblest among the rural communities a determination exists to sweep away the opium traffic; and this movement comes at a momentous time when this vast Empire is awakening from sleep to fulfill a mighty destiny whose end we cannot see but which—who can doubt?—is for the world's best interests.



Jimmy Hogan

By Robert Alexander Watson in Mrtropolitan

NOW this tale is about me cousin Jimmy, an' happened many years ago. Jimmy was no sich a little runt iv a man as Oi am, though to tell yez the simple truth, there was a toime whin it took a mighty good back to git me off me feet, fer all iv us Hogans fer hundreds an' hundreds iv years hev been master hands at wrestlin'. But Jimmy was a foine, upstandin' figger iv a man, only lackin' foive or six inches iv bein' full six feet in his stockin's—which same he niver wore, bein' superstitious they'd give him rheumatiz.

Jimmy kem over before the War, bein' greatly deluded about the customs an' privileges iv a free country. On the second day nothin' would do but he must give a diministration iv his skill wid a bit iv blackthorn, but be a stroke iv ill luck he picked out the wrong felly an' was trun into jail. At first he was turrible hurt at what he called the horrid trichery iv the Goddess iv Liberty, but after thinkin' it over, he paid his fine an' made application to be put on the poleece force. Thin he discovered that the lad he had picked up wid his shillaly was none other thin Alderman Maguire, an' though he sint ivery apology a human man could think iv, they wouldn't put him on the foorce. Now Jimmy hadn't come over to this counthry wid the noble intintion iv gittin' wealthy be warkin' on the siction, so afther wastin' three months in New York tryin' to break into politics, he made up his mind to go to Californie, pick up a few bushels iv gowld, an' thin go back to the Owld Sod an' live loike a gintlemun the balance iv his days.

Well, all things come to an ind, as the big snake said as he swallied the little wan, an' Jimmy finally arrived in Californie an' started out to search fer gowld. 'Tis little enough he knew about it, niver havin' had a pinch iv it in his whole loife; but he had always heard that it was yellow an' shiny an' naturally supposed it would be aisy enough to foind. But faith, instid iv gitin' wealthy, he purty nigh starved to dith; an' he niver warked so hard before or since as he did thryin' to git rich widout warkin'. He would do anny owld job until he got a little stake ahead, an' thin he would pike out wid his pick over his shoulder an' his rations on wan iv thim little mules about the size iv an able-bodied goat.

On wan iv these thrips he got plumb entoirely lost an' wandered around until he ate up all iv his grub, an' thin, bein' as the little mule had no further duties to perform, he just naturally turned in an' ate up the little mule. It was a cruel, hard thing to do, an' he said it near broke his heart, but the little mule niver had a happy look in his eyes at the best, an', not to make too much fuss about it, it was Jimmy's loife or the mule's, an' the mule drew the short straw. Jimmy said that istimatin' the mule's age be his toughness he had probably fell overboord from the ark, an' swimmin' behind her the best part iv a year had give him muscles loike a bob-wire fince.

Well, Jimmy made soide thrips aich day, comin' back to the carcass iv the little mule at noight until at last the' was nawthin lift but a few round steaks, which was that dried up that all they needed was howls drilled through the cinter an' they'd 'a' made illigent carwheels. Wan day Jimmy wandered up a rocky little gorge which grew narrower ivery stip until it became a cave. He was intoirly disheartened, and crept into the cave ixpectin' to lay down an' die; but afther he had gone a small bit iv a way into the cave he noticed a light ahid, loike a little young star iv hope, an' he made for it. He found that the light kem from the other door iv the cave an' it opened into a foine, splendid,

beautiful little valley, and iv all things there he saw a dappled horse ready saddled and bridled eating tufts of grass. Jimmy saw the saddle was pretty rotten but he mounted and sat careful, intendin' to save his life by means of the animal. But just as he got settled he spied standin' at the far ind a dacent little cabin wid a cute little strame iv wather runnin' be the front dure. Jimmy put his hand on his gun ready to fight, for this horse might save his loife, but nobody appeared, an' pretty soon he made up his mind to hunt for provisions, and he wint up to the dure, an' afther knockin' twice fer politeness, he pushed it open an' walked in. The' wasn't a sowl in sight, which was a great surprise fer the cabin was all fitted up fer aisy livin'. The' was bacon hangin' from the roof an' sugar an' tay an' all kinds iv tools fer cookin'. He walked over an' opened the lid iv a bin an' the' was two good mule loads iv flour in it. "Well, be the powers!" sez Jimmy. "If only Oi had the duflication gifts o' the prophet Elijah, Oi'd sittle down here fer the balance iv me days. Oi'd let the horse go and visit right here."

Afther satisfying himself that he would be given good forage whin the owner kem back, he helped himself to a liberal supply iv tobacco an' took a stroll about the valley. The more he saw iv it the betther he liked it an' the more he hoped that the felly who owned the little cabin would tease him to make a long visit, fer company like. But whin the shades iv darkness fell an' nobody came back, Jimmy said to himself that he'd ate no more sowl-leather mule steaks, owner or no owner, so he set to wark an' cooked himself an illigent feast, an', man, how he did enjoy it!

Well, he stayed there day afther day an' nobody came back to bother him, until he began to look at the little cabin as his own, an' he made up his moind that he'd go back to 'Frisco an' buy a couple iv little mules an' some goats an' a few foine ducks an' some garden seed; as soon as he could save up enough fer the investment.

But he'd kind o' got out iv the habit iv warkin' be this toime, an' it didn't look good to him aven from a distance, so he used to go out in the cool o' the marnin' an' pick around among the rocks to see if he couldn't turn up a bit iv gowld, so 'at he wouldn't have to wark for his mules an' goats an' sich; but, begorra, instid of foindin' gowld he wan day turned up the skiliton iv a man.

Jimmy was wan iv those great philosophers who are always doin' so many grand deeds in the future that they niver have anny kindlin' split fer the marnin' foire; an' so the first thing he knew winter kem on, an' thin he was afeered to go on account iv snow-drifts an' avalanches. But he had enough flour an' most enough bacon to last him through the winter, so he made up his moind to contint himself wid his good luck an' not draw down the curses iv Hiven be wishin' he had more. The warst lack he had was a bit iv the crature. Niver in all his loife had he passed a Christmas widout havin' a little somethin' out iv a bottle to cheer himself wid; an' he knew it wouldn't be loike Christmas at all if he wint to bed sober.

This weighed pretty heavy on his mind as the season drew along, till he could think iv nothin' else. Still the' wasn't anny way to git it widout goin' clear to some town an', faith, he didn't aven know the direction to start. He sez that he didn't crave the whisky right at that time, but that whinever he got to thinkin' iv Christmas he had a most horrible gnawin' at his heart, till he most came to the conclusion that if he had to pass the day widout a single drop, the' would be as manny dead men inside the cabin as out.

On the very day before Christmas he dropped the lid iv a pot an' it rolled under his bunk. He was horribly down heartened an' his timper was loike a bear's; so he shook his fist at the bunk an' stamped up and down an' hollered, "Kape it! kape it! kape it! ye owld spalpeen! Do yez think that a man who is starvin' to death fer a drop iv whisky is goin' to

bother his head over an owld baste iv a pot-lid?"

Thin he thought iv how his loife had been saved be foindin' the little cabin an' he filt ashamed iv himself an' retched in to git the lid, but instid, he filt a boord. He pulled at the boord, but couldn't git it up an' this put him on a keen edge, because all iv his folks is jist soggy with curiosity. Well Jimmy jerked the bunk out iv the way an' took a pick an' tore up the boord, an' faith, it was the lid iv a chist an' in the chist was a big hape of owld letthers, which did him no good at all, because iver since his great-grandfather had been hung fer forgery niver a Hogan had iver learned the manly art iv radin' writin'. But down in the bottom iv the chist was a sight which made Jimmy's eyes pop out loike the glass drawer-pulls on an owld-fashioned chaffinure—a foine, fat, able-bodied brown jug, an' wid a heart that struck twice a second Jimmy pulled the coork out iv it. He put his nose to the mouth iv the jug, an' he swears to this day that the whiff he took wint clear down to his toes an' filled 'em wid such roysterous divilmint that the first he knew he had his arm about the waist iv the jug an' was steppin' out the "Fairy in the Bog."

Finally he took a little taste iv the foine, mellow, sthrong, owld stuff, an' then he fell on his knees an' give thanks—fer the first toime in a year. The Hogans was always dacint, God-fearin' men, but it took some remarkable an' onexpected blissin' to get 'em to their knees—exceptin' in church, iv course, where all could see, an' they'd set a good example.

He was jist about to close the lid of the chist, whin there, lyin' concealed in the shaddy, was a cute little flute, an' thin Jimmy's cup iv happiness was full to the brim, because his own uncle Danny had taught him how to blow the flute an' had said, toime an' agin, that nixt to himself, Jimmy was the bist fluter in the Imerald Isle. An' this was no light thing aither, fer Uncle Danny could toot a flute so melojously that the burds in the trees would stop their amateur whistlin' an' cock their heads on wan soide to hear what rale music was, an' he got near kilt in Belfast wan day be playin' a reel wid sich divilmint that a sour-faced owld Prisbaterian broke into a jig on the very street.

Jimmy knew that he was goin' to have a foine Christmas now, so he hurried through his supper an' thin got out the flute an' the whisky, an' faith, it must hev been a great soight to see how smoothly iverything worked. He would blow the flute until his throat got dry, an' thin he would sip the whisky until it filled him wid a new tune—the wan balacin' agin the other until Jimmy said "he filt loike the Jack on a teeterin' boord." Faith, he wasn't a bit lonesome thin, because the' was three iv them there—three good comrades—the flute, the whisky, an' himsilf.

He began to cilibrate at sundown an' be tin o'clock he was pretty will tuned up; so he wint to bed, because he always said that it was possible fer a man to git too full iv licquor to injoy it, an' that no sinsible person would waste wan iv the bist gifts iver given to sinful man. So he put his arms around the jug an' kissed it goodnight, an' he thanked the flute koindly fer a plisint avenin', an' went dacintly to bed wid his feet on a chair an' his head under the table, because his bunk was so full iv dance tunes that it wouldn't stand still, but kept waltzin' about the room.

He woke up promptly at twelve o'clock. He sez he niver could roightly till whether it was twelve o'clock that same noight or the nixt, but anny how it was jist twelve an' the' was a strange lookin' little man in the room —a little owld man wid long white hair an' long white whiskers an' long danglin' arms, but wid little short legs stickin' up out iv big cow-hide boots 'at would hev helt him to the earth in a cyclone.

Jimmy's head was thumpin' like a pile-driver an' he was in no plisant temper at bein' woke up out iv his soberin' slape, so he growls out, "What do yez want?" sez he.

"Oi wants me body," sez the little owld man, jist as cross as Jimmy.

"Will, Oi ain't got yer body," sez Jimmy. "What do yez mane be comin' around at this toime of noight, askin' foolish questions an' riddles an' sich? Oi ain't no fartune teller."

"Oi wants me body," sez the little owld man, wid his under jaw stickin' out an' standin' in the moonlight an' lookin' Jimmy straight in the eye, which same was no aisy thing to do, fer Jimmy had an eye that could charm a boa canstrictor into a walkin'-stick. "Oi wants me body. Oi left it lyin' right where that spittoon is."

"Ye lie!" sez Jimmy, fer he was a quick-timpered man in his cups. "Oi've slept in this cabin ivery noight fer three months an' there's been niver a body lyin' about that spittoon in that toime. Who are yez an' what koind iv a body was it yez lost?"

"Oi didn't want to give yez no imprission," sez the little owld man, takin' the big word aisy an' graceful, like a hunter goin' over a foive-barred gate, fer he had a grand iducation, the little man had—"Oi didn't want to give yez no imprission that that there box was a-settin' on that identical spot whin Oi left me body, but that Oi left me body roight on the very identical spot where that there box is a-settin' now."

The little owld man leaned forward an' shook his finger in Jimmy's face, an' Jimmy niver could bear to have anny man do that. "Don't shoot yer dirty owld finger off at me," sez Jimmy. "Oi niver saw any owld bodies lying around here at all. What sort iv a lookin' body was it an' what made yes so careless wid it?"

"It was me own body, ye numskull!" sez the little owld man.

"Yer own body!" sez Jimmy, wakin' up entoirely. "Well, what is that misshapen thing yez have on?"

"Oi'm a gowst!" sez the little owld man, swellin' up wid anger loike a toad.

Jimmy stood up an' looked at him a moment to see that he was in arnest an' thin he falls back on the bunk an' fairly howls wid laughter.

"Well, be all the frogs iv Agypt!" sez Jimmy as soon as he could git his brith. "If Oi thought that Oi was goin' to draw sich a lookin' thing as that whin Oi bekem a blissed gowst Oi'd start out to-morrow to look fer the Three iv Loife. Not wishin' to be disrespectful nor to hurt yer feelin's, me friend, Oi'll give yez me plighted troth that Oi'd sooner niver die at all thin to become sich a lookin' gowst as you."

"Miserable man," sez the gowst, fer Jimmy was makin' him pretty tol'able wrothy, "if yez don't hilp me foind me body Oi'll hant yez to death, so Oi will."

"Ye will?" sez Jimmy. "Humph, Oi'll jist set roight here an' watch ye. Sure it would tickle me half to death to see the loikes iv ye doin' a few stunts 'at would put the fear iv death into my heart."

"Oi am a SPIRIT!" sez the gowst in a deep, holler voice, loike a bull-dog in an empty barrel; an' then he made his eyes flame an' smoke an' wave about in his head loike a lobster's, an' his hair glittered loike fox-foire, an' he danced an' pranced an' floated around the room in a way to freeze the blood iv a common man, but Jimmy was na common man; he was a Hogan to the bone iv him.

"Will, me owld college chump," sez Jimmy after the gowst had tired himself out, "as ye say, ye're ownly a spirit, whoile Oi'm a spirit an' a body both. We're wan too many fer yez, me boy. Why, Oi could take a good, healthy little monkey an' a bit iv sulphur an' mek a fearsomer lookin' gowst thin you in foive minutes."

Whin the gowst saw that there was no way to frighten Jimmy, he sobered down an' sat on the edge iv a moon-beam, lookin' as sorrowful as little Larry O'Brien the day he fell in the cask iv whisky, an' him with the mumps so bad he couldn't swally a drop.

"It's a burnin' shame," he whined in a sad, sorrowful, woeful koind iv a discouraged loike voice, "to think that you came an' tuk possession iv me cabin an' me flour an' me bacon, an' thin whin Oi ask ye a civil favor yez act loike a hathen Chinee."

"Ah, begorra," sez Jimmy, "that's a different way to look at it entoirely. Why didn't yez begin that way? Whiniver ye hev a favor to ask a Hogan don't begin be thryin' to scare him to death; because that's about the only way they niver git kilt. Now till me dacint an' sinsible what became iv yer body, an' Oi'll be proud to help ye look fer it, toird as Oi am."

"Oi was warkin' a bit iv a mine," sez the gowst, wipin' his face wid a red bandana; "an' Oi had a foine piece iv luck, an' thin a felly be the name iv Black-Whiskered Pete cut me throat in this very cabin; an' before Oi learned how to hawnt the body was hid away—but they niver found the gowld."

"Oh, ho!" sez Jimmy prickin' up his ears. "The' was some gowld, hu? An' where is that same gowld now?"

"Oi'll not till yez," sez the gowst. "Sure all the plisure Oi have left is lookin' at me gowld an' plannin' what a good toime Oi could have if ownly Oi could spind it."

"'Tis hard up fer fun yez are," sez Jimmy. "Why didn't ye drop in a bit airlier whin Oi was playin' the flute, an Oi'd 'a' shown yez a hape merrier toime thin gloatin' over a hape iv owld gowld 'at yez can't aven spind. By the way iv a little divarsion, why don't yez hawnt Black-Whiskered Pete till his beard turns as white as the driven snow, though fer the loife iv me Oi could niver see that driven snow was anny whiter than snow that was standin' peacefully in a twinty-foot drift."

Thin the memory iv thim owld bones he had dug up flashed across Jimmy's mimory an' he knew he had the gowst in his power. "Now listen to me," sez he; "an Oi'll tell ye jist how the matter stands. Oi know where yer body is an' you know where yer gowld is. The body is not much use to me except as fertilizer, perhaps, but the gowld is no good at all to you; why, man, yer onrasonable; here you've been wastin' real gowld in buyin' imaginary articles; don't yez know that ye can buy jist as manny imaginary articles wid imaginary gowld as yez can wid rale gowld? Use a little common sinse; you tell me where the gowld is an' Oi'll give yez the foinest funeral in me power. Faith, an' if the's anny whisky left Oi'll aven howld a wake over ye—as uproarious a wake as yez iver wint to! Oi was always a master hand at wakes."

An' that was no lie ather, fer faith, when Jimmy wint to a wake they had to tie the carpse in his coffin to kape him from disgracin' the family be gittin' out an' dancin' on the flure.

"The's not many candles left," sez Jimmy, "an' that's a disgrace to yersilf, it is; but O'll burn wan at yer head an' at yer feet; an' thin bury ye wid the whisky jug at yer feet an' a cross at yer head; an' if that ain't a fair price fer an owld body wid its airshaft cut, thin Oi'm a Jew."

Will, the gowst saw that Jimmy had him, but still he was an obstinate little specter, and sat there on the moonbeam wid a long drawn-out expression on his face thryin' to make up his moind.

Jimmy leaned forward an' put his hand on his knee an' sez in his most wheedlin' tone: "Man, haven't yez anny jedgmint at all, at all; ye'll be the ownly man in history that iver had the opportunity iv dancin' at his own wake. Don't lose yer chanst, it may be yer last."

Will, the gowst couldn't turn down sich an opportunity as that. He had a dash iv vanity in his make up, the same as me or you, an' whin he saw that he had a chanst to establish a new record that would give him the roight to brag for the balance iv eternity he came around the bush an' took his medicine loike a little man.

He showed Jimmy where the gowld was buried, an' murther, but the' was a pack iv it; an' thin Jimmy rowled the bones up in a blanket an' laid 'em out on the bunk, straight an' dacint an' ivery wan in its place; an' the nixt avenin' they helt a most illigant wake; the gowst sittin' be the jug an' sniffin' at the whisky, while Jimmy drank it out iv a tin-cup an' blew smoke in the gowst's face. The gowst was so rejoiced to see his body gittin' Christian treatment at last that he

warmed up an' bekem as sociable as a poor relation.

The nixt day Jimmy dug a foine deep grave an' put in the bones all straight an' roomy, an put the impty jug at the foot an' a nate little cross at the head, an' said all the prayers he could ramimber, an' finished off be carvin' the name iv the gowst on the cross—copyin' it from wan iv the owld letthers what was in the chist.

After that, iv course, the gowst could go annywhere he wanted to; but he had taken a great fancy to Jimmy, which was nawthin' to be surprised at, because, man or maid, 'twas a hard thing to kape from doin' that same thing; so he used to float in ivery avenin' fer a bit iv a chat an' to hear Jimmy play on the flute. Jimmy sez it was moighty foine fer him an' kept him from gittin' lonesome.

The gowst told Jimmy the short cut back to 'Frisco, an' Jimmy promised to do the roight thing in the way iv masses as soon as he arrived. Wan avenin' toward spring, the gowst towld Jimmy that the letthers in the chist was from his woife, an' if he could foind her to give her a bit iv the gowld, because the' was plinty fer both, an' Jimmy promised, fer he loiked the gowst an' was always willin' to oblige a friend. An' it was these same letthers 'at led him into givin' away the howtil fer a Christmas prisint—but Hivens! look at the toime! If Oi don't go home at wance, Bridget will be comin' afther me. Oi'll have to finish the tale some ither avenin'. Good-noight, boys, Good-noight.

The Individual Factor in Health

By Eustace Miles in Young Man

THERE are many cut-and-dried, hard-and-fast (or hard-and-slow) "Systems" of diet, baths, physical culture, and mental culture.

Some of these "Systems" suit certain people well, and elicit glowing yet genuine testimonials from these people. Most of these "Systems" are far better than nothing for many people—at least, I think so. And I think so for three chief reasons:

First of all, the "Systems" are definite, and therefore are easier to follow than the really scientific Systems which require forethought and observation in the using.

Secondly, they are dogmatic, and therefore supply the sheep-like patient with faith: for they guarantee complete health.

Thirdly, they give hope. And hope is most important if there is to be a search for a better physical way. Without hope of improvement, few people will venture or persevere.

But these "Systems" are not suited to all: they are positively dangerous when undertaken rashly by those who need some very different set of rules. I will cite a few examples.

1. Haphazard "Vegetarianism" has benefited many individuals, partly because there is a sense of satisfaction —and hence a tendency towards better health—when one feels that one is no longer responsible for the horrors of cattle-driving, cattle-shipping, and slaughtering. Besides, it stands beyond a shadow of doubt that flesh-foods and their extracts are poisons to numbers of people. But from my own acquaintances and correspondents I could cite literally hundreds of cases in which this diet—of eggs, badly cooked beans and lentils and potatoes and cabbages, and sloppy porridges—has led to discomfort and exhaustion, and—what is worse—a bad reputation for the whole work of diet-reform.

2. The so-called "Uric Acid free" diet—at least as advised by its best-known advocate—is a stricter form of "Vegetarianism"; it has brought many back to health. But too often it has led to fermentation, obesity, etc. Its freedom from "Uric Acid," and even its inclusion of a sufficient amount of body-building elements to take the place of flesh-foods, pulses, eggs, etc., are not enough to ensure success. For there may be a decided excess of bulk —especially of water, starch, and generally, indigestible elements.

3. What appears to be almost the opposite of this diet is the Salisbury treatment, which consists in its strictest form of flesh-foods not over-cooked, together with plenty of water to be drunk. This diet—it is useless to deny facts—has helped a large number of individuals to a feeling of greater fitness. Besides the cleansing effects of the water, its fredom from starchy elements and its compactness must be powerful factors in its success. But, in cases where, for example, the kidneys are weak, it is apt to fail, if not to be fatal.

And so one might go on, with "Systems" after "Systems," not of diet alone, but of baths, exercises, and so forth. Not one of these "Systems" but can show its successes; scarcely one of these "Systems" but hides its failures.

However, there is no space for more than one additional instance: and I will choose, as a highly successful "System" in many thousands of cases, the "No Breakfast" plan. I do not hesitate to say, after collecting statistics as fairly as possible from those who have given the "No Breakfast" or "Light Breakfast" plan a genuine trial for at least one week (a trial for two days only is not a genuine test at all), that this plan is likely to suit at least half the people in this country, though it is utterly unlikely to suit many individuals for the first two days. It is likely to seem a complete failure—to produce miserable slackness and a sense of hunger —for the first two or even three days.

But I have also known cases in which the plan failed miserably after it had been tried for weeks and weeks; and certainly one case in which it failed after it had been tried for six months.

Now, when one brings such cases before the notice of the fanatical advocates of most of the particular "Systems," they usually either say that they have never come across a failure (which is almost surely a wilful untruth), or else they say that they must not admit this publicly because they want the public to start the plan with faith.

I should advise seekers after health to study the principal Systems, as these are very interesting, but to study them from a new point of view, bearing in mind the individual factor in health.

Read carefully what the extremist has to say: enter into his sanctum, or, to change the comparison, go up with him upon the little hill from which he thinks he is getting a comprehensive view of the whole world.

Then wait a little, while you digest the new ideas.

Then regard these new ideas, in so far as they appeal to your reason, as worth trying. Plan out your own way of trial, which may be a very gradual one. For example, you might begin with a lighter breakfast, with less solid food and more fruit.

Eventually, judge the "System" by its all-round results in your own case, and give it up—or modify it—accordingly.

In a word, hear the man, but do not let him hypnotise you. Be an experimental animal, not a sheep.

Do not be a coward and fool. The coward and fool will not try a good thing because he is afraid of ridicule —often a deadlier and more painful weapon than force and hatred—and because he is ignorant of his duty towards his neighbors, which duty includes physical health.

On the other hand, do not be a nuisance. Try to be as like other people as is consistent with health and a clear conscience.

The study of the individual factor in health requires time and intelligent trouble. But it is far more important

than the study of success in business. One should resolve to apply to the study of health the methods of a good business manager. Nobody calls him fussy and cranky because he overhauls his affairs and stops leakages.

With no less care one ought to take stock of oneself and correct one's ways from time to time on general principles extracted from the commands of cranks and then adapted and applied to one's own personal case.

Personality in the Working Force

By George H. Barbonr in System

PERSONALITY in business!

Those three words spell, to my mind, the most powerful factor in business to-day. Financial resource, of course, is necessary in the business field; foresight and the ability to grasp opportunities as they arise achieve much. But, it is only when these elements are combined with that peculiar characteristic of the individual which we call personality—that faculty of personal power, personal impression and personal understanding—that they attain the best and most permanent results.

Personality is the chief factor in building a business, because personal power is the strongest bond between men, and a unified organization in a business establishment is chiefly the result of that same power—personality.

The successful founders of business have been those men who have radiated their personalities through the structures of trade which they built. Their policies and their methods thus were given additional momentum and their personal magnetism became an instrument unifying employes and attracting customers. This power has caused every employe in such an establishment to give to the business and to his particular work the best there was in him. And the man who can secure that individual effort, general team work and loyalty from those he employs is the man who wins. For a great machine is the more nearly perfect as its every part, even the smallest wheel or rod, moves in unison and with the least possible friction.

I believe the business man can well devote much of his time to developing personal quality in those he employs. Many years ago, before I became a manufacturer, I conducted a general store in Connecticut. I made it a point to impress on my clerks that careful attendance and personal treatment must be accorded every visitor to that store, no matter what the amount of a purchase or even if no purchase at all was made. I insisted that a customer who spent ten cents should be given just as close attention and as patient attendance as the customer who spent ten dollars; for very often the ten-cent customer of to-day develops into the buyer of the morrow whose every bill totals far more than that of the ten-dollar purchaser of the present. Now, the clerk who had that idea inately—who did not need to be told—was the man with personality. He was the employe who could attract customers and hold them.

Every business needs to develop the personality of its men, for that means individualism, originality, growth and progress. But to develop individualism in the organization demands the injection of the personal touch into the relations between the management and the rank and file. We have always sought to develop the individualism of the worker, from the man who toils in the molding sand in the foundry to the salesman who disposes of the finished product to the customer. In that way the workman, no matter

how small the portion of the general task that may fall to him, is made to feel that he is a factor in the business. Whatever the place he may occupy he must feel that he is a necessary link in the execution of a certain phase of the work—that his efforts are needed in keeping in motion that chain of production which runs from the factory to consumers through the world.

To secure this result the management must keep in close personal touch with workmen in all departments. From the foundry to shipping room this principle has been followed. Even with almost 2,000 workmen in a manufacturing plant it is surprising to find how easily and how pleasantly this personal relationship may be continued, once it is established. The employer may be somewhat amazed to find with what interest he absorbs knowledge of the affairs of the various employes and the eagerness he feels in seeing each man attain the success he desires. And this personal interest, which becomes wholly unselfish and one of the pleasures of business management, is the element which, more than any other one thing perhaps, brings out loyalty and produces a unified organization.

In our works there has been but one slight disturbance since 1871. That lasted but a few days. Some of the men complained that inspections were too rigid. They were shown that quality always had been the keystone of the business. The discord was quickly adjusted and the most rigid inspection continued. I believe this long period of constant accord has been made possible chiefly through this personal relationship, loyalty of organization and that consequent mutual knowledge of actual conditions which makes for the fairest of dealing between employer and employe.

It is this personal power which makes men refer to the house or factory with which they are connected as "we." Their individualism is not crushed out. They feel that they are a living, working unit of that great business machine to which they are attached.

This policy also begets long-time service—and permanent employes are a money-saver to a business. I believe the chief element in continuing long-term periods of service of skilled men has been personality, recognition of individualism when it is deserving because it encourages the man.

Another result of the absorption of this feeling by employes is the many suggestions that come from their brains. They give their best thought to their work. They plan to aid their employer; to extend the scope and power of the business to which they refer as "we." These suggestions, which often yield new mechanical improvements or new clerical methods that save time and expense, should be received with encouraging proof of their acceptability. That, too, will serve to further whet the brain of the worker and further inspire his loyalty and effort.

Granted that personality is of much value to the manufacturer in handling the men in his plant, how shall this be made a part of his policy? It must begin at the top. This quality should be one of the prime possessions of the factory superintendent's —or whatever title that official may bear who has direct charge of the men, wherever he may be employed. Here this personal power, accompanied by thorough practical knowledge of the work in hand, is a first requisite. For, where thousands of men are employed, all of varying temperament, friction is bound to come now and then. But the superintendent, or the foreman of the department, who treats every man on the personal plane soon abates any of the little differences that arise. And he exercises this personal power in treating every worker fairly. He keeps every promise made to an employe. In this way only is individualism nourished and the man in the ranks made to feel that his personality —his personal force and work—is a factor in the roar and rush of the factory.

To this same end any practice of tactless or violent assertion of authority—the "calling down" of an inferior by a superior in the presence of the former's working associates—should be adjured, unless a fault or offiense really merits the severest censure. That practice of showing authority merely for authority's sake always hurts rather than helps. It sears the sensitive workman. It acts, too, as a muscle-binder and, with the brake of resentment set, that man's quality and quantity of work depreciates. It is a sure cause of the "don't-care" feeling. And nothing is more injurious to a working force than the spread of that disposition. That practice is attended, as a rule, by a crushing out of individualism—the doing away with the personal power of the individual.

I have in mind one man who worked his way upward from the ranks to a superintendency. At one time in his advance he was appointed an inspector. His duties required him to inspect the product of men with whom he had worked side by side at the bench. He had even been "best man" at the marriages of three or four.

These latter felt that, because of this close friendship, he should be lenient in inspection when they were concerned and allow any of their work which was below standard to pass as up to the chalk-line. He refused, however. His factory prided itself on the constant quality of its product. He was loyal to that rule of quality. He inspected their work just as rigidly as that of the newcomer who had taken his bench but the week before.

He lost their friendship, but he kept his course. And the time came when they voluntarily assured him that they were convinced he was in the right. Now, it was that man's personal power which carried him through that experience without creating a storm of trouble. He found himself implanted more strongly than ever in the regard of the men under him. His fairness, his square-deal methods, had won out. He dealt with all the men on the same personal plane. He upheld individualism. And a better handler of men I never saw.

If personality is a power in dealing with men in the factory, the shop or the store, it is a superlative power in dealing with the customer in the selling end of the business. The business man, to succeed, must keep in personal touch with his customers. Letters which have the personal quality stamped in their type-written lines do much. Frequent circulars that are drafted along personal lines and have the personal element carried in the ink form another bond that ties. But, best of all, is the personal contact between the seller and the consumer.

Many a business man could not execute a more effective stroke of business-getting than by packing his grip, making a tour of the houses of his customers and announcing at each place he called that " I have come just to shake hands." I have seen ample proof of that. Its value has been demonstrated many times. Our sales manager some time ago made such a trip through a section of the country. Its results were immediate. It toned up business all along the line. It acted as a powerful supplementary influence to the efforts of the salesmen in the field. In one city this official called at the offices of a very prominent and very busy man. The corporation over which this man presides as the executive head had not been one of our constant customers. To the visitor's card the busy executive sent back word that he was too deluged with business affairs to receive a call. The visitor merely said to the clerk:

"Very well. Kindly tell Mr. So-and-so that I do not want to bother him by soliciting orders. I merely came in to shake hands. I shall call again at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. If he is not too busy then I should much desire the pleasure of meeting him."

The next morning our sales manager was promptly received. He was met by this corporation head with: "I am very glad to meet you. You displayed such a kindly and gentlemanly disposition yesterday when I

was burdened with a mass of affairs that I have looked forward to endeavoring to make full amend to-day for my inability to see you yesterday." That visit meant very, very much to us.

And to what must this result be attributed? To personality; nothing else. It shows what personal power will do. I wish it were possible to extend this personal contact to every customer. I know of no way in which I could do greater service to the house with which I am associated than to tour our selling field and just shake hands with those thousand and more of customers who have been sending in orders for years and have known the directing forces only through our traveling salesmen—all men of personal power, too—and the personal letters and circulars of the kind I have mentioned.

That business house or manufacturing establishment which makes a constant practice of extending a personal welcome to the customers who come to its doors has learned one lesson in the success-book. Proper personality, even in the busiest retail house, radiates that atmosphere of welcome. In the great retail commercial house there may be no actual hand-shaking, but the customers feel that air of welcome almost unconsciously. For business houses, when rightly directed, have personalities as well as individuals. With manufacturing establishments there is opportunity to extend personal welcome to visiting customers. Let them know that they are at home. We are anxious that our customers who visit us should have full opportunity to observe every detail of the business. And that means that they are welcome to start at the pattern-making branch and visit every other department up to the general offices. We have no mysteries about our bookkeeping. We are glad to know that our customers are so interested in us that it is possible to establish such close personal relationship.

In putting the test of the power of personality to individual proof there is one case particularly that occurs to me. Twenty-three years ago there was a young man at Detroit's telephone exchange. He handled the line that ran to my desk. He showed his ability to adapt himself to circumstances. He had that personal quality which fits itself to environment. And no telephone service was better than that segment of service which came under his control. Within a short time he was given a place with us—a very small place, that of a messenger boy. But he insisted that he was quite willing to take the opening that afforded.

That man now is one of the leading department heads. And his sole capital at the outset was personality. But that capital, to him, was better than money without personality. Men like that always are wanted. There always is a place for them. Just such men are needed for other departments, but they are hard to find. This man has continued a firm believer in the power of personal force in business. He has sought to develop that personal factor in the men under him. He has sought to train young men and develop their individual abilities so as to fit them for positions higher up which may be available for them if they prove worthy.

So I believe a young man of character and personal power can be developed into almost anything desired. Ability differs in each man, of course. But the business man can profit by training young men and placing them in those positions for which their abilities best fit them. Many a great business-builder in this way has been enabled to lay the foundations heavy enough and build his organization broad enough to meet promptly and most effectively every demand which ensuing years of leaping growth laid upon that industry. Many of the largest business houses of the country have attained their present magnitude because their organization structures were built on these lines. Personality thus was made the dominant power throughout the business structure. And it was that element, backed by system and careful business methods, which achieved.

Thus the personal element, when properly developed and rightly directed, permeates the entire business establishment. It attracts and holds the customer. The clerical force and the entire working body by an unconscious process of absorption it may be, comes under the spell of this personal force.

I do not set myself up as a business mentor. I have stated only facts and deductions that have fallen to years of practical business experience and observation. But—get personality into your business.

Let your employes understand that they have a personal value, that there is a personal interest attaching to them, that personal force counts in every branch of the business. In return you will secure that personal interest which means loyalty and the best effort with which each employe has been endowed.

Let your customer know that a personal interest attaches to him—a real personal interest that is not measured wholly by his orders and his dollars—and you will win in return that close, personal association and active support that builds up business.

It is personality—personal force—that counts.

The Decree of the Woodshed Court

By M. F. Ferguson in Uncle Remus' Magazine

HE was not precisely a pretty boy; indeed, it would have been almost flattering to call him plain. For his face was thin, and thickly sprinkled with freckles; and his ears stood out from his head a trifle too prominently, and his hair—what you could see of it under the tattered rim of the coarse straw hat—was of that insistent red that at first sight shocks the beholder. Nor did it add to his general attractiveness as he knelt in the onion bed, plucking weeds, that the sun shone in his eyes, forcing him to contract them to a narrow squint; nor that his hands were abnormally large, and his uncouth frame conspicuously lean and angular.

There was something pathetic in the dogged persistence with which he stuck to his task, despite the fact that three lads of about his own age, crouching behind a near-by hedge, were beseeching him in stage whispers to desert it.

"Aw, come on, Dan," urged one of them, peering at him cautiously over the top of the boxwood. "You'll delay the game."

Dan unbent himself gradually to his full height—there was a great deal of him when he was all unwound—and ran his eyes along the rows of weed-chocked plants with a sigh of resignation.

"When I finish the job," he said, laconically.

"But it's all up with us if you ain't on the spot when the umpire says 'Play ball," suggested the tempter.

"Look-a-here," retorted Dan; "I'm goin' to sneak off, all right, but I ain't a-goin' to dodge my work in the bargain. I promised to weed these onions, an' I'm calculatin' to do it if it takes all afternoon."

There was a whispered consultation on the other side of the hedge, a scramble over, and in a moment the red-headed agriculturist found three active assistants sharing his labor. Divided by four, the undertaking dwindled into insignificance, and the last obnoxious weed was speedily uprooted. Thereupon the boy, directing his friends to await his return by the roadside, made a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the house, and, shielded from the view of its occupants by a well-covered grape arbor, secured from beneath a pile of boards in a corner of the wood shed

a bat, a cap and a pair of low, spiked shoes.

As he hastened to rejoin his comrades and trudged along the dusty road with them, he flattered himself that his departure was unobserved. Therein he was mistaken. One pair of prying, inquisitive eyes had followed his every movement from the moment of his companions' arrival to the precise second when he disappeared over the top of the first hill on the way to the neighboring village of Abington.

Half an hour afterward Abel Gordon, who had been down by the cornfield mending a break in the fence, came up to the house to look for a bolt for the bucksaw. In the kitchen doorway his wife sat, shelling peas. A shrewd-faced youngster of seven played about her feet, dividing his attention between a dilapidated Noah's ark and a string of empty spools.

"Where's Dan?" asked Abel, casually, as he paused for a moment to watch the child arranging a procession of crippled animals before the ark.

"Clearing up the onion patch," replied the woman.

"He wasn't there just now, when I came by," remarked her husband.

"Then I don't know what's become of him. I saw him there an hour ago."

"I know where Dan is," piped the little fellow, in a shrill treble. "He's gone to play baseball over at Abington. I saw him."

Gordon leaned his bucksaw against the wall and picked up the child roughly.

"Don't tell me a falsehood," he said.

"I'm not," whimpered the informer, boring into his eyes with a pair of grimy fists. "He went with the Melcher boys and Joe Simmons. They came and helped him with the weeding, and I was up in the apple tree and heard them talking. Dan's goin' to pitch for Hillsboro, 'cause Shorty Davis is sick and can't play. Joe Simmons said so."

If he had been told that his eldest son had deliberately set fire to the house or stolen a hundred dollars from the old iron box under his bed Abner Gordan could hardly have experienced a more unpleasant shock. It was part and parcel of his philosophy that outdoor sports were ruinous to the mental development of the young. Sane enough in other respects, he had a deep-rooted conviction that to permit Dan to participate in the competitive recreations of his companions would be to put in his way an irresistible temptation to neglect the more serious things of life. Seymour Dutton's Dave had set for college with every promise of development into a brilliant scholar, and had returned barren of intellectual honors, a brutalized semi-professional football player. And there was the Methodist parson's son Jed, who had cut his course at the Hillsboro preparatory School to join a minor league ball team! There were "horrible examples" that confirmed Abel in his exaggerated view of the harmfulness of athletics. As for physical development, that could better be attained by work than by distracting play.

And so it befell that this youth of seventeen was sternly held in leash and forbidden even to play the role of spectator at the baseball, football and tennis matches of the countryside. But the boy was human, and pursued in secret the natural inclinations be could not openly gratify. He had an intimate acquaintance with the fine points of outdoor diversions wholly inconsistent with frank submission to his father's will.

Abel Gardon was a man of action rather than of words. He silently lifted Dan's little brother from his knee and arose. His wife watched him anxiously as he rapidly shed his overalls, washed his hands at the pump and took his "good" hat from its accustomed peg.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

The question was superfluous, and he did not answer.

"Be careful, Abel," she said, as he brushed past her in the doorway. "Don't you let your temper get the better of you."

"I know what I'm doing," he re-

torted, savagely. "I'll thrash that boy within an inch of his life." And he looked as if he meant it.

Practically all of Abington and half the population of Hillsboro had gathered on the enclosed field where the rival teams were to cross bats. Abel Gordon recognized many of his friends and neighbors as he pushed his way to the opening in the low fence barring the spectators from the diamond, and nodded to them curtly; but he turned neither to the right nor to the left to exchange civilities with them. His eyes were fixed with grim determination upon the awkward-looking, brick-topped youth in a neat gray uniform who occupied the pitcher's box—the most conspicuous figure in the field. In a moment he would make a public example of Dan and show him how serious a matter it was to defy paternal authority. But at the players' entrance he was halted.

"You can't go through here, brother," said the gate-keeper, pushing him back. "Nobody allowed on the field."

"I must speak to Dan Gordon. I'm his father."

"Sorry, but you'll have to wait until the end of the inning," retorted the gate-keeper, with an air of finality.

Abel attempted to call to Dan across the intervening space, but at that instant arose a mighty cheer that completely drowned the sound of his voice. On all sides of him people were tossing their hats in the air and yelling like maniacs. An elderly man close at his elbow poked him in the ribs familiarly and shouted in his above the din:

"Great boy, eh?"

Mr. Gordon had been too angry to comprehend what was going on before him. He was vaguely aware that the batsman, a hulking fellow grown to a man's estate, had thrown down his club in a fit of rage and was walking away from the plate; but he had no notion what the tumult was about.

"What's the matter?" he asked of his excited neighbor.

"Matter!" exclaimed the other, contemptuously. "Where are your eyes? Don't you know who that was he struck out? No? Why, that's 'Noodles' Griffin, the Interstate League man. He has no business to be playing with Abington—he's a professional. But that doesn't feaze Dan Gordon a little bit. This is twice he's fanned him."

Abel looked at the retiring batsman with a new interest.

"W'd lick Abington yet if young Gordon had decent support," continued the garrulous spectator. "But it must be mighty discouraging to be backed up by such a lot of chumps."

"What's the score?" involuntarily inquired Abel. He was provoked with himself for putting the question, but it was too late.

"Six to two, favor Abington, end of the fifth—and not one of those six runs earned. They can't hit Gordon for a cent—Jumping Jehosophat, did you see that!" screamed the enthusiast, clapping his hands with astonishing vigor. For Dan, leaping high in the air, had caught a red-hot liner with one hand and shot the ball to first in time to complete a double play at the expense of an overconfident runner who had assumed that the hit was safe.

Dan's admirer wept for joy as he laid his hand on Mr. Gordon's arm. "Wait," he yelled, as soon as the noisy demonstration that followed the play had subsided sufficiently for him to be heard; "wait till you see him at the bat! He'll probably come up this innings—oh, he's a corker!"

Abel was about to make for the gate, as the inning was ended; but at this he paused. An inning more or less would make no difference. He could deal with Dan later as well as now. In the meantime he would stand back a little bit. It might unnerve the boy if he should see his father among the spectators. He would wait and see how Dan handled his bat.

The first man up for Hillsboro in the sixth was hit by a pitched ball, and took his base. The second was given a base on balls. The third won safety on a miserable little

scratch, and Dan faced the pitcher with the bases full.

Two balls in succession passed close to the edge of the plate, and from the way Dan held his bat it looked as though he were trying to bunt. The fielders edged in a little in anticipation of a short infield hit, and people held their breath. In the midst of the stillness a deep bass voice yelled:

"Hit it out!"

And that voice was Abel Gordon's, although he was hardly conscious that he had opened his mouth.

But Dan knew what he was doing. Twice he made as if to bunt the ball with horizontal bat, and twice the umpire called strikes, while the outfielders crept in still nearer. The next ball sailed in straight as a die, square over the centre of the plate; and Dan, changing his attitude like lightning, swung his bat to meet it. There was a resounding crack, and before the centre-fielder could overtake and return the flying sphere three runners had filed across the plate. And it was once more the voice of the implacable opponent of sport that screamed to Dan as he rounded third and seemed about to make an impossible try for home:

"Go back! Go back!"

Before the side was retired Dan got home on a long fly, and the score stood six to six. Abel decided to postpone the fulfillment of his mission until the end of the game. There were many people from Hillsboro there, and they were bent on seeing Hillsboro win. To remove the star player from the game at this critical juncture would be to incur their strong displeasure. Yes, it was better, for the sake of interested folk, to wait. So he waited.

Up to the beginning of the last inning the score remained a tie, and the excitement continued at fever heat. Then, with two out in Hillsboro's half of the ninth, Dan Gordon knocked the ball outside the lot for a home run, and the crowd went mad. Abel forgot for the moment the stern purpose that had brought him to the field; forgot Dan's flagrant disobedience, the dangerous lure of sport, the dreadful fate of Dave Dutton and the parson's son. He clapped his horny hands till the palms ached; he put his forefingers between his lips and emitted an ear-splitting whistle that he had not practiced since his boyhood; he shrieked and howled till he was hoarse. And a thousand other half-crazed men and boys did likewise. By the time the pandemonium subsided the last Hillsboro player had been put out, and Abington came in to bat. If Hillsboro could prevent a score this once, the game was won.

A hush fell over the spectators as the first Abington man came up to bat in that momentous ninth; but only for an instant. The Abington element in the crowd, taking its cue from a loud-mouthed coacher who sought to "rattle" the pitcher, began to chant rhythmicaly:

"Up-in-the-air! Up-in-the-air! Up-in-the-air!"

The monotonous cry seemed to get on Dan's nerves, for he pitched four balls in succession wide of the plate, and the batter went to first. Encouraged by their success, the Abington "rooters" re-doubled their noisy efforts, and were almost instantly rewarded. Dan dropped an easy pop fly that his little brother would have been shamed to miss. Abel Gordon's face lengthened perceptibly, and he began to remember the punishment he had in store for his contumacious son. Two men were on bases. It looked blue for Hillsboro.

The next batter bunted, and heat the ball to first. With nobody out, the bases full, the pitcher unnerved and but one run needed to tie the score, it was a critical situation. Besides, the formidable "Noodles" Griffin, of Interstate League fame, was at the bat. The Hillsboro captain came in from centre field to hold a brief consultation with Dan and his catcher, apparently with a half-formed purpose of taking the hero of the day out of the box. But Dan shook his head vigorously, and the other conferees dubiously retired to their respective positions.

"Noodles" Griffin swung his bat viciously, and hit—the air. Again

the ball came hurtling by on a level with his head; again he aimed; again he missed. The third ball looked to be far beyond his reach, and he stood motionless as it passed by. Before he heard the umpire's decision he realized that it had curved sharply inward just before it reached him, and cut the corner of the plate. For the third time in the game he had struck out. Hillsboro's partisans began to gather confidence. Dan himself felt that he had settled down.

This was the beginning of the end of a baseball game that few who witnessed ever forgot. "Noodles'" successor, shaken by the ignominious downfall of that renowned heavy hitter, fell a victim to three puzzling curves twirled with unerring aim, and shamefacedly retired to the bench. As the last batter stepped up the spellbound rooters forgot to root. Amid a silence so tense that the ball seemed to fairly sizzle through the air he struck once, twice, managed to foul one, and then ended the game by lunging widly at the sphere as it passed even with his knee. Dan had not only struck out the side with three men on bases, but had achieved that rare feat with ten pitched balls.

Twenty minutes later, after Dan had made his escape from a horde of frenzied admirers, he emerged from the dressing room and came face to face with his father. The bat which he carried so jauntily over his shoulder all but slipped from his nerveless fingers. He would rather have confronted an untamed lion than this accusing figure that stood before him with lowering brow.

"So!" said Abel. "Here you are at last! I've been looking for you quite a while."

The boy's guilty conscience clogged his tongue. His was not a case for defense, but for expiation. Meekly enough he followed as his father plucked him by the sleeve, and in moody silence the two pursued their way homeward. Others traveling in their direction forbore to join them, but passed by with different nods or fell behind; for there was that in the father's countenance which repelled intrusion, and something in the son's demeanor that implied a shamed desire to escape from the flood of well-meant compliments that had been showered upon him. Not until they reached the house did Dan open his mouth to speak. Then, as Abel took down from its resting place on a couple of nails high up on the kitchen wall a heavy hickory switch that had not been used for years, the boy's high spirit rebelled.

"Not that, Dad!" he cried. "I'm not a child, to be flogged."

"Come out to the wood shed, sir," said his father, curtly, leading the way. Dan's face went white, but not with fear. His contrition had given place to indignation. Physically he was almost a man. He felt that he had outgrown corporal punishment, and with that conviction came a hasty resolve to snatch the rod from his father's grasp at the first blow and break it in a dozen pieces. With great deliberation, Abel took off his coat and hung it on the latch.

"Daniel," he said, grimly, as he picked the pliant hickory and faced his son, "did you ever do wrong by me without getting properly punished for it?"

"I guess I pretty nearly always got what was coming to me," the boy acknowledged.

"I reckon you did," reiterated his father, "and sometimes maybe a little more. Now, turn about is fair play. I've learned something this afternoon. I've seen enough over at Abington to convince me that when a man tries to bring up a boy just as he would a girl he isn't giving the boy a square deal. I've been doing the wrong thing by you ever since you were big enough to let go of your mother's apron strings. Here—take this."

Dan took the proffered switch mechanically.

"Now," said his father, turning his back and folding his arms, "I won't feel right comfortable till I've had my medicine. You roll up your sleeve and lambast me just as hard as you know how."

So amazed was Dan for the moment that he was hardly aware of the move-

ments of his own hands as he bent the rod across his knee until it snapped and tossed the fragments from him. For the first time since his triumph on the ball field he felt the full joy of a victor.

"Dad," he said, with a grin that extended from ear to ear, "we're going to play Mount Union next Saturday. If you'll come along I'll get you a good seat in the front row of the grand stand."

The Right Time

By Clarence Rook in Chronicle Magazine

THERE is something heroically simple in the startling proposal put forward in a pamphlet by Mr. Willett, of London. He proposes, as you may have read, that we be no longer slaves of the clock, no longer lie a-bed during the sunny hours of the day, no longer do our work and take our pleasure by artificial light—when we can get the free light from heaven by altering the clock. Roughly speaking, we are to stimulate the clock in spring, and every Sunday morning put the hands forward by some half-hour. Thus, by the summer holiday time you will by easy stages have acquired the habit of early rising and early bedding. With the coming of autumn the clock is given its sedative. Put back the hand every Sunday, and thus you will pay your debt with extra half-hours in bed in the morning. The idea is fascinating; but to the layman it has a touch of irreverence, a suggestion of talking lightly about the equator. You may be reassured. The equator is safe, sound and accorded all due respect. I have investigated the matter, and you may take it that you can do what you like with the clock without offending the equator. It won't budge an inch.

I had read Mr. Maunder's book on "The Royal Observatory" and had learned that Greenwich "gives time to the world." So I thought—strolling in Greenwich Park—that my friend at the Observatory on the Hill might know something of the matter. He would be a precisian in the matter of time. Into his private room I came.

"Come down and lunch with me at the Ship," I said. He looked round at the clock on the mantelpiece. It had stopped.

"What is the time?" he asked.

"Exactly what I wanted to ask you," I replied. "The right time."

He looked uneasily at me. Then he drew me gently to a lobby where an ordinary-looking clock was ticking.

"That's the time," he said proudly. "Greenwich time."

"Then have I got the right time?" I asked, pulling out my watch.

"Well," he replied, "it depends upon whether you want solar time, sideral time, local time, standard time, apparent time, or mean time," and he looked like the draper who has several other desirable lines under the counter.

I explained that the right time was what I wanted; and with strenuous questions I dragged from him the damning admission that the Greenwich noon does not correspond exactly with the sun or the stars, the heavens or the earth, and that Greenwich time is a merely human compromise with the clock, the spangled heavens, and the whobble of the earth's axis. This awful confession from an eminent astronomer was rather startling. For, glancing round to make sure that no one was listening to the admission, he whispered in my ear:

"There's no such thing as the right time—we fake it."

And then we went off to lunch.

Over lunch he told me something of the triumphs of man over time; for man has begun to master the clock, and my astronomer dropped his

shame-facedness after lunch when he confessed the deception that Greenwich has imposed on the world. There are two fundamental lines that encircle the earth, one the equator, to which is due respect. What should be the other? The meridians of Jerusalem and of Rome and of the Great Pyramid were suggested as the cross-line that should start the time of day. But the supremacy of Great Britain on the seas, the necessity of accurate measuring of hours and minutes, brought the centre of the world to Greenwich; and Greenwich set to work to tell the time, and nowadays, when Greenwich says it is noon, it is noon. It is usually a compromise. The line might have been drawn over any other point of the world's surface. But Greenwich has it, and sets the mean time. And when it is to-day in Greenwich it is this evening in other places, and yesterday or to-morrow in others.

For when railways came, and swift steamships and men ran to and fro, Greenwich spread its compromise, the world went on spinning as usual; but men spun faster. The coach-passenger's watch in London would take him without disaster to Edinburgh, while the voyager to America had probably forgotten all about time in the wonders of space. But when men began to traved swiftly and far it was necessary to come to some agreement about time, since it would never do to fiddle with the watch or reset the clock at every station between here and Penzance. It was necessary to compromise; and compromise always implies a certain amount of deceit. Therefore, Greenwich made out its time, which is never the right time, and the world mapped itself out into four-and-twenty chunks. If you go round the world you lose a day, or gain it, according to your route. And thus you will perceive that our astronomer has turned time to human devices. There are many important places in the world that are lured by Greenwhich to get up half an hour earlier than they suspect, or to lie abed half an hour later than they hoped. For example, the man at Penzance who wants to get up at eight o'clock, is turned out of bed twenty-three minutes earlier than the man in London. He never notices the difference. But the gas companies at Berne noticed it; for Berne is on the edge of the mid-European time, and the Bernese go to bed before they have consumed sufficient gas to satisfy dividends. The companies begged that Berne should be hoisted into the next division, see less daylight, and use more gas!

There is no such thing as time—the right time—and if there were it would depend upon space which we are supposed to be annihilating. Already, when we voyage across the Atlantic the captain tampers with the clock in the night, robs us of half an hour's sleep this way every night, and gives it back on the return journey; and no one notices the fraud. There are places on the ocean where a ship's captain—inspired by the fraudulent tarnsactions of Greenwich—filches a whole day from his passengers, or condemns them to an extra day of this transitory life. No one grumbles, for no one suffers inconvenience. And I think that on the whole I should welcome Mr. Willett's project of luring me from my bed and giving me the light of a whole day in summer and permitting me to pay back the debt by instalments in bed in the winter. I pointed out the situation to my astronomer friend and asked him whether, as he was obviously quite unscrupulous in the matter of time, as he was putting an admittedly adulterated article on the market, he could not go a step further.

"Your time is a fraud already," I argued. "Why not put a little more sand into the sugar? You only want the sand. Get up in the middle of the night and alter the clock, and if Greenwich says it's eight o'clock in England Greenwich has only to blow a whistle or touch a button—and it is."

"I could do it," he said enthusiastically. "But I should be discovered," he added frivolously.

"When England is asleep?" I suggested.

"England is never asleep," he re-

plied. "What about the railway companies? I'd like to see the face of the traffic manager who found himself half an hour out of reckoning with all his trains."

"He is used to that," I objected cheerfully.

"And what about the gas companies and the electric supply companies that would find their dividends dropping as I fiddled with the time?'

"You are a shareholder!" I exclaimed.

He did not admit this; but I saw the guilt in the wretched man's eyes. He knew well enough that he was a fraudulent dealer in minutes, sending people to bed and dragging them to their shaving glasses under false pretences. But I am sure he will not give me those hours of summer daylight and those hours of winter sleep, just because the trade of the country would be disorganized thereby. What a very terrestrial attitude for an astronomer!

The Influence of Business Life on Women

By Anna Richardson in Woman's Home Companion

THE woman wage-earner is today the nation's most serious sociological problem, its most insidious menace. Legislation may restrict immigration, curb trusts, eliminate child labor, enact uniform divorce laws and subdue the "Yellow Peril," but it cannot stem the constantly swelling tide of intelligent women who are fleeing the home life to seek careers in the various fields of money-making. From the ranks of these women, future statesmen, law-makers and law-breakers will spring, and millions of future mothers are being trained for the pitiless warfare of wage earning rather than for the gentler but more potent art of home-making.

In Greater New York alone half a million girls and women are partly or wholly self-supporting. Half a million women, or one fifth the population, are under business rather than domestic influences. Of this number it is estimated that twenty thousand are stenographers and typists.

In one department store, at the height of the Christmas trade, six thousand persons are employed. Four thousand of these are girls and women.

Labor statistics (gleaned from one of the standard almanacs) show that under the census of 1905, 1,065,884 women and girls over sixteen years old are engaged in those manufacturing interests of the United States which come under the head of the factory system. These women draw in wages $317,279,008, or more than $300 a year per capita. In the same manufacturing interests, men and boys over sixteen are employed to the number of 4,244,538. Their combined wages are $2,266,273,317, or an average of $533.95 a year. The number of women wage-earners has increased sixteen per cent. since the census of 1900 was taken, and their wages have been increased 27.5 per cent. It must be borne in mind that these figures do not cover custom dressmaking and millinery, in which trades women practically have a monopoly.

Study the average household in cities, large and small, in county seats or in towns which can boast of unimportant industries giving employment to women. To what end is the girl given an education? Almost invariably to fill some position in the commercial or professional world. Statistics show that comparatively few girls go beyond the grammar grades. At sixteen they graduate into a business college, a shop, a factory or an office.

In days gone by, mothers planning for the future would say: "When

Nellie is married we will do so and so." To-day they say: "When Nellie has a good position or makes fifteen dollars a week I will do this or that." The old-fashioned mother pointed with pride to the daughter happily married, mistress of her own well-managed home. To-day the power in the household to whom all bow is the daughter who earns the largest salary.

Many mothers frankly admit that it does not pay to train daughters in housewifely habits. The girl who is to be in business should not be troubled with domestic matters. Instead of teaching the girl how to dust, mend or cook, before and after school hours, the mother dictates shorthand exercises.

Is it remarkable that the girl accepts her mother's view? Surely this mother, drudging more or less patiently at home while the daughter is preparing for business, must know whereof she speaks when she says her child shall never lead the narrow life that has been hers? Is it strange that the girl sees the domestic life through distorted lenses, and decides in favor of a life of individual and absolute independence?

Not until the wage-earning women of the present generation have married and reckoned the full measure of their loss will a second, or perhaps a third, generation of daughters be taught to choose intelligently between the domestic and the business life. Not until thousands of women have scored either failure or deadening mediocrity in wage-earning will girls be taught that there is drudgery in the factory, store or office as well as in the kitchen. Until mothers learn this by actual experience daughters will continue to fling themselves recklessly, unadvisedly, into the maelstrom of business life.

What influences does business exert on this inexperienced, expectant girl? They are purely psychological. The question of comparative health and comparative morals in domestic and in business life is narrow, as compared with the broader one of psychological conditions.

I believe that just as many women break down under the strain of bearing children and domestic burdens as have nervous prostration from trying to do a man's work in business and live a woman's life at home.

But there is this difference: The woman who sacrifices herself on the domestic altar may leave behind her a living, breathing memorial in the sons and daughters who revere her memory, and who hand down to posterity the influence of her strong character, an ever widening circle for good; while the woman who sacrifices herself to business success can leave only a few tangled skeins in office or store for some other woman to straighten out. The woman who is normal and healthy, and performs her work in the normal, common-sense way, will not break down either in the home or in a wage-earning field.

Wage-earning women as a class I believe to be even more moral than their sisters who lead the protected life. Contact with the world shows them the wages of sin as well as the wages of work. They are less credulous, less trusting, than the girl who idealizes every man who comes upon her horizon. The girl whose virtue is inherent and strongly entrenched does not yield to the blandishments of the man she meets in business; rather she becomes absolutely impregnable. On the other hand, the girl who is naturally wild and unrestrained does not require the influence of office, store or factory environment to show her the downward way.

A woman may be absolutely moral, upright and honest, and yet be unhappy and possess the faculty of making every one around her unhappy. The real test of success or failure for a business woman lies so deep in her own life, in her very heart, that it cannot be measured by casual acquaintances or by the ordinary investigations of sociological students who have never lived with her, worked with her and suffered with her.

Before you can decide the influence of business on the woman you must

study the motive which makes her join the world of wage-earners. Present economic conditions drive thousands of half-grown girls into factories, shops and other underpaid avenues of money-making. These girls, springing from homes of poverty and ignorance, must be helped and uplifted by state and national laws, private and public charities, such as clubs, night schools and settlements, and every possible means which will teach them the right way of living and give them an insight into the art of home making when they leave the factory to take up their duties as wives and mothers.

There is a second class of girls, who from choice would lead the protected home life, but who are forced into the wage-earning field by various emergencies, loss of family fortune, death, illness, etc. To me these girls are the real heroines of the business world.

But there is a third and ever-growing class of young women, who, because they cannot be reached by any institution, state or otherwise, are invulnerable in their independence and dangerous in their intelligence. They are not compelled by financial necessity to work. They could remain comfortably, if not luxuriously, supported under the parental roof. They can afford to work indefinitely on a small salary, and thus they reduce the wages paid to their less fortunate fellow-workers. Every dollar they earn they may spend for personal comfort, luxury or adornment. They take precedence over girls just as capable and competent, but who cannot present as good an appearance. And, having, by the deliberate methods possible in their situation, achieved either financial competency or a brilliant success, in their life of independent luxury they present to girls farther down the ladder a false goal. These successful women who had every advantage at the start, a home life free from worries, financial backing in case they failed, social or family influence, superior education, the poise and confidence which come with good grooming, good gowning and good manners, are the commercial will-o'-the-wisps which lead the unsophisticated, unskilled, restless girl just leaving school to believe that business success spells enduring happiness. You do not find them in factories, but in better-paid lines of work.

While these articles were in course of preparation I planned a conference of representative business women, some of whom belong in the above-mentioned class. They had been fully informed of the topic to be discussed. Each woman stands for success in her respective line. Some of their names are used to conjure with in the marts of trade. Twelve women, practically from as many states, most of them having started at $5 a week or less, to-day standing shoulder to shoulder with men as exponents of intelligent labor and advanced thought, drawing the same salaries and enjoying the same privileges as the men among whom they work! Women who have worked with girls and for girls; women who have it in their power to start girls in the pathway that leads to business success; women who have never failed to give a helping hand to their sex in the business world, and yet who, when pinned down to an honest opinion, in the good of the cause admitted that, had they their lives to live over, they would choose the domestic and not the business career.

Not one of these women is a pessimist. Not one is really unhappy in her work, because to be successful in business you must be philosophical. Some of these women had supplanted men in their positions, and are drawing better salaries than the men whom they succeeded. Some have married; some hope to marry in the near future, and others frankly admit that because of their new view of life as a whole and men as a class they do not expect to marry.

These facts I am stating in order that the girls who read this article will realize that it is not women who have failed or women whose hearts are eaten by disappointment who were

chosen to talk frankly on the influence of business over women. The statements which follow were taken verbatim at that conference.

Said a woman who is buyer in a department store: "Ask the average girl of to-day who is seeking a position to name her ambition—and she has none. She has set before her no goal toward which she will bend her energies. She will tell you she needs the money, or that her parents expect her to pay board now that she has left school, or that she has some friends employed down town and she wants to work with them. Only the exceptional girl has outlined some definite plan of action, or can name some definite end toward which she is working.

"With a man, business is a permanent career, an end which he never permits to drop out of sight. With the average woman it is merely expedient. With a man, success in business is all-absorbing, matrimony and love are incidents. With a woman, in time love and matrimony become the real things of life, and business the incident. Success with the business man is satisfying. If the right woman is a factor or is benefited by his business success, he counts this as an added blessing. The woman cannot enjoy success alone. She must share it with someone. This is the natural out-cropping of unselfishness in the woman. With a man, success, or efforts toward success, dwarf all other feelings. With a woman, sentiment, affection, the unexpected assertion of the feminine nature are liable to imperil her business success at any moment.

"If a busy man has a luncheon engagement with a woman, however dear she may be to him, and she fails to keep her appointment, he will invent all manner of excuses for her, eat his lunch philosophically and resume the routine of his afternoon work, leaving the settlement of his differences with the object of his affections until business affairs have been despatched. Outwardly, if the case is reversed, the woman may do precisely the same thing, but she will accumulate nervous indigestion during the luncheon hour and endure mental hysterics during the afternoon."

The head of a large clerical staff, composed entirely of women, said:

"Though they will not admit it, nine girls out of ten look upon the business world as a matrimonial field well worth working. Thousands enter it to find a husband and remain in it to avoid needing one.

"Cupid does not find the average shop or office a congenial atmosphere in which to labor. Women who work shoulder to shoulder with men have few illusions left at the end of the first year. And say what you will about the weakness and credulity of the old-fashioned women, it is not a kind hand that tears away every illusion. With the departure of certain ideals, women realize that certain reason for their existence, certain possibilities of happiness, have slipped out of their grasp. The girl who has won her first little commercial triumph at twenty-three does not understand this, but the woman of thirty-three or forty-three, who has drunk the full measure of business success—and yet wonders why life seems empty—does understand, and suffers accordingly."

Said a woman who at a comparatively young age has scored success in a field which few women enter:

"At twenty-five I returned to my native village from college. I had not decided on any career, but when I got back to the quiet town something palled upon me. It was the men! I had known them all from youth—nice, prosiac fellows, anxious to settle down under their respective ancestral rooftrees—and I fled the scene. In a larger city, among bustling business interests, I would find a congenial mate. From the start I was a business success. One small triumph followed another, but I didn't marry. I found myself measuring men by their business qualifications, not by their personal or domestic standards. At forty I woke to a realization that men were no longer interested in me as a woman, but as

a dangerous business rival, a person who needed to be watched, a creature to be flattered, alas! not because of her womanliness and feminine charms, but because her influence was valuable. Was I flattered at this realization? No! I was furious, and I have hated men ever since!"

Another woman said:

"Women do not generally meet their matrimonial fate in the office or store where they work. If a man marries a business girl, he meets her not in the store or office, but at some social function. This is because the girl who works at his elbow loses the indefinable, illusive charm of the girl whom he idealizes when she is not around. The familiarity of office or business life breeds contempt between the sexes. You say, 'Better to feel this contempt before marriage than after.' I say, 'No. Better to trust to the saving strength of love after marriage than never to yield to it at all.'"

A woman whose apartments in a fashionable hotel are the admiration of her friends said: "The homing instinct of the woman is a dangerous element in her struggles for success. The man is content to use success as a means of securing the home, and he looks forward to the day when he can afford to install in that home a suitable mistress. On the other hand, the business woman has a curious sense of having to make a home for herself without the privilege of sharing it with the man of her choice. Generally, as soon as she can spare the money, she decides that she will have a home of her own. First come the struggles to raise the funds; then the small domestic problems, and in the end she finds that the home without the mate is not a home at all."

Strange sentiments, you say, from women who stand on a commercial equality with men? It brings us back to the original statement that business success for the woman does not mean domestic or individual happiness, and that on the whole a business life makes for restlessness, selfishness and discontent. You cannot measure the influence of business on the woman by figures or statistics. You cannot count wrecked lives among women wage-earners as you can tally off divorce cases on court calendars, and trace them to certain causes, such as incompatibility, desertion, cruelty, etc. You cannot say that a woman in business is a failure or success according to the salary she draws. You cannot expect the trim, self-contained girl at your elbow to admit that her perfectly appointed little apartment, her perfectly trained maid, her perfectly ordered life of dinners, clubs, theatres and opera parties spell failure. She says she is a success. In her heart she knows that when the last guest has gone, and the trim little maid has been dismissed, the exquisite little apartment becomes a whited spulcher in which the starved soul of the woman sits alone weeping.

Hundreds of women who are drawing good salaries and holding positions of responsibility will claim that the successful business woman has no time to think of matrimony, and that this plea for the old-fashioned preparation for marriage means a reversion to domestic slavery.

The homing and mating instinct is just as strong in the practical woman of to-day who designs wall paper for a manufacturer as it was in her dreamy-eyed ancestor who embroidered impossible roses on a screen—as strong in the woman who feeds a loom in a cotton mill as it was in her Colonial great-grandmother, who into the linen which she wove for her bridal trousseau threaded also dreams of stalwart sons and fair daughters.

A few generations of business women cannot overturn the divine plan of human life. You cannot stifle affection and mother love by the clatter of looms and the clack of typewriters. There are a few women, misers at heart, who find happiness in the mere acquirement of wealth. There are a few abnormal women who hate children, and therefore have no right to become mothers. But the vast majority of women still continue, and for generations will continue, to admit secretly, at least, the

existence within them of the world-old craving for a heart mate.

Normal woman finds her happiness in the multiplicity of small things that make for contentment. The perfect home life is built upon the firm foundation of her contented unselfishness, and the materials and tools which work to the perfection of its design are small courtesies, small attentions and small pleasures. The woman in business is consumed by large and often unrealized ambitions. She strains after the very privileges which turn to sting her, once they are in her grasp. She demands that men accept her in the business world as an intelligent, commercial, wage-earning equal. Then when they no longer treat her as their social superior, when they no longer pay tribute to her womanly charms, she declares that men are no longer chivalrous!

A case in point: The elevator in a sky-scraper where men and women share the offices of a powerful insurance company was crowded almost to capacity when it stopped to take on board a tenant of other offices, accompanied by his wife. Instantly every man in the elevator removed his hat. This was not a tribute to the wife's superior looks, for many of the women stenographers and clerks already in the car were fairer to look upon. It was not in compliment to the richness of her furs nor her waving plumes, because the raiment of some of her self-supporting fellow-passengers was quite as good. It was purely the tribute from the primitive man to the primitive woman, whom he may support and protect, as compared with the woman who can and will support herself. The woman who works at his elbow day after day is not his ideal woman. He does not mean to be rude to her; she is just part of the office equipment, a section of the commercial machinery.

As we left the car, a young woman whispered:

"Pleasant, is it not, to be shown in this unmistakable fashion the status you take in masculine estimation when you work for your living?"

That was her ingenuous voicing of restlessness and dissatisfaction, not with the fact that she had to work for her living, but that, in her own relations with the opposite sex, she had lost her power to command the subtle tribute of manliness to womanliness. She had learned that a woman cannot be "a good fellow," "a chum," in business and still remain a man's ideal.

Just as the man's viewpoint of women shifts when they enter into business competition, so does the woman's measure of men change in their new relations. She weighs him in different scales, and the result makes for discontent. The woman who is engaged in intellectual or artistic pursuits, and scores therein a success, demands for a husband the man who will satisfy her intellectually. The woman who scores commercial or financial success demands in her prospective husband success more brilliant than she has achieved. The man whose respectable attainments would satisfy completely the woman who has always led the protected life falls short as a matrimonial possibility when measured by the keen, critical business woman, and the more successful the latter, the smaller her chances of matrimonial happiness. Such is one price which the business woman pays for success.

Men who employ women because the latter will accept smaller salaries than men, and men who shift the responsibility of family support from their own shoulders to those of wives and daughters, are developing a new race of American women. To this fact future generations will owe a form of race suicide which President Roosevelt in his sternest moments has not pictured, or a race of men so spineless, irresponsible and effeminate that the first chapter in the degeneration of America shall have been written by the hand of greed and avarice.

You can legislate against the man who employs half-grown, half-nourished, half-paid girl children in his factory. You can send a woman to prison for trying to take her own life. But you cannot touch the intelligent

woman who enters a legitimate avenue of money-making which may lead to soul suicide. This woman, who by her very intelligence, her superior physique, would make an ideal mother, has a legal right to sacrifice her womanhood upon the altar of a commercial career, and later to feel her own soul wrung with regret. It is upon these women, the better-educated, better-nourished, better-equipped young women of the great middle class that the business life exerts its most dangerous fascinations, leading them from the hearthstone, with its possibilities of peace to the great forge of commerce, on which heart and soul may be battered with relentless blows.

The cure of this national disease lies in the victim—the woman in business. Not until she sees the peril to herself and her individual happiness will she recognize in her occupation, in her present-day method of living, a peril to the nation.

Parties and the British Empire are Drifting

By Arthur Warren in Boston Magazine

ENGLAND lacks a leader. Englishmen of both parties will tell you, in moments of confidence, that their titular leaders do not lead and are not capable of leading in existing conditions. "Both parties," I say, because, although there are three, five, seven, a dozen parties, more or less, as we have them in the United States, the ten are subordinate to the two.

A man here is a Liberal or Conservative with a difference, just as at home a man is a Republican or a Democrat, with a difference, unless in either land, he is occasionally independent enough to vote now with one side and now with another in order to prove that he and his kin are free to hold the balance of power.

The English parties lack leaders. Theorists will say that this is as it should be, and that the people themselves should lead. Probably. But do they anywhere? Mankind loves a leader and clamors to be led; and the Briton is as human as the rest of us.

The prime minister in this present year of grace is not a leader. He is faction-ridden. He is at the head of a government which is the most amusing failure in a generation. By "government" in this sense one is understood to mean what we mean in America when we speak of "the administration." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's administration talks magnificently, but its performances are of the feeblest. And the worst of it is that the Liberals have not a man to put in his place. They have nobody who captures the popular imagination. This is also true of the Conservatives.

Campbell-Bannerman is a stoutish, florid, amiable old gentleman who is misplaced in life. He should be a philanthropic millionaire and scatter benevolent bonds among the deserving. He reminds one of Mr. Carnegie, who builds a peace palace at The Hague out of the profits of armor-plate mills. Sir Henry is eloquent in the cause of peace congresses, but his representatives at The Hague pursue a course and express views which frustrate his desires for peace and arbitration. He desires England to lead, but she is at the rear of The Hague procession.

Mr. Balfour is the most interesting man in the House of Commons, but as the leader of a great party he leaves almost everything to be desired. He is the best debater in the United Kingdom, but he leads his party as poorly, and spoils as many chances as Sir Henry C.-B. himself. And that is saying a great deal. Mr. Balfour,

as the Conservative leader, put the Liberals into power; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as Liberal leader, is likely to make Mr. Balfour Conservative prime minister again.

Balfour is a man of great charm, many accomplishments and much philosophy. That he is also fully equipped with courage, physical and moral, everybody knows, for he gave abundant proof of this years ago, when Parnell and Gladstone were fighting for home rule and he was chief secretary for Ireland. The House of Commons has not now, and, perhaps, has never had, an abler debater than he, but in these days something more than supremacy in debate is needed to make a man mighty in the leadership of a party.

There is no man in public life to-day in England who captures the popular imagination. Chamberlain came nearest to that requirement in recent years, but he his stricken now, and may never be able to resume the place that he made for himself. Rosebery has already vanished, because he has no ambition. He had it, but it earned no interest for him, therefore he withdrew it. He had all the abilities, and he charmed the public mind, but he was, and is, too much of a philosopher to find any deep gratification in political success. He had all the success there was, but he simply did not care to be forever currying public favor. He was ambitious as a young man, but having realized his ambition he found it empty of content. A Secretaryship of foreign affairs, a chairmanship of the London county council, a Derby winner, a premiership, sufficed. Now he prefers independence and the captaincy of his own soul. These no man can have in politics, especially when he occupies the highest place.

In the House of Representatives at Washington, mediocrity is dominant; in the House of Commons, mediocrity is not only dominant, but there is hardly anything else. No one stands forth there as a compelling, forceful figure. There is no one to whom the country listens more than to any other man when great questions are discussed. In fact, the country declines to interest itself much in any question discussed by the Commons. It doesn't take this administration seriously; it is, on the whole, rather tired of talk, and it knows that the opposition would exhaust itself with talking, were it restored to power. There is no man strong enough to put the administration or the opposition into action.

Disraeli, who knew politicians well enough, said: "Twelve hundred pounds per annum, paid quarterly, is their idea of political science and human nature. To receive £1,200 per annum is government; to try to receive £1,200 is Opposition; to wish to receive £1,200 is ambition. If a man wants to get into Parliament, and does not want to get £1,200 per annum, they stare in each other's faces and ask: "What can he want to get into Parliament for?"

In Washington they have other phrases, but the same facts.

And of phrases there are some peculiar twists here. One hears a good deal about "tariff reform." But the American must walk cautiously in the wilderness of words. In Washington when we say "tariff reform" (and some persons there have mentioned it occasionally), we mean "let us reduce the tariff." In London when you hear an Englishman talking "tariff reform" you must understand that he means "let us abolish free trade and establish protection." It has thus remained for the Briton to advocate the reform of the non-existent.

"England needs a Roosevelt" was the astonishing remark made to me by one of the few surviving Tories. This was at a Conservative club. When I had recovered from the surprise, I discovered that my Tory friend regards the President as an autocrat, a surprising opinion, with which, as we all know, no one in Washington could possibly agree. Later, on the same day, a Radical friend said to me, in the Parliament Building: "England needs a Roosevelt, a thorough-going Democrat, who can arouse the people." And thus we see again that we are apt to behold

in others the qualities which are in ourselves.

At the same time, there is no one in political England now "rousing the people," nor calming the Conservatives, or "getting things done," or laying down great policies; no one leading, no one of whom it can be said: "This is the man!" Each political party is drifting, and the empire is drifting too. Perhaps there is no great harm in this, since the general happiness does not appear to diminish, and no man is stored with the entire volume of infinite wisdom. But I am remarking only what all Englishmen say, that a man is wanted. Each party is drifting, each has drifted away from its opportunities. That is a way parties have, everywhere. But there are things needing to be done in this crowded land and neither party is doing them.

As for imperial affairs—the colonial premiers have gone home with an entirely fresh and disappointing lot of thoughts. They are now more than half convinced that the kingdom loves the colonies when there is a war and men are needed, but that in times of peace this strong affection wanes. This is a crude way of putting it, and it does not point at accuracy. Yet within it there is a glimmer of truth that imperialism is the doctrine of favors to come.

Socialism is what many folk here are dreading now. They speak of it as of a horror impending, just as their ancestors years ago dreaded the possibilities of a Napoleonic invasion. But by this time they should be accustomed both to doctrines and facts. Yet they easily forget that theirs is the most socialistic country on earth up to date. Really, they cannot be taken by surprise when the great change comes—if ever it comes. But there are innumerable legions here of people without imaginative minds and it has occurred to them that civilization is far more likely to be changed by science than by socialism. Still it is with grave concern that thousands repeat to one another over their tea and wafers: "Alas, we are not getting the kind of men we used to have in politics."

May it be that they are fortunate in not getting them? In America, where there is the same lamentation, we have found "'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus," and that the kind of men we send to Congress depends upon the kind of voters that mark the ballots. Consequently, in America we always get superior men because we are a superior people. Is it not so?

Now, your Briton is really a better sort than he seems. He has heard, ever since he was born, that his country is going to the dogs. He has heard it from the other party in politics. A Briton ever believes that his country is going to the dogs. When he tells you that it is on the brink of ruin, he merely means that he is opposed to the government—i.e., administration—of the day. For the true-born Briton is always sure that everything to which he is opposed is wrong. He must be right, because in our country we have the same sort of conviction, have we not?



Where Poison Haunts Man's Daily Work.

By William Hard in Munsey's.

MODERN science, in the service of modern industry, has set itself the task of developing the "natural resources" of the earth. Some of these resources, like coal or stone, are comparatively simple and harmless. Others, like lead and phosphorus and arsenic, are fraught with great danger to the men who handle them; but all are needed by modern industry. Science, therefore, cannot distinguish between them. It must attack them all and bring them all into subjection.

Just as we must have coal for our furnaces and stone for our office-buildings, so we must have lead for the white paint that goes on our houses, phosphorus for the matches with which we start our fires, and arsenic for the tanning and the finishing of felt. And prosaic articles of daily use like matches and white paint and felt hats have behind them a background of picturesque, if not romantic, danger for the men and women who get them ready for the market.

It is not often that the ordinary observer can go behind the scenes of this modern drama and stand in the factory in which an apparently innocent substance like white paint plays the role of a dangerous and successful villain. But it sometimes happens that the effects of white lead, and of other such substances, present themselves even to the ordinary observer in the course of his daily travels. For instance, as you go home from business the man across the aisle of your car smiles over a joke on the back page of his newspaper. As his mirth broadens you notice that along his gums, looking like some hideous band of metal placed there by the dentist, there runs a distinct line of deep blue. That line is lead. That man works in lead—and lead works in him.

The street-car passes a factory. Out of its heat and roar come four or five dripping men. You notice that the perspiration on their bare arms shows greenish; and their hair, sprouting green from its roots, gives each man's head the appearance of a grotesque vegetable. That factory turns out a certain kind of brass.

The lead man across the aisle drops a button. His neighbor stoops to pick it up. As his fingers gather around the button they suddenly quiver and stop. Their master urges them on. They refuse to obey him. They will not come together. Their master—their former master—grins. When he first saw danger he saw it with terror. Now that he sees it every day, terror is distilled to ironic humor.

Turning toward the lead man, the humorist with the rebellious fingers conducts a little physical experiment. He tries to place the tip of his little finger on the tip of his thumb. When he has done his best, an amusing gap of half an inch remains. The lead man displays the blue line on his gums in an appreciative smile. He recognizes that gap. He knows the handiwork of dinitrobenzin. He is familiar with the consequences of helping to make certain explosives.

Copper colic, hatter's shakers, diver's paralysis, shoemaker's chest, miller's itch, hammerman's palsy, potter's rot, shoddy fever—with these names and many others, modern medicine tries to catch up with modern industry, the doctor endeavors to keep pace with the inventor.

The inventor has a happy thought. He will construct tunnels under compressed air. A year or two later the doctor is at his heels with a book about "caisson disease." Meanwhile, the engineer and the workman, more imaginative than the doctor, have announced that their new disease is "the bends."

The stranger who ventures under compressed air is likely to experience an automatic convulsion of terror. The weight of the atmosphere fills

him with a vague sensation of unnaturalness and of foreboding. Ordinary air had rested upon him with a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch; and to this he had been accustomed from childhood. But the air used in the construction of a tunnel has been condensed till it has acquired twice or thrice as much weight.

Such air lays a heavy hand upon the stranger. It oppresses him with a weight of from thirty to forty-five pounds on every inch of his body. His head swims. His ear-drums quiver painfully under the assaults of an invisible pneumatic pugilist. He puts his hands over his ears. He feels like crouching beneath his punishment. His guides give him some advice. They tell him to hold his nose with his fingers and then try to expel his breath. He obeys. The air from his lungs and from his mouth runs through his eustachian tubes and plunges against the interior of his ear-drums. In this way a pressure within combats the pressure from without.

In a few minutes the stranger becomes more at ease. He may even begin to feel elated. A candle in compressed air burns brighter than a candle in ordinary air. Man's body, for the same reason, may become capable of abnormally brilliant exertion; but, like most abnormal brilliance, it brings its reaction.

Just in front of the stranger, where, between wooden lagging and clay sides, a concrete wall is being pounded home, an assistant engineer falls limp into a puddle on the flat bed of the bore. In an instant his limpness is changed to tautness. He draws himself together, convulsed, till his feet meet his head. He has "the bends."

Sometimes, after proper treatment, he recovers completely. Sometimes his limbs are twisted and paralyzed forever. Sometimes he makes a partial recovery to find that one of his legs has become three inches shorter than the other. Always he suffers, for hours, the pains of an exquisite rheumatism.

The defiant irony of the dinitrobenzin man in the street-car is displayed with an even greater flaunting of foolhardiness by many men who work in compressed-air tunnels. When Ajax, in the old Greek fable, defied the lightning he established a very human precedent. The compressed-air man takes liberties with three atmospheres.

When the compressed-air man wishes to leave his tunnel he enters the compression-chamber, which stands between the tunnel and the outer air. The door between the compression-chamber and the tunnel is securely closed. A small hole leading to the outer air is slightly opened, and through this the compressed air escapes from the compression-chamber. The more slowly it is allowed to escape, the less danger is there that the compressed-air man will have convulsions.

When the Blackwall tunnel was built, in London, there was a rule devised by a wise management. Five minutes, it was said, must be consumed in letting the compressed air out of the compression-chamber into the outer air. Immediately the workmen in the tunnel invented a game. Who could get out of the compression-chamber quickest? The hole between the chamber and the outer air was opened to its widest extent, and the condensed air rushed out with a roar that terrorized the neighborhood. Finally some of the workmen managed to make their exit in thirty seconds. The first prize for this fear was paralysis; the consolation prizes were vomitings and convulsions.

From tunneling under the sea to balloooning over the clouds, the inventor and the doctor still pursue their way together. The French army has a balloonist corps. A few years ago the members of this corps found that their skins were being discolored. The brown of outdoor life was being replaced by the yellowish green of jaundice. The inventor had supplied the balloon; it was left to the doctor to remove its consequences.

The doctor was summoned. He followed the scent of the inventor over all the devices that that ingenious individual had left behind him; and at last he overhauled his quarry. When

a balloon was being inflated the soldier in charge of it was obliged to apply his nose to a certain little faucet and take a whiff from it. When this whiff yielded the familiar smell of arseniuretted hydrogen the man knew that the inflation of the balloon was complete. But together with his whiff of hydrogen he also inhaled a dyspeptic pain for his stomach and a yellowish-green pigment for his skin.

A mile or two from the aeronautic hero who rises to jaundice at the same moment at which he rises to heroism there may be found in a cheap restaurant, a man who, most unheroically, is using his wrists instead of his fingers as he lifts a cup of coffee to his mouth. A moment or two later he drops his mouth into the hash that the waiter has set before him. He leaves his knife and his fork lying beside his plate on the table. In lifting cups and in eating food this man cannot make use of his fingers. He grasps cups with the insides of his wrists, or, sometimes, even with his elbows. He buries his nose in his food. All his bones, nerves, and muscles below his wrists might as well be on the other side of the world. He has wrist-drop.

Armand Gautier, reporting to the prefect of Paris, showed that thirty thousand persons in Paris alone were exposed to the fumes or to the dusts of lead. The restaurant patron, bent like a dog over his platter, was one of the thirty thousand.

In certain parts of the United States there is a proverbial comparison, produced by the common sense of the multitude, and not by the insight of any individual. It is: "As crazy as a painter."

Blue lines along the gums! Meals eaten with the wrists, or even directly by the mouth! "As crazy as a painter!" Lead—white lead, red lead, any kind of lead! Lead from the time when it is taken out of the mine to the time when it is spread, in paint, on the side of a house! It is always a poison. Many men escape its effects; many men succumb to them. No one can be sure to which class he belongs.

From the wrists and the gums to the brain the spirit of lead creeps silently, invisibly, irresistibly. An English government inspector stood in the workroom of a white-lead factory. The floor was strewn with tan-bank. On the tan-bark stood large earthenware pots. Inside the pots the workmen had poured acetic acid. On top of the pots they had laid long strips of lead. The acetic acid rose in fumes to eat the lead. In time there was no longer any ordinary lead there. It had become "white lead"—carbonate of lead, the kind used in white paint.

When the workmen began to remove the carbonate of lead from the earthenware pots one robust young fellow fell to the floor in a faint. When he had been revived, he looked about him blankly. He was blind. A day or two later he was sent to an insane asylum. Lead-poisoning, plumbism, starting with colic, stopping for a moment at wrist-drop, and terminating with insanity, had with him run its full course.

The extent of the empire of lead may be judged from the list of workers mentioned by the United States Bureau of Labor as exposed to lead poisoning. This list, given in a bulletin published in 1903, includes lead-miners, lead-smelters, workers in white-lead factories, printers, typesetters, brushmakers, enamel-workers, glass-workers, gold-workers, silver-workers, patent leather-workers, painters, lace-workers, wallpaper-workers, joiners, potters, gilders, lead-platers, weavers and brickmakers.

This does not mean that every worker in each of these trades will necessarily be poisoned. But it does mean that all of them, when employed in certain processes, are exposed to danger of lead-poisoning, and that many of them will succumb to it. Each worker may think that he will escape; but none can be sure that he is not among those destined to be attacked.

In the same bulletin of the Bureau of Labor in which this list of lead trades is given there is a further list of great significance—a catalogue of "industrial poisons." It names the most important of the dangerous sub-

stances that are commonly used in modern industry. There are thirty-one in all, and each of the thirty-one is used in from one to twenty different trades and occupations.

Mercury among dyers of artificial flowers, sulphuric acid fumes among the bleachers of wool, nitric-acid fumes among tin-plate workers—on and on the list runs through poison after poison and trade after trade. It is impossible to make any exact estimate of the number of men involved, but it is obvious that no figure could be considered which would fall below many hundreds of thousands for the United States alone.

One of the most interesting of the industrial poisons is bisulphide of carbon, to the effects of which many thousand men and women in America and in Europe are daily exposed. Like lead, this foe of those who handle it aspires from a tyranny over man's muscles to a tyranny over his brain. Unlike lead, it is agile, alert, sudden. Its fumes rise eagerly to the nostrils, and make their way to the brain with a celerity which sluggish lead cannot emulate.

Rubber must be vulcanized. The world needs vulcanized rubber for a thousand uses. Therefore, bisulphide of carbon when it vulcanizes rubber, is indispensably useful. And, like many great men who are also indispensably useful, it leaves behind it a wake of sorrow and of suffering as well as of admiration.

A man is walking listlessly toward his work. Yesterday, with his lungs full of the fumes of bisulphide of carbon, he left the factory exhilarated; but by the time he reached home his dinner did not look attractive. He left it untasted and sank down on his bed. In an instant he was asleep. For ten hours he lay motionless. Then he woke with the feeling that of every hour of sleep he had wrapped another heavy bandage around his brain. Without breakfast, he said good-bye to his family.

Now, however, as he approaches the factory, he begins to move more energetically. He enters. He snuffs the fumes of the bisulphide. He draws himself up. His eye brightens; his pulse quickens. He has taken, in the form of bisulphide, the morning "corpse-reviver" which the vagrant voter, befriended by the political saloon-keeper, takes over the bar in the form of tinted alchohol.

That way madness lies—but more for women than for men. The nervous system of women, more delicately adjusted than that of men, is more constantly in a state of unstable equilibrium. Bisulphide pushes their reason from its base more quickly. Where a man is simply shaken to collapse, a woman may be spurred into insanity. In England the government officials have recorded cases in which women, frenzied by inhalations of bisulphide, have rushed blindly from their work and have thrown themselves out of the windows of factories head first to the street below.

After such a scene a "chrome hole" has little claim to even a walking part in the tragedy of business. It is better fitted to serve as a touch of incidental pathos when the tragedy of business has been removed from the boards and has been replaced by its comedy.

On the nose, on a finger-knuckle, or at the base of a finger-nail, the "chrome hole" appears as a little ulcerous well. It is a slight personal memento left behind by the bichromates of sodium or of potassium as they pass through the factory on their way to give coloring-matter to women's dresses. The "chrome hole" is not fatal; but it is a highly efficient souvenir.

Its most lasting claim to recollection is found when it attacks the nose. It has a curious partiality for a certain part of the nose. It makes directly for the septum—the cartilage separating the two nostrils just above the lip. The "chrome hole" makes a neat and exact perforation of the septum. It begins at one side, eats its way through, comes out on the other side, and is gone. The pain is slight. The effect on the health is nothing. The main objection to the whole process is that it happens in the wrong country. Hindu women pay

money to have their septums pierced for the insertion of highly ornamental rings. The occidental chrome-worker, not appreciating nose-rings, carries around with him a gratuitous but absolutely useless nasal tunnel.

Chrome has the humor of the practical joker. Chlorin has the grisly grin of Mephistopheles. Lithe, greenish, it leaps in fumes from its furnace, bending over its victims with a pungent, penetrating, overpowering odor that seems like a burst of vaporous anger from the infernal regions. The English workmen, familiar and contemptuous, have given this Mephistopheles the homely name of "Roger."

When preparing to meet "Roger" the workman ties from ten to twenty thicknesses of flannel over his mouth. He puts goggles over his eyes. He ties paper around his clothes. The only part of him that protrudes from his armor is the tip of his nose. Thus accoutered, he steps into the big iron box in which his friend "Roger," curling and fuming over a bed of slaked lime, has been engaged in the useful task of making bleaching-powder.

As the workman shovels at the lime it emits constant puffs of "Roger"—of chlorin. Any one who has ever passed through a laboratory may have become acquainted with chlorin to the extent of one whiff. No second introduction is ever needed. When engineers and foremen and workmen have to renew their acquaintance with "Roger" from day to day and from year to year, it is not surprising that the careful governments of several European states have attempted to break off the intimacy between them. A sudden hug by "Roger" is death. A constant puffing of his breath into your lungs is slow decay for the lung-tissues. This is what lies behind almost all of the ordinary bleaching-powder so commonly used in every part of the civilized world.

England seems to realize better than ourselves how many human beings are vitally concerned in the operations of such weird and unfamiliar chemicals as bisulphide of carbon, bichromate of potassium, and chlorin. Certain English medical men have acquired great reputations because of their technical knowledge of the effects of industrial poisons. Perhaps the best known is Dr. Thomas Oliver. He has served on most of the official commissions that have investigated the subject—on the Dangerous Trades Comission, on the Pottery Commission, on the White Lead Commission, and on the Lucifer Match Commission of the Home Office. The mere appointment of all these commissions shows the extent of the danger in England and the keen recognition of that danger by the British Government.

As a result of his experience, Dr. Oliver has edited a book on "Dangerous Trades." This book contains nine hundred pages, and it traverses the whole field of industry. It is a convincing exhibit of the innumerable points at which the men and women of the industrial world are attacked by subtle and uncontrollable poisons.

Phosphorus, lead, chlorin, bichromate of potassium, bisulphide of carbon—these things, translated from chemical to human terms, mean daily physical danger for thousands of men and women in Europe and in America. Yet the men who face these subtle enemies are not heroes. The hero rises to a climax. In the cab of his locomotive he passes from perfect health to sudden death in a sharp moment. His task is high. His sacrifice is glorious. There is no glory, there is no climax of self-devotion, for the surveyor who is drawing lines and marking angles in a compressed-air tunnel. The only difference between him and the surveyor on the street-corner above him is that instead of breathing one atmosphere he is breathing three. Anybody can do that. And anybody who does it may to-day, or to-morrow, or next week, or next year, when the daily assaults of three atmospheres have at last reached the citadel of his constitution, fall fainting to the floor without any outburst of great endeavor, with only a final acceptance of gradually exhausted health.

That man is not a hero. He is only an illustration of the effect of nitrogen when forced into the human system under the pressure of three atmospheres. He is only a chemical reaction.

One of the most famous quotations in classical literature is: "Sunt lacrimœ rerum"—"There are tears in things." That is the epitaph of the man who encounters poison in his ordinary daily work.

The Fisher Folk of Labrador.

Dr. Grenfell's address to the Canadian Club, Toronto.

I HAVEN'T any doubt that perhaps many of you feel like saying: "Why on earth do people live, or care to live in Labrador?" I shall not attempt to argue that point. Very probably the Californian during winter might take somewhat similar grounds. "Why," he would ask, "are people content to live in Canada when they might live in California?" Such questions—and such questions are often indiscriminately and thoughtlessly propounded—lose sight of the fact that persons born and bred in a certain environment naturally cling to it. It is home—and home is home the world over. Yet there is hardly any other part of our wide world that can exactly be compared to Labrador. When we think of Labrador we have in our minds a land of snow and ice, little more, where a few hardy fishermen ply their perilous calling.

I presume you do not know the Labrador coast. Perhaps it will be as well, should you desire to get a true conception of it, that you should dispel from your minds much of what you have read concerning it. Particularly is this the case if you have read it in the Encyclopædia Britannica. That is about as fierce as any man could imagine. Justice has not yet been done to Labrador from a scenic point of view. The scenery is magnificent, along the north-eastern part particularly, the fiords of Norway do not approach it. Three-thousand-foot cliffs rear their heads in rugged splendor and there are mountains possibly 10,000 feet high. But we have to be satisfied with estimating from the bottom. There is a legend that a mythical animal lives at the top which probably eats people. After all, this is a very comfortable theory, as no one intends to climb to the top. They go round. From geological and scenic standpoints I have often wondered why no effort has been made to bring tourists to Labrador. A tourist boat, the Eleanor, the property of the Prince of Monaco, was once talked of to bring people to the north-east coast. The geology of the coast offers a field of great interest. It consists mostly of crystaline rocks. It has apparently been below the water and come up with the sedimentary rocks. Dr. Daly, of Ottawa, says the story of the earth is more easily read there than at any other point. In botany, ethnology, ornathology, there are problems offered freely for solution—problems to solve by which you may attach your name to some mountain or animal which crawls around. There is the southern dogtooth of the Kilapites; the northern snow region, the Shiney Top or Carmetes; and the northern portion that the Esquimaux class as Devil-land or Tonas.

The people are divided into three classes, the native of the soil, or Esquimo; the settler, and the English and Scotch descendants. If you travel along the eastern coast you will find Antoine Perrot, who will speak to you in English, while you will later meet Angus McNabb, who can only speak French. You see we have in Labrador a cosmopolitan population. Labrador has, moreover, evolved a willing, virile, self-reliant people. The

Esquimo population numbers about 1,300 folk.

In the past trade was carried on with these people in no altruistic or Christian influence. The Moravian Brethren came, however, and they preached the Gospel with a reasonable price for flour and molasses and helped to develop industrial work. We must remember that we can only reach the souls of men often through their bodies. So these good men determined to allow the population where they labored south of Hamilton Inlet to develop into a good and useful people rather than let them die off. Our cousins in Alaska (which undoubtedly they should never have owned) have put us to shame in the development of the population of that country. The inrush of mining men was looked upon as desirable, but the rush for gold brought the most undesirable class. As a result there aggregated around the mining camps the things that destroy, strong liquor and the like. The natives were prevailed upon to part with their furs and fats for silly trinkets, and vice developed sadly, enormously. Then came Jackson, that splendid Presbyterian missionary, a man who loved his people not only in theory. The mission of this modern missionary was not only to get the better world hereafter, but primarily to get a better world here. There is no reason to apologize for the modern missionary. He looked abroad on the material conditions of the people and he applied to the Government for the one thing most needed, domesticated deer. So he brought a few deer and the Government brought some and applied a regular appropriation for continuing the work. In fifteen years 1,200 deer were killed for food and a number were lost by travel. There are 13,000 there at the present moment. The Government recognized Dr. Jackson. He has long been Minister of Education for the entire country. He was warmly supported in his great work by Governor Brady, of New York. Those who had been wont to carry on a nefarious trade with the natives then made charges. They talked sneeringly about "Brady, Jackson, Jesus Christ & Co." But this is only one of the lies that recoils on them who can make it. I am a humble copier of these men.

We wanted deer, but we couldn't nourish deer where there were no trees. There were hundreds of thousands of acres of barren land. We wanted moss, for moss will nourish cariboo and deer. The value of deer has never yet been fully realized. One square mile will support thirty reindeer in perpetuity. You have a country there in which one deer will give a rich pint of milk, good for cheese. They are valuable meat. Fat stag is just as good as beefsteak, and it may yet become one of the meat supplies of the world. The skins make the best of clothing. Of course it isn't broadcloth of the civilized centres, but you can cure the skin and wear it over a woolen garment. There is nothing better to keep out the cold.

Let me again condemn the truck system of trade. I wouldn't live under it. The people cry, "Sell me salt; sell me fish." You couldn't buy salt if you had money; you could only give it to those who give their fish. It is a system of everlasting exchange that robs the natives. I want to see the end of the truck system. It is the quest of the everlasting dollar without the sense of responsibility to the God who gives the dollar. And it is done by men who are praying men, who do not—or will not—see that it is damaging the Great Cause to which they are supposedly allied. In one place where the Government was giving out the largest amount of pauper relief, I heard a man call it his government. Poor fellow! It was all the government he got. During a starvation winter the widow is obliged under the truck system to pay $6 for a barrel of flour when she might get it from another for $3. At first the chief traders were friendly to our work, but when we sought to establish a cash trading system of doing legitimate business for the poor people, they became enemies. They dropped out from prayer meeting.

If they held it they held it for themselves.

Going home last fall, I met a good local preacher whose work had been blessed, He wanted to enter the Labrador work. I said, "All right; go to this district, go to the store and teach the people how to keep store." This would have been a sermon which would have rung over the whole Labrador coast. He went down. How long did he stay in the store? Three days. He thought that in the midst of such an unfortunate and neglected people he should give his entire time to going up and down preaching the Gospel. But to reach the people of Labrador you must preach the Gospel in practical and undeniable ways. There is a better incentive than precept, and there are now men there who do their own business—and do it well—have their homes independently established, and a knowledge and material necessary to provide for their old age. And we are, I trust, no less orthodox Christians because we take this effective plan to better the people of Labrador.

There are physical difficulties for Labrador in all kinds of business that must be met. We need haste and we need communication. You have extended the wire sixty miles nearer the mouth of the Straits of Belle Isle. We got lights because we couldn't do without them in our navigation. And the Newfoundland Government has connected us with Marconi stations, from the northern hospital, connecting us with civilization. But the system of hospitals is not yet as complete as we would like it. In 1892 we began, and in 1893 we built a small hospital, and next year followed with another 100 miles north. Then I went up to Battle Harbor, where there was a Church of England and a Presbyterian Church side by side. But there was no medical help for any of them. A number of cases had been treated as best we could under the circumstances. We interviewed Sir Charles Tupper and then Hon. Mr. Fielding, of Nova Scotia. It is a great work, and a paltry few dollars from the income of this great country would place some medical aid in that region. I was able to interest some earnest people in Toronto and later in Montreal, and was thus enabled to build a large hospital.

I am beginning to apply to the Government over again. We want more still. We have spent already $17,000 in one place near Cape Wittle. We are doing all that can be done, I hope, to do good, to take the Gospel in a practical way to the hearts of Roman Catholic and Protestant alike. Ours is an undenominational work. We can't make denominational poultices and plasters if we wanted to. We are badly in need of steam communication and better mail service. The educational grants on the coast are doing great work, and we are hoping to erect some small schools.

The possibilities of Labrador in the supplying of fish have not yet been realized. It is now, however, attracting much attention. Professor Howey, a celebrated engineer from Chicago, has, I understand, plans partly surveyed for a big undertaking—the building of a railway up to James' Bay, with a view to handling the fish that are taken out of Hudson's Bay. It is a most profitable calling. I have in mind a friend who now lives in Victoria, British Columbia. With his brother, residing in St. John, Newfoundland, they embarked in the fish trade on the Canadian Labrador. He told me they cleared $20,000 in their fishery in a year. The brothers made $8,000 in one three months of work. There is a future for this great fish market of the world.

So in our work in Labrador we feel that there are big things ahead. And we are seeking to teach lessons of love for God and man in the hearts of a people who will yet take a part in the country's history. We minister to them, but we don't give them anything if they can't pay for it. We charge every ailing man 25 cents for diagnosis and treatment, and if he gets well at that price it is surely not extortionate. I do not believe in encouraging pauperism. There is no need for it.

And there is a fine spirit in these

deep-sea fishermen. Many, many times have I been called upon to witness to their large gifts and thoughtful acts of courtesy. I remember on one occasion visiting a Roman Catholic village. I had to go on further, to journey about 25 miles. The fisherfolk gathered around and counselled against the attempt. "The snow is deep," they urged, "and the dogs won't be able to struggle through." I told them I must go, that a human life was at stake. And when I got up to start in the morning I found that twenty of these men had gone on ahead of me to beat down a path with their foot-tracks.

It is from those deeds that we get our reward. The gift of gold is a thing that perishes. Oh, that we all thought more of the great opportunities for usefulness. To dignify us is to use us. There is the opportunity to preach the Gospel of love to the children. I remember I was called to see a boy on the side of a high cliff who, by accidental explosion of his gun, had shot his knee-cap off. It was my opportunity to aid him in escaping a miserable death. There was the opportunity to pick the child up, spend the Christmas—for it was Christmas and cold—in bringing back and tending for that child. Only a child! Yes, but of all the Christmas presents I ever received there were none I would exchange for the privilege of sending that boy back to his mother healed and well. Christ says, you remember, that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

Let us all live lives of perpetual self-sacrifice. There is no need for the conventional long face. That is not real, but pictured. We can enjoy ourselves just as much if we are to end them there in the bleak country away from the land we call home. We are just as well if we are laid to rest in the arms of those everlasting hills as if we contributed to the dividend of six per cent. of some cemetery company. We shall sleep as comfortably and wake as surely. God has given us the valuable gift of life. Let us realize what it means by availing ourselves of its great opportunities and making some return to Him for giving it to us.

Don't be a Pessimist

At the dawn of each day you begin a new life, you are born again, and the individual who says "I can't help it" is either mentally weak or stupidly lazy.

If you live in the belief that you can't overcome yourself—your thoughts, if they are weakening ones—then the chances are they will always remain so.

There is no originality of thought in a pessimistic mind. Originality and strength are only born where there is depth and breadth and warmth.

Begin and broaden your mentality, and take a deeper view of life and your fellow-creatures. Try it for awhile, and see what a wonderful change it will make in your whole atmosphere.

An optimistic view of things will develop the higher elements of your nature—a pessimistic view the lower. Make servants of your thoughts and emotions and govern them with reference to your physical and mental welfare.

The Wreckers of Breton Coast.

By Clive Holland in Chambers's Monthly.

ALTHOUGH the infamous trade of wrecking has almost, if not quite, disappeared from the wild Cornish coast, where in the early part of last century it used to flourish, it is by no means an extinct one. Quite recent, indeed, a wine-ship from Oporto to the Thames was lured to destruction upon the coast of Finistere by the untamed and almost uncivilized fishermen of that wild district. An account of the orgy which followed the coming ashore of the casks of wine and spirits washed out of the doomed ship as she broke up amidst a seething cauldron of wild seas and jagged rocks, appeared in many English papers. Few, however, made any mention of the fact that this vessel was undoubtedly tempted to its ruin by the wreckers of that wild strip of coast on which she was cast away.

Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by the French Government to put down this terrible calling, it still exists, if it cannot exactly be said to flourish, on the south-west and west coasts of France, among the scattered fishing hamlets which lie lost from the world in creeks and crannies of the coast, where very little control can be exercised over their inhabitants.

In one of these little villages, which we will call Gomport, the old spirit such as animated the Cornish wreckers survives, and little or no disguise is made of this fact, although the actual operations are naturally conducted with as great secrecy as possible. Comes a wild night, and on the rise above the village two posts, some thirty metres apart and some four or five metres high, are erected, and on them is hoisted a line, hung fairly slack, to which are attached at considerable intervals ships' lamps. This is the lure by which the brave but callous fishermen of Gomport seek to draw to destruction any vessel which by stress of weather may be beating her way along the rock-bound coast. Placed on a low promontory scarcely above reach of the driving spray of broken Atlantic billows, these lanterns dangle and sway upon the line to which they are attached like "riding" lights of ships safe in harbor.

On one such night as we have described, not ten years ago, a huge merchantman, bound from an Eastern port to Amsterdam, was drawn on to its fate in this way. Driven by terrific seas shortly after midnight on to the ledge of rock which runs north-westward almost across the mouth of the little haven, she was pounded to fragments ere dawn broke, and the rich bales of her cargo came in with the morning tide upon the sandy stretches of beach which lie north and south of Gomport, and are uncovered at low-water.

It was many hours before the "authorities" even heard of the wreck, and several days ere any steps were taken to investigate the truth of the information received. Needless to say, long before the officials had made up their minds to take action much of the spoil had disappeared, hidden away in caves and holes known only to the wreckers and their families. For some months afterwards there was no lack of finery on the fisherwomen of Gomport; and the few summer visitors who, on cycling trips or in search of quiet, came to the little hamlet must have been mystified at the rich Indian shawls and stuffs with which on Sundays and the saints' days the belles of the village bedecked themselves.

Pere Pierre, a fine, handsome old Breton, with a snowy beard and keen, hard eyes, can tell many tales of vessels which have come ashore during the last half-century. So accustomed is he to wreckers' ways and wreckers' craft—possibly in his veins runs piratical blood of past generations—that he sees little cause for shame or the

hiding of details of such crimes committed by the villagers and by himself. Only once did Pere Pierre feel compunction over the business, and that is a tale he tells himself with a stolid pride in the callousness which enabled him so soon to overcome his scruples and once more engage in what has been called "devil's work."

It was well back in the middle of last century, when he was a lad of eighteen or twenty. One night in November there blew a terrific gale outside the saw-like reef which lies across the mouth of the bay. Just as the sun was setting, but before the light entirely failed, a large, full-rigged ship was seen beating her way, headed north. All was excitement amongst the fisherfolk, and speculation ran rife as to whether the large ship, which was gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer in the fading light, would pass the haven ere it was dusk enough for the false lights to be shown.

On this occasion it was a couple of cows that were chosen to lure the vessel to destruction. Lanterns were hung to their horns and then they themselves turned adrift on the cliff-side to wander where they would. Night fell, and on the swart, wind-blown turf of the upper cliffs two lights were seen passing slowly to and fro, or merely rising and falling as though by the heave of the sea.

For some time this went on; then far out at sea in the driving wrack there burst a flash and the report of a gun, and then another flash and another report; and then a "flare" of intense brilliance lit up the rigging and tattered sails of a huge ship driving full in towards the cruel rocks, with those aboard her only just becoming aware of her danger.

When morning broke, men, women, and children of Gomport—and old Pere Pierre, then a stripling, amongst them—were to be seen along the coast north and south of the little haven like black ants upon the gleaming strips of sand which had been uncovered by the receding tide. Old Pere Pierre was one of the first to find anything of value amongst the wreckage which strewed the shore. All day long bales and barrels and wreckage came floating ashore from the ship, which at low-water looked like a blackened skelton upon the outer reef. But bales and merchandise were not the only things which came to enrich the Gomport wreckers and their wives and daughters. At the turn of the tide body after body floated ashore, and amongst them were those of the women who had been on board the homeward-bound East Indiaman—probably wives and daughters of returning English officers, for men in uniform and some in scarlet coats also lay bright patches on the silvery beach. Pierre himself found, entangled in a piece of one of the vessel's masts, the body of a young lady, and with a keen eye accustomed to rapid searching for valuables, he soon detected the presence of rings upon her fingers and jeweled rings in her ears. It was whilst pulling these off that he received a fright from which he did not recover for some days. For whether it was a mere relaxation of the stiffening limbs, or what, none can say; but to Pierre's perhaps excited imagination the body appeared to turn towards him with resentful, if appealing, eyes.

"There was still one ring upon the finger of the woman's left hand," old Pierre says, when telling the story; "but I left it there, and took to my heels faster than I had ever done before or since; adding, after a pause which is dramatic and significant, "And when I returned for the ring it was gone!"

Several of these rings, taken without remorse from the dead woman's hands, were worn by Pierre's wife and afterwards by his daughter. And although the cure of the village—or rather the little district around Gomport—preached in those days against the sin and crime of wrecking, and more especially of robbing the dead, his admonition fell upon deaf ears.

Tradition asserts that as early as the middle of the sixteenth century the wreckers of Gomport were celebrated for their skill and good fortune

in tempting vessels to destruction; and there is a story current of the wrecking of two Armada galleons on a ledge of rock which juts eastward about half a league to the south-west of the haven itself. In a measure, these wreckers of olden days profited but little by this particular piece of work, for the galleons' treasure was mostly metal and jewels set therein; and so, instead of floating ashore, most of it sank fathoms deep as the high-pooped vessels slipped back into the ocean from off the shelving reef. But ever since, at a certain setting of the tide, gold doubloons and other coins of Philip of Spain have been picked up on the sands along the coast near where the Armada vessels were wrecked; whilst upon the altar of the little church, which is set back from the coast a full two miles, and serves for the district round about, gleams a golden crucifix of early sixteenth century Spanish workmanship studded with gems, which doubtless came out of the treasure-room of one of these ancient vessels; and round the necks of some of the women of Gomport hang old-time gold pendants and tiny crucifixes, some of them strangely worn as though fretted by sea and sand, which also tell the story of the wreck of the Spanish ships.

After a storm the stretches of beach along the coast near Gomport are scoured by women and children in the hope of finding treasures washed anew from the holds or boxes of the galleons. Sometimes their search will be rewarded by a thin disc of gold or silver which once bore the effigy of Philip of Spain, but now has been ground to almost unidentifiable smoothness by the action of sand and sea. Seldom nowadays does more substantial treasure reward their industry; but as recently as four years ago a golden crucifix—from which the figure had disappeared, and with bent arms fretted thin—was cast up and thrown into the melting-pot, which has so many times proved a convenient means of getting rid of unpleasant evidences of robbery and crime.

Along this strip of rock-bound coast are other hamlets whose inhabitants are by no means guiltless of wrecking, and at one of these villages is still to be seen a beam jutting from the cliff and overhanging deep-cut caves, once used as a crane by means of which cast-up goods were hoisted into the security of the caves of the wreckers themselves. On it was also hung, in mid-air, the lamp used to lure unwary craft to speedy destruction. But, notwithstanding their old profession, the people of this hamlet are singularly courteous to strangers, and have a mildness of disposition which ill-accords with the many nights of cruel work in which they and their forefathers have indulged.

It was here that a collision occurred in the early seventies between the French coastguards and the wreckers who had succeeded in treacherously inviting a large bark to her doom. By some means or other the authorities got wind of the wreck, and sent several officers with a small detachment of gendarmerie to take possession of anything which might be cast up by the sea. Although they were early on the spot, a huge quantity of goods had vanished or had been buried already, for the wreckers were afoot almost before it was light, and the gendarmerie found them busy, many of them up to their waists in surf, dragging bales and casks and portions of the wreck ashore. As may be anticipated, the fishermen were not willingly deprived of their prey, and upon the gendarmerie attempting to interfere a fierce struggle ensued, during which several of the latter were severely injured by blows from pieces of wreckage seized by fishermen as weapons, and not a few of the wreckers were either wounded by sabres or shot, one unfortunate lad falling mortally wounded just before his companions were finally overpowered.

But though such tragic incidents as the one just described are of comparatively rare occurrence, it is by no means an isolated case. The wreckers farther down the coast towards Oleron were in ancient times notorious for their crimes. In the reign of George IV. two rich East Indiamen, a part

of a convoy bound for the Thames, were lured to destruction during a fierce gale in the Bay of Biscay, in which they had been separated from the other ships. One was specially richly laden; and although much of her wealth was in specie, and went to the bottom without benefiting the wreckers, they derived a rich harvest from the bales of Indian stuffs and other merchandise which floated ashore. Amongst the inhabitants there still remains a tradition of the wealth which came to the hamlet on this occasion, and in not a few cottages may still be found odds and ends of Indian ornaments, relics of the two unfortunate vessels.

The old cure of a little Breton fishing hamlet has a story to tell which reads far more like an incident of romance than literal truth. It is this:

On a dark March night in the middle of last century the wreckers of Merpre (as we will call the hamlet) were on the qui vive to pursue their dreadful trade. The then young cure once more exhorted them to remain within doors, but, as on previous occasions, in vain. A horse was led down to the beach, and on it, with a lamp strapped to his shoulders, was mounted one of the boldest fishermen of the village. Over the stretches of sand which formed a wide beach blew the foam from the incoming Atlantic rollers, which raced in a mad tumult inwards to the shore over an outlying reef. Soon in the inky night, eastward, a dark mass could be distinguished by the keener-sighted of those upon the beach, indicating the presence of a ship in distress, or at all events one driven out of her proper course. Into the very edge of the breakers rode the man with the fatal lamp. Up and down a short strip of beach he went, with the horse starting half-frightened at the swish of water around its fetlocks. Soon the vessel commenced to burn "flares," as though hoping to attract the attention of someone ashore, or perhaps to enable those aboard to see the supposed harbor's mouth. For some minutes she appeared like a phantom craft, part of her masts and rigging silhouetted against the dark sky by the lights burnt aboard her, and then she could be observed rushing shorewards under mere rags of canvas towards the terrible reef over which the waves were rushing in a boiling cauldron of foam. As she struck the rocks her masts went by the board with terrific crashes which even the howling of the storm could not entirely drown. A few minutes later, and the young cure came rushing down the gully which led to the beach, distracted by the evil work the fishermen were engaged upon. Along the shore itself were scattered nearly all the inhabitants of the hamlet—the only absentees being the very young and the very old—engaged in watching with keen eyes the ship upon the reef and the incoming waves for wreckage and portions of her cargo.

By dawn little remained of the unfortunate vessel, while the shore was littered far and wide by wreckage and merchandise washed out of her, and amongst the former were several bodies of seamen, drowned whilst lashed to the spars. In vain the young cure attempted to dissuade his flock from their work of plunder. Men, women, and children were eagerly engaged in seizing the bales and casks as they floated within reach. At length, so the cure's story goes, he was attracted to a certain part of the beach by the fierce cries of one of the wreckers; and on turning his steps he saw him standing beside a dark object on the shore, near which knelt a young woman, his wife, wringing her hands and crying piteously, "Mon frere! mon frere!" By some strange coincidence the vessel which her husband had assisted to draw to its destruction was that on which her only brother was a sailor. "For a time," remarked the cure when he had finished telling us his story, "this incident did more to check the terrible business of wrecking than all my preaching and all my exhortation. But," he continued, "like most tragic impressions, this one wore off, because the spirit of wrecking is in the blood of these people."

An Enterprising Man.

By Alfred B. Lamplugh in Royal.

THE scene was Euston Station, and the time two hours past noon.

Mr. Spennings entered a first-class smoking compartment of the express, and proceeded to make himself comfortable. Mr. Spennings was employed in the advertisement department of a firm that owned a well-known patent medicine, recently discovered; and the object of his journey was to visit Derringham and to extend the connection of his firm in that hitherto neglected neighborhood.

Being a man of great energy and unusual powers of resource, he commanded a large salary, which enabled him to indulge in those little luxuries which made life pleasant. So he always traveled first-class, frequented the best hotels, and was faultlessly attired in the latest fashions.

The carriage was empty when Mr. Spennings entered; but just before the train started another passenger, a gentleman of about his own age and appearance, though not quite so good looking, got in.

The new arrival was attended by a servant in livery, who carried a rug which he deposited respectfully on the seat, and then retired to the door.

"I shall be back, if possible, by the seven o'clock train, Johnson," said the passenger, "but tell Lady Carlton not to wait for me if I am detained."

"Yes, my lord," said the youth, automatically saluting as he withdrew.

The guard came along to examine tickets. "Change at Bletchy for Deringham," he remarked, impartially, to both the occupants.

So Mr. Spennings not only discovered that he was traveling with a real, live lord, but also that they were both going to the same destination.

This was interesting; and, as Mr. Spennings lighted a cigar to aid him in his reflections, his companion followed suit, drawing his Havana from a dainty leather case, stamped with a silver coronet.

Mr. Spennings, who had never been to Derringham before, was unable to conjecture what business his companion could have in that locality; but, as he glanced over the morning paper, he saw a paragraph announcing that the foundation-stone of the new Cottage Hospital at Derringham was to be laid that afternoon by the Earl of Carlton.

Mr. Spennings felt more interested than ever, not knowing to what extent the local festivities would interfere with his own engagements.

"Derringham is a quiet little place, I believe," he began, in his most insinuating tones.

"I suppose so," was the answer, "but I have never been there. This is my first visit."

"You are going to lay the foundation-stone of the new Cottage Hospital?" remarked Mr. Spennings.

"Yes, I am. But how did you know that? I presume you reside in the neighborhood?"

"No," said Mr. Spennings, "but I have just read it in the paper. I believe I have the honor of addressing Lord Carlton?"

"Yes, that is so. I have been requested to lay the foundationstone, though I am entirely unacquainted with the district, but the people down there have pressed me very much, knowing that I am interested in all such charitable institutions. I am doing it, however, at great inconvenience, having many important engagements; and, moreover, I do not feel at all well to-day."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Spennings, with sudden professional interest; "perhaps it is a case of overwork."

"No," replied his lordship, "I am afraid it is a question of the liver, which often troubles me."

"Ah!" said Mr. Spennings with

enthusiasm, "that is easily remedied. You should try Perkins' Persuasive Pills. They are the very thing for the liver and are infallible. I have a box here; let me offer you one."

"No, thank you," said the Earl testily, "I never take any patent medicines.'

"But, my dear sir—my lord, I mean," urged Mr. Spennings, "these are of really marvellous efficacy, and are having an enormous sale."

"Never heard of them," said the Earl.

"But they are advertised everywhere."

"Oh, I never read advertisements, and have a horror of all quack nostrums."

Mr. Spennings was deeply hurt, and the Earl was evidently annoyed by the intrusive attentions of his companion. So they both relapsed into silence.

Now, whether it was with the object of avoiding further conversation, or the result of his liver being really out of order, it came to pass that the Earl wearily closed his eyes and ensconced himself in the corner.

And it further came to pass that, when the train drew up at Bletchley, his lordship was fast asleep and oblivious of all surroundings.

Mr. Spennings' feelings had been outraged by his companion's supercilious rejection of his proffered remedy; and so, after a momentary conflict of emotions, he quietly opened and reclosed the carriage door, and watched from the platform the express receding in the distance on its next seventy miles run, bearing away the unconscious body of Lord Carlton.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he sleeps until they get to Crewe," said Mr. Spennings vindictively. "It serves him right for his obstinacy. One of the Persuasive Pills would have kept him awake anyhow."

The branch train was waiting in a siding; and after a short interval Mr. Spennings reached Derringham.

Here he found the station decorated with flags, and a group of expectant people assembled on the platform.

Standing in that momentarily irresolute way which a man adopts who arrives at a station for the first time, and does not precisely know the way out, Mr. Spennings found himself slowly approached by an elderly gentleman wearing a chain of office, which plainly denoted him to be the mayor of the town, and who addressed him thus:

"Lord Carlton, I presume."

Now, here an enterprising thought suddenly entered Mr. Spennings' breast, and he instantaneously resolved on a daring mode of action.

He raised his hat, and bowed profoundly in response to the Mayor's obsequious salutation. That functionary led him through the gaping crowd to a carriage and pair, in which a smartly dressed lady was seated, who, it appeared, was the Lady Mayoress, and who nervously greeted Mr. Spennings with great cordiality.

They drove through the gaily decorated streets to an inclosed space, where a lavish display of bunting and a large marquee clearly denoted the site of the proposed new Cottage Hospital.

Here the Mayor introduced several prominent local dlignitaries to Mr. Spennings, all of whom were charmed by his extremely affable manner. The usual preliminaries having been gone through, Mr. Spennings proceeded to discharge the important function of the day.

"I declare this stone well and truly laid,' he said, tapping it with the silver trowel three times in a workmanlike manner.

And then, in the presence of the interested assembly, and half-a-dozen representatives of the local press, he delivered a brief speech, which was interrupted by frequent applause. However, the part of his oration which especially riveted the attention of his hearers, was its conclusion, which was as follows:—

"But, ladies and gentlemen, though institutions of the kind of which I have this day with so much pleasure laid the foundation-stone, are undoubtedly great blessings, yet they possess for us a melancholy interest.

They are doomed to pass away, or at any rate to be turned to other purposes. The time is rapidly coming when Cottage Hospitals will be needed no longer. They will survive only as interesting relics of a comparatively barbarous age, for the advance of science will render them unnecessary. The latest development of human skill and profound research—I allude of course, to Perkins' Persuasive Pills, that marvellous discovery about which everybody is now talking—has begun a revolution of which it is impossible to see the end. When the use of these pills is universal, which I venture to predict will speedily be the case, then the prevalence of perfect health among all classes of the community will render such institutions as that which I have been inaugurating this day superfluous. But, ladies and gentlemen, our labors will not be altogether wasted. These noble buildings can easily be converted into public libraries, museums, or reading-rooms. And so it gives me an additional pleasure to feel that I have this day been assisting in establishing an institution which will be a permanent benefit and ornament to your town, when the needs for which it was primarily designed have all vanished; and when health and happiness have been assured to everyone by those simple remedies, whose discovery is no doubt the most significant and important event of this memorable century."

Mr. Spennings resumed his seat amid general applause, the consternation of several local medical practitioners, and the disappointment of the reporters, who were taking down his speech verbatim.

As the rector rose to move a vote of thanks to Lord Carlton for his kindness in coming among them, a telegraph boy was seen wandering perplexedly in the front ranks of the assembly, and bearing the usual orange-colored missive.

"For me, I presume," said Mr. Spennings promptly and decisively, stretching out his hand for the envelope, which the flurried boy was only too glad to relinquish.

It was addressed to the chairman of the Cottage Hospital, Derringham, and ran as follows:—

> Handed in at Stafford Station Office. Extremely regret have had mishap with train. Am afraid cannot possibly be with you to-day. Much distressed. Pray apologise for me.—Carlton.

"This is very unfortunate," said Mr. Spennings to the Mayor; "I have had a telegram from Lady Carlton, on her way from Scotland, saying she has missed her train, and cannot join me at the Mansion House this evening, where I have an important engagement. I am afraid this will necessitate my leaving for town even earlier than I anticipated."

As Mr. Spennings went back to town, he reflected: "What a delightful thing it is to be a peer! I shall never refuse the honor when it is offered me. And I have done a good day's work, too. The foundation-stone is well and truly laid; and I don't think either the Earl of Carlton or the people of Derringham will soon forget Perkins' Persuasive Pills."

And they didn't. True, there were a few complications when Lord Carlton's explanatory letter to the Mayor arrived on the next morning—but that is another story.



When Town and Country Meet.

By Elsie Singmaster in Atlantic Monthly.

MOST of the men in Millerstown left their work and started home for dinner when they were hungry, and many of them scolded if dinner were not ready. Adam Troxell did neither, but worked steadily away in field or garden till he was summoned. Often his longing eyes gazed back over the fields to the door of the farmhouse kitchen, although he knew that the sound of his mother's horn could reach him in any part of the farm.

To-day, from his hoeing in the south field, he turned his head more often than usual, sure that the hour for dinner had passed, but not daring to investigate. Finally, he made up his mind that if the shadow of the next post had reached a certain stone by the time that he returned from the other side of the field he would wait no longer.

Before he was half-way across, however, he heard the sound of the horn, and dropping his seed-bag where he stood, he started toward the fence. When he was already astride of it he hesitated.

"She won't know if I leave it once here," he said half aloud, and jumped down on the other side. There he hesitated. "But she might ask me." Climbing back, he made for the spot where he had left the bag, carried it with him to the fence, and, concealing it carefully beneath, climbed over once more, and made his way across the meadow, around the barn, and to the house. Outside the kitchen door, he paused to plunge his face and hands into a basin of water which stood ready for him on the pump floor, then slipped out of his heavy, mud-coated shoes.

"Adam," called a mellifluous voice from within.

"Yes, Mom."

"Take off your shoes.'

"Yes, Mom."

Adam smoothed his hair before the little mirror fastened to the side of the house beside the door. It gave back a reflection of his slendor, stooping shoulders, narrow face, and pale eyes.

Having finished, he went into the kitchen, carefully opening and closing the screen door. The kitchen was kept almost dark so that flies might not be tempted to linger therein, although it was not yet the season for flies. Adam's eyes dimmed by the sudden change from the light without, did not at first distinguish the figure of his mother, as she stood before the stove; then the sound of her voice helped him in his sense of direction. Mrs. Troxell was not so small that she was hard to discover. The outline of her figure, though vague, was enormous, and straight from shoulder to skirt hem.

"Just sit down once," she said.

Adam took his place at one end of a table which stood with its side against the wall. It was covered with a red cloth, and there two plates turned upside down, with a knife and fork crossed on each one. When his mother had heaped his plate high, she filled her own, and sat down, sighing heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked her son. "Have you got it somewheres?"

She did not answer at once, and he went on eating, not because he was not anxious to hear her reply, but because he was accustomed to have her take her time.

"Adam, I have been for some time thinking of something," she began presently. "It is that I must have help. It is so much all the time to do, and I cannot always do the things so quickly like sometimes. Till I get the cows milked in the morning, I am tired, I must get me somebody."

"You better get you a girl," answered Adam uneasily.

"But the girls, they cost so much. It won't anybody work in Millers-

town for less than a dollar and a quarter."

"It is so," he acknowledged.

"And they eat so much. They eat more than they work."

"Well, I could do the milking. Then you would not have it so hard."

"But you would then have to hire a man, and it would come out the same. It is another way I am thinking from."

"What is that?"

Mrs. Troxell rose heavily, and went to the cellar for the pie. She did not answer until she was in her place opposite him.

"You might get married."

A wave of color flooded Adam's face.

"You are plenty old enough," she went on. 'You are now fifteen years older than your pop and I when we were married. Then it wouldn't be no wages to pay, and it would be some one what would take interest. These hired girls, they don't care. And we could then keep more chickens, and put the eggs in the store, and she could help sometimes in the field, and in the garden. I am getting so stiff, I cannot work any more in the garden—"

"But, Mom—"

He might as well have tried to dam the smoothlyflowing little Lehigh with a shingle. A listener might have wondered at his seeking, the tone was so round, so smooth, like the soft bubble of the stream, intensified a hundred times.

"— like I used to. And it is plenty girls, but not so many what are good for something. I have been thinking from the girls, Adam. Not Mary Kuhns, she is too much of a schussle (careless person), and not Elmina Fatzinger, while she is always too much for spending money, and not Mantana Kemerer. But Linnie Kurtz, Adam. She is a good worker, and she is not so proud. I think it would be good to get Linnie.

"But, Mom, when shall this marrying be?"

"Ay, soon. It must be somebody here for the harvest, and she must be by that time used to the things. Linnie cannot have so many eggs to bake with as at home. I will learn her to be saving."

"But, Mom—"

Mrs. Troxell gathered herself together as if to rise.

"If you get done early with the planting, you can go to-night to see Linnie, Adam."

Adam rose, and went out into the sunshine, his pale eyes blinking. He sat down on the doorstep and put on his heavy shoes, then he went slowly back to his work. He could not believe that his mother was growing old, she who, in spite of her vast size, had accomplished such herculean labors. He shared her distress at the idea of paying wages. Most of the girls were not willing to do as their mistresses wanted them to do; they liked to gad about, to go to the county seat on the trolley, to have beaux, and they ate more than they were worth. He had thought vaguely of getting married before, but he had put the thought aside, because he did not suppose his mother would approve.

But Linnie Kurtz! The flush came back to his cheek. He did not want Linnie Kurtz, she was too smart. There was always a laugh in her eyes when they met his.

No, there was some one else whom he would marry. As he thought of her, a little seed of romance, tiny and neglected in the bottom of his heart, put forth a pale green tendril. He would marry the girl whom he liked.

He finished his hoeing, then went back to the house and dressed quickly. His mother gave him his supper, then started to the barn to milk. She said nothing more about his marrying; she was accustomed to have him follow her suggestions.

It was seven o'clock, and the spring twilight had begun to fall. Adam walked swiftly into the village. When he reached the main street, the trolley car from the county seat had just come in, and he watched them change the fender, then climbed aboard.

He left himself strangely excited, although he had scarcely thought of the girl for weeks. Her name was Florence Kramer; he had met her through

his cousin, who worked with her in the silk mill, where she earned seven dollars a week. He knew that his mother would refuse to believe that, but it was true. And she was pretty and smart, and probably had money in the bank. Certainly she could not, even if she wished, spend seven dollars a week!

He had seen her only a few times, but he did not have any fear that she would refuse him. What girl would not be glad for such a home as he could offer her? Only he and his mother knew the amount of their deposits in the Millerstown bank and a bank in the county seat, kept thus divided so that prying Millerstown might not know how much they had.

His mother received his story that night with a long silence. He did not see, in the darkness of the porch, that twice she tried vainly to speak.

"C—Can she work?" she asked, at last.

"She is a fearful worker," answered Adam proudly. "She earns seven dollars a week."

"Have you asked her, already?"

"Yes, but she is not sure if she will."

Mrs. Troxell's head sunk upon her breast. She made strange noises in her throat. For the first time in his life, Adam had acted without her counsel. Was this the effect the strange girl was to have upon him? Then her cold hands seized the arms of her chair.

"You bring her out here before you get married," she said, stammering a little. "I must talk to her before you get married to her. Tell her to come Sundays."

"Yes, Mom," answered Adam. "I was going Saturdays in, but I will write to her to come out."

The letter bore evidence of careful, even painful, composition. The girl, receiving it, laughed, then flushed scarlet.

"Dear, Miss," it began. "I guess you are dissapointed while I do not come in. My Mom says you shall come to-morrow evening out for supper."

She sat a long time after she had finished reading it, with it crushed in her hand. She had never paid any attention to this "Dutchman" until he had startled her by proposing that she marry him. The half-spoken refusal had been smothered by the consciousness of an ugly pain in her side at the end of her day's work, and of the fact that her last week's wages was all she had in the world. Marriage would mean peace and comfort for her body, at least, even though Adam Troxell was as far from the man she would have chosen as any one could be. She would go out and see where he lived, and then she might accept.

Mrs. Troxell, sitting behind the vines on the porch on the Sunday afternoon, watched the girl disapprovingly as she came with Adam up the long lane which led in from the road. There were drooping feathers in her hat, and she wore gloves. She looked about her eagerly, and her face sparkled at sight of the farmhouse with its broad porch. It would be pleasant there on summer evenings. The girls from the mill could come out to see her, and she could go often to town. She felt already the importance which being well married would bestow.

She could not help a sudden start when Adam's mother rose to meet her. There was something protentous in a first view of Mrs. Troxell. Her size took away one's breath.

"How do you do?" she said slowly, and her voice made the girl shiver, it was so unlike any other voice she had ever heard. "It is a nice day."

"You have a nice place here," Florence answered nervously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Troxell.

"But I should think it would be awful lonely."

Mrs. Troxell smoothed down her white apron.

"It is too much to do in the country to get lonely," she said. "It is all the time something to do."

The girl's face brightened.

"What do you do? Everything looks so quiet. I shouldn't think there would be anything to do."

For a moment Mrs. Troxell did not answer. Then she apologized for not

having asked the girl to take off her hat.

"Adam shall take it in the house," she said.

When he had gone, she turned her head again toward Florence.

"What do you mean by something to do?" she asked.

"Why, there ain't no theatre here, and no people, and no place to go."

"We have no time to go places," said Mrs. Troxell, her great voice trembling. "There is too much work." Her little eyes watched the girl. "We have gardening and soap-boiling and white-washing and butchering and milking and harvesting and cleaning, and—"

"Oh!" Florence's eyes widened and she gasped a little.

"—and baking and canning and—"

At sound of Adam's footstep, Mrs. Troxell stopped abruptly. She lifted herself heavily from the chair.

"You can take her round to look at the things, Adam," she said. "I will make supper."

"All right," said Adam in his high voice, leading the way down in the steps. His mother's tone seemed to breathe satisfaction. "We will go first to the barn, and then you can go along to fetch the cows."

"But ain't you going to stay with me when I come out here?" Florence demanded. It was not that she wanted him, but that she was afraid of his mother.

"Yes, when the cows are milked. I milk Sundays. Mom has it so bad in her back."

"But don't you have a girl or a hired man?"

"Ach, no, it is too expensive to hire. But we would have to hire if I did not get married."

"Oh, are you going to get married?" she said sharply.

Adam smiled at her. He could never quite understand her metropolitan wit.

"Come now this way and see the barn.'

The girl followed him slowly, lifting high her trailing skirts. She made no response as he pointed out the various improvements he had made.

"But Mom, she thought of all these things," he explained proudly. "Now, I am going for the cows. Will you go along?"

"No, I'll go back to the house." She could not imagine a more terrifying experience than close contact with cows. She hurried back across the yard, and turned the knob of the front door. It would not open. She tried it again, and shook it, her face scarlet. Had the woman locked her out? She stood hesitating for an instant, then she heard a heavy footstep. There was a great sliding of bolts and keys, and Mrs. Troxell, a gingham apron over her white one, stood before her.

"I guess I didn't hear you first off," she said. "We use always the back door."

The girl stepped inside.

"He said I should find you."

"That was right. You come along in the kitchen."

Florence looked about her curiously. The hall was narrow and dark, and the doors leading into the rooms on either side were closed. There was an odor of recently applied whitewash. Mrs. Troxell opened a door which led into a room as dark as the hall. There were faint outlines of a table with a chenille cover, and chairs set in a neat row against the wall. Suddenly she paused. Florence, in the dark, walked against her, and stepped quickly back. It seemed hardly human, the vast mass which she had touched.

"I thought I heard one," Mrs. Troxell said mysteriously, making her way to the other side of the room. She lifted the curtain, where, buzzing against the window, there was a fly. She killed it with a stroke of her hand.

"It must a' sneaked in when we came in," she said. "Or else it is from last year."

Then she opened the door into a brighter room, furnished with a rag carpet, a row of chairs set against the wall, and a table set for supper.

"You can sit here," she said. "We always eat out in the kitchen except when it is company here."

"Do you eat in the kitchen in summer when it is so hot?"

"Of course. Shall I have flies in

my house?" The expression of satisfaction had not left Mrs. Troxell's face.

The girl sat down, and watched, fascinated, Mrs. Troxell's careful exit. In a few moments the faint delicious odor of cooking stole in upon her. After a long time, she heard Adam's voice and a splashing of water at the pump. Presently he came into the kitchen and sat down beside her, whereupon she shivered and turned involuntarily away.

"Well, did you get lonely?" he asked cheerfully. "When you do yourself the milking you won't get lonely."

Florence did not answer. She was watching Mrs. Troxell's struggles with the door, her driving away of invisible flies, then her hurried entrance which left her almost breathless. This time there was a large tray in her hands.

In a few moments they sat down at the table. The meal was delicious; Florence was sure that she had never tasted anything so good. Nevertheless, she could eat but little. Mrs. Troxell's long grace, and her son's silent feeding, and Mrs. Troxell herself, frightened her. She wished herself back at the boarding-house table, with its poor coffee, and worse bread, and the good company.

Mrs. Troxell urged her to eat.

"You can't work when you don't eat," she said cheerfully, and her melodious voice seemed to fill the room. "In the country you must eat a lot so you can do country work."

Florence shook her head. She wondered whether this choke in her throat signified homesickness. And for what? What was it that made this place so terrible? Was it the silence? Was it the vast old woman?"

"What time does the next car go?" she asked, when Adam finally laid down his knife.

"Must you go already back?" asked Adam, in dismay. "I thought you should stay and go long in the church."

"Yes, you can just so well stay," seconded his mother.

"No, I must—I have a sick aunt. I promised to stay with her." The excuse was the sudden reckless invention of the moment.

"But I can't go long so early. I take always the collection in the church."

"Oh, but I can go alone." Her eyes brightened. "You need not even go to the car with me."

"Ach, yes, that he will do," insisted his mother. "Of course he will go with you to the car."

"Of course I will," said Adam. His eyes sought his mother's, and met her gaze, alert, anxious, perhaps a little pitying. He interpreted it to mean that she was as eager that the bargain should be struck at once as he.

They had scarcely left the house before he spoke.

"Well, how would you like to live here?"

"I don't like the country. It is too lonely."

"But you wouldn't be lonely. Mom is always here, and it is not lonely when you have work to do."

"But I don't like to work."

"You don't like to work!" He stopped in the lane and stared at her. "But you get seven dollars a week, working."

"But I only work for the money. I don't like to work."

"But you will have here a good home. It is no one in the family but I and Mom, and it is a good farm, and we have money in the bank."

She turned on him suddenly.

"Will you let me have some of the money? Will you let me hire a girl?"

"A girl," he repeated heavily. "A girl yet, with you and Mom to do the work. What would a girl do?"

Florence broke suddenly into an hysterical laugh, then she started to run.

"Don't you see the car is coming?" she cried.

When Adam got back to the house, his mother was sitting on the porch.

"She wouldn't marry me!" he said.

"She wouldn't marry you!" Mrs. Troxell's voice was non-committal.

"She wanted me to take money from the bank, and hire a girl. Take the money from the bank!"

"What!" Now Mrs. Troxell did not need to assume surprise.

"Yes." Then his voice softened. "I guess we might 'a' made it easy for her. We might 'a' hired a girl to help. We—" he sat heavily down on the step. "I wanted her." After a long time he said again, "I wanted her."

Mrs. Troxell watched his bent head. Fear came into her eyes at this son who wanted anything she had not suggested. Then her eyes narrowed cunningly.

"The Lord does not let us have always what we want, Adam. It is some good reason why you shall not have her."

"I guess so," he answered piously, and with that, romance died. "But now we will have to hire, Mom."

"No, not yet awhile," his mother answered. "I feel good to-night. I will get a while along alone."

She sat on the porch for a long time after he had gone to bed. Occasionally she smiled and once she muttered softly:

"I settled it. I scared her. To take—" Mrs. Troxell gasped heavily —"to take the money from the bank to hire a girl!"

The Secret of Longevity

TO make a machine last long and not wear out prematurely it is essential to keep it in running order. So, with the human body, the first step toward keeping old age away is to keep the human organism running smoothly. Of course this means to avoid all diseases.

Ever since the time of Pasteur it has been thoroughly understood that germs are at the bottom of the majority of all diseases. Germs are continually breaking into the confines of the body from all directions, and if let alone they multiply and soon bring about death.

It has also been well known for many years that the white corpuscles of the blood have, as their main business, the devouring and consequent elimination from the blood of all kinds of harmful germs. These white corpuscles or leucrocytes are one sort of policemen of the body. From top to toe they wander along, pushed by the blood stream through the arteries, veins and capillaries.

If there are enough of them and they do their work under ordinary conditions the body has no chance of infection from any source whatever.

Yet these little corpuscles show the strangest whimsical behavior. Sometimes a very few of them would perform marvels in the field of the microscope and before the eye of the observer throw their jellylike folds about the germs and devour prodigious numbers.

And yet with another experiment with similar germs and corpuscles taken from the blood of the same person we will find an entirely different thing will happen. Instead of eating the germs they will lie side by side like the lion and the lamb of old, neither apparently taking the slightest interest in each other.

No stimulants of any kind make the slightest difference, nor would starvation make the corpuscles hungry when once they have shown a disinclination to eat the microbes.

Years and years of experimentation revealed no cause unless a mere whim of these little policemen. Yet it was well understood that if this whim could be overridden every person could be made absolutely immune to any germ disease in the world.

Professor A. E. Wright, of Lonlon, with the infinite patience of a biologist, taking up the study at this point where all others had left it, after countless trials of one thing and another, learned the secret. Germs, big

or small, malignant or otherwise—it makes no difference—they are of no interest to the white corpuscles unless they at first come in contact with blood either of a human being or of some other animal. You can take germs, dip them in a solution of the blood fluid and then wash them ever so clean and yet when placed alongside of white corpuscles also washed clean, they will readily be gobbled by the corpuscles.

This being known, Dr. Wright went to work to discover what this strange substance in the blood was, and, after further experimentation, he has at last discovered that it is something given off by the cells of the body. Whatever it is, he calls it "opsonins," from the Greek word "Opsono," which means "I prepare the meal."

When the cells of the body give off a lot of this matter it collects about the germs wherever they loiter and forms some sort of a covering to them. This covering in itself does not seem to hurt the germs, for they go along breaking down tissue and giving off poisons and making us sick just as busily as if nothing had happened. But when the first white corpuscle making its rounds stumbles upon this intruder the covering of opsonins comes into play. Instead of passing it by the policeman reaches out its soft arms of protoplasm and hugs the germs to his jellylike bosom.

Under the microscope the germ can be seen writhing and trying to twist its way out, but by a process of digestion the corpuscle eventually kills the germ and eats it.

Sometimes a corpuscle will be tempted into devouring more than one germ at a time when the germs are very plentiful, and he may be said to bite off more than he can chew.

In this case instead of his killing the germs the germs kill him and another white corpuscle comes up and takes his place, and so the battle goes on.

If the germs are too numerous for the corpuscles, or the corpuscles have not a great enough appetite, the body loses the battle, the germs multiply, the person grows sicker and sicker, and finally gives up the war in death.

Sometimes the cells of the body give off more of this valuable little opsonins than at other times and at such periods the blood is richer in them. The corpuscles, when the blood is rich in opsonins, go eagerly and greedily about the body with a ravenous appetite for germs. Woe betide the microbian intruder at such a time if he is thoroughly coated with opsonins, which simply make him delicious to the palate of the little white corpuscle.

This much is all very interesting to science, but so far of no practical value to humanity, so Dr. Wright said nothing, but kept on with his study. The one step left was to find how to increase at will the variable habit of the cells to give up opsonins. He found at last that the cells gave off the opsonins very rapidly when there were a large number of germs in the body and that when the number of germs decreased they tended to decrease the output of opsonins. So by injecting germs into the human being he could increase the amount of opsonins in the blood. But, of course, this would not do, as his object was to get rid of the germs and not fill the body up with them.

Then he tried injecting dead germs and, to his delight, perceived that they worked just as well.

By giving slowly increasing doses of dead germs the cells of the body in alarm, fearing there was an enormous influx of germs, gave off opsonins freely, yet the germs did not multiply because they were dead. The extra supply of opsonins covered the dead germs, which were immediately swallowed by the little white corpuscles, but the surplus opsonins floating around attached themselves to the germs which were already in the body, and as the white corpuscles finally ate the small amount of dead germs artificially injected there was nothing left to satisfy their appetite but the live germs, which, nicely coated with opsonins, were promptly eaten up, thereby putting an end to a disease which might have been chronic for years and might otherwise never have been cured.

There was yet another very im-

portant question to be decided. Is there only one kind of opsonins or are there many kinds? If only one kind, then dead germs injected into the body at proper intervals and in proper quantities would increase the activity of the body cells in giving off opsonins and cause the elimination of harmful germs which might happen to be lurking there before the treatment.

Experiments prove conclusively that there is more than one sort of opsonins —in fact, it seems probable that there is an opsonin for almost every kind of germ. It has not been demonstrated, however, but that certain groups of germs which have a similarity of some sort may all be affected by the same opsonins, although perhaps some are not as strongly coated by the same opsonins as others in the group.

It is evident that the body cells of a given person may be very generous in supplying the blood with the opsonins which coat the typhoid fever germ and yet be very stingy in the output of the scarlet fever microbe. From this set of facts Dr. Wright concluded that theoretically a man who is suffering from a chronic ailment would have cells which give off a very meagre allowance of opsonins which make a specialty of coating the germs of his pet malady. A comparatively short and rapid investigation proved this to be the case, and from this has been determined the opsonin method of curing disease. If a patient suffers from boils or chronic catarrh or anything else, Dr. Wright and those who, as Dr. Webb, of Colorado Springs, have taken up his methods in America, first make a culture of the specific bacterium which is directly responsible for the trouble.

When this germ has been bred and made to multiply in the culture tubes of the laboratory until there are plenty of them they are killed and injected in small quantities at regular intervals into the blood of the patient.

The cells of the body thereupon proceed to increase the supply of only the special sort of opsonins which fastens itself upon this particular kind of germ. The supply of other opsonins in the body remain as before.

What is the result?

Wherever the original live germs of this malady are lying in the body the opsonins collect. Then the white corpuscles come along and clear the last one of them out of the system.

There is no waste of energy caused by the production of an oversupply of other sorts of opsonins which are not needed and which, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, may, for all science knows, be a detriment if they have no germs to fasten upon.

The opsonin method has been tried on a great variety of diseases with marvellous success. Local tuberculosis of the face, hands or elsewhere yields readily to the treatment, but phthisis, or consumption of the lungs, seem to be an exception. But an increase of knowledge of the subject may soon bring that dread disease within the fold. Strangly enough, in consumption, the quantity of opsonins which attack the tubercular germ seems to be very high and to increase this kind of opsonins is of no benefit, and, in fact, causes fever and other system disturbances.

"POLICE CORPUSCLES" TURN TRAITOR . . AND EAT US.

The average length of human life has been materially lengthened within the last century, as is taught in the school rooms, but this achievement has been made by reducing the death rate among babies and young children. The average grown-up person of to-day probably does not live much longer than the well-to-do Roman or Greek of ancient times.

The renowned Professor Metchnikoff, who periodically unearths some astonishing facts about the human body, has lately discovered that a main cause of old age is a sort of tragedy among the cells of the body. He finds that the brain cells, as well as all bones and muscles and the cells of the vital organs, such as the liver and kidneys, are killed and eaten from middle-age on by another class of cells in the body and that the result of it is old age and death.

Spurred by this news and by the

general interest among scientific men on the subject of possibility of curing or, at least, putting off old age, Dr. T. C. Janeway, of New York City, wrote to Mrs. Russell Sage and besought her to give a fund for the study of old age ills.

Mrs. Sage responded with a gift of $300,000 to found and maintain the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology as an adjunct to the New York City Hospital.

The chief purpose of this endowment is to follow out Dr. Janeway's suggestion.

Professor Metchnikoff, in investigating the decreptitude and miseries of old age, was struck by the phenomenon of gray hair. His researches among the tough cells of the human hair gave him the clue to his marvelous old age discovery.

The blood and lymph and other fluids of the body are policed by the leucocytes or white blood corpuscles, which under certain circumstances, with the aid of opsonins, devour the germs and foreign materials, waste and other broken down matter.

There are also scavengers of another form in the body caleld "macrophages." These are large colorless cells which are like the leucocytes, but their field of action is more limited. They move about, sometimes to a considerable distance; at other times they live and die in practically the same spot.

Like the white corpuscles, they attack germs and eat them, and also, with a seeming heroism, help themselves to poisonous things, even to their own destruction, thus saving the system from general contamination. During youth and early middle-age the leucocytes and the phagocytes both work together, protecting and helping the body, but some time during middle-age, in some persons earlier and in others later, the phagcoytes, or big police cells, become dissatisfied with their lot and turn traitors. Instead of spending their time and, when necessary, giving up their lives to protect the body and warning off germs from the nerve, skin and organ cells, they actually turn about and attack these cells.

The cells of the nerves and brain and all other vital organs have no defense against the macrophages, and although there are millions of them they succumb before the onslaughts of the big colorless cells who once protected them so well.

As here and there throughout middle ages these brain cells are killed and eaten, the brain shrinks in size, the memory becomes poor, thought becomes sluggish and at last when old age has gone to its limit what is known as senile dementia reveals a complete breaking down of the brain. At the same time the muscles all over the body are shrinking and hardening, the kidneys and liver are less and less able to perform their duties, the reduced number of cells in the eyes make them unfit for their work, and in every direction you see decay and retrogression.

In the cells of the hair the macrophages find the easiest victim in the cells that contain the pigment of color which distinguishes one head of hair from another. They devour these pigment cells one by one and the hair loses its color, becomes gray and finally almost white.

Luckily for the human being the white corpuscles of the blood still remain faithful and go on with their work as well as they can, but it's a losing fight and in the end they perish when the rest of the body does.

Looking further Professor Metchnikoff is trying to discover the reason for this treacherousness in the body itself. If up to forty odd years of age the macrophages behave admirably and from that point on become traitors and parasites there must be some reason for the phenomenon.

The cause, the great scientist believes, lies in the production of irritant poisons in the system which torment and demoralize the cells into the entire change of habit.

To prevent the tragedy of the phagocytes and to win them back to loyalty it will be necessary to discover what the poisons are and to eliminate them. Professor Metch-

nikoff believes that he has solved part of this problem. Some germs are not hostile to the interests of the body, others are often friendly and work in unison with it.

Such a germ is the microbe which causes a souring of milk and incidentally makes life very unpleasant for many kinds of poisonous germs which abound in the intestinal tract. By drinking plenty of sour milk Professor Metchnikoff believes that will help out the overworked macrophages in the intestinal tract and at the same time gradually reduce the quantity of irritant poisons which these hostile germs give off. As long as the macrophages are not overworked or driven to desperation by irritant poisons he considers that they will stay faithful and he has an impressive mass of evidence to prove that this is so.

If the macrophages can be kept to their duty indefinitely then old age would not come on us until the hardening of the arteries or some other actual wearing out of a vital part should occur. Science is already at work attacking this stronghold of old age also. There are machines now made in which a patient can receive as many as a million shocks of electricity going in alternating directions in one minute.

The enormous frequency of this alternation makes it possible to give a high current without painful sensation, and yet with a tremendous effect upon the arteries of the body. The thick lining which makes the arteries hard and brittle seems to be shaken loose by the electric current and is carried away and taken care of by the means of elimination.

An old man with hard arteries and the consequent dangerously high blood pressure, after fifteen minutes of this alternating current finds his pressure reduced to what it was perhaps fifteen or twenty years before.

Mrs. Sage and Dr. Janeway, both with the aid of the $300,000 endowment and perhaps, other funds to come, agreed to have all the scientists who are interested in this problem work in unison, perhaps under the same roof, so that one genius will throw light on another's work, instead of laboring all alone, each in a different part of the world as at present.

WHFAT DIET INSURES LONG LIFE.

The universal dread of old age has inspired the most astonishing and ingenious attempts among unscientific and semi-scientific people to dodge it.

Prof. Herbert H. Hart, an Englishman, believes he has found the fountain of youth. He is seventy-three years old, and his hair and beard are white, but these are the only signs of age upon him.

He has the frame and muscles of an athlete, and his skin is clear and unwrinkled.

There are no signs of the shrinkage and wasting of old age; no shuffling walk, sunken eye or quavering voice. If his hair and beard were dyed he would pass for a man of fifty.

If his body were found to-day in a railroad accident with the head missing, it would be set down by the police as belonging to a man of thirty-five years of age.

Yet Professor Hart was once dying of a wasting disease. He had lived, like the rest of us, on whatever the baker gives us in the way of bread and the restaurant sees fit to serve.

He was fifty years old. The doctors, having nothing better to suggest, advised travel. A few months of wandering brought him to Judea, where a sprained ankle made him dependent for several days upon the hospitality of a Jewish woman.

At first he was afraid he would starve to death before he could move on. The woman ate nothing but wheat cakes made from flour ground in a little hand-mill which had not been improved since the time of Methuselah. On these cakes Professor Hart lived a week, and, instead of dying he found himself stronger than he had been in many months.

He had learned his lesson, and has lived on similar food ever since.

He believes that bread made of ordinary flour is almost wholly starch and of little nutritive value. The civilized world, he thinks, is suffering from lack of nutrition, though the

white man of to-day eats more than ever before. Professor Hart says:

"Half-nourished brains cannot do sound thinking. All will agree with me thus far. When nature is denied a sufficiency of proper and pure material to nourish the entire man, she always looks after the lower propensities first. Hence, crime and pauperism are as directly traceable to improper or inadequate nourishment as light is to the sun.

A well-nourished brain is a good brain and thinks good thoughts instinctively. It is not tempted to do serious wrong, because doing right is never a wicked pleasure. The really happy man must be healthy. It has taken me fifty years to learn this lesson, but I have learned it well.

We are degenerating as a nation because we are a generation of starch-eaters. Starch contains no proteid element, makes good fat, but feeds no brain substance, nourishes no nerve tissue. To live on it is to be a human counterpart of a skimmed-milk calf—a weazened-faced, flabby-fleshed neurotic, with neither stamina nor self-reliance. The outcome of the Russo-Japenese war hinges, not on a dynasty, but on diet. And if the Anglo-Saxon race goes on for another century living on starch foods it will end in gradual extinction, as did the North American Indian.

Students of ethnology are already discussing the probabilities of the yellow races supplanting the white. See what the Japanese have done in a single generation. At the same gait, two generations more will wipe out the Aryan race, and the little yellow men, who can flourish in any climate from the tropics to the polar regions, simply because they live more naturally, will dominate the world.

This process of race decay is a much more serious menace to the future of our country than the question agitating President Roosevelt—that of 'race suicide.'

You cannot do any sane, consecutive thinking that is worth recording while you live on starch and Beef Trust steak, strong coffee and chicken salads. The usual restaurant diet gives you muscles that are always tired and nerves that are always on edge or in a state of fashionable 'prostration,' and gray matter that is no better than so much white paste.

Society is living in a spasm of intellectual exaltation, a kind of mild brain inflammation, the result of stimulants—coffee, tobacco, beer, or something stronger, and does not in the least understand how to nourish its gray matter. And it dies before it ought to, whereas, if properly fed, it would be able to stand the wear and tear of its swift life, and maintain full brain power until the century mark be reached.

There was Methuselah, for instance. Note his years. He lived in the very way I recommend to you to-day. His meals were prepared in the primitive way. The flour for his bread was ground by the little hand mills you now see in Judea, and baked in the primitive ovens. It did not have all the nourishing part of it carefully extracted, leaving only the starch for Methuselah's consumption. Had this been done we would never have heard of 'the oldest man.' Instead, his food was the wheat as nature intended it to be eaten. And the best source of brain, muscle and nerve nourishment is unquestionably wheat.

It was in Palestine that I learned my lesson fifty years ago. Health came back to me on its primitive diet. Traveling still further, I found the Turks living on similar food. There was not a dentist and but few physicians in all Constantinople. People kept their teeth, their hair and their tempers even when living in a perpetual dog-day climate. In passing I may say that, despite many bad hygienic habits, the Turks are physically a superior people.

The Koran compels the use of this natural form of food, and as a result the Mohammedans are, despite their many vices, the hardiest race of modern times. They are large men, their muscles are like steel, and they endure beyond belief.

And if you think nature's simple food will not build up a man, just

look at me. I am going to live forever."

Physicians, in examining Professor Hart, marvel at the condition of his arteries, which show very little sign of the hardening of old age. Such sclerosis as there is, Professor Hart says, occurred before he discovered the natural diet. From year to year his arteries are growing softer, and not harder, according to his observation.

WHY NOT LIVE ONE HUNDRED YEARS?

Dr. W. W. Wiley, United States Chemist-in-Chief, tells how he is making sure of living one hundred years, giving the recipe for longevity:

"One hundred years of life? Why not? I expect to live long enough to fill out a century; and so likewise, I may add, do my fellow members in a club to which I belong. It is called the Hundred Years Club, and its object is the promotion of longevity. Any member who dies young—by which I mean under one hundred years—dies disgraced.

Consider what the Bible teaches. I am not going to refer to Methuselah, who is alleged to have established the longevity record, nor yet to various other gentlemen of the more ancient Scriptural times who survived for several hundred years. Higher criticism has suggested that there must have been some mistake in regard to these instances. So, to avoid treading upon controversial grounds, I will fall back upon the reliable and authentic statement of the Psalmist, who declared that the normal span of human existence was three-score and ten years.

Unfortunately thoughtless and imprudent man, having undertaken to manage his life in accordance with his own ideas, did through many centuries so eat, so drink, and so behave, or misbehave, himself that twenty-five years ago, as shown by vital statistics, he had cut in two the Scriptural limit and reduced the average period of survival to only thirty-five years. In other words, the average human being born into the world did not live beyond thirty-five.

Now, this, when it came to be realized, seemed frightful and even appalling. Well might people say, "Life is short," when thirty-five years was the average span of it. Intelligent folks asked, "What is to be done?" And, in response, many learned persons took up the problem and considered it thoughtfully. Some of these men of mind were physicians; others were physiologists, and yet others were hygienists—that is to say, specialists in the study of questions relating to health.

The great task undertaken by these men was to restore the old Biblical allowance of years. It was a tremendous problem—a problem of momentous importance to the whole of the human race. Since they began to work upon it only a quarter of a century has passed, yet vital statistics show that marvels have already been accomplished. In only a quarter of a century the average life of a human being has been prolonged by nearly ten years, reaching well into the forties.

We who belong to the Hundred Years Club are all of us optimists. If we were not such, it would be well that we should dissolve and go out of existence as an organization; for optimism, which may be defined as a combination of cheerfulness and hopefulness, is itself a means of attaining longevity. Accordingly, we see no reason to doubt that if, on the one hand, man could and did, by a mistaken way of living, reduce his span of life so far below the Biblical reckoning, then, on the other hand, he may, through the proper use of his intelligence to that end, pass as far beyond the Scriptural allotment as in the past he has fallen behind it.

One hundred years of survival is not too much to expect. From our own observation we know that human beings frequently live as long as that, and even longer. This fact in itself proves the machine which we call the human body, is built to last a full century. If in a great majority of instances it does not endure for that length of time, it is because of abuse or of accident. Accidents include dis-

eases, which we are learning how to avoid and to cure. As for abuse, we must refrain from that kind of foolishness."

The knowledge gained by physicians, by hygienists, and by physiologists all points to the conclusion that longevity is only to be attained through simplicity of life and moderation in all things. If we would survive for a century we must simplify the terms and conditions of our existence. The new knowledge teaches the desirability of a return of man as far as possible to closer touch with nature—incidentally, to the partial depopulation of congested centres, and to the acquisition by rural life of the sole charm it now lacks, a greater social gregariousness.

If you would know the rules which are set down in the manual of the Hundred Years Club as affording the best suggestions of means whereby a century of survival may be attained, they can be set forth in a few words:

The first requirement is moderation in diet. Avoid gluttony and late suppers.

The second requirement is exercise —plenty of it, but not too much—in the open air, of course.

The third requirement is plenty of fresh air, both night and day, and especially at night. Most sleeping rooms are not sufficiently aired.

The fourth requirement is agreeable society. Congenial companionship distracts the mind and is the best encouragement to cheerfulness.

The fifth requirement is a cheerful and philosophic state of mind. Worry is above all things to be avoided. It shortens life. The habit of worry is easily cultivated, and it grows upon the victim. One should cultivate the habit of not worrying. Few things in this world are worth worrying about; and, as has often been said, nine-tenths of the misfortunes of life never happen.

The sixth requirement is work. Not too much of it, of course, but enough to afford occupation. Idleness is the fruitful source of many mischiefs and the sure breeder of discontent. No idler can be happy; and unhappy people do not live long.

Such are the articles of faith and the rules of practice of the Hundred Years Club. Ours is an organization not merely to promote longevity, but to seek happiness, which is at once an end in itself and the means to and end, inasmuch as it is a conserver of health and augments the favorable prospect for attaining the century of survival which, rather than the old-fashioned three-score years and ten, ought to be regarded as the proper term of human existence.



College and The World

By Harris Wrenstock in Overland Monthly

I HAVE BEEN asked to tell the value of a college training on the young men that in my business career have come under my notice.

An observer of modern commercial and industrial systems cannot but note the exacting methods now in vogue. He cannot but observe that in all great commercial and industrial enterprises costs and profits are now figured out in percentages running to the fourth figure. The observation is forced upon him that the keener the growth of competition the smaller the margin of profit for the producer and distributor; and that the smaller the margin of profit, the more careful and exact must be every movement and every calculation that enters into commercial and financial transactions.

The day of the careless operator, the loose calculator and the indifferent worker is gone for good in every walk of life and in every occupation that is not in the nature of a monopoly.

This means that the business world of to-day demands men who are exact and thorough, who are reliable and dependable. The business world demands this and more besides. It demands for executive and managerial positions men who are not only exact and thorough, but who can at one and the same time specialize and generalize, who can reason backward and forward, that is, from cause to effect and from effect to cause.

The all-around business man is the one who can theorize as well as practice, who can not only do things, but who can explain the theory or the philosophy upon which things are done, who can take an idea, develop and exploit it, and who can also take a proposition, dissect and analyze it.

A man who has entered business from the grammar or high school may learn to do all this in the course of a great many years of experience. Here is where the work of the college comes in. The young man who has put his four years in college to good account has trained his mind so that, first of all, he should be able to concentrate it upon any given task. He should have cultivated an intellectual machine that can dissect and analyze any proposition that may come before him. He should have taught himself to reason backward and forward, to trace out the causes from effects and to forecast the effect of certain causes.

With the sharpened faculties at his command, he should learn in active business life in five years what it is likely to take the man with the untrained mind twenty years to learn.

If he started with fair mentality and made the most of his collegiate opportunities, his years of study have therefore simply been a matter of putting out his time where it is likely to bring him compound interest. So that after all, a university training should, despite long years of preparation, prove in the end a short cut to reach the best practical results.

Business alone can give and does give admirable training. This has been made evident by the splendid specimens of men to be found everywhere in the business world, who had little or no early educational advantages, but business alone, as a rule, does not give the best training. That comes from college experience, broadened by actual business experience. The blending of the two should, as a rule, give the highest type of men of affairs.

Were I asked whether, in my opinion, all college men are likely to prove to be of this type, I should answer that I have in my time met college men whose university training seemed to have proven to them of great value, and I have met others who could not have been less fit, if their college years had been spent merely in counting beads. So much, after all, depends on the man. A young man with the right sort of stuff in him is likely to

land in the front rank of life's activities, even though he be a graduate of a third-rate college, or of no other college than the college of "hard knocks," and the chap without the stuff in him will fail, despite his diploma, signed by the president of the greatest college in the land.

Given a blade, for example, made out of good steel, and the grindstone will bring out the best in it, and perfect an edge that will do things to surprise the beholder. But given a blade made out of base metal and the world's finest grindstone practically fails. So it is with the student. If he has wits, and brings them to college, they will be sharpened and his powers will be increased. If he is barren, the college can do little for him.

I cannot recall one instance of a young man entering college with bad habits, low tendencies and poor mentalities, coming out of college reformed morally or sharpened intellectually. Instances, however, have come to my notice where young men of previous good habits, have been unable to stand up against college temptations, and have become dissipated in college and acquired bad habits, and despite a good mentality, have proven a keen disappointment. The things most to be feared from a college course is the undesirable habits likely to be acquired while there.

By a careful analysis, however, of the biographies in America's "Who's Who," it has been found that although but one per cent. of the men of the country are college bred, they represent fifty per cent. of the distinguished men in the various walks of political, commercial and financial life. This is a wonderful showing for the college.

The point of failure noticeable in some college men who have taken social science, commercial or culture courses, is their lack of exactness, the want of thoroughness in what they do. The problem with them seems to be how to get through, rather than how to perfect their work. They do not seem to realize that it is better to eat little food and have that well digested, than to gobble up much that simply clogs the human system. They seem to have cultivated the habit in college of getting through the task in hand as speedily as possible, with little thought of mastering it in detail. These habits of superficiality must in active life retard their growth and impede their progress. Next to character and health, the most valuable asset that any man, the college man or not excepted, can have, is the habit of doing things thoroughly.

One of the great marvels of the present age is the wonderful strides made in the direction of the utilization of waste materials. The statement is made that in the great pork packing houses of the country everything about the hog is utilized, except the squeal and the curl in the tail, and it is said there are hopes somehow, somewhere of utilizing even these. The great achievement of the coming age will be the utilization of waste labor, so that, despite the shortening of the hours of toil more will be accomplished by each individual giving forth his highest and best, thus tending to perfect the human species, and thus also increasing its earning power.

Herbert Spencer asked the question: "What knowledge is most worth knowing?" And after a careful analysis of different kinds of knowledge reached the conclusion that science is the knowledge most worth knowing. Spencer's conclusion is as true to-day as when he uttered it. The most effective man, as a rule, is the man who has knowledge that has been gained and verified by exact observation and exact thinking. It is for this reason that the scientific training afforded by an engineering course is of inestimable value in many walks of life. It does not follow that a college man who has taken his degree as an engineer will thereafter be exact in his observations or in his thinking.

He is more likely to be so, however, than if he has followed any other collegiate career. The mathematical training, which an engineering course enforces, the exactness and correctness imposed by his studies, are likely to tend toward habits of thoroughness

and rigid mental discipline, which must prove him of great value in any walk of life.

History is important. Philosophy is important. Languages are important. General culture is important. Yet were I to advise a young man about to enter college, with a business career in mind, I should urge him by all means to take an engineering course, even though he should not intend in active life to put his scientific training to professional use. I should advise him to take an engineering course, not only for its mental training and discipline, but for the power it gives in analysis, the love that it cultivates in him for being exact in his work and in his statements.

The man whose mind has been trained in the sciences is more likely to be the one to devise ways for the utilization of waste labor, whose keen powers of observation should enable him to see weak spots and how to strengthen them.

What the world is more and more demanding is efficiency, and all other things equal, the man with the scientific training is likely to be the most efficient.

The weak spot in most men, the weak spot as a rule, in college men, is taking things for granted. Science strives to prove its case. As a rule it must see the bricks before it will believe that the house will be built. It demands proof before it reaches conclusions. The men to-day who command the world's highest rewards and who are of greatest service to their fellows are those who have exact knowledge and use it for creative purposes. What is called unerring judgment is not generally intuitive. It is the result, as a rule, of the most exact observation and the most correct thinking. The man whose mind has not been disciplined, whose thoughts wander hither and thither, who cannot analyze a problem, who acts from impulse and not from reflection, is not in a mental condition to observe closely or to think correctly. At best, he is likely to become a mere putterer, vacillating in thought and in action. To be a successful doer of things, one must first be a seer of things. Ruskin says, "Hundreds of men can talk for one who can think; thousands of men can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, philosophy and religion all in one."

In the decades of the past the college man seeking commercial employment was discounted. He was looked upon by practical men as a mere bookworm, unwilling to begin with the drudgery at the bottom in order to learn business from the ground up. No doubt the air of scholarsticism that the college of the past imparted to its graduates justified this feeling of prejudice against the holders of its diplomas. There are some countries where this feeling may be justified even to-day. It is said to be a significant fact that "a large portion of Paris cabmen are unsuccessful students in theology and other professions and unfrocked priests, and they are very bad cabmen." But the American college bred man of to-day, especially the college man whose mind has been trained in the sciences, as a rule, is of a different breed. The modern college earnestly strives to teach men how to think and how to do things. Captains of trade and industry are discovering more and more that a young man who has made the most of his time during his college years is so equipped that he can learn in five years what it may take the man with an untrained mind about twenty years to acquire.

The college of yesterday trained men almost exclusively for purposes of culture. The colleges of to-day, especially the scientific branches, strive to give an education for efficiency. It has been pointed out that "the man with brains needs a corresponding degree of education. The greater the natural fitness, the greater the need for thorough training and the more worthy the result."

The business world of to-day more than ever before is seeking efficient men, men who know the correct principles of investigation, who have the power to reason from cause to effect, and from effect to cause; who can

concentrate attention upon a given subject, whose powers have been quickened and developed. All other things equal, the man with the trained mind is more likely to possess these qualifications, hence is also likely to prove the more efficient man.

The successful men of the next generation will have to be thoroughly scientific in their methods. Their efficiency will have to be of the highest and they will have to possess the faculty of bringing out the highest efficiency in their subordinates.

The college trained man, because of his adaptability, his quickness and alertness of mind, and because of his largely increased numbers, is going to revolutionize conditions in the coming industrial and commercial world. The college will strengthen his powers, ripen and mature his judgment, raise his apprenticeship in the field of practical affairs. This will be the advantage he will gain by virtue of his college training; on the other hand, his higher efficiency and his shorter apprenticeship in the world of practical affairs, will be the advantage gained by the business world and by society for its generous support of its numerous schools of higher learning.

Co-operation Brings Success

The Philistine

LITTLE hotels often feature their clerks. Small tailors proudly put forth their cutters. But the big business is built by many earnest men working together for a common end and aim. It is planned by one man, but is carried forward by many.

A steamship is manned by a crew, and no one particular sailor is necessary. You can replace any man in the engine room of the Furst Bismarck, and she will still cross the ocean in less than six days.

In an enterprise that amounts to anything, all transactions should be in the name of the firm, because the firm is more than any person connected with it. Clerks or salesmen who have private letter heads and ask customers to send letters to them personally, are on the wrong track.

To lose your indentity in the business is one of the penalties of working for a great institution. Don't protest —it is no new thing—all big concerns are confronted by the same situation —get in line! It is a necessity. If you want to do business individually and in your own name, stay in the country or do business for yourself. Peanut stands are individualistic; when the peanut man goes, the stand also croaks. Successful corporations are something else. Of course the excuse is that you send me the order direct, I, knowing you and your needs, can take much better care of your wants than that despised and intangible thing, "the house." Besides, sending it through the Circumlocution Office takes time.

There is something more to say. First, long experience has shown that "the saving of time" is exceedingly problematic. For while in some instances a rush order can be gotten off the same night by sending it to an individual, yet when your individual has gone fishing, is at the ball game, or is sick, or else given up his job and gone with the opposition house, there are great and vexatious delays, dire confusions and a great strain on vocabularies. This thing of a salesman carrying his trade with him, and considering the customers of the house his personal property, is the thought of only 2x4 men. A house must have a certain fixed policy—a reputation for square dealing—otherwise it could not exist at all. It could not even give steady work and good pay to the men who think it would

be only a hole in the ground without them.

In the main the policy of the house is right. Don't acquire the habit of butting in with your stub-end of a will in opposition to the general policy of the house. To help yourself, get in line with your house, stand by it, respect it, uphold it, and regard its interests as yours. The men who do this become the only ones who are really necessary. They are the top-notchers, the hundred-pointers. The worst about the other plan is that it ruins the man who undertakes it. For a little while, to do a business of your own in the shadow of the big one is beautiful—presents come, personal letters, invitations, favors, is Mr. Johnson in! By and by Johnson gets chesty; he resents it when other salesmen wait on his customers or look after his mail. He begins to plot for personal gain, and the first thing you know he is a plain grafter, at loggerheads with his colleagues, with the interests of the house secondary to his own.

We must grow towards the house, and with it, not away from it. Any policy which lays an employe open to temptation, or tends to turn his head, causing him to lose sight of his own best interests, seizing at the small present betterment, and losing the great advantage of a life's business is bad. The open cash drawer, valuable goods lying around not recorded or inventoried, free and easy responsibility, good enough plans, and let 'er go policies, all tend to ruin men just as surely as do cigarettes, booze, pasteboard and the races.

The man who thinks he owns "his trade," and threatens to walk out and take other employes and customers with him, is slated to have his dream come true. The manager gives in—the individualist then is sure he is right—the enlarged ego grows, and some day, the house simply takes his word for it, and out he goes. The down-and-outer heads off his mail at the Post Office, and for some weeks embarrasses customers, delays trade and more or less confuses system, but a month or two smooths things out, and he is forgotten absolutely. The steamship plows right along. Our egotist gets a new job, only to do it all over again if he can. This kind of a man seldom learns. When he gets a job, he soon begins to correspond with rival firms for a better one, with intent to take his "good will" along.

The blame should go back to the first firm where he was employed, that allowed him a private letter head, and let him get filled with the fallacy that he was doing business on his own account, thus losing sight of the great truth that we win through co-operation and not through segregation or separations. The firm's interests are yours; if you think otherwise, you are already on the slide. The only man who should be given full swing and unlimited power is the one who can neither resign nor run away when the crash comes, but who has to stick and face the deficit, and shoulder the disgrace of failure, All who feel free to hike whenever the weather gets thick would do well to get in line with the policy of the house.

The week point in Marxian Socialism is that it plans to divide benefits, but does not say who shall take care of deficits. It relieves everybody of the responsibility of failure and defeat. And just remember this, unless somebody assumes the responsibility of defeat there will be no benefits to distribute. Also, this, that the man who is big eough to be a somebody is also willing to be a nobody.

The Canadian Railway Commission

American Review of Review

CANADA'S Board of Railway Commissioners is a notable example of a comprehensive effort to control transportation corporations. Under what is known as "The Railway Act of 1903," the Board enjoys power and jurisdiction. This act is a complete revision of the existing railroad laws of the Dominion. During the debate thereon railroads were freely consulted and given every opportunity to be heard. As a result, the Commission is a logically empowered body, created to try certain cases which arise out of the construction and operation of railways. In particular, it has jurisdiction over matters concerning:

(1) The construction details of new roads or of the improvements undertaken by the existing lines.

(2) The crossings of highways, railways, power lines, and drainage mains by railways.

(3) The rates that may properly be charged for the various services rendered to the public by the railways, the express companies, and the telephone companies.

The Commission is also charged with the collection of statistics of operation, investigations of the operating of the roads, in particular of the accidents occurring on them, and with inspection of equipment. To some extent, also, it has become customary, when public outcry is made concerning any particular item of railroad practice, for the Government to request the Commission to make a report upon the matter, even if it does not lie within the ordinary field of the Commission's activities. It acts as a special adviser to the Government in matters involving the details of the art of railroading.

It consists of three Commissioners, who are appointed by the Governor-in-Council for a period of ten years, and are eligible for reappointment, uptil they reach the age of seventy-five years. It is able to grasp quickly the needs of every section of Canada, although no member of the Board had been prominent in the railroad world. It is now suggested that the Commission be enlarged to include some representatives who by thought and training are especially qualified to understand the motives and desires of the railroad men. It is assisted in its work by an advisory staff of practical railroad men, chosen from the engineering, operating, and traffic departments of railroads.

Its jurisdiction extends to all railways under the legislative authority of the Dominion Parliament, and railroads operating under provincial charters are subjects to its control on "through" traffic, crossings, navigable waters, and for criminal acts. It has powers, rights, and privileges of a superior court, but an appeal on matters of jurisdiction may be taken to the Supreme Court of Canada. The Governor-in-Council may vary or rescind its orders, but does so very seldom. In matters of construction it may not authorize new lines except branches less than six miles in length. But it may authorize the expropriation of private lands for railway purposes without the owners consent. The awards for expropriated properties are made by a specially selected board of arbitrators.

It may also fix the terms upon which one railway company will be authorized to use the lands tracks, and buildings of another company; and it has fixed in several cases switching charges at commercial centres entered by two or more railroads, and has ordered the construction of interchange tracks to facilitate local movement. In cases of crossings, all cases are dealt with on their merits. Construction detail affecting convenience and safety of passengers is subject to the approval of the commission. Broadly speaking, it has power to de-

termine the actual cost of a railroad's construction.

Its powers in regard to rate-making are very wide. Briefly, the policy that the government has laid down and has intrusted to the board to carry out is that all railway charges shall be fully known to the shipping public; that no discrimination, either in favor of a locality or of individuals, shall be permitted; that the charges themselves shall not be unreasonably high, and that the machinery provided shall be such that the tariffs can be rapidly adjusted to the various conditions of trade. No effort, however, is to be made to discriminate legally against a locality that is favored by nature for the benefit of one that is not so situated, and the great waterways of Canada, which in extent and possibilities are perhaps unequaled elsewhere on the face of the earth, are recognized as a great factor in the determination of the cost of long-distance transportation.

These duties call for moderation, good temper, plenty of thought, hard work, and heavy traveling; for it conducts its hearings at the place where the complaint originates. No attempt has been made to invest its decisions with a political character, and appeals therefrom have been few.

It may be said that the board is to be regarded as an experiment in government, made by a rapidly growing country in an endeavor to provide that its railways shall be intelligently built with due regard to public safety and the general advantage; that they shall be properly equipped and efficiently operated, and that the charges for transportation shall be reasonable and free from all suspicion of manipulation in favor of private interests. The Railway Act, under which the board exercises its authority, is a recent compilation and will be subjected to much amendment. The board itself has been in active service for only a little over three years, and its staff is not yet fully organized. It would be, therefore, entirely premature to express any opinion as to the ultimate success of this particular method of corporation control, and all that can be said at present is that the board has so performed its duties that the Canadian people as a whole are entirely content that the experiment shall be continued.

The universe pays every man in his own coin; if you smile, it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be invited into gay company; if you think, you will be entertained by thinkers; if you love the world, and earnestly seek for the good therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth.—Zimmerman.

"Weary Willie"—A Railway Problem

Sunday Magazine

"WEARY WILLIE" has drawn the concentrated fire of the largest railroads in America and of the Vagrancy Committees organized for his extinction, or worse yet, for the purpose of putting him to work. From a joke he has acquired the unsought dignity of a problem.

It suits the very practical purposes of the railroads and the theoretical purposes of the sociologists to bring about the passing of the American tramp. Therefore, the railroads and the sociologists have joined issues in a systematic, persistent, country wide effort to force the tramp to go to work and thereby to make him cease to be a tramp.

For decades the railroads have known "Weary Willie" for exactly what he was, not for what the comic papers made him. They knew him as usually an active criminal and always as a potential one. They have studied him generally and classified him into species. They have known him as "yegg," the American criminal most unspeakable in habit, most brutal in evil, most unmindful of the value of human life. They have known him as "gay cat" and "hobo." They have fought him from coast to coast, but he still is here, half a million of him.

According to those who have given most study to the American tramp problem, the "move on" treatment that has been applied to his case is responsible largely for his existence. It takes only a moment's thought to grasp the fact that the railroads are the most valuable asset in the tramp's existence. A tramp cannot remain a tramp long unless he can move about and be a stranger to whosoever he meets. Otherwise he would have to go to work, because no community, and certainly not a small one, will endure the habitual idleness of any of its inhabitants.

Thus, the "hobo" depends on the railroads to go from city to city. He cannot pay his fare, rarely having money, so he steals his rides and thereby becomes a trespasser. If "ride-stealing" can be prevented vagrancy will receive its death blow. And that is the peg upon which the effort to disband the army of vagrants is to be hung.

Naturally enough, the railroads have always been anxious to stop "free rides." The trespassers not infrequently steal valuable packages of freight, damage cars, interfere with signal and switching apparatus, cut trains in two and at times attack and seriously injure employes. But it has been impossible to make any headway against "ride-stealing" because the trespassers, if detected and arrested, are rarely punished by county or town officials, but are just ordered to "move on"—which means that they board the next train that comes along.

Thus, to accomplish results, there must be co-operation between railroads and authorities. To secure such co-operation several charity organizations will begin an educational campaign and seek to have adequate legislation enacted and the laws enforced. The railroads, through their regular employes and through their police departments, will work in harmony with the efforts of the charity organizations.

It is the country districts and little towns that suffer most from the tramp. At the same time they are less able to deal with the question because of the expense involved in the prosecution and imprisonment of offenders. If a tramp drops off a freight train at some village it is much easier and cheaper for the village constable to say "Get out of town in twelve hours" than it is to put the tramp in jail and feed him for ten days. This "move on" orders relieves the town of that one tramp, but some other town gets him, and some other tramp is unloaded in a similar manner upon

the town that sent the first one away.

So it goes on interminably. Every year the number of wanderers without available means of support is increased by recruits. The habit of idleness once contracted is rarely abandoned, except under compulsion. This compulsion has not been supplied by separate communities—it will probably have to be brought about by State or national action.

Records of accidents on railroads show that trespassers supply a very large majority of the fatalities in any year. These vagrants are also a great menace to the train crew, as they become enraged and violent when compelled to leave the trains. Just recently an accident injuring five trainmen severely was caused by a tramp carrying a bottle of nitroglycerine which exploded when thrown from the car by an employe who mistook it for whisky. Besides endangering the lives of the crew, scarcely a day elapses without the robbing of cars, freight houses and stations by these wayfarers.

When Jas. J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad was interviewed in regard to the matter, he stated:

"Hundreds of idle men infest empty cars on the Great Northern during the summer months. Tramps attempt to secrete themselves on every train at any risk. A considerable number of these are killed or injured each year. They get on and off trains while in motion and some suffer in life and limb. Others fall off when asleep. It would be difficult to gather reliable statistics on this point because a large percentage of the tramps reported as killed on the railroads are really murdered. Men returning from the harvest fields with their wages are killed for their money by other more vicious and criminal fellows, the body is flung from the train while in motion and the reported death by railroad casualty is actually a case of homicide."

Railroad police have been mentioned as a probable cure for vagrancy, but it goes only a short way. If a tramp is arrested, but is discharged in court, the lesson is of little value; he is then free to resume his "occupation." This failure to punish in most cases, may be laid to the matter of expense. Therefore, it is suggested that the expense of maintaining prisoners, or at least part of it, be shared by the State or Province.

Another method suggested is enforced labor. Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern, who is in favor of this plan, says, "Work is more dreaded than all the terrors of the law. If every tramp were sentenced under a penalty of a diet of bread and water to work hard before he was passed along the end would be in sight. The construction of good roads would be assisted by compelling every tramp to break stone, wheel dirt or go hungry. This, with a fine enforcement of the criminal laws by the local authorities, would probably furnish a simple and satisfactory solution of the vagrancy problem."

Railroad policemen who have had experience with "ride-stealers" are quite enthusiastic advocates of enforced labor as is Mr. Hill. Here is another difficulty to be overcome: How can they have enforced labor for tramps when labor organizations have worked up a powerful sentiment against giving work to prisoners when "honest men" go idle? This opposition to letting prisoners do work that wage-earners might do is a powerful obstacle to the "enforced labor" solution of the vagrancy problem. It is the same sort of opposition which has made it impossible for prisoners in penitentiaries to manufacture articles of commerce.

The superintendent of police of one of the large eastern lines says that the greatest blow to vagrancy would be a law passed by the Legislatures making it illegal to trespass on the right of way of a railroad. At present, the tramp cannot be punished for simply being on the property of a railroad, though he can be punished for "stealing rides."

This distinction is important, a dozen tramps may be seen lying on the ground alongside the tracks, but they cannot be arrested for so doing. Yet it is evident they are waiting to

board a train and when they have done so they may be arrested. Then appears another difficulty. It is almost impossible and always inadvisable to try to make an arrest on a moving train. If such an attempt is made the tramp is apt to disconnect the compressed air pipe or even uncouple cars in order to escape and this entails a great risk to the employes and to the equipment.

Thorough police service and the ability to make arrests for trespassing on the right of way would diminish the number of tramps. Every road that has special policemen would be dodged by tramps, and as the roads well policed grew in number the disadvantages of "ride-stealing" would increase.

Railroads, however, can accomplish little unless they work in harmony with the public authorities. It is the object of the charity organizations in undertaking the study of this problem to bring about such harmony. The results to society at large can be appreciated when it is realized that the number of vagrants is estimated at half a million. This great army, most of the members of which are able to work, are now a dead load to the country. In most of the countries of Europe the tramp problem has been solved by methods very similar to those it is proposed to adopt in this country.

Robert Henderson, Discoverer of the Klonidke

Major H. J. Woodside in Mining Journal

ROBERT HENDERSON, discoverer of the Klondike, was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, about fifty years ago. At the age of fourteen he ran away to sea, sailed around the world, and mined in Australia, California and Colorado.

In July, 1894, he arrived at Ogilvie Post, at the mouth of Sixty-mile River, Yukon. He outfitted with Joe Ladue, and contrary to advice, started with one companion, Collins, up the Indian River. They prospected on Quartz and other creeks, and late in the autumn had a dangerous and starving trip back to Ogilvie.

During the winter Henderson started alone with a sled load of supplies for Quartz Creek. He mined there until March, but found nothing. In the early spring, through ice and slush, he moved his scanty outfit to the upper waters of Indian River, and began to prospect that district.

Here he was the victim of a ghastly accident to his leg which nearly ended his career then, and again on two perilous winter trips at a later date.

When the wound had partially healed, he spent the rest of the summer in his planned work. Toward fall he ran down to Ogilvie for supplies, and returned with Redford. They began extensive miner work on Quartz Creek, preparatory for general sluicing next summer.

After another visit to Ogilvie, Henderson spent the winter alone on Quartz Creek, working every day in "burning" holes through the frozen gravel to bedrock and drifting tunnels in search of the pay streak.

In the spring he washed up about $600 in gold. Then he crossed the ridge separating the Indian River and Klondike River basins, and found good prospects on Gold Bottom Creek (a branch of Hunker). He at once returned to Quartz Creek and induced some visiting prospectors to accompany him back. Four of them remained, and they began regular minerlike work, ground sluicing, etc. He crossed over the ridge between Gold Bottom and Hunker branches, and staked on what is now called Hunker branch.

When food began to fail, Henderson went via Quartz Creek back to

Ogilvie. With a loaded boat he could not ascend Indian River, and was compelled to return via the Klondike.

Where Dawson now stands he found George W. Carmac, with his Indian wife and her relatives. He invited Carmac to come up and stake on his new find, then poled his loaded boat up the Klondike to the mouth of his own stream, and marked it on a blazed tree as "Gold Bottom" Creek. When he arrived in camp he found Carmac, "Skookum Jim" and "Tagish Charlie" there. After they had staked and Carmac was leaving, Henderson strongly urged him to test the gravel on Rabbit Creek, now Bonanza, just below the forks of Bonanza and Eldorado branches. While Carmac slept Skookum Jim panned the gravel and found coarse gold. Next day they panned out $13, staked claims, and, forgetting Henderson, left for Dawson and thence to Forty-mile. Carmac's story was not believed at first, as he was neither prospector nor miner. Later a stampede set in, Bonanza and Eldorado Creeks were staked to their source, but for some weeks no one knew that the claims were of any value, and rich ones were sold for a trifle.

Be it observed that Carmac did not record his claim on his first visit to Forty-mile, but a month later, when as a result of some work, the richness of the ground was being shown. The regulations in those days allowed sixty days between staking and recording claims. By this means a new find could be tested before it was necessary to make a tedious journey to the recording office.

When Bonanza and Eldora were being staked, two of the lucky ones, Andrew Hunker and Johnson, started over to see what Henderson had found. They went too far along the divide, and dropped down the wrong, or eastern branch of Gold Bottom, and testing the creek as they went, finally staked three claims below Henderson's stakes. They washed out $23 of coarse gold, and then hunted up Henderson's camp to show their prospect. The discoverer made the remark that they had found better prospects than he had. Recognizing that the name of the main creek was Gold Bottom, they tossed up in the presence of Henderson as to which should have the naming of the east branch. Hunker won.

When Hunker applied at Forty-mile to record his claim, the recorder did not acknowledge Henderson's prior staking, and also changed the name of the main creek to "Hunker." He gave Andy the discovery or double claim, entirely ignoring the real discoverer.

Henderson and his four companions divided up about $700 of gold among them, and when, still well within the sixty-days' regulations, he applied at Forty-mile for the record of a discovery claim made on Gold Bottom, one on Hunker, and an ordinary claim on Bear Creek, he was told that he could record only one claim in the "locality" (that is, one out of five staked). Having no recourse in those days from the recorder's decision, Henderson chose the half of his discovery claim on Hunker branch. It is now known as No. 3 above on Hunker. It and its mate have produced up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of gold.

But before its richness became known, the yearly representation work came due, and Henderson, still weak and penniless from a surgical operation and winter of sickness, could not get a reasonable extension of time, and was compelled to sacrifice it for $3,000 (equivalent to $500 outside) to Alexander McDonald, "King of the Klondike." He is from Nova Scotia, and had known Henderson in Colorado.

Owing to official carelessness and delay, Henderson also lost his claim on Quartz Creek.

He continued to prospect on the Klondike, on the Indian River, and on the Stewart River. He was the first to prospect "All Gold" and "Henderson" Creeks, which are now producing gold and will be valuable dredging propositions.

The Department of the Interior have by letter recognized the wrong done the discoverer by the recorder's refusal to record his properly staked

claims, but has done practically nothing to compensate him.

The grim irony of a pioneer or discoverer's reward is seen in the despatch from British Columbia, that the Provincial Government have settled an annuity of $600 on Miss Fraser, the daughter of the discoverer of the Fraser River. As Miss Fraser died within a week after, the generosity of the bequest is quite apparent.

Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, Yukon pioneer and ex-Commissioner of that territory, in giving Henderson the credit for the discovery, added that Carmac nearly lost the credit of being the accidental discoverer of Bonanza Creek. Two days after Carmac had staked, a party of miners searching for Henderson's new strike prospected and staked on Bonanza, several miles below the present discovery claim.

The attempt on the part of Seattle newspapers to give Carmac the credit for the discovery of the Klondike is due to the fact that he settled in that city with his easily gotten money. Robert Henderson, on the contrary, continues his work of exploring the mineral resources of Yukon.

As already pointed out, all the Governors and Acting Governors of Yukon, and all the leading pioneers, have by letter or by affidavit given Henderson the credit for the discovery. Mr. R. G. McConnell, the well-known geologist, who has personally looked into the matter, also calls him the discoverer. His work has added over $150,000,000 worth of gold to the world's supply, and has given Canada a wide and enduring advertisement. Personally, he is a fine type of pioneer and man, and he deserves well at the hands of his countrymen.

William Henry Drummond

By Clara Morris in Collier's Weekly

CANADA still weeps for her big, beloved, adopted son, as genial man, devoted doctor, and gifted poet; he who loved her forests, lakes, and streams, who draped the asperities side of the "habitant's" life with the glistening tissue of his own imaginings and his understanding love, until, for the outside world, the "habitant" only begins to exist in William Henry Drummond's poesy. And since the very fact of my meeting this remarkable man is an illustration of his kindly spirit and hospitable impulse, I shall place before you the bright, fragrant memory of one afternoon with Dr. Drummond, in his habit as he lived.

My husband and I were in Montreal, ordered there for the benefit of my health, and Dr. Drummond, hearing of my illness, sought out "the good man," as he termed my life-partner, extended to him the courtesies of his club, and asked permission to call upon me. So while lying there, able only to move my head and arms, I heard my husband's step approaching, accompanied by a tread of such weight and emphasis as made the floor shake. In another moment there stood the big, broad man, in a loose-fitting, rough, gray business suit; and he did bulk large in that furniture-crowded room. A quick glance up, a quick glance down, and our eyes met in dancing laughter, just as I caught the words, "Dr. Drummond, dear," and in pleased surprise I forgot everything but the desire to welcome him, and with an excited little "Oh, what a pleasure!" attempted to lift myself on my elbow and offer my hand. And there I was caught and held by an agony of pain, rigid and motionless, unable to rise higher, unable to lie down again, unable to breathe deeply, temporarily trapped by those convulsive muscles.

Dr. Drummond quickly grasped my

hand in his left, and slipping his big, capable right hand under my shoulder, as a mother supports a babe, he lowered me to the pillow, saying, with some sharpness as he did so: "Don't do that! Let go! Groan—cry out—yell! It's an awful waste of pluck to fight pain silently like that!" He turned to pick up a magazine in the chair, and, as he did so, there fell from it a cheap paper-covered copy of "Johnny Corteau."

"Ah!" he said, then turning it over rather distastefully, he added: "I'd like you to have something a bit better than this—if you will permit me to offer it?"

"Oh, what a temptation! But I suppose I have to confess that I have at home a better copy. This we bought because the train-boy seemed to feel it was the necessary thing to do before entering Montreal."

"Little imps! I've often heard of their capers in cramming me down travelers' throats. But may I scribble a little something in the book I send?"

"You may indeed! and I'll rise up and call you blessed!"

"Not much you won't with that back," he answered grimly. Then, still holding the little book, he sat down in the armchair, and straight way the ewer danced audibly in the basin. I smiled, and he broke out with: "Oh, I say now, I'm not so mighty heavy. That ewer is bewitched. There's a spell been put upon it. I have naught to do with its rattling."

As he fell to ruffling over the leaves of his book, I dared impulsively: "Oh, doctor—I wonder if you would—" and I disjointedly went on: "It is so quiet—it would be such a delight—such a memory for the future?"

"What do you like in it?"

"Like? Why, I like even "Strathcona's Horse,' but I love all the rest. Of course, "Little Bateese' is far above and beyond praise, and is shrined in the carven ivory palace of perfection. There's one poem holds such natural heartbreak as is not to be endured unless—unless you read it—for me."

"You can't mean?" he murmured, and as I noticed his fingers instinctively turning to the front of the book, I replied: "But I do! You have living hearts in that book and dead ones, but you have surely caught only one in the very act of breaking."

The color of his cheek began to climb into his temple, his eyes were as eager as any boy's. "I wonder if you really do mean, the 'Hill—'"

"'Of St. Sebastian,'" I completed. "That's just what I mean!"

"By jove, I'm glad, for that has my preference!" And straightway he began:

"I ought to feel more satisfy, an' happy dan I be."

He was half-reading, half-reciting, and doing it will and with tenderness, but in the second verse, at the line—

"But somet'ing's comin' over me, I feel it more an' more—"

he slowed—stopped. "Confound it!" he said petulantly, "I began on too low a key"—then went back and began again. But long before the end was reached, with a blurred delivery, thickened voice, and tear-filled eyes, he stopped for good. "I'll never try to read that thing again!" he declared.

Dr. Drummond's laughter rumbled long in the small room: "It is funny how a man resents any show of excessive emotion." He turned again to the "Hill of St. Sebastian," and holding out the book, said gravely: "You read it?" I shook my head. "Perhaps, little woman, I can lift you up without causing that torment, so you can see better?"

"It isn't that, doctor—it isn't my position. It is your dialect, your patois, that calls the halt. I am not familiar with it, and it would be simply sinful to stumble through such lovely lines."

He stared thoughtfully a long moment, then urged: "I wish you'd try. You ought to do it beautifully, for you have that rare good gift, larmes de la voix?" Again I shook my head, but regretfully. He looked over the lines, then suddenly asked: "Where would you get your best effect?"

"In the last half of the last verse," I answered promptly. "The whole

thing leads up to that sacrfice of self—

"'So let de heart break—I don't care—I won't say not'ing—me—'

An audience should be a perfect fountain of tears from there on."

As I quoted, he leaned over, and for an instant laid his kind, strong hand on the back of mine; then, shaking his head, said heavily: "Ah, it needs a woman's voice—I'll drop it!"

"No, doctor, for Heaven's sake, do nothing of the kind! But if you won't think me presuming or impertinent" (he waved across the suggestion with an imperative hand), "I would like to suggest you transpose the second and third verses, reading them in the order of first—third—second. You'll find the strain upon your feelings will be considerably delayed."

He sat reading and rereading the poem to himself shaking his head as in assent. Then when the silence began to distress me lest I had offended, he dropped the book, thrust out his long limbs before him, let his hands hang heavily over the chair's arms and his head droop toward his breast. And as I was surprisingly thinking how like he was to a stiff-jointed, tired old man, slowly, heavily, even a touch vexedly, he began—

"You bad leetle boy, not moche YOU *care*
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere—"

And fairly holding my breath in the joy of it, I was listening to Dr. Drummond's own flawless recitation of his world-known "Little Bateese." Satisfying it was in every look and tone and gesture, and I recognized a strong mimetic gift, that showed particularly in the annoyance and fatigue of the old man, fading slowly with rest. His naive trust in God's accepting to-morrow the prayer due to-night; his old-man's wonder at the boy's growing appetite, and his wonderful powers of sleep. And when Dr. Drummond, with elbow on knee, made act to remove the coverlet, and with glowing downward glance, pointing a finger, said—

"But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head—"

I almost saw the trundle-bed, and the sturdy sleeping boy, whose physical perfections were arousing a pagan passion of pride in the adoring old gran'pere's heart; while the apologetic, half-laughing sob of—

"We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,"

was as perfectly artistic as it was moving.

"Have you a lancet about you?" I groaned. He lifted inquiring brows. "If so, why did you not gently but firmly remove me, when I said you required the curb of art?"

"Because, little woman, you were right. One strikes at the lie, not at the truth. Now you've had my best and worst."

"Is there no middle—no in between?" I asked eagerly, setting his laughter a-rumble again. "No 'Cure of Calumette,' or 'Habitant's Summer,' or 'Little Cabane'?"

"Or," he added, "'The Dublin Fusilier'—'Strathcona's Horse'?"

"No," I objected. "The 'Fusilier' is all right, but not 'Strathcona.'"

"Very well—but what's the row between you and the 'horse'—why don't you like it?"

"Oh—because—" I answered, with the beautiful mental clarity of the woman who feels first and reasons later on. "It is too boastful; too cocksure—just as if there was no fighter on earth, no reckless rider, who might induce a Strathcona man to take a sip from that threatric 'Cup of Sorrow.'" "Tell me the most pathetic thing you ever saw."

"Oh, I say now, you're theatrical your own self!" he cried amusedly.

"I'm not! I am an actor—actress if you choose—but I am not theatric. The poem is too pompous, artificial, and pretentious!"

Dr. Drummond asked: "Do you know 'A Child's Thoughts'?" And leaning forward, one elbow on the bed, he once more began to recite—

"Oh, memory, take my hand to-day—"

"Thank you," I said, very low. "Is

that your own true mother you speak of?"

He nodded and went on speaking tenderly of the past, and gradually I understood that he was talking of Ireland; and I cried sharply: "What, in God's name, were you doing in Ireland at that age?"

And in exactly the same tone he retorted: "Where, in God's name, else would I be, since I was born in Ireland?"

"Why, I thought you were a Canadian, or a—"

"Don't say it!" he warned; "for I won't have it!"

"But the name—Drummond?" I insisted. "It sounds Scotch enough?"

"Oh, Scotch! What nonsense! Why, there's not a Scotch Drummond alive that's not Irish!"

"Tell me," he begged, "the most pathetic thing you ever saw. Let's see if you can beat my heartbreak poem." He hitched his chair about so that, instead of facing me, he sat beside me, and could only see my face by slightly turning his head.

"It's not a long story, doctor; don't prepare for a siege. You see, I was in the far West, and riding at sunset over a great level plain. On one side strange shaped mountains, like animals, crouched against the sky, while all the rest was purplish gray level, stretching till it met the horizon. No moving leaf, no sound of water or of bird—it seemed the concentrated loneliness of an abandoned world. Yet a moment later it was deepened into anguish, for there alone, between the empty sky and empty plain, bleated a tiny lost lamb. The safe, far fold not even within sight; overlooked by shepherd and dog, it stood there desolate; and there were coyotes away yonder in the mountains that hunt the plain after nightfall. That helpless lamb, on the chill, wide plain, with the darkening sky above it, was the second saddest thing I ever saw, Dr. Drummond."

He rubbed his face hard between both hands. "I'm glad you would not tell me the first." Then he muttered broken, half-completed sentences to himself: "Good Shepherd—the hireling fleeth—leaveth the sheep—and the wolf catcheth them. I'll never hear the good old parable read again without seeing you and your abandoned lamb."

"Being a hunter, I thought you might smile at my pitiful tale?"

"By the way, doctor," I interrupted his vigorous disclaimer, "you are not treated as are most prophets in their own country?"

"No," he answered, straightening up in his chair. "No, no man was ever so well treated in his own home city as I am. My sales are enormous; my books are in every house, and I am in receipt of unfailing praise and profit; and a new poem is an event."

"That's pleasant hearing, doctor—you should be very happy."

"If I'm not it's no fault of Montreal's," and he smiled.

Now these very words of Dr. Drummond's may in cold, hard print suggest a touch of boastfulness, but not so in the hearing—far from it. In the deep voice, the eager eye, and smiling speech there was gratitude, warm and hearty. If there was any boast it was for the fair City of the Maple Tree, not for himself.

And then a clock of accursed memory struck in the next room—struck and struck and struck, until with a great, "God forgive me, what have I been doing?" Dr. Drummond sprang to his feet. He pulled out his watch, gave a sort of suppressed Indian yell, and said: "What have you done? I'm over an hour and a half behind an engagement!"

I closed my eyes and murmured: "'The woman tempted me, and I did eat'—the whole apple."

"I wish I could see that good man of yours." Then he suddenly changed to: "No, I don't either. He'd be giving me 'what for' for tiring you out. Say, don't tell him at what time I left—there's a good soul."

"No use to lead me into the devious paths of deception. He will know."

"I'll dodge him!"

"You can't," I answered. "He's not that kind of man.'

"I'll go out the side way."

"You'll meet him surely if you do.

And he will have his watch right in his hand, so you must just 'drei yur aine wierd.' "

Laughingly he put back his watch, picked up his hat, and then suddenly, apropos of nothing asked: "What was your earliest salary, Clara Morris?"

"Fifty cents a night, but I felt it to be all the wealth of all the Indies."

A sort of tremor passed over his face. He looked down into his hat a good moment or two, then he came to the bedside, and we struck hands heartily. "The world calls you a brave woman; but there's a big fellow up here in Canada who, because he is a doctor, really knows how brave you are."

"And because he is a poet?" I jested uncomfortably.

He raised my hand, brushed it lightly with his lips, put it down gently, and stalked out of my room, and of my life. And all I have left of Dr. Drummond is a book, a few written lines, and this precious memory of his genial personality, his perfect reading, his gentle banter, and real sympathy.

Disadvantages of Family Concentration

"Vogue"

MUCH alarm is expressed in certain quarters lest the many distractions of occupation, culture and recreation that now beckon women and the younger members of the household shall have the effect of weakening family ties and bringing about a sort of social chaos most unpleasantly individualistic. It is assumed by these alarmists that the completest possible absorption of the woman in her husband and children is an altogether fine and noble feminine ideal, but the wise woman will enter an altogether emphatic protest against any such Chinese wall of concentrated interests being regarded as an ideal environment. To begin with, such exclusiveness of purpose results in great unhappiness for the wife and mother, since she is wholly at the mercy of the temperaments, the moods and the rival interests of husband and children. With her horizon bounded only by what directly concerns them, her mind inevitably undergoes a sort of treadmill existence which unfits her for companionship with any but persons of most primitive mental development.

Even when the husband is entirely worthy and considerate it is the height of folly to centre interest upon him wholly, for beside being most dwarfing mentally, this is bound to be a source of great distress, since it is not conceivable that even one husband in a thousand would reciprocate, which indeed, is a fortunate circumstance if the nation is to continue to be distinguished by the general intelligence of its people. It is not an especially cheerful thought, but the grim fact is that each individual is bound in the nature of things to live his or her life largely alone, the love and sympathy of the nearest even being limited in its effects. This being unalterably the fact, it is only wise to take it into consideration and not expect of life or of individuals, what is impossible. Unfortunately woman was for long centuries trained to a belief in the beauty and value of emotional dependency, and one of the hardest lessons she has had to learn, since changes in industiral conditions forced large numbers of her sex to self-support outside the home, is to stand more or less alone. But it has been a wholesome lesson, and as fast as women realize what is for their best interest they will fortify themselves against the occasional indifference of husbands, and the selfishness of children, by enlarging the circle

of their own interests beyond the home circles. Thus will they get a sense of values, and realize that as neither husband nor children concentrate all their interest on their wife and mother, they do not appreciate what they make her suffer. When other interests are taken up by woman, she inevitably becomes less sensitive to family slights; in fact, comes not to be aware of many of them, and so develops into a more companionable, as well as less tormented, being. No fate is more to be shunned than that in which the comfort and happiness of one human being is wholly dependent on the relations existing between him (or her) and another, and yet that has been the deplorable fate of women as a class for centuries. It is undoubtedly true that no man should live for himself, but it is equally true that no one should allow any one else to do his living for him, and that is what thoroughgoing dependence on another amounts to. What all should seek to cultivate is an ennobled self-sufficiency.

Concentration of Thought

"I didn't think," is the excuse offered by so many. Thinking is the thing in business.

Every man should take from five to fifty minutes each day and divorce his mind from the strenuous activity surrounding him and devote the time to thought.

The brain is like the muscle; it must have exercise or it becomes flabby.

Cultivate concentration of thought; study your sphere of usefulness; cut out the weeds that grow in your brain; get out of the mental rut you are in; stop drifting; keep your brain active.

Men are paid for either what they think or what they do with their muscles. Man's muscles have a limit; he can move just so much matter by physical force, but by thinking he has unlimited possibilities.

The world offers golden prizes to the man who thinks. You can cultivate your brain; you can make it expand. The brain is like a plant. Nourish it, cultivate it, care for it, and it will grow.

Excitement, striving for pleasures, indulging in reading light frothy literature are all weeds or thought killers.

Sleep and Its Counterfeits.

By Woods Hutchinson in American.

SLEEP, after thirty centuries of study and thirty thousand of experience, is still a mystery. We know all about it, but nothing of it. The results of our most laborious researches, our most painstaking studies, are mainly negative.

One great positive fact, however, emerges from the negations of all theories; sleep is not a negative process but a positive one, not a mere cessation of activity, but a substitution of constructive bodily activity for destructive. The "anabolic" or up-building processes are in excess of the "katabolic" or down-breaking processes during sleep. During the working hours the balance is reversed. Sleep is a recharging of the body-battery.

It is the positive, constructive character of sleep which explains why babies at the period of their most rapid growth and development sleep from sixteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, a capacity which steadily diminishes until adult life is reached, when it becomes constant, in the neighborhood of nine hours. At the other end of the scale of life, the well-known light sleeping and early awaking, characteristic of old age, is due to a loss of this reconstructive power. It is not that an old man does not need so much sleep as the child or adult, but that he can't get it—has lost, to a degree, the capacity, and the reconstructive processes involved therein. The dozings and drowsings of old people during the day are mild torpors from exhaustion, not true sleep—forerunners of the final ending of consciousness.

It is the positive reconstructive quality which accounts for the differences in the quality of sleep which we have all experienced. A nap of an hour when conditions are favorable will often rest and refresh us as much as a whole night's restless, dream-ridden slumber at other times. It is also the basis of the well-known ability of vigorous, healthy men to get along with exceedingly small amounts of sleep. Some exceptional individuals have been able to do immense amounts of work with only four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and keep this up for years without apparent harm.

So, generally, has this positive factor been overlooked in popular literature that it has given rise to a whole series of misleading analogies. Confusion has been allowed to creep into popular and even scientific literature between the drowsiness and coma of fever, and other morbid conditions, and true sleep. These conditions are abnormal, as a rule injurious, and in no sense tend to reconstruction. A typhoid-fever patient who has apparently slept two-thirds of the time for two weeks will wake up with a loss of twenty or thirty pounds weight, weak as a kitten, emaciated, wretched. The vast majority of these drowsy, so-called sleepy, comatose conditions—the unconsciousness of fever, of exhaustion, etc.—are totally different from and in opposition to true sleep.

The most dangerous of all counterfeits of sleep are induced by drugs. It goes without saying that there is no drug that can produce sleep any more than growth, appetite or strength. There are many which produce a state of unconsciousness resembling sleep, and some of these are unfortunately much resorted to for this purpose. Though permissible in skilled hands their habitual use is dangerous, both because they are all poisons—weak ones, it is true, but true poisons, and because they smother a symptom, suppress a danger signal, without doing anything to relieve the diseased condition which caused it. The man who cannot sleep is sick, and should reform his habits.

"How much sleep shall I take in the twenty-four hours?" This can be answered unhesitatingly in five words, "As much as you can." Here no competent authority would question the absolute safety of instinct as a guide. As the period of sleep represents the time

necessary to restore the oxygen balance of the tissues, to recharge the battery, then obviously it must last until that process has been completed, as attested by the familiar sense of "restedness" and refreshment. "Go to sleep when you're tired, get up when you wake feeling rested," contains the philosophy of the whole problem.

Obviously no hard and fast rule as to the number of hours required can be laid down. Just as individuals differ in the color of their hair and eyes, the vigor of their appetites, their tendency to be fat, or lean, so they differ in the rapidity of their recuperation during sleep. As has been already mentioned, a few vigorous, energetic individuals seem able to recuperate with such rapidity that as little as four hours' sleep suffices them. To mention a few notable instances, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and his conqueror the Duke of Wellington, John Wesley, and in recent years, Edison, the inventor, were able to refresh themselves completely within this time. On the other hand, anemic and nervous individuals may recuperate with such extreme slowness that they require ten, twelve, or thirteen hours of sleep properly to redress the balance.

At a rough working average it may be stated that the majority of vigorous adults require an average of about nine hours. Women require from half an hour to an hour more than men of their age. Any attempt to shorten this necessary period, whatever it may be, which can readily be ascertained by each individual experimentation, is not only irrational but suicidal.

As a matter of fact, the average amount of sleep taken by most individuals is in the neighborhood of nine hours. The proverbs are, as usual, at sea, and have about the usual amount of influence over actual practice. "Seven hours for a man, eight for a woman, and nine for a fool," has been their dictum for centuries, but the average human being cheerfully plunks himself into the "fool" class, much to his benefit. I believe that the usual eight-hour average laid down in the text-books errs on the side of brevity, and the majority of men in active work take more than this or else suffer for it. The average laboring man goes to bed at between 8.30 and 9.30, or, if he does not, often falls asleep in his chair about 7.30 or 8, and sleeps until 6. The average business or professional man goes to bed about 10 and rises about 8. Each class enjoys on an average nine and ten hours, respectively. How the superstition ever grew up that there is such a thing as weakening yourself by oversleeping I cannot imagine. Whatever may have been the source of the delusion it is utterly without basis in physiology. No one ever got too much healthy, natural sleep, or injured himself physically by staying in bed until he felt rested. It must, of course, be remembered that sleep in stuffy, ill-ventilated rooms may never produce this sense of being rested, no matter how long it is prolonged. But, again, it is not the length of sleep, but the quality which is at fault. More than this, a great majority of men and all women would be benefited by a nap of from twenty minutes to an hour after the midday meal. In the case of women who are able to control their time, this should be insisted upon as a daily rule. Many men are unfortunately so situated that for business reasons this rest cannot be obtained, but they should make an effort to obtain it even if they do not fall asleep in the time.

This average of nine hours, of course, applies only to adults. For children it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule whatever. In the earliest days of infancy, fifteen to eighteen hours are required for the recuperative process. So astoundingly somnolent are young babies that I was once consulted by an anxious father who expressed great uneasiness lest his baby's brain should not develop properly because it slept so much of the time. Needless to say, it was his first. From this the period gradually falls until by the third year it has reached the neighborhood of twelve hours, and by the fifth year, ten. But these again are to be taken only as the crudest of averages, as individual children differ enormously, according to their vigor, rate of growth, time of year, etc. A baby or young child should have absolutely every minute of sleep that it

can be induced to take, and sleeplessness is even more emphatically a sign of disease in children than in adults. This necessity and capacity for large amounts of refreshing sleep persists up to adult life, and the amount required seldom falls below ten hours before the eighteenth or twentieth year.

To make children or rapidly growing young adults get up before they have had their sleep out, and feel thoroughly rested, is not merely irrational but cruel, and when it is done as a routine practice at boarding schools, or other institutions, by those who pretend to be fitted to have the care of children, it is little short of criminal.

When is this sleep to be taken? For choice. and as a matter of convenience on various grounds, sometime within the hours of darkness, just when makes no difference. There is no adequate foundation for the popular belief that the "beauty sleep" is that which is taken before midnight, still less that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after. This impression has grown up upon economic and moral grounds connected with the early-rising fetish, and has no basis in physiology except in so far as it is involved in retiring sufficiently early to enable one to secure the requiste sleep-period before the hour of compulsory rising. It has been demonstrated by numerous experiments that the depth of sleep rapidly increases from its beginning to about the beginning of the second hour, then almost as rapidly diminishes until the middle of the third, after which it remains at practically the same level until the hour of waking. Some observers have reported a second increase in the depth of slumber about the second hour before waking, but this does not seem constant. Although as tested by the loudness of the noise required to awaken the sleeper, the depth of sleep is greater during the first three hour, it does not appear that the process of recuperation is going on any more rapidly during this part of the sleep period. Indeed, all experiments which have been made, and practical experience as well, indicate that the last two hours of sleep give fully as much recuperation as the first two. It is by no means infrequent that individuals will wake, from various causes, at the end of the sixth or seventh hour, with a distinct sensation of being unrefreshed, with, perhaps, a slight headache, which will have completely disappeared after two hours' more sleep.

Strange as it seems there does not appear to be any necessary physiological connection between sleep and the hours of darkness. As a matter of convenience, most tribes and races have fallen into the habit of taking their period of rest at night, because the occupations necessary for securing food and a living are more advantageously carried out during the daylight. It is, however, perfectly practicable to reverse this completely, working during the hours of darkness and sleeping during the day for considerable periods of time without any apparent injury. That this habit, if persisted in for months, as in the case of night-watchmen, firemen, railroad men, etc., is apt to cause anemia and neurasthenia, is due to the loss of sunlight involved. Animals, of course, are perfectly indifferent, often habitually turning night into day. Most species simply utilize for sleep such part or parts of the twenty-four hours as are not needed for securing food.

To that most acutely personal question, "How early shall we get up in the morning?" physiology has little to say in answer. If under the stern stress of work-a-day life it is obligatory for any individual to arise at an early hour, all it can advise is to be to bed at such an hour as will enable him to get his nine hours' sleep before that time.

But that there is any advantage in early rising as such there seems little ground for believing. By the way its praises have been sung in proverb and homily one would think that it was the chief of the virtues. but its claims have little basis in physiology. Its virtues are purely economical, commercial, and its rank among the virtues is a survival from hard-fisted agricultural ancestors, whose work had to be done in daylight. Naturally it became a principle with them to get as much of this as possible. It also appealed to their commercial instinct in another sense, as it was regarded as the highest and most praiseworthy

economy to "burn daylight instead of candles." These influences have combined to elevate to a pinnacle of virtue a habit which is merely a money-making one.

One of the principal arguments in its favor, that it is natural to rise with the sun and go to bed with the same, is so absolutely irrelevant that it needs no discussion. We have neither the endurance of that distinguished traveler, nor is his appearance in any way the signal for the beginning of our activities or his disappearance for their close. Nor can the "good example" of animals and birds be quoted with any reason. Many of them don't set it at all, but retire with the sunrise. Those that do —are simply where our ancestors were a million years ago. The longest step towards humanization was the discovery of fire and consequent ability to sit up late at night and consider things. Civilization and late hours always go hand in hand.

Nor is there any adequate support for the impression that the early morning hours are in any way more wholesome or healthy than later periods of the day. Except in summer time they are apt to be damp, foggy, chilly and among the least desirable hours of daylight. It is quite true that during the summer there is a sense of exhilaration about being abroad in these early morning hours, but this evaporates with the dew and is apt to be succeeded by a corresponding depression and loss of working power later in the day. I have been observing my friends and patients for the past twenty years, in this respect, and am inclined to the opinion that not a little of the depression and nervousness which so commonly develop in hot weather is due to excessive exposure to light, from habits of early rising, inherited from agricultural ancestors, not counteracted by three to four hours' rest in darkened rooms in the middle of the day.

Secondly, that the exhilaration experienced during the early morning hours is an expensive luxury which has to be paid for later in the day. In fact, I have found, that as a general rule, to put it very roughly, the business or professional man who rises an hour before half-past seven or eight, goes to bed, or loses his working power, an hour and a half earlier in the evening. Each individual has in the beginning of his day about so much working power stored up in his brain and muscle cells. If he uses this up with great rapidity in the early morning hours he naturally exhausts his stock the sooner in the afternoon or evening.

It is largely a matter of when a man wishes to be at his best. If his occupation is of such a character that he can clear off the brunt of his work in the early morning hours, then let him rise early. If, on the other hand, he requires full vigor and readiness of mind and body in the latter part of the day, or at night, then he must rise later to get it. Even in pure muscle-work it is false economy to work too long hours. The eight-hour-a-day factory-hand invariably turns out more work and of a better quality than the twelve-hour-a-day man. Much more so in intellectual work. A few hours at high tension and pitch accomplish more than a day's "slogging." It need, of course, hardly be pointed out that the stage of intellectual development of any community is in direct ratio to the lateness of the hours it keeps. All the activities, social, literary, convivial, philosophic, that bring out what is best in man, are at their highest tide after eight in the evening.

As we know of no drug or procedure which can produce sleep, it is obviously absurd to expect any "sure cure" for sleeplessness. This is invariably a sign of disturbance of balance, or of incipient disease, and should be treated only by careful investigation and removal of its cause, when found. And there will be nearly as many causes as there are sufferers. We cannot even say what particular bad physical habit is most frequently to blame. So that the number of "good things to do for sleeplessness," which have any wide application, is very limited.

The one procedure which most universally disposes to sound sleep, is one which is within the reach of all, and that is getting well tired. To work hard enough every day to get comfortably tired, particularly muscularly, is the

best cure for insomnia. Excessive fatigue may, of course, produce it. Sleep is not solely or even chiefly a matter of the brain, but of all the active tissues of the body and especially the muscles. We must be symmetrically fatigued, or, as we say, "tired all over," in order to sleep well. While there are many exceptions, laboring men and all those engaged in active out-door occupations usually sleep well. Most of our "incomniacs" are men and women of sedentary habits. In fact, I have been sometimes inclined to suspect that sleep is even more a matter of the muscles than of the brain. Certainly the soundness of sleep of many professional and business men is directly related to the amount of muscular exercise in the open air which they have taken during the day. A brisk daily walk of from two to four miles is the most universally effective hypnotic. But even this rule has many exceptions.

Diet has little influence on sleep, except in so far as it may produce disturbances of digestion, and through these of the general balance of health. The hypnotic effects of certain foods, such as onions, lettuce, milk, etc., are chiefly imaginary. Even the time of the last meal of the day is of relatively little importance, except that it is well to let this be at least two or three hours before retiring. But even this rule has many exceptions, as many healthy laboring men habitually fall asleep over their pipes directly after supper, and children, after poking the spoon into their little eyes, nod off over the tea-table, with the bread and butter still clutched in their chubby fists.

The processes of digestion probably go on more slowly during sleep, but they are perfectly carried out, as is illustrated by the almost invariable habit among animals of going to sleep directly after a meal.

Indeed, a moderate amount of food in the stomach or intestines seems to promote slumber. Many night-workers, for instance, sleep much better for taking a light or even full supper just before retiring.

It goes without saying that the bedroom should be well ventilated, especially in view of the heavy storing up of oxygen in the tissues which goes on during sleep. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pithily remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome as day air. Night fogs and rain are only injurious in so far as they frighten you into shutting your windows. No air that ever blew out doors is so dangerous, or poisonous, as that inside a bedroom with closed windows.

The temperature of the room should be about 55 degrees to 60 degrees F., if possible. If markedly below this the amount of covering required is apt to become so great as to interfere with the respiration of the skin. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal or slightly above, when lying on the side. The good, hard common-sense of humanity has solved all these problems, and the modern hair mattress, or its equivalent, single pillow and blankets, or cheese-cloth-covered "comfort," which can be cleaned and aerated by turning the hose on it, can hardly be much improved on. Beyond these there is no virtue whatever in hard beds, flat or no pillows, and cold bedrooms. Just another instance of the deification of the disagreeable. The boggy feather bed, collector of the perspirations and diseases of successive generations, the bolster, the eider-down quilt, the hard sail-cloth-like counterpane, both airtight, and the latter heavy as a board, have gone to the attic or the ash heap, where they belong, along with the four-poster and its curtains, the night cap and the warming pan. Relics all of a barbarism which was either too stupid or too stingy to warm its bedrooms. The colder the bedroom in winter, the less the windows are opened and the fouler the air.

As to dreams, the less said the better. Partly because we know so precious little about them, and partly because they are no part of normal sleep. It would also take a great many words to ex-

plain how little we know about them. All we can say of them is that they appear to be due, to put it crudely, to different areas of the brain, or tissues and parts of the body, varying in the degree of their fatigue and consequently soundness of their sleep. Either those functions, or regions, of the brain and body which have not been sufficiently exercised during the day, or on the other hand, those which have been overtaxed and unduly fatigued, may "stay awake" and make vague impressions on our consciousness. So far as dreams can be said to follow any law whatever, they seem inclined to be often either continuous, or revulsive, "like," or "contrary." Either weird and improbable continuations of our thoughts and occupations during the day, or more often wild rebounds into opposite, or widely different, fields. The merchant dreams of going to war, the miser of making love, the professor of making money, the gilded youth of thinking. Thus there is a faint physiologic basis for the belief that dreams "go by contraries." They certainly "go," or "come true," by that rule as often as by any other.

The troubled, or horrid, dreams which occur during sickness are probably due to the torturing of the brain-areas, in which the images conjured up are stored by the toxins with which the blood is loaded. Similarly the grewsome visions and nightmares, which embitter the slumbers of those under the stress of violent emotions and mental suffering, are due to similar action by the fatigue-poisons produced by these states. While perfectly normal sleep is dreamless, yet a moderate amount of dreaming, especially if the images evoked are of a pleasing, or indifferent, character, is quite compatible with good and refreshing slumber. The sleep which is accompanied by "good" dreams, is usually restful, as is illustrated by the universal good-night wish of "Sweet dreams." The sleep attended by "bad" dreams is apt to be disturbed and unrefreshing, which simply means that mild and harmless stimulations of the brain-areas during sleep produce pleasing images, while stronger stimulations or injurious irritation by toxins evoke distressing, or painful, images. A well-known illustration of the latter fact is the notorious connection between "gobberlins with glass-green eyes" and cold mince-pie for supper.

Persistent or frequent bad dreams are, like insomnia, a sign of ill-health, and should be regarded and treated as such.

One thing more can fairly safely be said about average or healthy dreams, and that is that they are largely due to the condition of the skin, whether external or internal. Our alimentary canal or food tube, is, of course, only a long roll of the skin, tucked into the interior of the body for digestive purposes, our brain and spinal-cord another and solider fold, sunk in for telegraphic uses.

Slight changes in, or irritations of, the surface of the body, or the lining of the alimentary canal, are probably the starting points of most of our milder dreams. This faint impulse wakes up either the brain-area, with which it is directly connected, or the one which happens to be most nearly awake, and we are off.

Some of our common dreams seem to be directly traceable. Slipping down of the blankets is followed by dreams of Arctic relief expeditions or falling into snowdrifts. A gas-distended stomach, pushing up the diaphragm and compressing the lungs, produces dreams of "something sitting on your chest," or dramatic struggles against other forms of suffocation.

The common single dream, that of falling, falling, falling from a great height, to wake with a gasp of relief just as you are about to strike and be dashed to pieces, is probably due to the general muscular relaxation and falling of the head, arms, and limbs which accompanies settling down to sleep. Careful studies have shown that it almost invariably occurs during the first forty-five seconds of sleep. A slip, or change of position, of a sixteenth of an inch, is enough to suggest the idea of falling to the brain. It "does the rest," and provides out of its swarming storehouse of images and precipices, flights of stairs, giddy mastheads, and other scenic effects. If the impression is not vivid enough to wake you, you "strike bot-

tom'' with a delicious sensation of restful warmth and repose, just such as your tired body is getting from its ''downy couch.''

The next common dream, which we have all had scores of times, which, as Dickens quaintly said, he was sure even Queen Victoria, with all her royal wardrobes full of clothes, must have also had, that of suddenly finding yourself in public half-dressed, seems almost equally traceable.

The dream, and we can all recall its mortifying vividness, is usually associated with insufficient, or displaced, bedclothes. This gives our drowsy brain-cortex the idea that we haven't sufficient clothes on. Our arms and shoulders being completely covered by the close-fitting upper half of the nightgown, the impression of unprotectedness comes most vividly from our unencased lower limbs, and the hint is enough. Our well-trained modesty takes furious fright and hinc illae lachrumae, ''hence these weeps.''

We don't know much about dreams, but we know enough to feel fairly sure that they have no relation to anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, which is more than a hand's-breadth outside of the sleeper's skin.

Any beliefs or deductions based upon their assumed relation to things outside of this area are, from a biologic point of view, the purest and pearliest of moonshine.

The Mongolian as a Workingman.

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson in World's Work.

HAVING lived along the Pacific Coast from Vancouver Island to Los Angeles for nearly seven years, I have had time enough to observe the situation without remaining in any one place long enough to absorb local prejudices. Being neither a day-laborer nor an employer of labor, my point of view has not been obscured by personal interest.

First of all, no class on the Pacific Coast desires an unlimited, or even a very large, immigration of Mongolians, whether coolies or merchants, Chinese, Japanese, or Koreans. The people want to keep this coast a white man's country. Many of us are keenly alive to the complications arising from the permanent presence of an inferior race with which it is not suitable to intermarry. Yet in these seven years I have found the consensus of intelligent opinion in the community—farmers, merchants, professional men, lumbermen, housewives, in fact, all grades and conditions of people, except the labor unions, the ''hoodlums,'' and the politicians and editors who truckle to such classes—strongly in favor of a limited Mongolian immigration.

They believe that the Chinese and the Japanese—up to, say, a quarter or half a million—would be of enormous commercial value to the coast, and of little or no social or moral disadvantage. They do not say much about it in public, for intelligent opinion goes about in fear of the noisier and more prejudiced expressions, and of the newspapers which echo them. Our politicians take their cue from the shoutings of the mob and misrepresent us on this question. A false impression has grown up in the East with regard to the real attitude of Oregon and California toward the Oriental problem.

The considerations that lead many intelligent people to favor Chinese and Japanese immigration are these:

First, there is an utter absence on the coast of any native-born or American white day-laboring class below the artisan or skilled mechanic. I have never yet met on this coast an American white man who was willing to regard himself as a day-laborer by profes-

sion, who expected to pass his life in that capacity. American laborers are too intelligent and too ambitious for that. The native-born men and boys who cultivate our ranches, pick our fruit, build our railroads, and man our lumber crews, are simply "working for a stake." As soon they have earned one or two hundred dollars, off they go to the mines, the fisheries, the timber and homestead claims, to set up for themselves. They are the finest labor on earth, as long as you can hold them, but the moment they have "made their stake" they leave. A new find at Bullfrog, Tonopah, or Rhyolite will empty the bunk-houses in a week.

There is only a small supply of Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and Russians. These immigrants come by way of New York and stop off along the whole breadth of the continent, so the handful which reaches us is wholly inadequate for our needs.

Moreover, we prefer the Chinese to any of these or to the Mexicans with their dirt, laziness, and stupidity. The Chinaman is the most industrious worker that walks the earth in human form. He doesn't seem to know how to get tired. All you need to do is to show him what he has to do, and set him at it; he will stay by it as long as he can see to work, seven days out of the week. There is something positively uncanny about his affection for work. No class of white men will work with the unremitting persistency of the Chinese. The Japanese is more human. He will quit of his own accord occasionally, but he also is a tireless, cheerful worker.

Besides, the Chinaman is absolutely trustworthy. If he says that he will work for a month, you can depend on getting thirty days of labor out of him with a certainty equaled by few other things on this planet. If he falls sick, he promptly provides a countryman to do his work and to take care of him in the intervals, if you will allow him to remain where he is; if not, he goes to the hospital. He may quarrel with you, yet he will not quit his job. He will take it out in gesticulations and Oriental "cuss-words" until you can get another man in his place. You may even have difficulty in discharging him for cause until his time is up.

The Japanese is not quite so reliable in this respect. He will sometimes leave without a word of warning, often without any reason that you can discover. "I like you very much, but I think I go to-morrow," is all the satisfaction you can get. However, it is only fair to say that this form of desertion is not so common as among white laborers or servants, the only difference being that the latter grumble beforehand, threaten to leave, and give various alleged reasons for their action, while the Jap says nothing until his mind is made up and then nothing can change it. He is polite and smiling but adamant. "Shall I get you new boy?" is his ultimate word. One of the secrets of his troublesomeness in this regard is that he is here for a purpose other than earning money. He wants to learn a language, a trade, a military secret, the geography of a town or country. Till he accomplishes this, he is your most faithful servant; the moment it is done, he goes on to the next accomplishment. It is significant that it is the student class of Japanese that gives most trouble in this respect. The coolie class "stays put" quite steadily.

Both races are very particular to get in advance every detail of the work they are expected to do, or to get it during the first few days; and then, if anything vital has been omitted, not an inch will they go beyond the limits of the original agreement—not even for more wages—during that month, or week. At the end of the term they again become elastic and will consider a new contract, but a modification of the old seems a thing unthinkable to them.

The Japanese is also very particular from whom he takes his orders. "And who my boss?" is one of his first inquiries after the preliminaries are settled, and the person specified is the only one in the family or establishment whose authority he recognizes. He is polite and obliging to everybody, but no change in the order or time of his regular duties will he make except by order of "The Boss."

A third quality that commends both

Japanese and Chinese to the people of the coast is their excellent moral character. Not only is crime distinctly rare among them but they are extraordinarily quiet, good-natured, and well-behaved. They are, as a rule, utterly above petty thieving and may be trusted absolutely with goods, valuables, or money, while in matters of business they have a high sense of honor. The mere word of a Chinese merchant or trading-house is good for tens of thousands of dollars; your Chinese steward is absolutely straight in his accounts; your washerman returns every garment you sent out and seldom attempts to overcharge; and housewives have found that it is perfectly safe to pay the bill presented by the Chinese market gardener at the end of the month (made up from a row of mysterious scratches with charcoal on the canvas over of his wagon) without troubling to check it up.

The Japanese do not bear so high a character in this regard. The paper of their merchants is not so good, and they are frequently accused of sharp practice in bargains or contracts—but since when have we been entitled to hold up hands of holy horror at this sort of thing? In the fine old Johnsonese phrase "the invidiousness of their offense consisteth not in the singularity of it." Granting all that they have been accused of, they are nearly as honest as the average white man; indeed, much of the disfavor with which they are beginning to be regarded is due to the fact that they are coming to meet us, if not to beat us, at our own game.

Apart from these merely commercial or mechanical virtues, both Japanese and Chinese have an excellent personal reputation all up and down the coast. Not only are they honest and industrious, but they are kindly, cheerful, grateful for good treatment, devoted to the children of the families in which they work, faithful to their friends, kind to their families, to one another, and to everyone in trouble. They give liberally not only to their own poor, but to Christian missions and charities. "As fat as a Chinaman's horse" has passed into a proverb. The dislike of them is racial and class, not personal. I was in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and noted the utter absence of any personal ill-feeling toward the Chinese on the part of the other refugees. White men and Chinese squatted side by side in the parks, stood in the same breadline, and jostled against each other as they toiled up the streets away from the fire, loaded with bedding and food, but there was never a word nor a sign of other than cheery good fellowship and mutual helpfulness.

The terrors of the "Yellow Peril" exist chiefly in the imaginations of walking delegates and Congressmen. "Chinese cheap labor" has not to date "ruined" any white man, for the simple reason that it does not compete with him. It fills a gap which no white man or woman on the Pacific Coast is willing to fill, except temporarily under stress of circumstance. It is not a question of wages. The fact of the matter is that we cannot get, at any price, more than half the white labor that we need here now to build and keep in repair our railroads, man our mines, work our farms, pick our fruit, our hops, our nuts, grow our vegetables, and do our household work. A good general servant in California, for instance, commands from $30 to $40 a month, with the washing "put out," and few are to be had at that price.

To speak of "Chinese cheap labor" provokes a smile on the coast, for the Chinese laborer gets at least as high a wage as the white man of the same class, and usually a little higher, on account of his superior industry, honesty, and trustworthiness. Chinese workingmen earn from $2 to $4 a day in the orchards, the mines, and the canneries, while a fair Chinese servant gets $40 a month and board, and a good cook or steward receives from $50 to $100. One such cook, with a helper, will provide meals in a lumber or mining camp for forty or fifty men.

Nor does the great mass of Japanese interfere with any class of white labor. Certain of them are more enterprising and versatile, however, and are beginning to enter the lower grades of skilled manual labor. Hence their unpopularity with the labor unions and the recent agitation for their exclusion. The chief

trouble with the Japanese is that he is a little too much like ourselves.

The Oriental influence upon our social or political life need give little concern since both races come here with the fixed intention of returning to the Orient—the Chinese after he has made some money, the Japanese after he has learned some particular thing. They show not the slightest desire to intermarry with the white race, even if this were permitted; they take no more interest in politics or in any form of social life outside of their own colonies and tongs, or gnilds, than so many horses.

As to the nameless Oriental vices and diseases about which we hear so much, I think I may be allowed to speak with some positiveness. For two years I was State Health Officer of Oregon, and one of my first duties was a thorough investigation of the Chinatowns of San Francisco and Portland with reference to the bubonic plague, which was at that time smouldering in the former city. If there was anything in these colonies that I did not see, it was my own fault, as I was always courteously accompanied by Federal, state or municipal officers. When in search of a suspected case of plague, every door which was not promptly opened on demand, was smashed in with an axe. In addition, I have been for years keenly interested both in tropical diseases and in the forms assumed by European diseases in Oriental races.

I have no hesitation in saying that neither the Chinese nor the Japanese has a single disease or vice which does not exist among white men, except certain geographical infections like beriberi, nor is he subject to them in any higher degree than white men of his grade of intelligence. Leprosy, for instance, is no more prevalent among them than it was in Norway and Sweden fifty years ago, and in Scotland and Ireland 150 years ago. More lepers have actually come into the United States from northern Europe than from all Asia, and since the United States Marine Hospital Service began inspecting intending immigrants in Chinese ports, scarcely a single case has entered by the Pacific port. Whatever danger threatened from this disease is already abolished.

The same may be said of any further danger from the bubonic plague. While both Chinese and Japanese suffer severely from tuberculosis this is little more prevalent among them than among Irish, Scandinavians, Italians, Russians, or Hungarians, and can with equal readiness be absolutely excluded by competent sanitary inspection and quarantine regulations. Diseases peculiar to men are neither more frequent nor more virulent among them than among white men of the same class. Most cases have been contracted since coming to this country.

The sanitary (or, more properly, insanitary) conditions of Chinatowns are only such as result from overcrowding. The chief difficulty in the way of their complete removal is the shameful opposition of the white owners of the property, many of them pillars of society and of the church, whose enormous revenues from the rookeries are in direct ratio to the number of tenants they can crowd into them. Money greed and the dishonesty of politicians and police who blackmail its vices and necessities are the sole hindrance to the cleansing of these "Oriental plague-spots."

The Chinese contribute to the situation simply by their patient submission to overcrowding and their willingness to pay rent for space in which a white man would suffocate. Contrary to popular impression they are not dirty in their personal habits. I have physically examined scores of Chinese and Japanese, and they strip cleaner than any European immigrants of their class. Their bedrooms are neatly kept and their kitchens are cleaner than those of the average restaurant. In fact, they must be clean, as a matter of stern survival necessity. I have frequently seen inside-rooms fifteen feet square, without windows or airshafts, their only opening being a door into a dark, narrow passage, in which cooked, ate and slept ten to twelve Chinese; and yet there was little or no offensive odor.

Chinese and Japanese servants are models of neatness and cleanliness, and usually report for duty in white duck jackets. They keep both kitchens and

bedrooms far cleaner than the average foreign-born hired girl.

Any Chinatown can be kept in good sanitary condition, merely by a little energetic and honest health-policing and by enforcing the building and lodging-house laws already in existence. Make the owners of the property pay a special license tax out of their enormous rentals, use this to provide a special sanitary inspector, and the thing is done. Chinese stand in holy fear of the law and its officers, and one or two lessons would be enough. They take very kindly to overcrowding; if permitted they will take a room or floor, "split" it into two stories, if the ceilings are more than twelve feet high, by putting in an extra floor six feet above the original one. If the ceiling is lower, they build tiers of bunks clear to the top, with, perhaps, a gallery four feet below it. These quarters are then sublet to a dozen or a score of sub-tenants. But a few arrests and a tearing out of these "improvements" would soon stop all this. They do not love overcrowding and dirt for their own sake, but merely put up with them to save money; the rooms of the more intelligent and wealthy Chinese are often light, airy, and spotlessly clean.

Many disgusting things are to be seen in our Chinatowns, but nothing that cannot be matched in any city slum or "tenderloin." The worst "joints" are those which are run for the benefit of white visitors and white patrons. We pay too high a compliment to Chinese intelligence when we imagine that he can devise anything more ingenious or complicated in the way of vice than we. He gambles, of course, but fan-tan is his only substitute for the race course and Wall Street. In the absence of family life, he invents all sorts of ingenious deviltry—just like New York or London clubmen. He smokes a good deal of opium and probably shortens his life considerably by so doing, but for some strange racial reason it seldom makes the abject physical and moral wreck of him that morphine does of the white man. So far as I can learn, only about 50 per cent. of the Chinese and scarcely 20 per cent. of the Japanese "hit the pipe" at all. Of these probably not more than a third do so to excess, and even they "carry it" surprisingly well. Unless thoroughly familiar with the symptoms, you might see a Chinese every day and never suspect that he was an opium habitue Unlike Mark Twain's prospector who "never let his business interfere with his drinking," the Chinese never lets his pipe interfere with his work—until the last few weeks, or months before the end. He smokes only out of business hours, or at the end of his week or month, when he can get a day or two off. It is not a handsome nor attractive vice, and the only white who are led to indulge in it are of the lowest class.

On the other hand, the great majority of Orientals either abstain from alcohol or take it in strict moderation. There are a few saloons in each Chinatown, and they can generally be picked out by the group of white men hanging about the door. Of late, the Japanese is showing a little tendency to take kindly to whiskey as a substitute for his native sake (rice brandy). Occasionally he will even take enough to become boisterious and come in contact with the police, which occasions much shaking of heads and wagging of beards over "steins."

Managers of canneries which have to handle promptly and regularly every day of the season large amounts of valuable raw material or have it spoil on their hands, will tell you frankly that they prefer Chinese or Japanese to white labor, because they never get drunk or go on sprees at critical periods and require no holidays or days off.

In fine, while the Chinese and the Japanese have their defects, and the coast has no desire to "gush" over them or urge them to become citizens, we regard them as a valuable commercial factor, and as a race as free from vice or other drawbacks as can reasonably be expected of mortals.

The Good Features in Christian Science.

By Rev. F. Engee in Modern Miracles.

PRIMITIVE Christianity has been sadly and woefully departed from, since the times of the third century churches. The sick have not been taken care of and healed, as they should have been. Because of this, fraternal organizations and numerous secular charities have been formed, to offset the lack of the church and to meet the needs of humanity. The great heart of the race, alive in the Christ principle, "wept over Jerusalem" and sought in its own crude way to alleviate misery. The remnant in Israel deplored the departure of the Church from its true mission of healing, cleansing, casting out and its unnecessary emphasis placed upon the non-essentials of creeds. Therefore its members co-operated with any measure leading to the carrying out, even in a small measure, of the Christ Commission. They realized that "faith without works is dead being alone."

During the centuries between the third and the twentieth, God-inspired persons have "done what they could." both in and outside of the Church. Still, the Church, as a whole, spelt in large letters the fact that the "age of miracles was past." That "healing was only for the early dispensation" and the error became an established fact. To-day finds the Church impotent in that which should be its greatest power. The result is only too glaringly apparent when the small average attendance at services is seen, in comparison to the large number who are seeking elsewhere what they should find within the Church.

It is a part of the world's history that the Nation or Church which neglects a fundamental part of God's truth shall become obsolete. Its work and destiny shall be assumed by some other organization or peoples for "truth is mighty and will prevail." So the neglected work of healing will find its advocates outside of the Church if they are not to be found within its walls. For God intended all to be healed and Christ came for "the healing of the nations." "Hear, O ye Heavens." And the righteous are crying out "How long, O Lord; how long."

If Christ came to teach the world through His disciples one fact more than another it was His "joy might be in them and that their joy might be full." So the Christian Scientists erect bright, cheerful, joy-giving edifices. It is a positive delight to enter one of them and imbibe of their radiant atmospheres while listening to their uplifting and inspiring hymns. In the majority of them white obtains, and most restful and peaceful and purifying are its influences. Why should the orthodox churches put such stress upon the Crucifixion as to utterly overshadow the Resurrection? Christ came that all might have life and have it more abundantly. It is a deplorable state of affairs that the Church is always typifying death by sombre music, heavy incense, depressing and gloomy interiors. "Awake thou that sleepest," "Thy Christ is upon a throne." "He ever liveth and reigneth." "Shout the glad tidings exultingly sing." O Church of the living God put white robes not only upon choir boys, but make thine interior and exterior "altogether lovely." When thou dost "heal" and "cleanse" and "cast out demons" it will cause thee to build a-new and thy forbidding cathedral of gloom will give way to temples that shall be poems of beauty and joy.

To the writer another powerful and good feature in Christian Science is the unity of all its members for one whole week at a time upon one very definite line of thought. "Concentration is power." The orthodox Church is prominent for its diversity in unity rather than for its unity in diversity. No matter in what city, town or village throughout the world a Christian Scientist may be, upon a given Sunday, he knows what portion of the Bible and "Science and Health" will be read at church. So he is not compelled to consult a newspaper as to whom and what

he will listen to, but he is simply concerned in going to the nearest church for the subject and its interpretation will be positively in harmony with its belief. As he sits in silent and reverential meditation he feels his atoneness with thousands upon thousands of others in realizing the all-powerful Goodness of God. Oh! orthodox church, is this what Christ meant when he prayed that "all might be one?" No wonder the growth of Christian Science keeps commanding universal attention. They are "all of one accord in one place at one time." They do not fritter away time nor lose energy by giving themselves "to idle disputations." "Believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things," "they dwell together in unity" of thought and thus are enabled to let their "light shine" without flickering, wavering, growing dim, or being obscured by private belief.

Another good feature of Christian Science is the emphasis laid upon Demonstration. This creates a positive Brotherhood of Helpfulness. They are constantly on the alert to prove their faith by their works. If they fail to do this they lose good standing in their church. This is a good trait or article of religion. It puts a premium upon good health, good thoughts, good acts. It denies sickness, evil meditation, badness, by affirming the realities of all good. A most commendable way, for in the orthodox church too much importance has been given to Faith and too little attention paid to Worsk. This is why so many "backslide." Mrs. Eddy recognizes the vast value of a good life for in "Science and Health" (1900), page 185, she writes: "A wicked man is not the idea of God." She also deplores the fact that, 'It is easier for Christianity to cast out sickness than sin; for the sick are more willing to part with pain than to give up sinful pleasures." Science and Health (1900), page 32). So she insists upon belief being demonstrated. The denial of Error to be immediately followed by the action of Truth. This makes each Christion Scientist anxious to live the good life and also makes him ever ready to help another to so live. And, after all, is this not the real total of true brotherhood? For with all good living will come all good results Godward and Manward.

Another good feature of Christian Science is the readiness with which its members contribute to its support. The writer has personally known of the building of some of its largest and best attended Churches, and in each case when the members have moved into their own church, they have always had money to spare. There was in each case a surplus in the treasury. He, when in attendance at their services has never heard any "begging" such as he has done in the past, as he has heard other clergymen do. The Christian Scientists seems to have so grasped the meaning of the word gratitude as to find it a pleasure and not a task to support their church in a bountiful manner. In my judgment, it proves that "all that a man hath will he give for his life," and if the orthodox Church would practice healing, as it should, there never would be any need of the usual make-shifts in raising money to support the cause.

Another good feature of Christian Science lies in the fact that it places woman where she belongs—beside man. Christ's religion has done more for woman than any other teaching the world has seen. Woman, therefore, should never be a denier of the claims of Christ. She should rather be his warmest advocate. Mrs. Eddy furnished her this opportunity and places her on an equality with man. In the Christian Science church she occupies a most prominent place and the wisdom of this is seen in her warm esponsal of "Science and Health." The orthodox Church could have held within its precincts many a stalwart and devoted woman of the past who became famous in philanthropic work if she had been alive to her true opportunities.

Another good feature of Christian Science lies in the fact of its practical utility in business life. It not only causes the sick to be healed the victims of bad habits to cure themselves, but it also aids in producing gain in financial transactions. This is the testimony of hundreds. And only recently one of our greatest playwrights stated that three of his great and money-making suc-

cesses were produced because he was a Christian Scientist. This is quite a contrast to the orthodox Christian who tells his pastor he "cannot be religious in business." Surely the point at issue here is worthy of careful investigation.

For surely Christianity as taught by Jesus should be taken everywhere. Did he not say, "Go ye into all the world," teaching them to observe whatsoever things I command you"? Then if the orthodox Christian cannot carry this Christianity into his business and the Christian Scientist can carry his, it is the duty of the Church to find out why these two followers of Jesus differ in action.

In closing, let me quote a few statements from Mrs. Mary Glover Eddy's "Science and Health" (1900) that have impressed me as good features in Christian Science. As to the logical conclusion of her philosophy, or idealism, or metaphysics, or Science, or as to its interpretation, I am not concerned at the present writing. At some later period it may be the subject of a different paper. But be that as it may, Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science is being of great help and encouragement to thousands and its good features should be recognized and commended by all who love humanity as Jesus loved all persons.

As you read the following passages from Mrs. Eddy's book may you join with me in according her due respect and honor as one whom God raised up to honor Christ's statement, "and these signs shall accompany those that believe. In my name shall they cast out demons."

"The discords of corporeal sense must yield to the harmony of spiritual sense." "Few will turn to God till all physical supports have failed, because there is so little faith in His disposition and power to heal." "No intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner, but sound morals are most desirable." "Christian Science is natural, but not physical." "Mind governs the body, not partically, but wholly." "God is the Principle of Christian Science. The vital part, the heart and soul of Christian Science, is love." "God is a spirit; therefore, the language of Spirit must be and is spiritual." "Christian Science is the designation of the scientific system of metaphysical healing." "The criminal mind is enmity against God. The central fact of the Bible is the superiority of spiritual over physical power." "Spiritual evolution alone is worthy of the excuse of divine power." "When the Science of Being is understood every man will be his own physician, and Truth will be the universal panacea." "As mortals begin to understand Spirit they give up the belief that there is any true life outside of God."

Forget evil imagination. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the meanness of small souls. Forget the faults of your friends. Forget the misunderstanding of yesterday. Forget all malice, all fault-finding, all injuries, all hardness, all unlovely and distressful things. Start out every day with a clean sheet. So be lovely, by loving. See how much sunshine you can produce.

What Men of Note Are Saying

THE FABRIC OF LABOR.

By Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux.

The complex and highly-interdependent conditions under which modern trade and industry are carried on, have brought about a situation in every industrial community that the well-being and progress of the whole is in no small degree dependent on the continued and uninterrupted operation of certain underlying factors of production. If, for any cause, injury is received in any of these essential parts, the fabric as a whole is liable to suffer a total or complete paralysis.

Of these factors the great systems of transportation and communication, and the supplies upon which they depend. or, in other words, the great public utilities, are the most important and underlying foundation of the whole structure. One has but to make mention of the disastrous effects of prolonged industrial disputes, either on railways or in mines, such as have been occasioned to a limited extent in this country, and witnessed on a much larger scale elsewhere, to realize the importance of the State doing all in its power to prevent and minimize the frequency of such occurrences, provided a way to this end can be found, without abridging the just rights and privileges of employers and employes as citizens of a free country.

Parliament has shown a courageous and independent spirit in grappling with this problem, which is, perhaps, the greatest of all problems confronting the industrial world at the present time. The Conciliation Act of 1900, the Railway Labor Disputes Act of 1903, and the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of the present year, are all evidences of the interest and attention given to this phase of the labor question by the people of Canada through their representatives at Ottawa. It would require more than human wisdom to devise a means whereby industrial strife any more than individual conflict could be totally effaced.

DUTY OF THE CHURCH PEOPLE OF CANADA.

By Bishop Ingram, of London.

There are four things I want the Church people of Canada to do. In the first place, to be cheerful, to show that cheerfulness in your every day lives. Religion does not mean you must have dull, sour faces, far from it, it makes every one happy. You must reflect that happiness and show the world that Christianity teaches the laws of human happiness.

Secondly, hold fast to Church principles. The future of the Church depends on this. Two-thirds of the human race do not yet know those principles and it is your duty in this young country to preserve those principles intact and so help to mould the Christianity of the future on the right lines.

Thirdly, be forward in all that makes for goodness in everyday life, and in the common advantages of civic life. Don't lag behind and grumble if things go wrong. It is your own faults, unless you do your part. Come boldly forward and take your share in the work of building up your cities and nation for the common good.

Fourthly, I want to see our grand old Church take the foremost place in the missionary work of Canada. There is lots of hard work to be done. There is the whole of the Northwest to look after and keep in the Christian faith. I trust you will ponder over and act upon these four things so that when I visit you again, as I hope I may, I shall find you a more numerous, happy, contented, harmonious family.

THE FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL SITUATION.

By Hon. Leslie M. Shaw.

Our farms produce more than $6,500,000,000 per annum, and the prospect is good for an average crop. Our mines yield more than $1,500,000,000, and our forests more than $1,000,000,000, and none of these sources of wealth have been exhausted. The output of our factories in other than food products, is approximately $12,000,000,000, and no fires have been extinguished. The railways earn more than $2.000,000,000, and they are all in successful operation. The pay rolls of our factories and railways aggregate approximately $3,500,000,000, and the scale of wages has not been reduced.

In other words, the real sources of the people's wealth have not yet been affected, and the ability of industrial concerns to pay dividends is not measured by the market price of their stocks. Logical reasons for serious conditions, are therefore, not wanting.

If I judge correctly, the people will have exactly what they expect. If those who have money in the banks withdraw it and lock it up; if the banks refuse to grant accommodations, and if the consuming public decline to place orders, then we will very soon witness the effect.

Let those who think that times of disaster follow each other at regular intervals bear in mind that this country never yet experienced a period of severe depression that was not traceable to financial or economic agitation or legislation, and usually to both.

In 1893, the redemption of greenbacks in silver instead of gold was only advocated; the party in power was under obligation to remove the protective tariff from our industries and the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one was championed by prominent members of both parties. The country might have survived any one of these sources of alarm, but it could not survive all three.

At this time no one questions our financial system, and the tariff will not be touched for at least eighteen months. Some check in the speed at which we are going is most desirable, and the checking process has probably begun. It will now require a fair measure of confidence and courage to prevent undue retardment in our industries. Capital cannot be forced to activity, but it can be forced out of activity. I have never seen the time when universal sanity was more essential to our well-being.

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION.

By Hon. T. Nosse, Japanese Consul- General.

The enactment of any anti-Japanese immigration law in Canada would give immediate rise to an international question between Britain, Canada and Japan, for the reason that, by the treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation made last year between Japan and Canada, this country is bound, under Article 2, to give to the Japanese the same entire freedom of entry, residence and business occupation as the Dominion extends to any of the European nations, to say nothing of our position as an ally of Great Britain, to which bond Canada is herself a party.

The Japanese Government, moreover, would never entertain any idea of allowing their people to be discriminated against.

As to the special arrangement between us in the matter of immigration, by which you claim we are still bound. I should explain that this voluntary understanding was made some time since, and that by it the number of Japanese coming to the Dominion was restricted to five or six hundred per year, exclusive of merchants, students, and of those of our people, about three thousand in number, who have been naturalized in this country, together with the families of the latter, and that there is no obligation on the part of the Mikado's Government to observe it.

It is purely voluntary restriction on

the part of the Japanese Government made out of sympathy to the Canadian Government, for the benefit of our own people, and with the desire of preventing any irritation on the part of British Columbia by the flooding of the labor market.

Under this understanding the number of Japanese immigrants into Canada was limited to five or six hundred yearly, exclusive of students, merchants and of Japanese who have been previously naturalized in this country, whose number is some three thousand.

This understanding has been faithfully observed by the Japanese Government, and I have no fear of its being departed from on the part of the Dominion Government, as I have perfect confidence in its good faith and in the sound and impartial judgment of its distinguished leaders.

CANADA'S GREATEST FUTURE.

By Lord Strathcona.

I came from Morayshire, Scotland. to Canada, seventy years ago, when I was a mere clip of a boy, ten years old. I went into the employ of the Great Hudson Bay Company. Canada was one tremendous wilderness, but even then she had great possibilities, which I soon learned, and have since seen developed. At present her progress is as tremendous as was the wilderness. By the close of the century, if not, indeed, long before that time, she will have a population of equal the present population of the United States. Then there will be two great sister countries, side by side, living, I hope, in the same positions of amicable regard that characterizes their relations now. Canada has possibilities almost unlimited in scope.

The greatest strides that Canada has made have been in agriculture. The great Northwest, once the property entirely of the Hudson Bay Company, to be exploited merely for the furs it could supply, is now cut up into small farms and ranches. In 1870, there was no wheat grown in the Northwest. The factors of the Hudson Bay Company had to send to the United States or to the far eastern Canadian cities for their wheat and other breadstuffs. Last year the Northwest produced more than 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, and more than 200,000,000 bushels of other grains. It was the same with your Minnesota and other portions of your Northwest, but they developed more rapidly.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

By Chas. M. Schwab.

There are a lot of persons who consider the possession of money means that a man is successful. It does to a measure. It is the gauge by which to some extent we may measure the success of a man, but it is not success.

Take me, for example. I have some money. Quite a lot of it, in fact. What good does it do me? I have a nice place in which to live, good meals to eat and clothes to wear. That is about all, except that Mrs. Schwab is able to spend a few pennies and enjoy herself. Still I have a pet project that if I can I shall push through before I die. I want the Pennsylvania State College to have the finest engineering school in the world.

The other day I was able to promise $1,000,000 toward this end. If I can do so, I am going to give a lot more, and it is only when a man begins to go in for this kind of work that he really appreciates what money can do. Its limits spent on oneself are so confined, as I said before, they are hardly worth considering, and this scheme of engineering school may prove too big for me. But even if it does, I shall have had the pleasure of planning on it and figuring it out, and so if I don't succeed and have to get some one else to complete the work, I shall still have had the fun of planning and figuring, and that, after all, is about the greatest pleasure in life, and about the only one that wealth has given me.

Canada's Greatest Fair

The Canadian National Exhibition recently held at Toronto reached the high water mark of its history, both in attendance and in the quality and variety of exhibits. Exhibitions have been held in Toronto each year since 1877, and it is interesting to note the improvement of each over those of previous years. As the Fair is an impressive symbol of the growth and development of the Dominion, this explains the great superiority of that of 1907. Many American and English visitors were present, and that they had false conceptions of this country was plainly shown by their amazement at the extent of the display. Ideal weather did much to swell the attendance, while the increased accommodation provided by the magnificent new buildings which replaced those recently destroyed by fire, gave a better opportunity to show the Canadian industries.



Exhibit of the Weir Wardrobe Co.

The manufacturing, mercantile and agricultural interests were well represented. In the Process building, an insight was given into the different stages of manufacturing of many Canadian products. However accurate our conception of the extent of Canadian industries may be, few are acquainted with the different processes of manufacturing. The educational value of this department cannot be estimated. The directorate are paying special attention to this branch of the Exhibition, and hope to have every line of manufacturing represented.

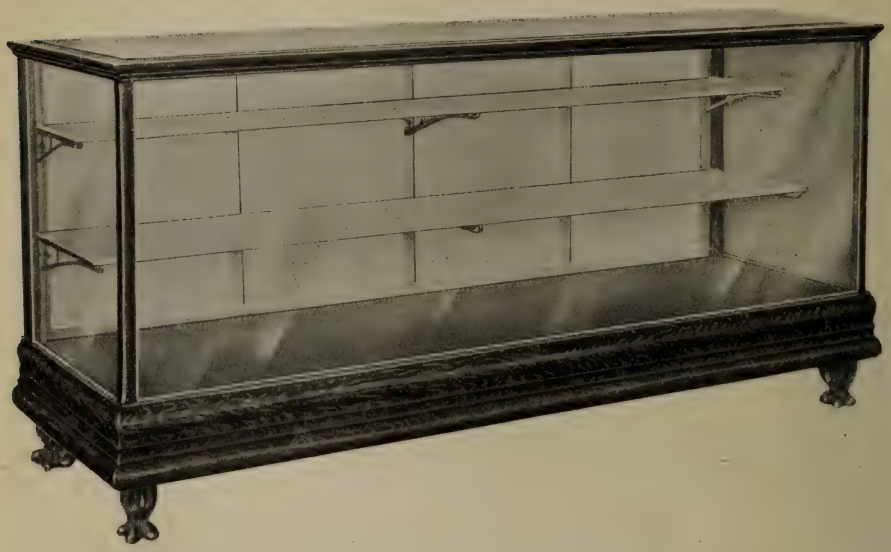
As agriculture has been the most potent factor in bringing Canada to the front, it would be only natural to look for a large display in this line. And no disappointment awaited the visiting multitudes in this respect. Even the rosiest expectations of those in closest touch with agricultural development were surpassed. A director stated that the number of animals exhibited this year exceeded the total number of exhibits at the Fair in its first year of existence. Special attention was paid to the resources of Western Canada, while the Governments of the Western Provinces showed conclusively the great possibilities awaiting the settler there.

A magnificent collection of pictures loaned from the public and private gal-

leries of Great Britain was on view in the Arts building and did much to advance the cause of art. Canada is too young to have accomplished much in this line, but Canadians were not slow to show their appreciation of such work.

Space in the new hall devoted to horticulture and floraculture was taxed to its limit.

The products of the Canadian factory were shown to advantage in Manufacturers' building. It was amazing to see the number of lines represented. "Think of the immense manufacturing which will be carried on in Canada, say, at the close of the present century," exclaimed a visitor. "Who would not wish to have a forecast of life in this country a hundred years hence, when all the Canadian resources will be developed?" But the mind of the Exhibition visitor was taken up with the progress made during the last century.



The McIntyre Ideal Silent Salesman.

The Weir Wardrobe Co.

One of the greatest innovations in store fixtures is the wardrobe system. A few years ago this system would have been considered a luxury instead of a necessity, but its introduction has solved the problem of successfully handling and selling ready-to-wear stocks. The credit of solving this problem cannot be denied the Weir Wardrobe Co., of Canada, whose head office is in Mount Forest, Ontario, and whose fine exhibit of store and house wardrobes in the Process building attracted much attention.

Mr. Roderick Weir, managing director of the company, made a thorough study of the handling of ready-to-wear garments. The custom of piling them on tables in the middle of stores was a great handicap to the merchant. It required a large amount of floor space, which was not always available, at the same time rendering it impossible for the salesman to show the goods to advantage. The average store hand was inclined to show only the fresher goods, leaving the other stock at the bottom of the pile. This resulted often in leaving stock on the merchant's hands which he could not dispose of.

By using the Weir Wardrobe, goods can be hung and classified, according to their sizes. The salesman, in drawing out the extension slide, shows the customer every garment to advantage, and clothing which formerly remained at the bottom of the pile find as ready a sale as those on the top. The great benefits of the wardrobe system is that space is utilized from the floor to the ceiling, instead of merely utilizing the

centre of the floor. All garments are kept in shape, being fresh and free from dust.

The house wardrobes which this company are putting on the market are having an enormous sale, and to meet the demand the company have had to make several additions to their factory.

The D. R. McIntyre Furniture Co.

Those connected with the retail trade who visited the Exhibition were deeply interested in the display of the D. R. McIntyre Furniture Co., whose stand was at the east end of the Process building. This firm have an up-to-date factory at Tillsonburg, Ontario, fitted out with the most modern equipment. Their line of manufacturing is confined to silent salesmen, storefixtures, hat and wall cases. Their high-class workmanship, combined with the best material, enables them to put on the market goods that are unsurpassed.

One of their specialties is the ideal silent salesman. Unlike all other cases of its kind, it is set on legs. The frame is made from selected quarter-cut American white oak, and finished in golden oak with rubbed and polished surface. The shelves are glass, with edges planed; the top is bevelled glass. Goods displayed in this ably-designed case are shown to best advantage. The doors are run on ball-bearings, with metal track, thus avoiding all binding so common in the ordinary show case.

The Ideal Notion Case came in for much inspection. This is used to display notions, cutlery, druggists' sundries, etc. The drawers are roomy and strongly made. The bottom being plush-covered, shows the contents to best advantage. The whole frame supporting the draws, can be removed to permit of cleaning the glass.

This firm did a very extensive business during the Fair. Those entering the retail trade will make a huge mistake to fit out their stores before getting particulars concerning the cases manufactured by the D. R. McIntyre Co. All who are now in business should have one of the company's catalogues, as at some future date they will be overhauling their store fixtures. A card forwarded to Tillsonburg will bring the latest ideas and information about fitting out the store.



Display of Henry and Company.

Henry & Company.

It was generally acknowledged that Henry & Co., of Toronto, had the finest display in office equipments. A full line

of the Shaw-Walker systems and filing devices were on exhibition. The superiority of these time and labor saving devices over all others made it easy for this display to occupy the premier position. The Shaw-Walker line includes a system for every purpose, a file for everything to be filed. This proficiency is the result of years devoted to designing and installing business systems and manufacturing filing devices. No matter what line of business a man is in, no matter what branch of it is bothering him, there is a Shaw-Walker way to overcome the trouble. This means dollars to the man who wishes to cut down his expenses.

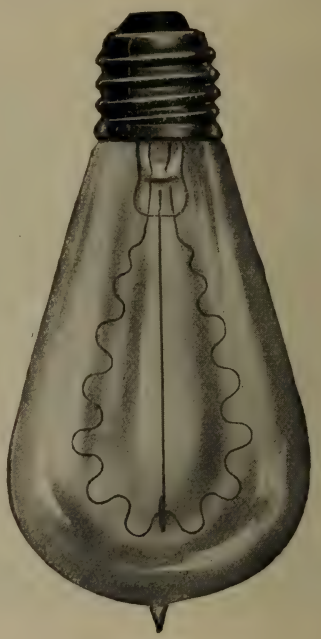
Humphrey's Sectional Bookcases, for which Henry & Co. are the sole Canadian agents, were also on exhibition. The Humphrey metal dove-tail construction gives the bookcase a superiority over all others, and a heavy load of books in the Humphrey, instead of making the case shaky, draws all parts together, increasing the strength and rigidy of the case. The doors are operated on easy-running bearings. There is absolutely no binding, no matter in what way the door is shoved back. Another feature of great importance is that these cases are absolutely dustproof.

Henry & Co. also carry a full line of steel vault fittings furniture for banks and libraries, rotopress copiers, desks, chairs, etc., which every business man should inspect.

The Helion Light.

Crowds were attracted to the booth of the Helion Light. To even those whose curiosity brought them there, it was plainly demonstrated that a great improvement had been made on the Edison Electric Light. The superiority of electricity as a lighting medium is universally acknowledged. After years of experiment had evolved the Edison lamp, it was not thought that an improvement would be made on this lamp resulting in a light as much superior to the Edison lamp as this latter was over previous methods of lighting. Professor Herschell C. Parker, of Columbia University, New York, and Mr. Walter C. Clark, of New York, sought to improve the Edison lamp, and their experiments produced the Helion.

In cabinets, side by side at the Helion Light booth, was shown the Helion Light along with the ordinary lamp, the rays of each falling on a variegated background. The marked difference in the intensity of the two lights prompted the spectator to inquire the reason. It was simply due to the difference in the filament. Messrs. Parker & Clark, experimented ten years on the carbon fibre used in the Edison lamp. They found that a combination of elements, of which silicon forms a prominent part,



The Helion Electric Lamp.

with a small strand of carbon as a basis, made into a form of filament, gave a light many times more powerful than the Edison lamp and at a reduced cost. Notice the difference in the color of the two lights. The light of the ordinary electric lamp is yellow, and, consequently, articles on which this light falls, do not show in their original color. The Helion light is pure white, and shows everything in the same shade as they appear in the light of the sun.

Helion Electric lamps reduce the cost of electric lighting to one-third of the present price by requiring only one-third the current used with the ordinary

lamp. At the same time, a much more pleasing light is obtained. The advantages of electric lighting are acknowledged by all, but heretofore it was impossible to reduce the cost of production to that of gas. The advent of the Helion light will reduce the cost below that of coal gas, and make this light extremely popular.

The electric light companies will gladly introduce the new light. Even if it does reduce the current used, people will use three times the volume of light instead of reducing the current. Many who were prevented from using electricity, owing to its cost, will now instal the new system. A greatly increased current consumption will result.



Exhibit No. 1 of Helion Electric Co.

The durability of the Helion filament has been thoroughly tested. It will stand the every-day uses to which the electric light is subjected, while there is nothing to be feared from an overload of current. The Helion filament has withstood an overload of one hundred per cent. beyond the point of maximum brilliancy, without rupture. The overload which one of these filaments would stand was demonstrated by mounting it on two pieces of copper wire many times greater in cross-section than the wire. The current which melted the copper wire did not affect the filament.

The market in Canada for this new light is assured. It is estimated that the Dominion of Canada consumes over five million lamps per annum at the present time. What will be the consumption when the cost of electric lighting will be reduced, as previously stated? It need hardly be said that the Helion will be introduced into every home. The Helion Electric Company, Limited, has been formed with its head office at Toronto, to acquire the patent rights of the Helion lamp for Canada, and to manufacture this lamp in Canada. A modern factory, employing hundreds of hands, will be erected, and a slight estimate of the output of this factory may be obtained if we consider that the electric lamp companies all over the world are experiencing great difficult in meeting the demand. The newly-formed company have already a proposition from a reliable firm to supply a couple of million lamps within a few months after commencement of operations in the company's factory.

The cost of manufacture of the Helion light is comparatively low, thus allowing the lamp to be sold to the consumer at a reasonable price, leaving a good margin for the company and retailer. As an example, the profit realized on an order similar to the above, at the price offered, would be sufficient to pay a dividend to the shareholders at the end of the first year.

The Helion Electric Co., Limited, will be capitalized at $500,000, and will have the exclusive rights to manufacture and vend the Helion lamp in Canada. Capital stock of the company is now offered for sale at $100 per share. No preference has been made for preferred stock; all shareholders will be on the same footing, and will receive the same percentage of profits. As incandescent elec-



Exhibit No. 2 of Helion Electric Co.



Display of Berliner Gram-o-phones.

tric lamps are an everyday necessity, and since millions are consumed annually in Canada, the public are assured as to the soundness of the investment. The shares are being rapidly sold, and it will not be long before the entire stock will be disposed of.

The company's office is at 209 Stair Building, corner Bay and Adelaide streets, Toronto, where the public are cordially invited to call and witness a demonstration of the new Helion light, which will shortly replace the ordinary Edison lamp.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone Company.

Much interest was centred in the display of the Berliner Gram-o-phone Company, in the Manufacturers' Building. Crowds were continuously in the neighborhood of the booth during the show. The refining influence of good music is acknowledged by all. By means of the Berliner and the Victor Gram-o-phones, Mr. E. M. Berliner, who had charge of the booth, showed conclusively that a great variety of music could be economically brought into every home. As a result of his demonstrations, it is needless to say, the gram-o-phone will find its way into the homes of many hundreds of the Exhibition visitors. The clear and distinct tone of this machine makes it possible to render any musical selection, from the light comic piece, to the grand opera. Every leading bookstore carries a full line of the Berliner gram-o-phones, or full particulars may be had from the head office of the company at Montreal.

Easiest Thing to Find.

The only thing that can easily be found where it does not exist is fault—that is, you can easily find it in others. But in yourself, though you be blackened with it, you can't see it so easily. If the other fellow has a fault, and sometimes if he hasn't, you are quick to perceive it. You incessantly find fault with the weather. It is either too warm or too cold, too wet or too dry, too sunny or too cloudy, and you have a good deal to say about it. And the times never suit you. It's either hard times or else some other people are making too much money by the methods you don't know anything about and so don't approve. Deep in your subconsciousness you are quite sure that money making which you can't comprehend and can't imitate can't be honest. And the government is all wrong, too, in your opinion. As a matter of fact, you may confess to yourself that you are unable to vote with real discrimination for county sheriff, but you do think you know all about running the national government and settling all international differences. You may be loudly preaching for world wide peace when you can't get along amicably with your own wife. You may not be able successfully to run a little corner grocery, but you think you know all about regulating the big trusts. You don't know what are the elements of failure in your own business affairs, but you think you know just exactly what are the faults of the great railroads. The trouble with you is easily diagnosed. It is one of the most common disorders under the sun. You are "far-sighted" in your mental vision. You see only the things that are beyond the reach of your hands and are blind to those that lie about you. You see the faults of the other fellow, but not your own.—Our Young People.

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: ::

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Disarmament and Facts.....Spectator (Aug. 24)
The Turkish Army. A de Bilinski.....Contemporary Review
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ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

The Art of Margaret Dicksee. Arthur Levi.....Windsor
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The Purpose of Art. E. Wake Cook.....Contemporary Review
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Modern Science in the Industrial World. Henry S. Wiliams,
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The Romance of India Rubber. T. N. Christie....Chambers' Journal
In the Formosan Camphor Forests.....Chambers' Journal
A Visit to a Lobster Nursery. A. P. Knowles.....London
The Late Vineyard War in France. Jas. W. Thompson...World To-day
Why not Business Insurance? Chas. D. Whitefield.....World's Work
The Realm of Credit and its Rulers.....World's Work
How to Find Good Men in Your Own Shop. Geo. F. Stratton
.....World's Work
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The Conquerors of Business. Alphonsus P. Haire.....System
Along the Line of Least Resistance. Daniel L. Hanson.....System
The Greeting at the Door. Jno. J. Roberts.....System
The Business That was Starved. Daniel V. Casey.....System
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Selling Campaigns That Have Won. C. L. Pancoast.....System
The Chance for the Small Business. O. N. Manners.....System

Appealing to the Woman Buyer.....System
Follow-up on Consumer Through Salesmen. R. A. Morgan.....System
Filling Orders with Accuracy and Despatch. David Lay.....System
Condensed Analysis of Working Accounts. Jno. F. Mahony.....System
Securing a Prompt Settlement of Claims R. E. Bosworth.....System
A Dorsetshire Flower Farm and Distillery.....Spectator (Sept. 7)

CHILDREN.

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Bulb Culture for School Children. Susan B. Sipe.....Garden
The Child and the Imaginative Life. Louisa L. McGrady
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How Children are Made Drunkards. Wm. L. Howard, M.D.
.....Ladies' Home Journal
The Baby Mimic.....Royal
Decay of Family Life and Increase in Child Crime.....
A. MacDonald .....Education
Child Education Among the Ancient Greeks.....
Prof. J. Patterson.....Education
The Nations at School. Cheesman A. Herrick.....Metropolitan
Working Men and the Older Universities.....Spectator (Aug. 17)
The Common Schools and the Farm-Youth. Prof. L. H. Bailey..Century
Expletives. Prof. Lounsbury.....Harper's
The Culture Value of Modern Languages. G. Stanley Hall.New England
Education as an Instrumentality of the State.....
Prof. H. A. Hollister.....Education
The Teaching of English in the Secondary Schools.....
Prof. Geo. H. Durand.....Education
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FICTION.

Complete Stories.

The Fifth Robbery. Henry G. Paine.....Ainslee's
Tackhammer Hurlburt. Marion Hill.....Ainslee's
The Return of the First. Margarita S. Gerry.....Ainslee's
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The Surprises of the Lottery. Owen Johnson.....Century
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Through the Telescope. Jas. Hopper.....Appleton's
In the Nick of Time. Jas. Barnes.....Appleton's
In Blackwater Pot. Chas. G. D. Roberts.....Everybody's
The Lawn Mower. Geo. Hibbard.....Everybody's
The Hickory Limb. Parker H. Fillmore.....Everybody's
Cupid and Street Car Cards. Everhard J. Appleton...Home Magazine
A Marriage of Convenience. I. Ostrakoff.....Chambers's Journal
A Romance at Lisconnel. Jane Barlow.....Cornhill
An Idyl of the Road. Josephine D. Bacon.....McClure's
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Eleanor's House. Eilla S. Cather.....McClure's
Slaterville's Apostate. E. S. Johnson.....McClure's
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The Tiger's Tail. Eden Phillpotts.....Smith's
For Sale: Shares in E. Bodge. Holman F. Day.....Smith's
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Dream Land. Leo Crane.....People's
The Mate of the "Cora Bouker." W. P. White.....People's
The Turning of Turk Mulhearn. Forrest Crissey.....People's
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The Turning Point. Jack London.....Windsor
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The Luck of the Game. Fred. M. White.....Windsor
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In Snow and Candlelight. Kate Jordan.....Windsor
The Black Man. Oliver Onions.....London
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The Gentleman Burglar. Eleanor H. Brainerd.....Royal
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The Amazing Elopement. M. C. Lindsay.....Idler
The Measure of the Rule. Robert Barr.....Idler
An Aggressive Fox Terrier and a Porcupine. Irene Hallis..Rod & Gun
A Conspiracy and Its Fruits. Eleanor Trease.....English Illustrated
The Mystery of Minford Grange. J. L. Hornibrook..English Illustrated
A Phychic Possibility. W. B. Northrop.....English Illustrated
The Red-Haired Star. Edgar Jepson.....Pearson's
That Contemptible Miss Allister. Kathleen A. Millard.....Pearson's
Proving the Rule. Ruby M. Ayres.....Pearson's
The Barge and the Battleship. Rupert M. Heath.....Pearson's
The Raven. S. L. Bensusan.....Pearson's
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Wild Oats. W. Graham.....Pearson's
Hester's History. Lady Gilbert.....Irish Monthly
The Football. Mrs. T. Hinkson.....Irish Monthly
The Shade of Darell. Chas. T. Waters.....Irish Monthly
The Heir of the Broken-O. Alfred H. Lewis.....Irish Monthly
The Whited Sepulchre. W. L. Comfort.....Lippincott's
Miss Carmichael and the Janitor. Adele M. Shaw.....Lippincott's
Fat Fallon. Alfred D. Runyon.....Lippincott's
The Swan Song. George L. Knapp.....Lippincott's
Osla Whale Hunting. Edith Rickert.....Lippincott's
Her College Visit. Robert Sterling Blair.....Lippincott's
A Moost Story from Utah—Told about Quebec.....
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Salt of the Earth. Robt. W. Hartwell.....Overland Monthly
Buckaroo Jim. Herbert Coolidge.....Overland Monthly
An Idyll of the Circle L. Stella F. Wynne.....Overland Monthly

Serial Stories.

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Rose Macleod. Alice Brown.....Atlantic Monthly
The Romance of a Floating Dock. A. Marshall...Chambers's Journal
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FOR THE WORKERS.

Hints and Helps Toward Happiness.....Irish Monthly

HEALTH.

The New Treatment of Cancer. C. W. Saleeby, M.D...
.....Contempoary Review
Opsonins—A New Hope for Health. Dr. Edward A. Ayres
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HISTORY.

The Mexican War. Dr. McElroy.....Metropolitan
Capture of Paris by the Germans. Sarah Bernhardt.....Appleton's
Of Certain Bygones in France. H. H. Yoxall, M.P.....Cornhill
The Lost Land of King Arthur. J. Cuming Walters.....English Illus.
St. Paul's Philosophy of History. Sir W. M. Ramsay....Con. Review

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

Mushrooms in Frost-Proof Buildings. Wm. McCollom....Garden Mag.
Making a Frost-Proof Storage Cellar. A. T. Raven.....Garden Mag.
Trees and Shrubs for Fall Planting. L. Barron.....Garden Mag.
How to Get the Highest Price for Eggs. E. Granger.....Garden Mag.
The Easiest Way to Have Flowers All Winter. Henry Maxwell
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What Makes Hickory Galls? E. P. Felt.....Garden Mag.
Ideals in Grape Breeding.....Garden Mag.
Making Sweet Butter. Wm. H. Dexter.....Garden Mag.
Things Every Gardner Should Know.....Garden Mag.
Markets and Market Methods. F. H. Valentine.....Garden Mag.
A Brightly Colored Self-Supporting Woodbine. Jno. Duncan
.....Garden Mag.
Shrubs for Landscaping. Tarkington Baker.....Home Mag.
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Home Furniture Making. Eugene Clute.....Home Mag.
The Popular Low-Cast Bungalow.....Ladies' Home Journal
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Conveniences of the Modern Stable. Alfred Stoddart...Suburban Life
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A Flyer in Matrimony. W. MacLeod-Raine.....Popular
Music Hath Charms. B. M. Bower.....Popular
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A Legitimate Transaction. Joseph C. Lincoln.....American
Some Celebrities' Pigs.. A. W. Myers.....London
Letters of a Wellesley Girl. H. B. Adams.....New England
Farming As I See It. Kate Sanborn.....New England
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IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

Reclaiming an Empire. F. H. Newell.....Pacific Monthly
The Home-Seeker in the West. Fred. Lockley.....Pacific Monthly
What Irrigation in California Offers Immigrants. E. Edwards
Pacific Monthly

Effect of Sth. American Immigration on the Nth. American Trade. R. Freeman.....World To-Day
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K. C. B.....Cornhill

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Christian Science. Georgine Milmine.....McClure's
Tertullian and the Plain Man.....Spectator (Sept. 7)
Christian Socialism. W. H. Mallock.....Putnam's

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

What Science is Doing for the Farm. Prof. Harry Snyder....Harper's
Modern Science in the Industrial World. Henry S. Williams, LL.D.
Everybody's
Louis Brennan's Gyro-Mono-Rail. Robert Barr.....Idler
The Marvelous Feats of Lifting-Magets. M. Tindal.....Pearson's
Flying Machines and Air-Ships of the Present.....
W. Kaempffert.....Cosmopolitan
The Rise of the American Motor Boat. Howard Greene....Recreation

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The Modern Craze for Athleticism. F. Kinloch.....Chambers's Jrnl
The Winning of the International Balloon Race. C. Moffett..McClure's
Swimming and Diving for Ladies. Mrs. E. M. Syers.....Badminton
The Motor Car of To-day. Major G. G. Matson.....Badminton
A Talk About Beaters. By a Gamekeeper.....Badminton
Cricket Now—and Then. Sir Home Gordon.....Babminton
A Day's Fishing at Aldershot. Capt. S. S. Bradford.....Badminton
The Art of Modern Fencing. Mary Clifton-Haddan.....Badminton
Kite Flying as a Fine Art. Lilian E. Zeh.....World To-day
Rugby Football on the Pacific Coast. Karl A. Bickel...World To-day
Cricket of 1907. E. H. D. Sewell.....Fortnightly Rev.
One Day's Salmon Fishing in Newfoundland. N. M. Browne.Rod and Gun
Our Duck Shooting Expedition. Sagwa.....Rod and Gun
My Lucky First Shot at the Ducks. J. B. Temple.....Rod and Gun
The Alberta Game Laws.....Rod and Gun
Fishing in Northern Quebec. W. H. Allison.....Rod and Gun
Why Should Dogs be Prohibited in Deer Hunting?.....
E. R. LaFleche.....Rod and Gun
Changes and Prospects of the "New Football."".....
Walter Camp.....Recreation
The Ideal Sport of Prairie Chicken Shooting. A. D.
Burhaus.....Recreation
Bait-Casting the Newest Art in Angling. Edward Cave....Recreation
Obervations of an Amateur Aeronaut. Alan Hawley.....Recreation
Going Out and Coming Home.....Saturday Rev. (Aug. 31)

THE STAGE.

The Business Side of Vaudeville. Hartley Davis.....Everybody's
My Interpretation of "Othello." Tommaso Salvini.....Putnam's
Does the Actor See His Audience? E. H. Sothern...Ladies' Home Jrnl
Plays of the Day. Vivian M. Moses.....People's
The Baby Mimic.....Royal
The Moody-Manners' Opera Season. George Cecil.....Idler
The London Stage. Oscar Parker.....English Illustrated
"Attila" at His Majesty's Theatre.....Spectator (Sept. 7)

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

In the Emerald Code. Capt. Frank E. Evans.....Metropolitan
In the Land of Manana. Louise C. Hale.....Harper's
A River of Pagoda Land. Chas. E. Russell.....Harper's
Highest Mountain Climb Ever Made by a Woman.....
Mrs. Fanny B. Workman.....Appleton's
A Tour of the West.....Canada
A Trip to Chicoutimi.....Canada
International Exhibition at Dublin. Maude L. Radford..Everybody's
Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Henry van Dyke..Ladies' Home Jrnl
Naval Bases of the Empire. C. de Thierry.....Windsor
By Airship to the North Pole. Walter Wellman.....Windsor
A Calendar of Travel. S. S. Bradford.....Travel
Motoring in Italy.....Travel
Housekeeping on the Riviera. D. M. Kneeland.....Travel
Rambles in Rome. Anne H. Wharton.....Travel
A Little Journey in Greece.....Travel
The Land of the Garden of Allah. Alice Lounsberry.....Travel
Constantinople: The Edge of the Orient. F. L. Harding.....Travel
A Month in Spain. Frances E. Kraft.....Travel
An Aerial Bivouac. Edgar Beecher Bronson.....American
Amongst the Mutiny Cities of India. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.....Cornhill
Changing Skies and the Delectable Mountains. W. P. James...Cornhill
Through Cloudland by Rail. H. G. Archer.....London
Achilleion. B. M. Hook.....London

Bagdad, Home of Sinbad. Edgar Jas. Banks.....New England
Journeys in North Mesopotamia. Mark Sykes.....Geographical Jrnl
The Depression of Turfan in Central Asia. Ellsworth Huntington.....Geographical Jrnl
Sunny Boulogne. Arthur Planta.....English Illustrated
A Corner of Scott's Country. A. Clarke Little.....English Illustrated
Strange Fields and Pastures New. B. Dale.....Rod and Gun
In the Heart of the Rockies. Chas. D. Ellis.....Rod and Gun
The Grotto of Han. An Impressionist.....Idler
Ranch-Life in British Columbia. E. Conybeare-Craven....Empire Rev.
Life in Rhodesia. Gertrude Page.....Empire Rev.
From Tokio to Kobe. Chas. Lorrimer.....Overland Monthly
A Nigerian Day.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 7)

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

Highest Mountain Climb Ever Made by a Woman.....
Mrs. Fanny B. Workman.....Appleton's
The New Woman of Japan. K. K. Kawakami.....Putnam's
The Evils of Girls' Secret Societies. Grace L. Jones.Ladies' Home Jrnl
What I Found Out as a Business Girl. Laura A. Smith....
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
The Woman Who Marries a Minister. Elizabeth W. Scott.
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
The Most Feminine of all Problems. Mary M. West..Ladies' Home Jrnl
As Stout Women Should and Should Not Dress.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
Embroidery Combined with Stencilling. Lilian B. Wilson
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
Girls Who Have Overcome Loneliness A. Preston.Ladies' Home Jrnl
The Housewife and Her Helper. Francis A. Kellor..Ladies' Home Jrnl
Some Real Home Economies. Martha Van Rensselaer....
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
The Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes. Katherine V. Holden
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
Strengthening Home Ties. Mrs. A. Polhemus.....Home Mag.
The Church Wedding. Marion Harland.....Home Mag.
Captivating Coiffures. Mary Thorpe.....Home Mag.
Where Women Never Speak. W. G. Fitzgerald.....Smith's
The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. Grace M. Gould.....Smith's
Rediscovering an Old New England House. Ellen S. Thompson
.....New England
Electing Women to Parliament. Ida H. Harper.....New England
Women's Rights in Realms Afar. Jno. Davidson.....Fortnightly Rev.
Votes for Women. Edith Calkin, B.A.....Empire Rev.
Women of New Zealand. Edith S. Grossman.....Empire Rev.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

THOREAU'S WORKS. Bijou Edition (Five volumes). New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Per set, $2.50. Admirers of the eccentric, yet lovable, naturalist, Henry D. Thoreau, will appreciate this dainty edition of his more famous writings. The set includes "Cape Cod," "Excursions," "Maine Woods," "Walden" and "Week on the Concord." Each volume contains a frontispiece and introduction, while in the "Excursions" appears a biographical sketch by Emerson. The set is neatly boxed and labelled.

Business.

BUSINESS AND EDUCATION. By Frank A. Vanderlip. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.50. A collection of noteworthy speeches of Mr. Vanderlip, dealing with financial, industrial and educational questions of the day.

CANADA'S CENTURY. By R. J. Barrett. London, England : Financier and Bullionist Publishing Fompany. This book contains valuable information for those who wish to know what Canada is doing along the lines of industrial development.

THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS. By Andrew Carnegie. $3. A valuable volume which may be read with profit by all, but particularly by young men. To those who have their way to make, it will be an inspiring guide.

SUCCESS IN LIFE. By Emil Reich. New York : Duffield & Company. $1.50 net. A book crammed full of vitally interesting suggestions as to how to succeed in life. Anybody, whether a clerk or the president of a corporation, who applies the direct and potent advice given must profit by it.

Fiction.

DIANA. By L. G. Moberly. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25. A work of fiction, pure and simple. There are no weighty social problems, no historical groundwork. And yet Diana is in herself a character study and a delight throughout. There is love, adventure, sensation and a curious and involved plot which keeps the attention at a high pitch of expectancy. The book is written for entertainment and to leave a pleasant impression.

EMPIRE BUILDERS. By Francis Lynde. Indianapolis : The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Cloth, illustrated, $1.50. The financial control and operations of railroads are the themes which Mr. Lynde so successfully works into his novels. In this, his latest effort, he has drawn a splendid picture of the young superintendent of a branch line in the middle west, who sees the great future before his road, if only he can convert it into a transcontinental line, and proceeds to transform his vision into reality. The story tells of his fight against men and corporations, who place all manner of

obstacles in his path, and his final success through the agency of the young woman he loves.

GAFF LINKUM. By Archie P. McKishnie. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25. The scene is laid in a small town on the shores of Lake Erie. Gaff, a little waif, and Dorothy, a small blind girl, divide the interest of the tale, which is chiefly concerned with the doings of a band of gipsies. A tragedy, a rescue and restitution form the groundwork of the plot.

THE SHUMLMITE. By Alice and Claude Askew. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.25. One of the powerful novels of the day. The beautiful Boer woman, its heroine, to whom the name of King Solomon's enchantress is applied, becomes the central figure of a romance and ultimate tragedy, worked out by relentless fate, on a South African farm. In its entirety it is a novel that grips and holds the interest.

Travel.

OUR LITTLE ALASKAN COUSIN. By Mary F. Nixon Roulet. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 60 cents net. A tale of a small Alaskan boy, and his daily life. How he hunts and fishes, and the manner of life of the Alaskans Indians are described pleasantly in simple language.

OUR LITTLE ARABIAN COUSIN. By Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 60 cents net. Tells of the daily life of some Arabian children, both in the camp of the Bedouins of the desert and the Arabs of the walled city of Medina.

OUR LITTLE HINDU COUSIN. By Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 60 cents net. Designed to show something of the habits and customs of the people of India, through the medium of a little story of the daily doings of a small Hindu boy.

POEMS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. With an introduction by Albert H. Smyth. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co Astor edition; 60 cents. Bayard Taylor is probably better known as the author of numerous books on travel, but he was a poet of no mean attainment as well. His poems, here collected in a serviceable and cheap form, contain many gems, which will well repay the reader who spends his time in scanning them.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE STARS. By Frances Campbell. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. Cloth, $1.25. This book is chiefly valuable because it gives much information gleaned at firsthand, about a country and its people now very much to the front and about whom but little is known. The author has made Morocco a study, and the setting for a very pretty story. The same delicacy of treatment and tender pathos that characterize "Dearlove," are reproduced in the description of the two young girls who are the central figures of the book.

Miscellaneous.

PURE GOLD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents. A summary of the vital forces in nineteenth century literature—the authors who seemed destined to live.

EVERY MAN A KING. By O. S. Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. A book showing the value of optimism in every walk of life. This work even surpasses the high standard of Mr. Marden's many publications and should be in the hands of every young man.

COMRADESHIP IN SORROW. By James Stark, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Cloth, 2s 6d. The author of this book has written with sympathetic tenderness and intuitive insight of the common experiences, hopes and aspirations of humanity.

TANGIBLE TESTS. By Albert G. Mackillon. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Cloth, 2s 6d. In this admirable book the author has interpreted the spirit of the times and its effect upon the attitude of the young man of to-day towards religion. To meet and combat that attitude the arguments advanced are tangible and of the nature of facts, founded upon experience. The writer abundantly establishes his claim that Christ is still a vital force in the lives of men.

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Humor in the Magazines

At the close of a wedding-breakfast a gentleman noted for his blunders rose to his feet, causing keen anxiety to all who knew him. "Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, genially, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom! May he see many days like this!"

* * *

A schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited." "Now, boys," he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal of Latin, for instance—or I said that I was a handsome man, what should you say I was?"

"A liar, sir!" was the too ready response.

* * *

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

* * *

The barber was feeling cheerful that afternoon, and as he lathered his customer's face he chatted pleasantly.

"No, sir," he said. "I used to give credit, but I never do now. In fact, nobody ever asks for it."

"Why is that?" queried the lathered one, with languid interest.

"Well, you see, sir," the barber explained, trying the edge of the razor on his thumb-nail, "I once had a set of customers who used to ask me to chalk it up, and they kept me waiting so long that I got tired of keeping books, and adopted a new system. Whenever I shaved one of these stand-bys, I put a little nick in his nose with my razor, and kept tally that way. It was wonderful how soon they came back to the old plan of paying for each shave at once."

There was a tremor in the customer's voice as he asked, from beneath the lather:

"D-do you object to being paid in advance?"

Mrs. Turmots, of Sleepy Hollow, had rather a dull and backward son, who had been apprenticed to a grocer in a neighboring town, and she was eager to know how my boy was progressing in his new sphere of life. Accordingly she wrote a letter to his master.

"Dere sur," her missive ran,—"Mi boy, whom you have as aprentis, not having enuff edication to rite letters, wud you kindly inform me how he is getting on at the grocery, and tell me—oh, please tell me!—where he sleeps at night."

The grocer was an obliging man, and wrote back at once.

"Dear madam," he replied,—"In answer to your letter about your son, I write to let you know that he sleeps in the shop during the day. I regret however, that I do not know where he sleeps at night."

The youth in question was not told of this correspondence, and he was pleasurably surprised when his mother arrived on a visit of investigation.



THE QUICKEST WAY.

Old Gent—"Sonny, which is the quickest way to the depot?"

Smart Boy—"Run!"—Judge.

* * *

The wise old doctor was impressing on his patient the essentiality of mastication.

"My lad," he advised, "no matter

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what you eat, always chew each mouthful thirty times."

But Jimmy shook his head with significance.

"That wouldn't do at our house, doctor," he said.

"And why not, my boy?" queried the medico.

"Because," explained the youth, "I'd always be hungry. The rest of the children would clear the table before I got through with that one mouthful!"

And, in view of this convincing argument, the doctor thought fit to reduce the prescribed number of bites.

* * *

Just before the boat capsized, Rees Rees had been boasting of his "practical common-sense."

"I am nothing if not a man of practeecal common-sense," he averred. "When there is a difficulty to be solved, Rees Rees is the man to solve it."

Then, when the boat sank, Rees's fellow-excursionist, John Jones, found that the plank to which both clung was unequal to the support of their united weight. At this critical juncture he remembered his companion's boast.

"Prove yewer practeecal common-sense now, Rees!" he pleaded, with true Welsh eloquence. "Eu are a single man, with noboddy dependent on eu. I am married, an' got six shildran. If eu drowns, noboddy do suffarr; but if I do drown, then there iss my waife an' six likkle shildran to starrve; an' yewer practeecal common-sense do tell eu that it iss bettarr eu to drown than me. Prove yewer practeecal common-sense, Rees, an' let go the plank—orr I will push eu off it!"

* * *

The large room was in almost complete silence, save for the scratching of pens and the soft footfall of a watchful examiner, for an examination was in progress.

Suddenly the eye of the prowling sleuthhound caught a student who was studying his watch with more than usual interest, and that student was at once accosted.

"Mr. Smith," said the watcher, "I will have a look at your timepiece, if you please."

Smith seemed worried, but he handed over the watch.

The other opened it, and saw pasted across the dial a tiny slip of paper bearing the laconic legend, "Fooled."

Of course, Smith was allowed to resume his work, but the examiner kept his eye on him, and soon he thought fit to have another look at the watch.

But this time he did not go for the face. He opened the back instead. And there, sure enough, he found a small folded paper.

Examining it eagerly, he read: "Fooled again!"

Then Mr. Smith was allowed to work in peace.

* * *

Two minutes after the train had left the station, the occupants of a certain compartment were startled by one of the number suddenly slapping himself on the thigh and giving vent to an exclamation of horror.

"What's the matter?" inquired his vis-a-vis anxiously.

"Matter!" he cried. "Matter! Why, I think I'm the most absent-minded idiot that ever walked the earth! My wife," he explained, "came with me to the station to see me off, and while I was talking to her at the door of the carriage the porter came up to me to tell me that he had put my luggage in the van all right. Just at that moment the guard blew his whistle, and I suppose I got flurried, for hang me if I didn't give twopence to my wife and a



A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

Mike—"Well, Pat, how is Casey getting along with the typhoid faver?"

Pat—"The doctor says he has a fighting chance."

Mike—"If it's a fighting chance he has, divil a bit of a show has the faver."—Judge.

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Reference by permission to the Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine.

JOSEPH BUZAGLO

Family Courier, Gibraltar

A Pleasant Home In a Pleasant City

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kiss to the porter ! It's only just struck me !"

* * *

A very lazy man was asked by his wife to dig the potatoes in the garden. He consented, and after digging for a few minutes went into the house remarking that he had found a coin.

He washed the dirt off, and it proved to be half-a-crown. He put it in his pocket, and went back to work.

Presently he returned to the house, and said he had found another coin. This he also washed. It was a two-shilling piece this time. He put it into his pocket.

"I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife, "I think I'll take a short nap."

When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. It then dawned upon her that she had been "had."

* * *

A gentleman, by way of a joke, placed a golf ball in the nest of his ancient parrot. Polly sat with examplary patience on her novel egg, and appeared pretty nearly heart-broken when the weeks went by and she found herself unrewarded. At last she could stand it no longer. A terrible screeching brought her owner downstairs at four o'clock in the morning.

"What's the matter, Polly ?" he asked, as he noticed that the bird's beak was chipped through trying to get at the interior.

"Matter !" screeched Polly. "Great Scot, I'm bunkered !"

* * *

While traveling recently, Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively at his cigar. "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of $5 or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the $5.

"At that period of my existence $5 was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so—" here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first $5."

* * *

Bridget Malone had lately been spending too much time away from her home, and her husband, Mike, was displeased.

"Bridget, where do ye spend yer toime ? Ye've been out iv'ry avenin' fur two weeks," he asked her one night on her return.

"Sure, Mike, I'm gettin' an edication up at the new teacher's," she answered.

"An' phwat are ye learnin'?" said her indignant husband.

"Why, to-night we learned about the laws of compensation."

"Compensation ? What's that ?"

"Why, I can't explain ; but fur instance, if the sense of smell is poor, the sense of taste is all the sharper, and if yez are blind, ye can hear all the better."

"Ah, yes," said Mike, thoughtfully. "I see ; it's loike this. Fur instance, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."

* * *

An old lady was visiting some relatives, one of whose sons had recently entered the ministry. She had not seen him since his boyhood, and was, therefore, anxious to attend service at his church.

At dinner, subsequent to the Sunday sermon, she heard delivered by her nephew, it was observed that she was singularly reticent. Suddenly she broke her long silence by asking her nephew :

"Frank, why did you enter the ministry ?"

"Why, aunt !" exclaimed the young man. "What a question ! I entered the ministry because I was called."

Just a suspicion of a smile came to the old lady's face, as she responded :

"Are you sure, Frank, that it wasn't some other noise you heard ?"

* * *

Mrs. Young watched her husband carefully fold a piece of paper and put it in



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a corner of his collar drawer, and the fact that he seemed ill at ease aroused her curiosity.

"What's that, dear ?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, trying hard not to smile.

Still she wondered what it was, and reasoned with herself that as he had said it was nothing of importance she would look at it, and she did at the first opportunity. This is what she found scribbled on the paper :

"I'll bet you a new hat your curiosity will not permit you to leave this alone."

Now she is facing a problem. How can she claim that new hat without betraying herself ?

* * *

"Oi can see red rowses bloomin'!" sang the street vocalist inharmoniously, and he was about to broach the second spasm when a carpenter's apprentice beckoned him to his side.

"I'll give you tuppence," he declared generously, "if you'll stay in this shed and sing till I come back. I'm dyin' for a drink o' milk." And the songster assented.

Soon the apprentice reappeared, wiping his mouth, and paid over the two pence, as he had promised. "I s'pose," said the vocalist knowingly, "that my voice is about the same as yours, an' you thought your boss wouldn't know the difference—eh ?"

The other looked at him indignantly, and then replied :

"Your voice the same as mine ! I should hope not. If you want to know, it's the same as my saw's, and I wanted the guv'nor to think I was workin' hard on these planks !"

* * *

He had expected a tender embrace from his sweetheart, but her greeting of him was cold. He could not understand it.

"Darling," he exclaimed in agony, "what is the matter ?"

But she remained silent, her lips tightly closed, and motioned him from her.

He fell upon his knees.

"My love," he cried, "tell me what I have done to offend you ? I swear I have done nothing wrong. I confess I kissed the Simpson girl last night at the party, but on my oath I—I thought she was you."

Her lips closed even tighter, but she uttered not a syllable, and, in despair at her unbending demeanor, he fled from the place, he knew not whither.

Would you know, oh reader, the reason of the conduct by which a woman blighted two young lives ? 'Twas simply this : She had left her false teeth in the bathroom.

* * *

The brawny Irishman craned over the big glass case in the chemist's shop and eventually managed to locate the diminutive proprietor.

"Wud ye plaze give me somethin' to kill moths ?" he asked, and was promptly supplied with a packet of camphor balls.

"Good-day, sir !" said the business-like chemist, briskly. "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

He saw him again quite soon, but, as it happens, it was with no particular pleasure.

"Ar-re you th' monkey-faced little divil that sowld me these balls ?" shouted the Hibernian, rushing in later on in the day. In his nervousness, the man of pills said he was. "Well, thin," howled the Irishman, "jist you come home wid me, an' if ye can hit a single moth wid wan iv these little haythen pellets I'll spare ye th' thrashin' ye'll git otherwise, an' say nothin' about th' looking-glass an' ornaments mesilf an' the missis broke !"

* * *

A brawny farmer presented himself at a country grammar school, dragging an overgrown boy reluctantly through the door.

"What's yer figure here ? This boy's arter an iddication," he demanded.

The master replied that the curriculum embraced reading, arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry——

"That will do," interrrupted the farmer. "Load him up heavy with triggernomatry—he's the only poor shot in the family."

* * *

Pat—Thot sign says : "Don't leave the car while in motion."

Mike—Th' fools ! How can a felly leave th' car unless he is in motion ?"

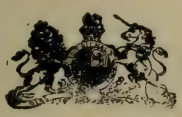
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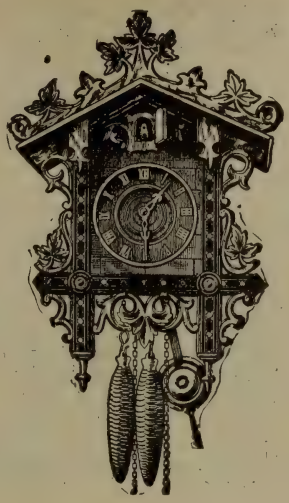
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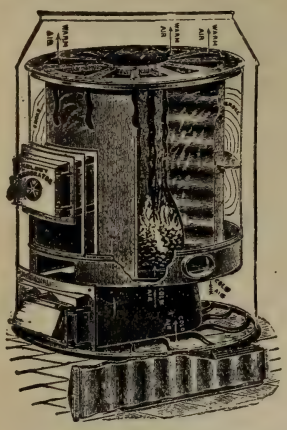
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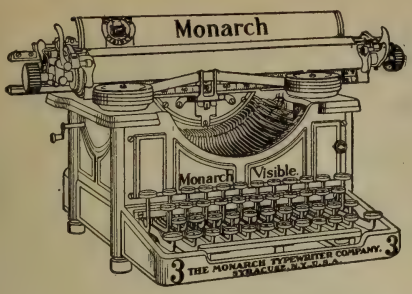
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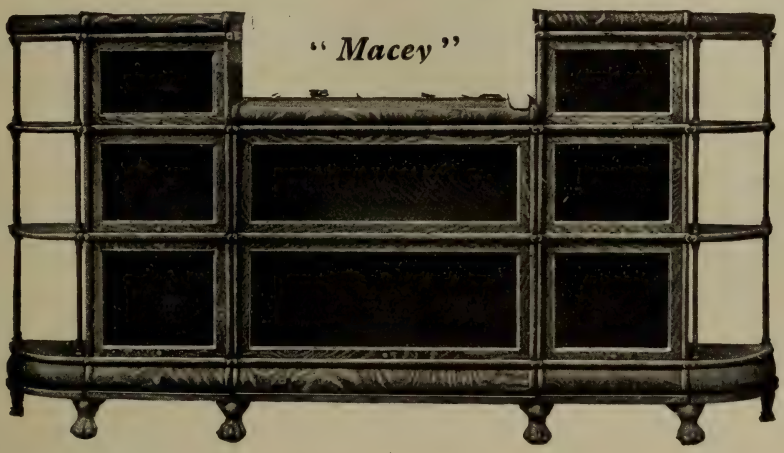
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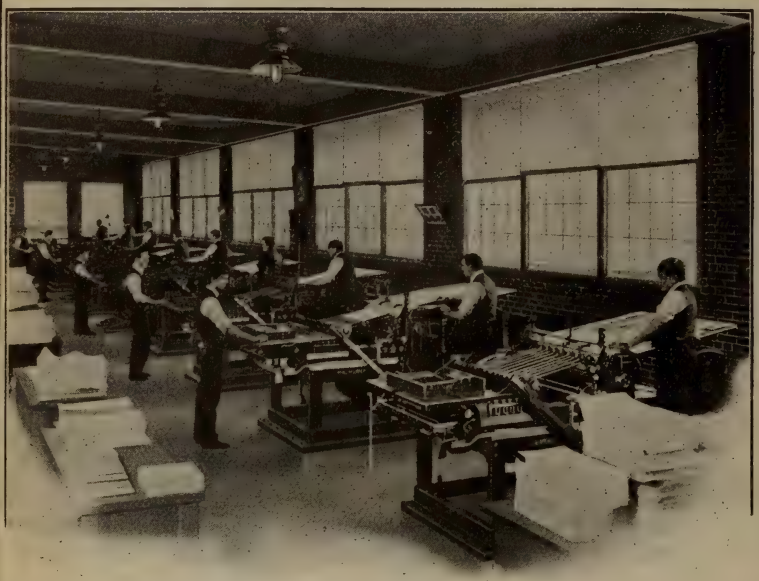
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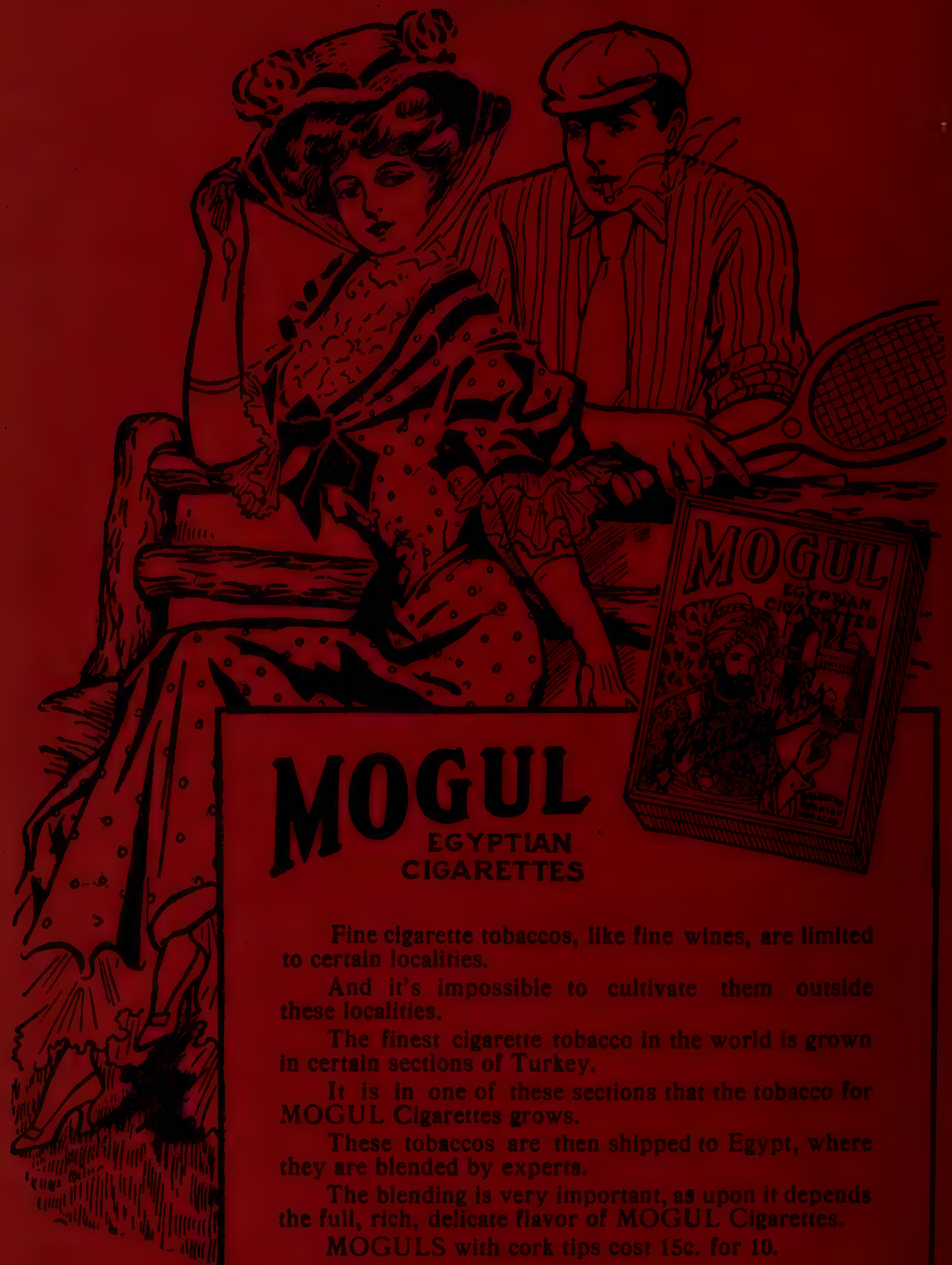
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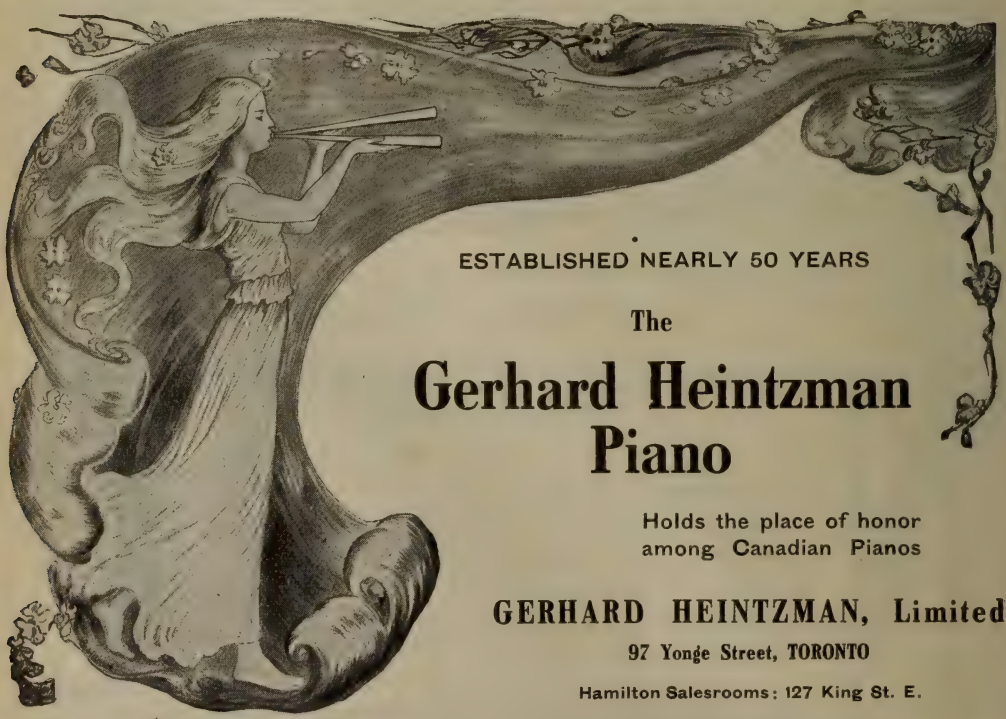
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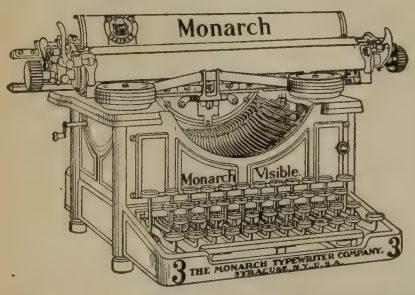
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Mainly About Ourselves

ONE of our aims in the November issue of the Busy Man's has been to comply with the wishes of scores of readers for "More articles bearing upon Canada and the British Empire." "The Growth of Canada in the Twentieth Century," by Mr. A. Blue, Census Commissioner for Canada, is, we think, one of the most interesting, and to the business man, one of the most valuable articles that have been written along this line. "The Former Rulers of the Canadian West," a brief history of the Hudson Bay Company, will appeal to every one interested in the early development of Canada. Of "The Menace of Japan," by Mr. Goldwin Smith, we need say nothing further than that it is in the author's best and inimitable style. The leading stories are Canadian in tone—(written by Canadians of course). We have heard and seen a great deal of Dr. Ingram, the Lord Bishop of London, within the past two months—and concluded that nothing would please our readers best than a short sketch of "The Automobile Bishop." "The Story of the Clarendon Press"—one of the greatest printing establishments in the world, is meant primarily for those of our readers who are asking for "more English stuff." Also, "England's House of Lords"—an interesting resume of a subject now being widely debated in England, i.e., whether the House of Lords has a right to exist. The new President of the University of Toronto, Dr. Robert H. Falconer, is, for the moment, the most prominent man before the Canadian public. As a friend to the University, and the advancement of education in Canada generally, we are glad to publish a short sketch and appreciation of President Falconer.

We recommend to our readers "The Busy Man's" as an appropriate Christmas gift. A man very often finds it difficult to decide upon useful and suitable presents—especially when there are a large number of friends and acquaintances to be remembered, and only a reasonable sum of money at his disposal. We mention the Busy Man's, because, as a substantial gift, you cannot duplicate it elsewhere for three times the cost. If your friend is a student, or a young business man; if he is fond of reading and takes any interest in what is going on in the world, the "best Canadian magazine published" is just the thing. We say this because, wherever we go, especially if it is into the office of the rising Canadian professional or business man in our towns and cities, we see The Busy Man's on his desk, and hear the comment, "It's brim full of interesting stuff, just the thing to pick up at odd times for information and entertainment, and a jolly good thing for the price."

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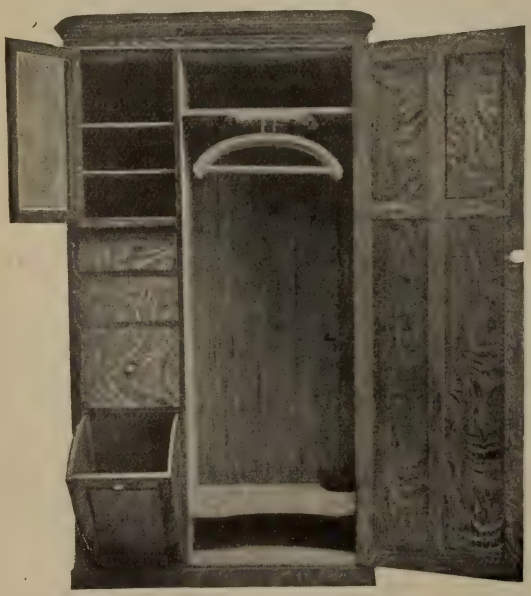
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Vol XIV NOVEMBER 1907 No 6

The New President of Toronto University

THE formal installation of Dr. Robert H. Falconer, M.A., B.D., LL.D., Litt.D., of Halifax, as President of the University of Toronto on September 26 and 27, 1907, may be said to have marked a distinct epoch in the history of Ontario's leading University. We begin to hear a great deal nowadays of the cry "Canada for the Canadians." in the various professions, arts, sciences, and in commerce, and it is significant that a Canadian should have been chosen at this time to fill the most delicate and difficult educational office in Canada, especially in view of the fact that no less than eighty were considered for the post, among them several British and American educationalists of distinction. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's recent answer to the question why he had never written a story about Canada, gives a clue to the university situation in relation to the appointment of the new President. "The man," said Mr. Kipling, "who writes the story of Canada must be a part of the country and know it well, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. It is not enough for a man to say I will write a story of Canada; he must know and feel that he has a story to tell. He who writes your Canadian stories must be grown in Canada." In offering the Presidency of Toronto University to Dr. Falconer, the Board of Governors felt that he was the man to develop the ideal Canadian spirit in the University—nationalism, however, subject always to the severe atmosphere which becomes a great Institution of Learning.

What better or more striking proof could we have of the phenomenal growth of Canada during the last quarter of a century, than the fact that on the first of October of this year between 3,500 and 4,000 registered in the various faculties and affiliated colleges of the University of Toronto, making it perhaps the second largest educational institution of its kind in the British Empire. The great task and responsibility of formulating and directing the policy of this great University, of infusing vitality into all her activities, of giving her a distinct public and national character, and of unifying and raising her to the place she should occupy as one of the very first educational institutions on the North American continent, have fallen to the lot of President Falconer. In his more immediate relations with the under-graduate body it will be his opportunity to inspire the pick of young Canadian manhood and womanhood to lofty national and individual ideals; to place before them an aim other than that of merely following the curriculum and obtaining a degree, i.e., the love of learning, of inquiry, and of truth for their own sake; in short, to mould the life of the leaders of tomorrow—"a people," to use the President's own words, "whose face is to be radiant with moral health, whose

eye is to be clear, to see far and whose nerves are to be strong to guide the nation in the way of wisdom. Those who have come into close touch with Dr. Falconer are of the unanimous opinion that he possesses in a marked degree the qualifications necessary to success in the high field to which he has been called.

Appreciations of President Falconer.

The following appreciations of President Falconer by prominent Canadians will be of interest to readers of Busy Man's Magazine:

Professor Falconer has many distinct things in his favor," says Mr. Byron E. Walker, President of the Bank of Commerce. "He is a Canadian with an adequate knowledge of the country as a whole, and with a large concepton of the duty of Canadians towards the future of the country. He is the right age, about forty—and will be very conscious that he has ten years of hard work ahead of him. He is spoken of by every correspondent I have heard from as the leading man in university and college life in the Maritime Provinces. He is a highly-cultured gentleman on the classical side; on the other hand, he does not lack sympathy with science and the technical departments of the University. I believe he will grow into his important work rapidly, and hope he will have the intelligent sympathy and support of every good friend of the University."

Principal Kilpatrick, of Knox College, Toronto: "I look upon the Principalship of Toronto University as one of the greatest positions in our country. It is a position of great influence for the university reflects the life and character of those who guide it. Principal Falconer is a man of splendid mental and moral qualities. He will set a high standard of moral conduct at the University; his mental attainments are also of a very high order. I look upon his appointment with great satisfaction, and look for him to render distinguished service in his new appointment."

Rev. Principal Forrest, of Dalhousie University: "Toronto University could not have found a stronger man for the Presidency on either side of the Atlantic."

Rev. Principal Gordon, of Queen's University: "Dr. Falconer is of a charming personality, sweet in disposition and very approachable. He has marked ability in the expression of his thoughts by the pen and by the voice. Although just approaching his prime he is an author of very considerable note."

Venerable Archdeacon Armitage, of Halifax: "Rev. Dr. Falconer has exercised great influence in this community as a thinker, as a teacher, and as a citizen. While his loss will be chiefly felt in the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, where he was an inspiring leader, the whole community will suffer, for he is a broad-minded man and a public spirited citizen. He will bring to the University of Toronto a rich endowment of gifts, highly cultivated, splendid teaching powers, and a carefully trained intellect."

Rev. Dr. McLean, editor of Wesleyan: "Dr. Falconer's removal to Toronto University undoubtedly means a great gain to the nation. I have always regarded Dr. Falconer as a strong and clear headed theologian, a man of brilliant ideas, genuine modesty, and great force of character."

Dr. Falconer's Career

Dr. Falconer was born in Prince Edward Island forty years ago. He is a son of the Rev. Alexander Falconer, D.D., of Pictou, N.S., who a year ago was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. In early life he spent several years n Trinidad, West Indies, where he attended Queen's Royal College. There he passed the Cambridge local examination with honors, in some subjects being bracketed equal with the first in the entire list. He also passed the matriculation of the University of London, and received both the Gilchrist Scholarship of £100 for three years, and the Colonial Scholarship of £150 for the same period. He then studied



ROBERT H. FALCONER, M.A., B.D., LL.D., LITT.D.,
President of The University of Toronto.

at Edinburgh University, where he received the degree of M.A. with honors in classics. Later he received the degree of B.D. and Litt.D. He also received the Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of London, with honors in classics and philosophy. Dr. Falconer then went to Germany, where he studied for three sessions at Leipzic, Berlin and Marburg. Since his return to Canada he has received three honorary degrees, the degree of Doctor of Laws from Fredericton University and St. Francis Xavier's College at its jubilee in 1905, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Knox College.

In 1892 Dr. Falconer was appointed lecturer in Greek Exegetics in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, and in 1895 was promoted to the professorship. On the retirement of Principal Pollock he was unanimously chosen for the principalship, and under his guidance the college has grown in influence and power. He has also been active in the affairs of Dalhousie University, and has lectured and conducted classes there. It is known that he had been agreed upon by the Dalhousie governors as the next president of that university in succession to President Forrest, who desires to retire. Among the friends of the Halifax institution he was looked upon as the one man who would be able to unite all sections in support of the university and make its future assured.

Soon after the death of Principal Caven of Knox College, Toronto, in 1905, an invitation, coupled with a most flattering financial offer, was sent to Dr. Falconer to become professor of New Testament Exegesis. With this position would have followed the principalship of Knox. The offer was declined, Dr. Falconer declaring that his duty to his own college prevented him from considering a change. At that time he had held the principalship for barely one year, following on the retirement of Dr. Pollock, and several other changes had disorganized the staff.

In academic circles, Dr. Falconer has come to be known as a man of broad and exact scholarship. His capacity for work is unusual. Throughout his educational work he has shown great tact and the personal qualities that make for leadership. His breadth of view and catholicity of spirit are indicated by the fact that although a Presbyterian and the principal of a Presbyterian college, he was granted the degree of LL.D. by St. Francis Xavier's College. He has the confidence of the public in all parts of Nova Scotia to a degree not excelled even by Premier Murray or the Hon. William Fielding. At the same time, it is said, that no one knows what Dr. Falconer's politics are, and both parties praise him.

Sports and the University.

Dr. Falconer looks not unlike a crack football player, but he disclaims proficiency in sports. Although he says he played football and cricket in his college days. He displays unmistakable interest in athletics, however. "The universities," in his opinion, "should be centres where sport is on a higher plane than elsewhere. They should set the standard, as it were, for the sports of the whole country." I believe in trusting the student; in leaving it to his honor to raise and maintain the standard of athletics in the universities of Canada.

"At the same time, athletics are only meant for recreation and for the building up of the body physically, in order that the mind may be strong and ready for the work of manhood. They should not be put in the first place and changed from mere recreation into an absorbing interest. There is a very large place in university life for athletics, and I believe they should be cultivated.

"We should get back to the old Greek spirit. The ancient Greek lived in the open air, and in his best period practised himself eagerly in the training of the body, though occasionally brutality and some degree of cruelty were manifested. But the Greek did not practise athletics for the mere sake of athletics, but solely in order to train himself for citizenship in the world, on the side of light and beauty

and reason against darkness and barbarism, and thus armed they rushed forward, repelled barbarism and saved our western civilization. The same spirit should animate the University of Toronto.

"In Canada to-day we need the strong body and the sound mind with the possession of moral control and buoyancy. Man should be endowed with that mastery of himself which enables him to control his own powers and his own body, and thus thoroughly trained in body and in mind he will go out to conquer."

What the University Can Give.

In the course of his inaugural address to the students of the University of Toronto on October 1, President Falconer outlined, in a forceful way, some of his ideals of university life. "With matriculation," said he, "the student is presented with the fateful gift of freedom—the opportunity of using freely all that he has; freedom, however, involving obligations, and one of the achievements of a university education lies in the conviction of the reign and reach of law. . . . . The university should teach the student how best to face the large problems of life, how to meet its duties in a brave and heroic spirit. . . . . The capacity for forming friendship gives the ability to meet men and to know what men really are, a large part of the students' problem in life. He is neglecting the opportunity to prepare himself for his largest duties when he cuts himself off with solitude from friendship with his fellows. The student faces many of his strongest intellectual problems, not in the classrooms, but among his friends. He learns intellectually in his intercourse with them, and also to face his moral problems. It is one thing for a young man to sit alone and deal with the temptations of life. It is altogether another thing to face them with his fellows, and to live amongst them a life straight, honorable and pure."

Self Reliance Calls Out Initiative

Responsibility is a great power developer. Where there is responsibility there is growth. People who are never thrust into responsible positions never develop their real strength. This is one reason why it is so rare to find very strong men and women among those who have spent their lives in subordinate positions, in the service of others. They go through life comparative weaklings because their powers have never been tested or developed by having great responsibility thrust upon them. Their thinking has been done for them. They have simply carried out somebody else's programme. They have never learned to stand alone, to think for themselves, to act independently. Because they have never been obliged to plan for themselves, they have never developed the best thing in them—their power of originality, inventiveness, initiative, independence, self-reliance, their possible grit and stamina. The power to create, to make combinations, to meet emergencies, the power which comes from continuous marshaling of one's forces to meet difficult situations, to adjust means to ends, that stamina or power which makes one equal to the great crisis in the life of a nation, is only developed by years of practical training under great responsibility.

There is nothing more misleading than the philosophy that if there is anything in a youth it will come out. It may come out, and it may not. It depends largely upon circumstances, upon the presence or absence of an ambition-arousing, a grit-awakening environment. The greatest ability is not always accompanied by the greatest confidence or the greatest ambition.—O. S. M., in Success.

In Memory of a Day

And what is so rare as a day in June—
Except it be one in November !—
When earth, sky, and heart glow, warmly attune
With the year's fading glory and splendor ?

And what is so kind as the clasp of warm hands
When the heart pulses true to the meeting ;
And friendship, abeam, at the open door stands,
Her eyes all aglow with love's greeting ?

And what is so sweet as an old-time song
Sung by voices aquiver with feeling,
Whilst tender old memories lovingly throng
And tears down the furrows are stealing ?

And what is so pure as a good-by kiss,
The "God bless you" so sweet to remember ?—
For naught in the world of acclaim would I miss
This one perfect day in November.

Margaret N. Goodnow, in New England Magazine.

On the Open Trail

This paltry earth and the low-hung sky,
Like a little tent around it,
Too cramped I find to feel at home,
Too cramped I always found it.

Since I was ever a vagabond,
A vagrant-foot and rover,
Oh, give me the width of the skies to roam
When my earthly days are over.

Let me out where worlds the mile-stones are,
Where the unresting stars walk my way ;
Out, out, where a man has elbow-room,
To travel his old-time highway !

And when the journey is done, God grant
That one lone Inn I find me,
Where I may enter and greet but Him,
And close the door behind me.

Arthur J. Stringer, in Cassell's.

Youth and Age

Only yesterday,
At each trifling sorrow
I would fret and say,
"Would God it were to-morrow !"

Ah, could I but borrow
The years I wished away !
Death may come to-morrow—
Would God 'twere yesterday !

Charles Buxton Going, in Munsey's.

Keeper of the King's Seal

Tribune Magazine

LORD LOREBURN, who has just arrived in Canada from Liverpool and who will visit New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, and other points of interest in the United States before returning home, is the first lord high chancellor of Great Britain to set foot on the shores of the western hemisphere, the first lord high chancellor, indeed, to leave his native land during his term of office since the days when Cardinal Wolsey accompanied Henry VIII. to the field of the cloth of gold in France. For the chancellor is the keeper of the great seal, and so great is the importance attached to this emblem of sovereignty, without which no legal value can be given to any acts of state, or to any documents bearing the sign manual of the sovereign, that all sorts of ancient laws, still unrepealed, provide for its custody by the lord high chancellor, who is responsible for its safety.

An old statute declares that it may not be taken out of the kingdom, and one of the offenses for which Cardinal Wolsey was impeached and punished was that he had violated the law by taking the great seal with him to France when he accompanied Henry VIII. to his memorable meeting with Francis I. And there are also pains and penalties devised for the chancellor who allows the great seal out of his keeping. So that, what between the difficulty of letting this instrument of power out of his personal care and the impossibility of taking it abroad, the lord high chancellor has always been prevented during his term of office from leaving the country. There is much speculation as to what disposition Lord Loreburn has made of the great seal during his American tour. He certainly has not brought it with him, and if he has left it at home it must have been surrounded by the most elaborate precautions in order to prevent any one else from obtaining access to it.

As lord high chancellor Lord Loreburn occupies the highest secular office of the British empire, and is its principal temporal dignitary, ranking immediately after the princes and princesses of the blood royal, before even the premier and the archbishop of York, and yielding the "pas" only to the primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury. The chancellorship is not only the most illustrious but likewise one of the most ancient offices of the realm, the unbroken line of its holders dating back to 1068—that is to say, to two years after the Norman conquest. It carries with it a seat in the cabinet, a salary of $50,000 a year, an hereditary peerage, the prolocutorship of the house of lords, and a retiring pension of $30,000 a year for life, even if the woolsack has only been occupied for a few days.

In addition to this the lord chancellor enjoys an enormous amount of patronage, having the appointment of all the judges, of high and low degree, from the lord chief justice down to the humblest justice of the peace and county magistrate, and the right of presentation to all the crown livings or ecclesiastical benefices. He is the supreme guardian, ex officio, of all infants, idiots, and lunatics, and as such, has the legal right to divest of the guardianship any persons who have been appointed as such by will, but who have shown themselves, in his opinion, to be unworthy of their trust. In that case he may either nominate other guardians or else decree the minor a ward of chancery, in which event any one endeavoring to wrong the ward or even to wed without the permission of the lord chancellor renders himself guilty of contempt of court.

Besides this, the lord high chancellor is, ex officio, a member of the privy council and president of all the courts of justice of the empire, which of course, renders it indispensable

that he should be a member of the legal profession. True, in olden times the woolsack was frequently occupied by ecclesiastics, and at one time the chancellorship and the primacy of the church were held by one and the same person, among the most notable instances of this kind being St. Thomas A. Beckett, Cardinal Wolsey, and Archbishop Warren. But since the days of John Williams, bishop of Lincoln, who succeeded the great Sir Francis Bacon as lord high chancellor, the office has invariably been filled by a more or less distinguished lawyer, often of the humblest extraction, the woolsack being regarded as the highest prize of the legal profession.

How great is the authority vested in the lord high chancellorship is perhaps best shown by that ancient statute, still in existence, which declares it to be his "high prerogative to judge according to equity, conscience, and reason where he finds the law of the land so defective as that the subject would be injured thereby," and he is the only dignitary of the realm, aside from the king, the queen, and the heir apparent, whose killing is not punished as ordinary murder but as high treason.

There seems to be a general impression, even in England, that the lord high chancellorship must necessarily be held by a Protestant. But Mr. Gladstone, who at one moment thought of nominating the late Lord Chief Justice Russell, who was a devout Roman Catholic, to the post, made a careful investigation of the matter and ascertained that there was no law or clause of the constitution in existence to prevent the woolsack being occupied by a member of the Church of Rome, or even a Jew. Indeed, had the late Sir George Jessell lived there is no doubt that he would in course of time have been elevated to the woolsack and to the keepership of the King's conscience, in spite of his being a professing Jew, and it was a matter of policy rather than anything else that prevented Lord Russell from being intrusted with the great seal. The title of "keeper of the King's conscience," which is one of the official designations of the chancellor, of course dates back to the days prior to the reformation, when the post, as mentioned, was ordinarily occupied by some prelate, who was usually the sovereign's spiritual adviser.

The woolsack, of which mention is so frequently made, is the seat occupied by the lord high chancellor as prolocutor of the house of lords. It is a sort of broad, square flat divan, blue cloth covered, supposed to be packed tightly with wool. Contrary to the general opinion, there are several of these woolsacks placed in the centre of the house, midway between the throne and the cross benches. It is the one nearest the throne that is occupied by the lord high chancellor. The others are reserved for the use of the judges of the high court, who sit for the purpose of giving legal advice, but do not vote in the house of lords.

The woolsacks date from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when stringent laws were enacted to prevent the exportation of wool, which was then regarded as the chief source of the wealth of the nation, and that the importance of this staple product to the realm might be kept constantly in mind by the legislators, woolsacks were placed in the house of peers, whereon the judges sat. It must thoroughly be understood that the lord chancellor is not the present or even the speaker of the house of lords. He cannot be said to preside over its deliberations, and has no such authority to guide its discussions as that enjoyed by the speaker in the house of commons. He has no authority to prevent any peer who is addressing the house from wandering far away from the subject under discussion, nor to call him to order, nor yet to reduce him to silence. He takes part in all the votes, and is at liberty to speak upon any question that comes up, not in his capacity as chancellor, but as one of the peers of his rank in the nobility. On such occasions he delivers his remarks not from the woolsack but from the bench of barons,

or viscounts, or of earls, according to the grade of his peerage.

The lord chancellor is created neither by writ nor by patent, but by the mere delivery of the great seal into his custody by the King, who may likewise remove him from office by commanding his surrender of this instrument of sovereignty. It is used on all occasions when the will of the monarch is to be officially expressed. Its impress in wax is attached to every royal charter, warrant, or official document bearing the sign manual of the sovereign. It is used for all acts of state, for writs to summon parliament, for the ratification of foreign treaties; and all these documents have no legal value unless sealed with the great seal. That is why King James II. on his flight from England deliberately dropped the great seal into the Thames, knowing that there was nothing that he could possibly do that would cause so much inconvenience to the government which had disposed of him, as the absence of the great seal, and the impossibility therefore to summon parliament or to undertake any sovereign act until a new one was engraved. If he dropped it into the river rather than carry it away with him to France, it is because he believed that he was being closely pursued, and that he was almost certain of being captured before he reached the mouth of the river. The seal, it may be remembered, was recovered in the nets of a fisherman.

There have only been one or two occasions when the great seal was lost. Thus, Lord Chancellor Thurlow was robbed of the great seal through the burglary of his London residence in Great Ormonde Street, and it was never heard of again, the party spirit being so strong in those days that Lord Loughborough, who formed part of the administration, actually described the burglary and theft of the great seal to the opposition, as a maneuver destined to embarrass the government. Lord Chancellor Eldon was in the habit of sleeping with the great seal under his pillow, and when, on one occasion his house was destroyed by fire, he hurried into the garden, and buried it for safety under a flower bed. "But," says Lord Campbell, in describing the incident, "what between his alarm on Lady Eldon's account and his admiration of the housemaids in their vestal attire, he could not remember the next morning the spot where he had hidden the great seal, and you never saw anything so ridiculous as the whole family engaged in probing and digging about the garden until the seal was found."

Royal purple bags of velvet, gold embroidered and adorned with the royal arms of Great Britain, hold the great seal in these days. The state furnishes a new bag of this kind every year at a cost of about $400, and the old bag becomes the perquisite of the wife of the lord high chancellor. Lady Hardwicke, whose husband held the chancellorship for various terms covering a period of twenty years, caused these purses to be used as hangings for one of the state apartments at her country seat, declaring that twenty purses just sufficed for the purpose and would, moreover, constitute a proud heirloom to commemorate the founder of the family. On all state occasions the great seal is carried in its gorgeous bag by the lord high chancellor himself, who is arrayed in sweeping black silk robes, all covered with gold lace and embroidery, his hair, or the remnants thereof, being concealed by one of those full buttoned wigs such as were worn by King Charles II. of England and Louis XIV. of France. On minor occasions the great seal is borne before the lord high chancellor by a stout and portly clerk, arrayed in black knee breeches, black silk stockings, and pumps, lace cuffs and cravat, and a coat of seventeenth century architecture.

Lord Loreburn is certain to make many friends while in this country, being noted for a keen sense of humor, a complete absence of self-assertion and self-advertisement, with a kindly, genial manner wholly devoid of affectation—his temper being nevertheless extremely hot at times. He

comes from an old Scottish family, the Reids of Mouswald, is a bachelor, and while at Oxford distinguished himself not only as a scholar but also as an athlete, figuring for three years in the "Varsity" cricket eleven, and thrice representing Oxford in racquets as the champion of his alma mater. At a later period in his life—it was after he became attorney general—he played for the amateur championship at tennis, and was only beaten in the last game by Sir Edward Grey, now his colleague in the Liberal cabinet as secretary of the state for foreign affairs.

At one time—it was in the early days of the home rule controversy—he was subjected to a good deal of baiting by the tories in the house of commons. He conquered them, however, by a touch of human nature which appealed to them. One day, in the course of a most important speech, when pulling a bundle of notes and memoranda from his pocket while addressing the house, there rolled on to the ground, and right into the middle of the floor, a much smoked briar root pipe, which he immediately picked up with such an appearance of anxiety and concern lest it should have sustained any injury—interrupting his speech for the purpose—that the entire house commenced to cheer him uproariously and sympathetically.

The Race for the Canadian Rockies

New York Herald

THE largest single enterprise now under way by any railroad interests in America is the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific across Canada. A new transcontinental highway that will add 3,600 miles to a nation's railway mileage means brain and brawn. The eastern section of the road—that is, the half east of Winnipeg, which is being constructed as a national road by the Canadian government—will cost $30,000 a mile and will include such engineering feats as the crossing of the St. Lawrence River at Quebec with the largest single span bridge in the world and the overthrow by a tunnelful of dynamite of a mountainside at La Tuque, in the northern Quebec wilderness. Nine hundred miles of this section are now under contract, one-fourth of which has been awarded to the Grand Trunk Pacific itself, whose right to tender was provided by the terms of charter.

The picturesque part of the new transcontinental, however, is its prairie and mountain mileage west of Winnipeg, all of which the company is building on its own responsibility, but with government guarantee of its bonds. Track laying is already under way in the section between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and 1907 harvest freight will be moved over it to meet the lake boats of Port Arthur.

In terms of human interests the building of this prairie section means 100 new towns to be begun within a year; for there is to be a railway station every seven miles and wherever there is a railway station there will be a town. It means that in this northern land there is shortly to be, is being even now, enacted the great drama that has already made the plains to the south, and forty years ago the Western States, a man's land instead of a no-man's land. The company of the people is the sequel to the laying of the steel.

The course of the new transcontinental across the prairie was pretty well decided two years ago, the entire route from the Atlantic coast being chosen through new and as yet, undeveloped country; but the mountain section, west of Edmonton, was until only a few months ago, a puzzle.

A second hunt for the northwest passage—a land hunt instead of water—had as its object to find where the road could most easily cross the Rockies.

There are in all some ten or twelve points where the Canadian Rockies can be crossed. Nature cut these passes through the mountains at fairly regular intervals. Two have already been used for railway routes in the southern part of the range, and others equally suitable are spread along the mountain line to the north. A choice of four or five was before the Grand Trunk Pacific, and this narrowed down, after its engineers had examined them all and had run their surveys through every feasible or possible route, to a choice of two. It was to be either the Pine River or the Yellowhead.

The hunt for the mountain passage became exciting. It turned out to be a race for another road with transcontinental ambitions headed at the same time and in the same direction and with the same end in view. It was a quiet, dogged, yet spectacular race, as surveyors' races always are. The Grand Trunk Pacific won, and in November last filed at Ottawa complete plans of a route through the Yellowhead from Edmonton to a point some fifteen miles on the other side of the Rockies.

Between the Prince Rupert that is to be and the Yellowhead, through which the transcontinental crosses the Rockies, is a tangled wilderness as yet unopened to settlement. It has been thoroughly surveyed, however, and in February preliminary plans were filed for the Pacific grade of the railway route. On the map the new Grand Trunk Pacific will show an almost straight line from Winnipeg save for its deflection on entering the Pass, where it turns slightly to the south, crosses the mountains, and then goes north again toward the Fraser River and the coast terminus. The road is under contract to build across British Columbia in four years.

But the Yellowhead is the objective point of two other roads now building across the prairies. The race which the Grand Trunk Pacific won by reaching that point first was with the Canadian Northern, whose line is already built and running between the head of the lakes and Edmonton. It is aiming at the coast and has filed plans for a route through the Rockies. At the eastern end of this future system, which is the outcome of the dogged persistence of two men—Mackenzie and Mann—a line from Toronto to Sudbury in northern Ontario, is built, and there lacks only the link between that point and Port Arthur to give a third road covering more than half the continent.

Apparently with the intention of going into every field touched by its rival lines, the Canadian Pacific, first of Canadian transcontinentals, is now building a new main line, northwest from Winnipeg, the logical motive of which is an extension to and across the Rockies to the coast by way of the Yellowhead, the pass first proposed by the Canadian Pacific twenty-eight years ago, but then abandoned in favor of the southern route. For the time has come now when all the railroads must tap the north. There seems to be very good reason why the way of the Yellowhead should be chosen in the fact that it is the lowest of the passes across the continental divide, being only 3,250 feet instead of 5,000, and that it is for almost its entire distance a grade of three-tenths of one per cent., with only a few miles at one per cent.

Some of the largest engineering undertakings in the West are proposed on lines already in operation. The Canadian Pacific has planned an extensive betterment scheme this year, which involves the construction of one of the largest railroad bridges in the world and the reduction of the grade in the Rockies by tunneling. In the Crow's Nest section, among the foothills of the Rockies, a viaduct of a mile in length, carried on steel towers, 300 feet high, will straighten and shorten the road and will cut out a number of trestle bridges. Further into the Rockies proper, the section between Field and Hector, the most difficult section on the whole 3,000-

mile system, is to be reduced from a hard pulling grade of 4.5 per cent. to one of 2.2 per cent., by the construction of two tunnels under that portion of the mountain which now stands in the way.

More like pioneer farming than engineering is another railroad enterprise that is being undertaken by the Canadian Pacific on Vancouver Island, but its proportions entitle it to a place with the rest. It is the largest land clearing contract in Western America. A tract of 150,000 acres of railroad land which now is forest and stumps and dreary emptiness is to be cleared and made into farms at the rate of 10,000 acres a year and at a total cost of $15,000,000. A stump jerking campaign of much the same order as those by which parts of Washington State have been cleared will be under way for the next fifteen years, and the result will be a new industrial territory on the very edge of the continent. This reclamation enterprise is the second undertaken by the Canadian Pacific, its irrigation works in Southern Alberta having been begun some years ago.

By purchasing and unifying numerous short lines already built and by filling in the gaps with new road of their own, the Hill, or Great Northern, interests are building up a through route from Winnipeg to the coast, connecting along the way with the eleven branch lines with which this far-reaching system already taps the Canadian wheat fields from the south. The apparent purpose of such a road is to carry a portion of the Canadian harvest by an American route, Mr. Hill declaring that the development of the northern country will give to all prospective lines as much business as they can handle and that the diversion of a part of it to the American route will be a relief. To carry out this plan 1,000 miles of road are being built.

The prairie of the last frontier is being gridironed west and north and northwest by railroad lines that as soon as the last spike is driven will bring in people and take out wheat. It is the taking out of the wheat, the problem of the transportation of future harvests that has given rise to numerous propositions of railway undertakings in another direction—toward Hudson Bay. A seaboard on the great inland water that has hitherto been unused and useless is an attractive possibility, and the fact that it is altogether feasible explains why Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, said in Parliament recently that the matter of a Government aided railroad to the bay was under consideration and intimated that some definite action soon was not unlikely. A company was incorporated at the last session of Parliament with power to build from Edmonton to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, a distance of one thousand miles. The Canadian Northern is known to have similar ambitions, and, in fact, has a section of road already under construction that looks like the beginning of a Hudson Bay branch. The Manitoba Government, it has been reported, is entertaining plans to finance a road to the bay from Winnipeg. Surveys have been made for a line from James Bay, the southern inlet of Hudson Bay, to Chicago, chiefly as a fish carrying road. Out of these numerous projects or out of others that will follow there is pretty sure to materialize, and that soon, a railroad from some part of the settled West to some new port on the northern sea. It is in the talk stage at present, but great railway systems begin in talk.

But the path of the steel is reaching further still. Into the region until just now given quite over to the fur trapper and the Indians is going the transitman, and his going means something doing a few years hence. The Athabasca Railway Company is a new name that will in time be seen on north-bound freight cars. A charter has been given for 500 miles of road from Edmonton to Fort Smith, on the Slave River, and the chances are that construction straight into the heart of the northland will not be long delayed.

Yet further north, in the upper left hand corner of the continent, is the line of a railway that runs from Skagway, an Alaskan seaport, to White-

horse, in Canada's Yukon territory. The distance is one hundred and ten miles, over which trains have been running regularly since July, 1900, and for two-thirds of that distance the road was the most costly to build in America. The first fifteen miles rise to a height of nearly three thousand feet, and the construction of a winding, twisting roadbed through the Skagway Valley, and along the side of sheer walls of mountain rock, represents engineering that cost millions. There were other problems to overcome. Up in the high places was a good sized lake that must be crossed, but the railway builder of the North is ingenious, and instead of bridging the lake, well nigh an impossibility, he cut a new outlet for it, drained it dry, and built his road over the clay bed.

This is the White Pass and Yukon Railway. It is a narrow gauge and is operated under the disadvantage of terrific storms in the winter months, but it paid the whole cost of construction in its first year, and three years ago earned $991,000, of which $440,000 was profit. Twelve thousand passengers a year are carried, and they pay twenty cents a mile, while freight rates are proportionately high. Its traffic is almost entirely that of miners coming and going between the camps and the outside.

The northernmost railway on the American continent is that running south from Dawson, in the Yukon. It holds another record, too, as probably the most crooked road in America, winding in and out of the mountain gulches after the style of a rail fence, with a curvature approximating in places to twenty-eight degrees and a grade of three and fife-tenths per cent. The Klondike Mines Railway has been in operation for only a year or two, but it has proved so acceptable a substitute for dog trains and pack horses, reducing the freight rates from forty to one and one-half cents a pound, that an extension is planned for the present season. Ultimately it will be extended into and through the new mining country to the south, to connect with the White Pass road at Whitehorse, giving a direct route to the coast, or, going north from Edmonton, linking the Yukon directly with the western railway centres. One or the other of these plans will, it is almost certain, be carried into effect the next few years.

Both the Klondike Mines and the White Pass Railways are miners' roads, existing because of and for the sake of the numerous gold mining camps of the Yukon country, but tourist travel is being encouraged and in the summer months an increasing number of sightseers are doing the far north via the rail.

Diagonally across the northwest, cutting the great new land on the bias, will go a line now under project, whose ambitious purpose is to connect Dawson and Winnipeg. Survey parties have been quietly at work and a goodly portion of the total 1,700 miles is said to be already routed. Such a line, traversing the northern prairies, the Peace River district and Yukon mining country would hold a unique place among the railroads of the continent and would involve, at its northern end, some tremendous engineering problems. The interests behind this project have been kept somewhat secret, but it is believed that they are American and associated with the Northern Pacific.

Another road to the Yukon has filed its plans with the Canadian Railway Commission, involving a straight north route along the coast from Vancouver to Dawson. The surveys through British Columbia territory show immense cuttings and tunnels, with heavy bridging. It is altogether likely that when this road is built it will be by or for the Grand Trunk Pacific, in whose interest is thought to be a bill introduced this year at Washington authorizing the construction of a road from Skagway, in Alaska, to a point at or near to Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus.

For a year past survey work has been under way on two roads from the south-western coast of Alaska to the copper district of the interior. One was being financed by London capital-

ists, representing the same interests as those behind the White Pass and Yukon Railway, and the other by the Guggenheims and J. P. Morgan. The two routes were such as would closely parallel each other and, while entailing immense double expense, would open up practically the same country. The promoters have, therefore, consolidated, under Guggenheim control, and one road is now being built, instead of two. It will probably run from Catella, a seaport with good terminal facilities, in to the heart of the White River copper country, and possibly into the Canadian Yukon. About 400 miles of the road will be built this year, and the same man who built the White Pass and Yukon Road is engineering it.

One more railway enterprise comes from the top corner of the continent, and it exceeds them all in spectacular bigness and daring. It goes by the name of the Transatlantic-Siberia Railway, a phrasing that at once explains its route and indicates the immensity of its undertaking. In the first week of the present year a survey party, with dog teams drawing their supplies, left Dawson for White River, and a fortnight later began the initial work of mapping out a railway route. The general route to be followed is along the White River and down the Tanana Valley, picking up the incidental traffic of the existing mining camps and heading toward Behring Strait. The plan of the men behind this project is to establish a route from Alaska to Siberia, across the strait, and to build an extension connecting with the great Russian system. If the project ever gets so far the American, Canadian and Russian Governments will be called upon to lend a hand. It is a bold scheme, but whether the Siberian end of it is ever carried out or not it is practically certain that some portion of the Alaskan section will be built shortly, opening up a mining region of unknown riches and another great section to settler and trader.

"We are altogether too prone to think evil of our neighbors and try to do them evil. We scowl too much; we smile too little."

"We have now the 'production play,' which is all scenery, costumes, mechanics, humbug and cheap literature."

"Well bred people nowadays dine at home before they go to a dinner party, and then rush off after dinner to an unloving game of bridge."

"When hate and indifference have killed love this earth will become as cold as the moon, and there will be nothing living but a few big, cold, slimy, bloodless slugs."

"When you have climbed to the top of the hill, if you keep on going you must go down the other side, or else turn around and go down the side you have climbed up, or else sit down on top and freeze."

"It is very difficult to keep on striking twelve every night. The bell tongue wears out after a while."—Richard Mansfield.

The Rise of Mr. Conde Nast

By Herbert McLeod in Workers' Magazine

TEN years ago Mr. Conde Nast went to New York City and started to work for $12 a week; a few days ago, at the remarkably early age of thirty-four years, he resigned a position with a salary of $40,000 a year. During his ten years of service he remained always "on salary"; that is to say, none of his astonishing income—he had been receiving $40,000 a year for the last three years—has been due to dividends. Here is a man who does not have and has not had a bit of interest in the ownership of the concern that employed him. The decade of his labor has been with one firm—Collier's—and his rise from a job at a clerk's hire, $12 a week, to a position with a salary nearly that of the president of the United States, has been due, surely, to business capacity of a rare order.

Mr. Nast is known to the publishing world as perhaps the greatest expert in the country on national advertising. Probably he has been, during the last three or four years, the highest salaried man of his age in the world. Young men, combining labor and capital, have frequently made a larger income than $40,000 a year—so frequently indeed that the fact excites little comment. But labor alone at such an age has rarely produced this annual sum. There is a romance of business life in the story of such a success, and in the remarkable fact that a young man who had gone so far should give up such an income to venture for himself.

Mr. Charles Schwab remarked not long ago that a college education unfitted a man for business life or executive duties, and some years past Mr. Horace Greeley expressed more than contempt for a young man who would waste four years of valuable time in such a cause. Brilliant examples of success with and without college education exist everywhere, and the question will probably never be settled. But whether or not these two authorities on success were right, in the instance of this particular young man their theories have been knocked higher than a kite; for Mr. Nast, with in their judgment, and handicap of the degrees of B.A., M.A., and LL.B., started his business career at 24, and in his early thirties has achieved a most notable success. He not only spent four years in college, he spent seven years of preparation, and all for a business career!

Yet this proves nothing. There are thousands of young men who come to Chicago and start in every year at $12 a week—or less—and hundreds of them have excellent college training. The city spells opportunity to them, and, with all sorts of implements, from a pick to a diploma, they hope to carve out fortunes. Most of the thousands of yearly recruits are swallowed up in the rank and file of the business and professional armies of the country. There are few who make much of a success before 40, and, the Osler theory to the contrary nothwithstanding, it is the middle aged man who is notable in business or professional life.

Mr. Nast really started a business training while he was in college. He seemed responsible enough to his fellow students to be made manager of one of the athletic associations, and during the third and fourth year of his life at Georgetown University he was business head of most of the student organizations. His reign over the athletic affairs of the institution led many of his associates to predict for him a brilliant career in any line of business.

At 22 Mr. Nast, M.A., fresh from the university, returned to his home in St. Louis. His parents wanted him to become a lawyer; the young man wanted to go into business, but decided that a training in law would

better equip him for whatever business he undertook. At the end of two years he was graduated from the law school of Washington University and admitted to the bar.

"Then I didn't know what to do," says Mr. Nast relating his experience in getting a start. "I was 24 years old and had little experience. I didn't mind working for $10 a week, or nothing, for that matter, providing I was put in a position where I could learn, could gain some experience, but the possibility at my age of 24 of being pocketed for two or three years where, at the end of that time, I would have made no start, filled me with dismay, and I nearly wept over the seven years I had spent at college and law school. I knew that I didn't want to be a lawyer, but I had no idea how to get into business.

"It happened that my brother had put some money into a small printing establishment, and that fact gave me my first job. The manager of the place didn't know what to do with me and I was of no use in the shop, so he sent me out to solicit business from the merchants. I asked him where I had best go to find business. He said, 'You know a lot of people in this town; go to your friends.' I did not like to do that, so I made a chance solicitation here and there. It resulted in no business. Then I recalled that during the next month there was to be a merchants' exposition in St. Louis. The thought occurred to me that if I could only get a list of the exhibitors such a list ought to open up a fertile field, that most of them would want considerable printed matter. The list was at first refused me, but the next day I managed to get it.

"My anticipations regarding the fertility were more than realized; in fact, every merchant I called on that day treated me as if I were doing him a favor, whereas the day before I was treated as a nuisance. The next afternoon I brought into the printing shop literally an armful of orders and requests for estimates. The manager thought I was playing a joke on him, for here in one day's work was a volume of business that overtaxed the plant, but when he realized the situation I felt sure I had 'made good' at my first job."

Here was a simple and easy thing to do, once the idea was secured, and yet how few get the simple ideas that are so valuable. Even the manager of the printing plant had not thought of this obvious source of business for him. That incident was the start of a wonderful business career. It was simply the principle of business getting effort where business is to be had.

An offer of partnership in the printing shop was made to Mr. Nast soon after his start, but he did not accept. Instead, he applied for a place in New York City. His application resulted in a position at $12 a week, and he started east at once. At that time Collier's was almost unknown; it had a small circulation and a smaller advertising patronage. Mr. Nast was set to work getting advertising, and he found it an impossible task. He knew nothing of advertising at the start. No one wanted to use the publication; indeed, all weekly publications were out of favor. Everything seemed against him. The year before Mr. Nast started the whole year's revenue from advertising was about $5,500.

Mr. Nast then decided on an entirely new method of soliciting advertising; he stopped asking advertisers to go into the paper. He sent the publication regularly to every one in the advertising business, and, for six months he kept away from any advertiser or agent. In the meantime, however, he was not idle. He began the preparation of series of letters, he studied the inside of the business, he learned how to overcome the serious difficulties, and when he went back to the advertisers he began to make real progress.

From this small start the business progressed rapidly. Mr. Nast evolved a system of looking after every "individual unit." There never was a piece of copy too small to be canvassed and as vigorously as the large. This was done through letters that have become famed as samples of

business literature. The Nast letters are known to every advertiser, agent, publisher, and editor in the country.

From an annual income from advertising of $5,500, the advertising revenue rose for the tenth year of Mr. Nast's service as advertising manager to an income of $1,000,000. During his last three years in that capacity the publication carried more national advertising than any other periodical in the world. The growth of this business was the business growth of Mr. Nast. He grew along with the business. And his success was not accidental. His ability appealed to every active man in the publishing business. When he was only 30 years old one of the New York newspaper publishers offered him $30,000 a year to go with him in a managerial capacity. Now Mr. Nast, at 34, has decided to go into business for himself.

Mr. Nast is an interesting personality. He has no pride of position—his sole idea about work is to get it done in the quickest possible way. He has one characteristic that few men have—ability to "shed' work. His one desire once he has put a plan into action is to turn it over to a lieutenant, he himself going on to some other work. He is alert, active, aggressive, a sure judge of men, and, being at the age when most men are beginning to be successful, it would be difficult to express, without superlatives, the opportunities and attainments that the future holds in store for him.

Richard A. Waite's Architectural Masterpiece

By New York Commercial

RICHARD A. WAITE, the architect, is again in the public eye, as he has practically completed a very original and unique design for the Robert Fulton Memorial, to be erected on the bank of the Hudson in New York. It is the outcome of extensive study and a long, successful architectural career. It is most fitting that such a memorial should be erected in New York, as Robert Fulton was the inventor of the steamship, proving in 1807 that steam could be applied to the propulsion of vessels with entire success. His first steamboat, "Clermont," made a progress on the Hudson of five miles an hour.

Mr. Waite was born in England, coming to the United States while a boy and enjoying the artistic advantages to be had in New York. From here he was called to Buffalo as architect of the fine German Insurance Building and of Pierce's Palace Hotel. He subsequently became the architect of Buffalo's Music Hall, Women's Union, Grosvenor Library, and other notable buildings. In 1880 he was called to Canada and made a name for himself by his masterpiece, the Ontario Parliament Buildings at Toronto. The brilliant and prompt execution of this work gave Mr. Waite a high position as an architect. He also erected in Canada the Grand Trunk Building at Montreal. Few buildings in the world can show marble in such wealth and variety as in this building. It has been described as a "poem in marble." It was said at the time that Mr. Waite was the first American architect employed by His Majesty's government, and probably no other American architect has received so many important commissions from His Majesty's subjects.

In the construction of buildings for banks and insurance companies, Mr. Waite distinguished himself as designer of the buildings for the Western Insurance Co., at Toronto; the Canada Iife Insurance Co., at Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal; the Standard Life Insurance Co., at Montreal, and the head offices of the same companies at Glasgow, Scotland; the Bank

of Hamilton, at Hamilton; and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at Toronto, as well as the Mail Building, at Toronto. Achievements such as these are phenomenal in their extent. For some time Mr. Waite has been living in the metropolis engaged upon designs and plans for even more important structures than have already been recorded to his credit. It was while engaged upon these pretentious plans that he was asked to consider the design for the Fulton memorial. The results have been such as to justify those who are most deeply interested in making this memorial the finest ever erected in the United States.

The memorial is, by this design, to comprise not only a shaft and statue of Fulton, but also a crypt for his remains which now lie in Trinity churchyard; also a museum devoted to Fulton memorials and exhibits of marine mechanism and construction, such as have marked the development of navigation and of which Fulton's practical application of steam was an epoch. It also includes a gallery of education important in connection with the study of navigation and marine construction. All these museum features are included in the base or pedestal of the monument proper.

It is, as a whole, a memorial of strongly marked character distinguished from all other known. The solid simplicity of the lofty base, the lightness and satisfying richness of the aspiring superstructure, the rich elegance of each portion separately and the harmony of all, combine to make it a structure unequalled of its kind. Granite and bronze are the materials it is proposed to use.

As the ideal spot for the site of such a monument, Dr. Waite names the foot of 106th Street, New York, where it enters Riverside Drive. He would place the centre of the monument directly in front of this street, which commends itself as one of the few fine, broad 100-feet streets of that region. As an approach from roadway and the avenues east it is almost ideal as affording a clear view, with a direct perspective from the knoll in Central Park. At the intersection of 106th Street with Riverside Drive is an elevation that will admit of a spacious terrace with broad steps descending to crossings leading to the memorial. At this point the series of roadways slightly falling to the north and south are adorned by rows of trees, and when viewed from the terrace will present with dignity and beauty a foreground of nature's line.

On the water side at this point the park is spacious, of proper levels, no knolls to obstruct the view, and has the proper natural links to connect with the memorial, the proposed esplanade. This cannot be said of the sight further north on the river favored by the bill whch passed the legislature. Then the essential point of depth of water for the great boats which will lay to for formal receptions and inspections at this gateway to the city, is covered by the fact of an ample and remarkable depth of channel off 106th Street. This point favored by Mr. Waite may also be fairly described as the residence centre of Manhattan, while the memorial will be a very proper distance from the Grant's Tomb and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument.

As to the sculptor's portion of the work, the composition is designed to be in Roman relief. The four ethnological groups, allegorical of commerce, are capable of artistic treatment, as are also the prows of the boats that show in the pediment. The figure of Fulton, the eight bas-relief panels illustrative of his life, the colossal group—Transportation—and panoramic scene of the first departure of the 'Clermont,' August 17, 1807, are to be executed in bronze.

The proportions of the Clermont have been carefully regarded as a unit or standard in some of the most interesting features of the monument. The extent of the memorial is almost surprising and can hardly be grasped by the reproductions herewith. The promenade encircling the monument is some 25 feet above the roadways and the top of the monument 145 feet from the curb-line of Riverside Drive;

to the outer face of the seawall plateau is 825 feet. This plateau with basins and piers presents a water-front of nearly six blocks, or, including the intervening streets a distance of some 1,500 feet.

The basins referred to are intended for the landing and anchorage of yachts of all kinds. The basins are approached by a special roadway for the convenience of those who drive and for automobiles. The ample size of the memorial can be judged from the fact that at the level of the gallery of celebrities, the diameter of the building exceeds by 50 feet that of the Pantheon of Rome whch, for 18 centuries has been regarded as the acme of circular structures. The steps which lead up from the esplanade to the park level have a width of 105 feet.

There is an air of originality in every detail of the memorial that indicates that the designer has gone straight to his aim, gathering his materials from unusual sources. As a result the whole expresses a graceful dignity without presumption and elegance without affectation.

Organized Labor

By Cardinal Gibbons in Putnam's Monthly

LABOR has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection and benefit. It is in accordance with natural right that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion. Our modern labor associations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England. In our days there is a universal tendency towards organization in every department of trade and business. In union there is strength in the physical, moral and social worlds; and just as the power and majesty of our republic are derived from the political union of the several States, so do men clearly perceive that the healthy combination of human forces in the economic world can accomplish results which could not be effected by any individual efforts. Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to-day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle is controlled by a corporation. When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to working men the right to band together, because of the abuses incident to such combinations, as to withhold the same right from capitalists because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weaker rivals.

Another potent reason for encouraging labor unions suggests itself to my mind. Secret societies, lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments, have been the bane of continental Europe. The repressive policy of these governments, and their mistrust of the intelligence and virtue of the people, have given rise to those mischievous organizations; for men are apt to conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The public recognition among us of the right to organize implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the art of self-government and the art of self-discipline; it takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous societies;

it exposes to the light of public scrutiny the constitution and laws of the association and the deliberations of its members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens and with a laudable desire to merit the approval of their fellow-citizens. "It is better," as Matthew Arnold observes, 'that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class."

God forbid that the prerogatives which I am maintaining for the working classes should be construed as implying the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. There should not, and need not, be any conflict between capital and labor, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and hands would be to the physical body. Such an antagonism recalls the fabled conspiracy on the part of the members of the body against the stomach. Whoever tries to sow discord between the capitalist and the laborer is an enemy of the social order. Every measure should be therefore discountenanced that sustains the one at the expense of the other. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions, by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent, is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view I venture to touch this most delicate subject, and if these lines contribute in some small measure to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil, I shall be amply rewarded.

That the "laborer is worthy of his hire" is the teaching of Christ as well as the dictate of reason itself. He is entitled to a fair and just compensation for his services. He deserves something more, and that is kind and considerate treatment. There would be less ground for complaint against employers if they kept in view the golden maxim of the Gospel: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." Our sympathy with those in our employ, whether in the household, the mines, or the factory, is wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place, and by asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated in similar circumstances. We should remember that they are our fellow-beings, that they have feelings like ourselves, and they are stung by a feeling of injustice, repelled by an overbearing spirit, softened by kindness; and that it rests largely with us whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy. Surely men do not amass wealth for the sole pleasure of counting their bonds and of contemplating their gold in secret. No, they acquire it in the hope that it will contribute to their rational comfort and happiness.

Now, there is no enjoyment in life so pure and so substantial as that which springs from the reflection that others are made content and happy by our benevolence. And I am speaking here not of the benevolence of gratuitous bounty, but of fair dealing tempered with benignity. I am happy to say that just and considerate employers do not wholly belong to an ideal and imaginary world, but are easily found in our great centres of commerce; and if the actual condition of the average wage-worker in this country is a safe criterion by which to estimate the character and public spirit of American employers I believe that an impartial judgment will concede to the majority of them the honorable title of fair-dealing, benevolent men. In my vists to England, Scotland, Ireland, and the continent of Europe, I have studied the condition of the laboring classes, and I am persuaded that the American workman is better paid and fed, better clothed and housed, and usual-

ly better instructed, at least in the elements of useful knowledge, than his brethren across the Atlantic. I applaud the tender feelings and magnanimity of those many capitalists who so truly deserve it, but I am constrained, in the interests of truth, humanity and religion, to protest against the heartless conduct of others, whose number, for the honor of our country, is, I hope, comparatively small. When men form themselves into business corporations, their personality is overshadowed, their individual responsibility lessened. And for this reason many will assent in their corporate capacity, to measures from which the dread of public opinion, or the dictates of conscience, would prompt them as individuals to shrink. But perhaps the injury is all the more keenly felt by the victims of oppression when inflicted by a corporation, as it is easier to obtain redress from one responsible proprietor than from a body of men, most of whom may be unknown or inaccessible to the sufferers.

No friend of his race can contemplate without painful emotions those heartless monopolists exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts and monopolies, like the car of Juggernaut, crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They endeavor—not always, it is alleged, without success—to corrupt our national and State legislatures and municipal councils. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starving wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo, and are easily stifled by intimidation. In many places the corporations are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessaries of life; bills are contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and their forced insolvency places them at the mercy of their taskmasters. The supreme law of the land should be vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations as well as to the laboring classes against unscrupulous monopolies.

But, if labor organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled and dangers to guard against. As these societies are composed of members very formidable in numbers, varied in character, temperament and nationality, they are, in the nature of things, more unwieldy, more difficult to manage, more liable to disintegration than corporations of capitalists, and they have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact and superior executive ability, who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers. They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine.

They should also be jealous of the reputation and good name of the society as well as of its chosen leaders. For, while the organization is ennobled and commands the respect of the public by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach upon the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community. They should, therefore, be careful to exclude from their ranks that turbulent element composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism and nihilism; those land pirates who are preying on the industry, commerce and trade of the country; whose mission is to pull down and not to build up; who, instead of upholding the hands of the government

that protects them, are bent on its destruction, and instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, insult and defy her. If such revolutionists had their way despotism would supplant legitimate authority, license would reign without liberty, and gaunt poverty would stalk throughout the land.

We must guard against any word or act that is contrary to the law. Every American citizen has the right to be protected in his efforts to earn an honest livelihood. No man or combination of men should have the power to prevent him from following his vocation even by intimidation, for he may have not only himself but a wife and children for whom to provide. It is my opinion that the honest laborer who is willing to do work which is proper and in no way conflicts with the interests of the community should be given the opportunity to perform it, and to have the same protection from the authorities which is extended to any peaceful citizen, no matter how powerful or influential may be the person or society which opposes him.

I take it for granted that all unions and other societies of American laboring men are disposed to array themselves on the side of peace and order and are as strongly opposed to violations of the law as other citizens. Hence, they should exert their influence to see that the laws are upheld if they would maintain the respect with which they are regarded by their fellows. It is not only a question of patriotism but of self-interest which deeply concerns them.

The expulsion from membership in the unions of any men who had been guilty of outrages of one kind or another, against the peace of the community or the rights of their fellow-citizens would secure for the unions the respect and sympathy of the community, and would greatly further the best interests of organized labor.

I am persuaded that the system of boycotting, by which the members of labor unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious business houses, is not only disapproved by an impartial public sentiment, but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when by a mandate of the society he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a prohibition assails the liberty of the purchaser, and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privileges guaranteed by the government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism were generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every centre of population would be divided into hostile camps, and the good feeling which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. "Live and let live," is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and by Christian charity.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic, and at best, a very questionable, remedy for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions, and lead to the destruction of property; and above all they result in inflicting grievous injury on the laborer himself by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which time his mind is clouded with discontent while brooding over his situation, and his family not infrequently suffer from the want of the necessaries of life. The loss inflicted by strikes on the employers is not much more than half as great as that which is sustained by the employed, who can much less afford to bear it. It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace, and of the laboring classes, if the policy of arbitration, which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method; for, while

strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive. The result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of the argument.

And now, inspired by sincere affection for the hardy sons of toil, and with an earnest desire for their welfare, I address to them these few words of friendly exhortation:

Cultivate a spirit of industry, without which all the appliances of organized labor are unavailing. Activity is the law of all intellectual and animal life. The more you live in conformity with that law, the happier you will be. An active life, like the flowing stream, is an unfailing source of gladness, health and contentment, while an indolent life, like the stagnant pool, breeds discontent, disease and death. And no man enjoys with a keener relish the night's repose and the Sunday holiday rest than the working man. A life of patient industry is sure to be blessed with a competence, if it be not crowned with an abundant remuneration. The great majority of our leading men of wealth are indebted for their fortunes to their own untiring industry.

Take an active, personal interest in the business of your employer; be as much concerned about its prosperity as if it were your own. And are not your employers affairs in a measure yours? For your wages come from the profits of the concern and the more you contribute to its success, the better can he afford to compensate you for your services. He will be impelled by an enlightened self-interest, as well as by a sense of justice, to requite you for your services with a generous hand.

Foster habits of economy and self-denial. No matter how modest your income may be, always live under it. You will thus protect your liberty and business integrity, and guard yourself against the slavery and humiliation of debt, which is too often the precursor of, and the incentve to, commercial dishonor. Most of the alleged wants of mankind are purely artificial, and contribute little or nothing to the sum of human happiness.

While honestly striving to better your condition, be content wth your station in life, and do not yield to an inordinate desire to abandon your present occupation for what is popularly regarded as a more attractive vocation. Remember that, while the learned professions are overcrowded, there is always a demand for skilled and unskilled labor, and that it is far better to succeed in mechanical or manual work than to fail in professional life.

A feverish ambition to accumulate a fortune, which may be called our national distemper, is incompatible with peace of mind. Moderate means with a contented spirit are preferable to millions without it. If poverty has its inconveniences and miseries, wealth has often greater ones. A small income is suggestive of abstemious habits, and abstemious habits are conductive to health, while wealth is a powerful incentive to excessive indulgence, which is the fruitful source of complicated diseases.

Sobriety will be an angel of tranquillity and of comfort to yourself and family. While this virtue should be cultivated by all men, it ought to be especially cherished by the laboring classes, who are so much exposed to the opposite vice. Intemperance has brought more desolation to homes than famine or the sword, and is a more unrelenting tyrant than the most grasping monopolist.

The Effects of Mental Fatigue

By Luther H. Gulick, M.D., in World's Work

TO get a place at the front and to keep it takes all the energy a man can muster. It takes more than mere energy, too: it takes the wisest possible investment of that energy. A man must know when to spend himself and when to spare himself. Success lies as much in knowing the time to quit as in the ability to keep plugging on in the face of everything.

That is why the various problems of fatigue are important. Fatigue isn't nearly so simple and plain-as-day a subject as we are likely to think. When we "just feel tired," we haven't by any means finished the story; there are a great many varieties of feeling tired, and each variety has a different bearing upon the business of efficient living.

Take the most obvious case of all—"muscular" fatigue. In the laboratory you can stimulate a bit of muscle to contract over and over again until finally it stops giving you any response. But if you take the muscle out of the apparatus and give it a bath in a warm salt solution, it will begin reacting again with almost as much snap as it had in the first place. You have washed out the fatigue. It won't keep it up so long this time, however; and a second bath will have less effect than the first. Finally, you come to a point where even a bath doesn't help the situation. That is muscular exhaustion, and, physiologically speaking, it is an entirely different phenomenon.

As a matter of fact, however, the kind of fatigue that we ordinarily call "muscular" isn't in the muscle. We are simply using a handy term. When a nerve centre has worked a group of muscles until they refuse to respond any longer, the trouble is usually with the controlling battery and not with the thing it runs. If you put an electric current directly on the nerve that feeds the "fatigued" muscle, at once the muscle will begin to work again.

The part of us that goes under first is the nervous part. We do not use up the energy of our muscles; we exhaust the battery they are "connected up" with.

Emotional fatigue is another variety. Several times in my life I have been through one hard experience after another—losses in the family, for example—and when the first shock came it seemed as if I couldn't endure it. Then the next came, and the next. I simply felt numb. I had nothing left to react with. That was emotional fatigue.

And we know how it works out in the opposite direction, too. We have seen it at Christmas time in the little folks. Long before the tree is unloaded of its treasures, they are usually so exhausted by their burden of happiness that they hardly show any interest in the latest additions to their pile of presents.

Children make excellent laboratory material in the field of emotional fatigue, because the majority of their emotions get full play as long as they last. I have seen children yield to blazing anger until they reached a point where, out of sheer exhaustion, the anger disappeared, even though the original cause of it was just as much in evidence as ever. This wasn't the kind of exhaustion that follows intense physical effort—the violent use of hands, muscles, motor areas. The emotional engine had simply worked off all its steam. It couldn't get into action again until the fire was stoked.

Will fatigue presents some of the biggest problems a man has to face. If it were not for will fatigue, we could all of us lead perfect lives. Any minute that I choose to do so, I can live perfectly. I can live perfectly for an hour, if I keep at it hard enough. But I am pretty sure that

I couldn't do it for a week. I have made the experiment more than once unsuccessfully. The strain is too great; my will gets tired, and then it "caves in." I slump down to a lower level for a while, and my volitional faculties take a rest.

So far as my knowledge of such things goes, there is nothing outside of us that forces us to do wrong. We fail from the inside; we haul down the flag deliberately, by our our own consent, just because we have got tired of fighting; and then the enemy walks in. I am not now referring to the making of mistakes: our ignorance often compels us to do that. Making mistakes isn't an item that can be debited to conscience. But I mean the conscious and deliberate doing of a thing that we know isn't in line with sound morals.

Everybody is guilty of such faults; he does what he oughtn't to do; and he knows that he oughtn't to do it. He says: "What the —!"—and lets it go at that. He sits up late at night when he knows he ought to be in bed; he even enjoys it. He could do otherwise if he tried. He doesn't try; he's tired of trying. We get into the mood of wanting a holiday from all that sort of thing. I'm not defending this specific variety of holiday habit: I am simply noting its existence.

For therein lies the fallacy of the doctrine of perfect living. The will can't stand up to the doctrine. It "caves in." It yields to anger, to worry, to fear, to appetite—to whatever one's own specialty may be in these lines. Afterward comes a time when we feel ashamed of ourselves, and make up our minds—if we are normal human beings—to put up a stiffer fight next time. And perhaps we do. That's the way life goes.

But if it were not for fatigue of the will, we could stay all the time on our best level. We could always keep doing the highest things of which we are capable, without a let-down.

I do not wish to give the impression by all this that fatigue is an abnormal thing, an enemy seeking to make a shipwreck of us. On the contrary, it is a perfectly inevitable and normal result of work; and work is one of life's choicest commodities.

Fatigue, indeed, is the price of growth. The muscle to be vigorous and strong must be put to hard use —must get tired. But it must also be given a fair chance to get rested and rebuild its broken-down tissues. Destruction, reconstruction—reconstruction on a larger scale—that is the fundamental law of healthful living, bodily or mental. If we were never tired, we should never be strong.

But it certainly is important that a man should know the dangers to which fatigue exposes him—where it makes him weak for the time being, where and how it reduces his power of resistance, what things it unfits him for, how it alters his personality. Since it is a thing which each of us has to deal with, whether he wants to or not, it's worth our while to deal with it intelligently.

A fatigued will exposes us on every side. When there is big business on hand, we cannot afford to have our powers of decision reduced and distorted. And they need not be if we have learned the lesson of will economy.

Will is a thing you can waste just like your cash. You can throw it away on little things that don't count, on petty decisions, trivialities; and when the moment comes for the important decision, it's exhausted, and either balks or goes wrong.

It happens occasionally, I hope, that after the close of the day's work somebody takes you out to dinner. What a relief it is—suppose it's an a la carte affair—to sit back in your chair, at perfect peace with the world, and watch your friend do the ordering. How you enjoy the privilege of not having to make up your mind again about anything. You look with pity upon him as he wanders in a daze of indecision among a score or two of interesting-looking eatables and drinkables.

Right in that matter, I take it, lies the great attraction for most of us in the table d'hote meal; it relieves the mind of a problem which, after all

is said and done, isn't worth the bother of solution. Utterly free of responsibility, you simply watch the series of good things appearing, one after another; and you know that the process will go through satisfactorily.

The table d'hote dinner isn't a perfect illustration of my point; but I chose it because it is in just such insignificant matters as that that the principle of will economy can be most easily applied. Similar occasions recur over and over again every day in a man's work.

Everyone knows how much will fatigue he often experiences in the effort of "getting down to business," most of all, if the special business on hand in hard or unattractive. You stop and carefully scrutinize a fly as it crawls zig-zag np the wall. You find yourself becoming interested in a conversation that is going on across the room. Then you decide to take a few minutes off and smoke, thinking that it will be easier after that—but it won't be and you know it. Then you remember an important note that ought to be got off at once. And so it goes on.

In the end you have lost far more than mere time. You have lost the energy of a good start; you have been making a long, slow, dribbling expenditure of your will power; and when you finally get to the job itself, you are already out of temper for it; your mind has grown soggy.

Of course such is not the result in every case. It takes some people a long time to get warmed up to an undertaking; they always have to go through that period of preliminary fuss and bother. When this is actually true, economy certainly requires such a man, once he is underway, to keep up steam on a long stretch; not to let down until he has a positive accomplishment to show. He cannot afford to have to put himself through those first costly and painful steps again; it's an inexcusable extravagance.

Most of us Americans, however, have the ability—if we will only take advantage of it—to jump into a job quickly and hard without dawdling over the preliminaries. Therefore, it's the only right way for us to do. A man who takes his hard jobs on this principle will be likely to carry them through, for he makes the attack while his mind is fresh and clear, with a good cutting edge on it. Afterward, if he like, he can give himself the luxury of dawdling.

Economy of the will requires that, so far as possible, a man should push his job through to a finish when once he has undertaken it. To some sort of a finish: if not the whole job, then some complete separate part of it, something definite, that can count as a bundle by itself, and which, when it is tied up, is really out of the way. Don't break things off in the middle. Don't keep having to get at a thing. When you have to take your attention by the scruff of the neck every minute or two and force it back on the scent, you are making a terrible and useless drain on your will power.

Another practical conclusion is this: As far as possible, bunch the little things you have to do so as to make one larger job of them. If you can make a list of the minutiæ that need attention, and then go at them with a running start, the end will be reached —not necessarily quicker yet certainly with a tremendous saving of energy. You don't need to issue your manifesto before annihilating each separate petty enemy; you can include them all in the same warrant.

The table d'hote dinner is a good text to bear in mind. Keep decision power for things that are worth deciding. Then it won't fail you when you need it.

When a man is fatigued, he is literally a different person from his ordinary normal self. The qualities that go into his making-up are not the same qualities: his disposition, his tastes, his intellectual faculties, are all shifted. He still carries some of his "recognition marks" around with him —such trifles as bodily structure, hair, history, and clothes—but he ought not to use the same visiting card.

Into my own experience has come this case of a young college girl, and it is not an exceptional case, either:

Through her freshman year she did unusually good work; she stood in the upper quarter of her class—a normal, high-spirited, energetic young person of seventeen years.

During the summer following that first year, she worked very hard, rising every morning at five o'clock—for they had no domestic, and she always aimed to surprise her mother by getting the washing and ironing out of the way herself. She made all her own clothes for the year to come. During that whole vacation, she kept herself under this strain.

Then she went back to college. She had never been a timid girl; but now, oddly enough, she suddenly developed a terrible fear of going upstairs to her room alone. Some one always had to go with her. She would look under the bed, behind the door, in the closet. The thing kept her awake at night. She stood low in her classes, but that did not seem to make any difference to her; she appeared to have lost all interest in her marks. She neglected her studies in a way that completely bewildered her friends. She had made up her mind to enjoy herself at all costs; and she succeeded wretchedly. It was a miserable, unhappy year. You would not have recognized her as the girl of the year before.

Another summer came. She had a perfect vacation. Most of the time she lived out of doors in camp, sleeping well, eating heartily, dressing comfortably, taking plenty of moderate exercise with wholesome companions.

Back in college once more—she was a junior now—she took the lead in her class. There was not the slightest trace of that fear of the dark; she never thought of hesitating to go upstairs alone. She had a splendid time all throughout her junior year—and she did this without making any effort for it, either.

The difference between those two years was merely a difference in fatigue. Consecutive fatigue in the one case had "let down" the girl's whole personality—mentally, morally, physically; in the other case, the personality was lifted. In that junior year she was not only a better person—she was a different person. She possessed happiness, independence, and self-control. She belonged to another level of civilization, one which not only held the lower things in subjection, but added higher things thereto.

Fatigue has a definite order in which it knocks us to pieces. It begins at the top and works down. I have spoken of this before, but I want to emphasize it.

In minor ways, we observe the workings of the principle in ourselves every time we get thoroughly tired. The first thing that slips out of our control is the power or strength or skill that we have most recently acquired; earlier acquisitions stick by us longer. A tired man will stumble in speaking a foreign language, while still able to talk English readily. School-children at the multiplication-table stage of their education will, when tired, forget their advanced tables long before they slip up on the earlier ones—not because the later tables have not been successfully committed to memory, but because they have not sunk in so deeply; they are not "ingrained" yet. The earlier table rattles off with the facility of a perfect reflex; the later ones still involve a certain conscious effort.

I have seen the same thing repeatedly in musicians. After severe muscular exertion, they would still be able to play correctly difficult pieces that they had long been familiar with; but they failed entirely with simple things that they had been recently working on and constantly practising. Under similar circumstances, I have noticed dancers forget their more newly practised steps.

These people could all do something more difficult than the thing they were unable to do; but the more difficult thing had been learned earlier and had become thoroughly mechanized—more like an instinct, which never fails to "do the rest" when the button is touched.

Now take the racial side of it. Some of the elements that enter into

the making of us are as old as life itself—hunger, for example, the sexual instinct, self-interest, fear, and the like. Those are rock-bottom things. It is on the basis of them that countless generations of community life and parental responsibility have built up a superstructure of finer qualities: unselfishness, for example, devotion to an idea (such as the God-idea), chastity, self-control, judgment. These are acquisitions that have been fought and suffered for, and we only hold on to them by constant struggle.

But when we are fatigued, we don't struggle very ardently. All these less-secure holdings are promptly attacked and demoralized. Fatigue lowers our control-ability far sooner than it lowers our anger-ability.

Tired men go on sprees. That is one result of overwork.

Just as fatigue lessens our ability to withstand diseases—which attack the physical man—so it lessens our ability to withstand temptations, which attack the moral man. This is not because the temptations are more numerous, but because there is less energy of resistance. The fact that typhoid fever takes hold of people who are overworked is not because overworked people drink a greater number of typhoid bacilli in their milk, but because the white corpuscles in their blood are not vigorous enough. They are without resistance power.

The girl I was speaking of had gone back whole epochs in the history of civilization. The fear that had laid hold of her was the world-old racial fear—the fear of the dark. And she had nothing to withstand it with, having lost her self-control through fatigue. Instinct had supplanted reason in such matters.

Fatigue promptly attacks and undermines our sense of proportion. I know of no better illustration of this than the way we will leave our professional work. When I am really fatigued, it is very difficult for me to go home when the time comes. It is, of course, true that there are always little things remaining to be done; but when I am especially tired, I cannot distinguish between those which are important enough to keep me and those which are not. I only see how many things there are still undone; and I tend to go on and on.

If I see a scrap of paper on the floor, I cannot help going out of my chair and taking time to pick up that wretched thing and put it in my waste basket. It assumes, somehow, the same importance in my mind with that of thinking out my to-morrow's schedule. I will stay and potter about little things that do not need attention. My sense of balance, of proportion and perspective, is gone. I've lost my eye for the cash value of things.

A man whose mind is in good condition can stand off from his work, look at it in the bulk, and say to this item, "You need doing right away"; to another, "You're unimportant, you can wait"; and to another, "Somebody else can look out for you." No fatigued person can see things straight.

And the moral of that is: Don't make any important decisions except when your mind is fresh.

With the best intentions in the world, many men commit an economic sin right here. They come to the office in the morning with a good bunch of enthusiasm and clear-headedness to their credit. They feel it; and so they say: "Come, let us be virtuous. Let us get rid of these million and one small left-overs. That will clear the way for the big matters on the docket." There's nothing that uses up nervous energy faster than a long series of fussy responsibilities. When it comes time later for the big things—the important decision, the diplomatic letter—these conscientious spendthrifts have neither heart nor head left for them.

The big things should be done first.

Every man at his best is a man of mark, if he only knew it. When he is up to his top range he is a man with a special power and with a special opportunity. It is a pity that he should throw away that special power on the accomplishment of small, everyday respon-

sibilities that do not need special power—drudgery that could be put through with equal success when the first fine-cutting edge of his mind was dulled—for when he has done this he has thrown away his special opportunity as well. The big thing is the opportunity for the big man.

In Blackwater Pot

By Charles G. D. Roberts in Everybody's

THE lesson of fear was one that Henderson learned late. He learned it well, however, when the time came. And it was Blackwater Pot that taught him.

Sluggishly, reluctantly, impotently, the spruce logs followed one another round and round the circuit of the great stone Pot. The circling water within was smooth, and deep, and black, but streaked with foam. At one side a deep rent in the rocky rim opened upon the sluicing current of the river, which rushed on, quivering and seething, to plunge with a roar into the terrific caldron, of the falls. Out of that thunderous caldron filled with huge tramplings and the shriek of tortured torrents, rose a white curtain of spray, which every now and then swayed upward and drenched the green birches that grew about the rim of the pot. For the break in the rim, which caught at the passing current and sucked it into the slow swirls of Blackwater Pot, was not a dozen feet from the lip of the falls.

Henderson sat at the foot of a ragged white birch that leaned from the upper rim of the pot. He held his pipe unlighted, while he watched the logs with a half fascinated stare. Outside, in the river, he saw them, in a clumsy, panic haste, wallowing down the white rapids to their awful plunge. When a log came down close along shore, its fate hung for a second or two in doubt. It might shoot straight on, over the lip, into the wavering curtain of spray, and vanish into the horror of the caldron. Or, at the last moment, the eddy might reach out stealthily and drag it into the sullen, wheeling procession within the Pot. All that it gained, here, however, was a terrible kind of respite, a breathing space of agonized suspense. As it circled around, and came again to the opening by which it had entered, it might continue on another eventless revolution, or it might, according to the whim of the eddy, be cast forth irretrievably into the clutch of the awful sluice. Sometimes two logs, after a pause in what seemed lke a secret death struggle, would crowd each other out and go over the falls together. And sometimes, on the other hand, both would make the circuit safely again and again. But always, at the cleft in the rim of the Pot, there was the moment of suspense, the shuddering, terrible pause.

It was this recurring moment that seemed to fasten itself balefully upon Henderson's imagination, so that he forgot to smoke. He had looked down into Blackwater before, but never when there were any logs in the Pot. Moreover, on this particular morning, he was overwrought with weariness. For a little short of three days he had been at the utmost tension of body, brain, and nerve, in hot but wary pursuit of a desperado whom it was his duty, as deputy sheriff of his county, to capture and bring to justice. This outlaw, a French half-breed known through the length and breadth of the wild backwoods county as "Red Pichot," was the last but one—and accounted the most dangerous—of a band that Henderson had undertaken to break up. Henderson had been deputy for two years—and owed his appointment primarily to his pre-eminent fitness for this very

task. Unacquainted with fear, he was at the same time unrivalled through the backwoods counties for his subtle woodcraft, his sleepless endurance, and his cunning. It was two years now since he had set his hand to the business. One of the gang had been hanged. Two were in the pentientiary, on life sentence. Henderson had justified his appointment—to every one except himself. For while Pichot, and his gross-witted tool, "Bug" Mitchell, went unhanged, Henderson felt himself on probation, if not shamed. Mitchell he despised. But Pichot, the brains of the gang, he honored with a personal hatred that held a streak of rivalry. For Pichot, though a beast for cruelty and treachery, and with the murder of a woman on his black record—which placed him, according to Henderson's ideas, in a different category from a mere killer of men—was at the same time a born leader and of a courage that none could question. Some chance dash of Scotch Highland blood in his mixed veins had set a mop of hot red hair above his black, implacable eyes and cruel dark face. It had touched his villainies, too, with an imagination that made them the more atrocious. And Henderson's hate for him as a man was mixed with respect for the adversary worthy of his powers.

Reaching the falls, Henderson had been forced to acknowledge that, once again, Pichot had outwitted him on the trail. Satisfied that his quarry was by this time far out of reach among the tangled ravines on the other side of Two Mountains he dismissed the three tired river men who constituted his posse bidding them go on down the river to Greensville and wait for him. It was his plan to hunt alone for a couple of days, in the hope of catching his adversary off guard. He had an ally, unsuspected and invaluable, in a long-legged, half-wild youngster of a girl, who lived alone with her father in a clearing about a mile below the falls, and who regarded Henderson with a childlike hero worship. This shy little savage, whom all the Settlement knew as "Baisleys Sis," had an intutive knowledge of the wilderness and the trails that rivalled even Henderson's accomplished woodcraft; and the indomitable deputy "set great store," as he would have put it, by her friendship. He would go down presently to the clearing and ask some questions of the child. But first he wanted to do a bit of thinking.

It was while he was looking down into the terrible eddy that his efforts to think failed him, and his pipe went out, and his interest in the fortunes of the captive logs gradually took the hold of a nightmare upon his overwrought imagination. One after one he would mark, snatched in by the capricious eddy and held back a little while from its doom. One after one he would see crowded out at last, by inexplicable whim, and hurled on into the raging horror of the falls. He fell to personifying this captive log or that, endowing it with sentence, and imagining its emotions each time it circled shuddering past the cleft in the rim, once more precariously reprieved. At last, either because he was more deeply exhausted than he knew, or because he had fairly dropped asleep with his eyes open and had let his fantastic imaginings slip into a veritable dream, he felt himself suddenly become identified with one of the logs. It was one that was just drawing around to the fateful cleft. Would it win past once more? No—it was too far out! It felt the grasp of the outward suction—soft and insidious at first, then resistless as the fallings of a mountain. With straining nerves and pounding heart Henderson strove to hold it back by sheer will and the wrestling of his eyes. But it was no use. Slowly the head of the log turned outward from its circling fellows, quivered for a moment in the cleft, then shot smoothly forth in the sluice. With a groan Henderson came to his senses, starting up, and catching instinctively at the butt of the heavy Colt's in his belt. At the same instant the coil of a rope settled over his shoulders, pinioning his arms to his sides, and he was jerked backward with a violence that fairly lifted him over the projecting root of

the birch. As he fell his head struck a stump; and he knew nothing more.

When he came to his senses, he found himself in a most bewildering position. He was lying face downward along a log, his mouth pressed upon the rough bark. His arms and legs were in the water, on either side of the log. Other logs moved past him sluggishly. For a moment he thought himself still in the grip of his nightmare, and he struggled to wake himself. The struggle revealed to him that he was bound fast upon the log. At this his wits cleared up, with a pang that was more near despair than anything he had ever known. Then his nerve steadied itself back into its wonted control.

He realized what had befallen him. His enemies had back-trailed him, and had caught him off his guard. He was just where, in his awful dream, he had imagined himself as being. He was bound to one of the logs, down in the great stone pot of Blackwater Eddy.

For a second or two the blood in his veins ran ice, as he braced himself to feel the log lurch out into the sluice and plunge into the maelstrom of the abyss. Then he observed that the other logs were overtaking and passing him. His log, indeed, was not moving at all. Evidently, then, it was being held by some one. He tried to look around, but found himself so fettered that he could lift his face only a few inches from the log. This enabled him to see the whole surface of the eddy, and the fateful cleft, and out across the raving torrents into the white curtain that swayed above the caldron. But he could not, with the utmost twisting and stretching of his neck, see more than a couple of feet up the smooth stone sides of the Pot.

As he strained on his bonds he heard a harsh chuckle behind him; and the log, suddenly loosed with a jerk that showed him it had been held by a pike-pole, began to move. A moment later the sharp, steel-armed end of the pike-pole came down smartly on the forward end of the log, within a dozen inches of Henderson's head, biting a secure hold. The log again came to a stop. Slowly, under pressure from the other end of the pike-pole, it rolled outward, submerging Henderson's right shoulder, and turning his face till he could see all the way up the sides of the Pot.

What he saw, on a ledge about three feet above the water, was Red Pichot, holding the pike pole and smiling down upon him smoothly. On the rim above squatted Bug Mitchell, scowling, and gripping his knife as if he thirsted to settle all scores on the instant. Imagination was lacking in Mitchell's make-up; and he was impatient—so far as he dared to be—of Pichot's fantastic procrastinatings.

When Henderson's eyes met the evil, smiling glance of his enemy, they were steady and cold as steel. To Henderson, who had always, in every situation, felt himself master, there remained now no mastery but that of his own will, his own spirit. In his estimation there could be no death so dreadful but that to let his spirit cower before his adversary would be tenfold worse. Helpless though he was, in a position that was ignominiously horrible, and with an appalling doom close before his eyes, his nerve never failed him. With cool contempt and defiance he met Red Pichot's smile.

'I've always had an idee," said the half-breed presently, in a smooth voice that penetrated the mighty vibrations of the falls, 'ez how a chap on a log could paddle roun' this yere eddy fur a hell of a while, afore he'd hev to git sucked out into the sluice!"

As a theory this was undoubtedly interesting. But Henderson made no answer.

"I've held that idee," continued Pichot, after a civil pause, "but I hain't never yet found a man, nor a woman nuther, as was willin' to give it a fair trial. Them as I've asked to try it jest chucked up their han's after the first round, an' went on over without a word of apology."

"I'm sorry I can't spit on you, Pichot," remarked Henderson at this point.

"Don't mention it," answered Pichot politely.

"Aw, jab yer pole into his guts, an' shove him off!" interjected Mitchell.

"You keep yer mouth shet, ye swine!" retorted Pichot. "What do you know about how to treat a gentleman? You ain't got no repose. But ez I was about to say, Mr. Henderson, when we was so rudely interrupted, I feel sure ye're the man to oblige me. I've left yer arms kinder free, leastways from the elbows down, an' yer legs also, more er less, so's ye'll be able to paddle easy like. The walls of the Pot's all worn so smooth, below high-water mark, there's nothin' to ketch on to, so there'll be nothin' to take off yer attention. I'm hopin' ye'll give the matter a right fair trial. But ef ye gits tired an' feels like givin' up, why, don't consider my feelin's. There's the falls a-waitin'. An' I ain't a-goin' to bear no grudge ef ye don't quite come up to my expectations of you."

As Pichot ceased his measured harangue, he jerked his pike-pole loose. Instantly the log began to forge forward, joining the reluctant procession. For a few moments Henderson felt like shutting his eyes and his teeth, and letting himself go on with all speed to the inevitable doom. Then, with scorn of the weak impulse, he changed his mind. To the last gasp he would maintain his hold on life, and give fortune a chance to save him. When he could no longer resist, then it would be fate's responsibility, not his.

The log to which he was bound was on the extreme outer edge of the procession, and Henderson realized that there was every probability of its being at once crowded out, the moment it came to the exit. With a desperate effort he succeeded in catching the log nearest to him, pushing it ahead, and at last, just as they came opposite the cleft, steering his own log into its place. The next second it shot quivering into the sluice; and Henderson, with a sudden cold sweat jumping out all over him, circled slowly past the awful cleft. A shout of ironical congratulation came to him from the watchers on the brink above. But he hardly heard it, and heeded it not at all. He was striving frantically, paddling forward with one hand and backward with the other, to steer his sluggish, deep-floating log from the outer to the inner circle. He had already observed that to be on the outer edge would mean instant doom for him, because the outward suction was stronger underneath than on the surface, and his weighted log caught its force before the others did. His arms were so bound that only from the elbows down could he move them freely. He did, however, by a struggle that left him gasping, succeed in working in behind another log—just in time to see that log, too, sucked out into the abyss, leaving him, once more, on the deadly outer flank of the circling procession.

This time Henderson did not know whether the watchers on the brink laughed or not, as he won past the cleft. He was scheming desperately to devise some less exhausting tactics. Steadily and rhythmically, but with his utmost force, he back-paddled with both hands and feet, till the progress of his log was almost stopped. Then he succeeded in catching yet another log as it passed, and maneuvering in behind it. By this time he was half way around the Pot again. Yet again, by his desperate back-paddling, he checked his progress—and presently, by most cunning manipulation, managed to edge in behind still another log, so that when he again came round to the cleft there were two logs between him and doom. The outermost of these, however, was dragged instantly forth into the fury of the sluice, thrust upon, as it was, by the grip of the suction upon Henderson's own deep log. Feeling himself on the point of utter exhaustion, he nevertheless continued back-paddling, and steering, and working inward, till he had succeeded in getting three files of logs between himself and the outer edge. Then, almost blind and with the blood roaring so loud in his ears that he could hardly hear the thunder of the falls, he hung on his log, pray-

ing that strength might flow back speedily into his veins and nerves.

Not till he had twice more made the circuit of the Pot, and twice more had seen a log sucked from his very elbow to leap into the white horror of the abyss, did Henderson stir. The brief stilness, controlled by his will, had rested him for a moment. He was cool now, keen to plan, cunning to husband his forces. Up to the very last second that he could maintain his hold on life, he held that there was always a chance of the unexpected.

With now just one log remaining between himself and death, he let himself go past the cleft—and saw that one log go out. Then, being close to the wall of the Pot, he tried to delay his progress by clutching at the stone with his left hand, and by dragging upon it with his foot. But the stone surface was worn so smooth by the age-long polishing of the eddy that these efforts availed him little. Before he realized it, he was almost around again; and only by the most desperate struggle did he succeed in saving himself. There was no other log near by, this time, for him to seize and thrust forward in his place. It was simply a question of his restricted paddling, with hands and feet, against the outward draft of the current. For nearly a minute the log hung in doubt, just before the opening, the current sucking at its head to turn it outward, and Henderson paddling against it not only with hands and feet, but with every ounce of will and nerve that his body contained. At last, inch by inch, he conquered. His log moved past the gate of death; and dimly, again, that ironical voice came down to him, piercing the roar.

Once past, Henderson fell to backpaddling again—not so violently now —till other logs came by within his reach and he could work himself into safety behind them. He was soon forced to the conviction that if he strove at just a shade under his utmost, he was able to hold his own and keep one log always between himself and the opening. But what was now his utmost, he realized, would very soon be far beyond his powers. Well, there was nothing to do but keep on trying. Around and around, and again and again around the terrible smooth, deliberate circuit he went, sparing himself every ounce of effort that he could and always shutting his eyes as the log beside him plunged out into the sluice. Gradually, then, he felt himself becoming stupified by the ceaselessly recurring horror, with the prolonged suspense between. He must sting himself back to the full possession of his faculties by another burst of desperate effort. Fiercely he caught at log after log, without a let up, till, luck having favored him again, he found himself on the inner instead of the outer edge of the procession. Then an idea flashed into his fast-clouding brain and he cursed himself for not having thought of it before. At the very centre of the eddy, of course, there must be a sort of core of stillness. By a vehement struggle he attained, it, and avoided crossing it. Working gently and warily he kept the log right across the axis of the eddy, where huddled a crowd of chips and sticks. Here the log turned slowly, very slowly, on its own centre; and for a few seconds of exquisite relief Henderson let himself sink into a sort of lethargy.

He was aroused by a sudden shot and the spat of a heavy bullet into the log about three inches from his head. Even through the shaking thunder of the cataract he thought he recognized the voice of his own heavy colt's; and the idea of that tried weapon being turned against him filled him with childish rage. Without lifting his head he lay and cursed, grinding his teeth impotently. A few seconds later came another shot—and this time the ball went into the log just beside his right arm. Then he understood, and woke up. Pichot was a dead shot. This was his intimation that Henderson must get out into the procession again. At the centre of the eddy he was not sufficiently entertaining to his executioners. The thought of getting a bullet in his arm, which would merely disable him and deliver him over helpless to the outdraft, shook him with something near a panic. He fell

paddling with all his remaining strength, and drove his log once more into the horrible circuit. The commendatory remarks with which Pichot greeted this move went past his ears unheard.

Up to this time there had been a strong sun shining down into the Pot; and the trees about its rim had stood unstirred by any wind. Now, however, a sudden darkness settled over everything, and sharp, fitful gusts drew in through the cleft, helping to push the logs back. Henderson was by this time so near fainting from exhaustion that he hardly realized the way those great indrawing gusts, laden with spray, were helping him. He was paddling, and steering, and maneuvering for the inner circuit, almost mechanically. When suddenly the blackness about him was lighted with a blue glare, and the thunder crashed over the echoing Pot with an explosion that outroared the falls, he hardly noted it. When the skies seemed to open, letting down the rain in torrents, with a wind that blew it almost level, it made no difference to him.

But to this fierce storm, which bent almost double the trees around the rim of the Pot, Red Pichot and Mitchell were by no means so indifferent. About sixty or seventy yards below the falls they had a snug retreat that was also an outlook. It was a cabin, built in a recess of the wall of the gorge, and to be reached only by a narrow pathway easy of defense. When the storm broke in its fury, Pichot sprang to his feet.

"Let's git back to the Hole!" he cried to his companion, knocking the fire out of his pipe. 'We kin watch out jest as well from there, an' see him come over, when his time comes. It won't be yet a while, fer this blow'll keep the logs in."

"Let's jab the pike-pole into his back first!" urged Mitchell. But Pichot turned on him savagely.

"It'd be too good fer him!" he snarled, letting slip, for the first time, his deadly smoothness. "D'ye fergit old Bill, with his neck stretched; an' Dandy, and the rest o' the boys, down yonder, where they won't never git a smell o' the woods no more? Come on, an' hold yer fool jaw. He's got a good while yet to be cursin' the mother what bore him."

Pichot led the way off through the straining and hissing trees, and Mitchell followed, growling but obedient. Henderson, faint upon his log in the raving tumult, knew nothing of their going.

They had not been gone more than two minutes when a drenched little dark face, with black hair plastered over it in wisps, peered out from among the lashing birches and gazed down anxiously into the Pot. At the sight of Henderson on his log lying quite close to the edge, and far back from the dreadful cleft, the terror in the wild eyes gave way to inexpressible relief. The face drew back; and an instant later a bare-legged child appeared, carrying the pike-pole that Pichot had tossed into the bushes. Heedless of the sheeting volleys of the rain and the fierce gusts that whipped her dripping homespun petticoat about her knees, she clambered skilfully down the rock wall to the ledge whereon Pichot had stood.

Henderson was just beginning to recover from his daze and to notice the madness of the storm, when he felt something strike sharply on the log behind him. He knew it was the impact of a pike-pole—and he wondered, with a kind of scornful disgust, what Pichot could be wanting of him now. He felt the log being dragged backwards, then held close against the smooth wall of the Pot. A moment more and his bonds were being cut—but laboriously, as if with a small knife and by weak hands. Then he caught sight of the hands, which were little and brown, and rough—and realized with a great burst of wonder and tenderness that "Baisley's Sis," by some miracle of miracles, had come to the rescue. In a few seconds the ropes fell apart, and he lifted himself, to see the child stooping down with anxious adoration in her eyes.

'Sis!" he cried. "You!"

"Oh, Mr. Henderson, come quick!" she panted. "They may git back any

minnit." And clutching him by the shoulder, she tried to pull him up by main strength. But Henderson needed no urging. Life, with the return of hope, had surged back into nerve and muscle; and in hardly more time than it takes to tell it, the two had clambered side by side to the rim of the Pot, and darted into the covert of the tossing trees.

No sooner were they in hiding than Henderson remembered his rifle and slipped back to get it. His enemies had not discovered it. It had fallen into the moss, but the well-oiled, perfect-fitting chamber had kept its cartridges dry. With that weapon in his hands, Henderson felt himself once more master of the situation. Weariness and apprehension together slipped from him, and one purpose took complete possession of him. He would settle with Red Pichot right there, on the spot where he had been taught the terrible lesson of fear. He felt that he could not really feel himself a man again, unless he could wipe out the whole score before the sun of that day should set.

The rain and wind were diminishing now; the lightning was a mere shuddering gleam over the hill-tops beyond the river; and the thunder no longer made itself heard above the tumult of the falls. Henderson's plans were soon laid. Then he turned to Sis who stood silent and motionless close at his side, her big, alert shy eyes watching like a hunted deer's the trail by which Red Pichot might return to learn his victim's fate. She was trembling in her heart, at every moment that Henderson lingered within that zone of peril. But she would not presume to suggest any move. Suddenly Henderson laid an arm about her little shoulders.

"You saved my life, kid!" he said softly. "However did you know I was down there in that hell?"

"I jest knowed it was you, when I seen Red Pichot an' Bug Mitchell a-trackin' some one," answered the child, still keeping her eyes on the trail as if it were her part to see that Henderson was not again taken unawares. "I knowed it was you, Mister Henderson—an' I followed 'em; an' oh, I seen it all, I seen it all! An' I 'most died—because I hadn't no gun! But I'd 'ave killed 'em both some day, sure, ef—ef they hadn't went away! But they'll be back now right quick."

Henderson bent and kissed her wet, black head, saying, "Bless you, kid! You an' me'll always be pals, I reckon!"

At the kiss the child's face flushed, and, for one second forgetting to watch the trail, she lifted her glowing eyes to his. But he was already looking away.

"Come on!" he muttered. "This ain't no place for you an' me yet!"

Making a careful circuit through the thick undergrowth swiftly, but silently as two wildcats, the strange pair gained a dense covert close beside the trail by which Pichot and Mitchell would probably return to the rim of the Pot. Safely ambuscaded, Henderson laid a hand firmly on the child's arm, resting it there for two or three seconds, as a sign of silence.

Minute after minute went by in the intense stillness—intense because the wind had dropped so suddenly that the world appeared to have gone breathless. At last the child, whose ears were keener even than Henderson's, caught her breath with a little indrawing gasp and looked up at her companion's face. Henderson understood, and every muscle stiffened. A moment later and he, too, heard the oncoming tread of hurried foodsteps. Then Pichot went by at a swinging stride, with Mitchell skulking obediently at his heels.

Henderson half raised his rifle, and his face turned gray and cold like steel. But it was no part of his plan to shoot even Red Pichot in the back. From the manner of the two ruffians, it was plain that they had no suspicion of the turn that affairs had taken. To them it was as sure as that two and two make four, that Henderson was still on his log in the Pot, if he had not already gone over into the caldron. As they reached the rim, Henderson stepped out into the trail behind them,

his gun balanced ready like a trap-shooter's.

As Pichot, on the very brink, looked down into the Pot and saw that his victim was no longer there, he saw also that half the logs that had swung there when he went away had been sucked out. The wind that had held them back for a time had also crowded an unusual mass of water into the eddy. So, when the wind fell, there was an unwonted energy to the outdraft. The Pot was still emptying itself vigorously, log after log being shot forth into the horror below. It was all very clear to Red Pichot, and he turned to Mitchell with a smile of mingled triumph and disappointment.

But, on the instant, the smile froze on his face. It was as if he had felt the cold gray gaze of Henderson on the back of his neck. Some warning, certainly, was flashed to that mysterious sixth sense which the people of the wild, man or beast, seem sometimes to be endowed. He wheeled like lightning, his revolver seeming to leap up from his belt with the same motion. But in the fraction of a second that his eyes met Henderson's they met the white flame-spurt of Henderson's rifle—and then, the dark.

As Pichot's body collapsed, it toppled over the rim into Blackwater Pot, and fell across two moving logs. Mitchell had thrown up his hands, straight above his head, when Pichot fell, knowing instantly that this was his only hope of escaping the same fate as his leader's. One look at Henderson's face, however, satisfied him that he was not going to be dealt with on the spot; and he set his thick jaw stolidly. Then his eyes wandered down into the Pot, followed the leader whom, in his way, he had loved, if ever he had loved any one or anything. Fascinated, his stare followed the two logs as they journey around, with Pichots limp form, face upward, sprawled across them. They reached the cleft, turned, and shot forth into the raving of the sluice—and a groan of horror burst from Mitchell's lips. By this Henderson knew what had happened—and, to his immeasurable self-scorn, a qualm of remembered fear caught sickeningly at his heart. But nothing of this betrayed itself in his face or voice.

"Come on, Mitchell!" he said briskly. "I'm in a hurry. You jest step along in front; an' see ye keep both hands well up over yer head, er ye'll be savin' the county the cost o' yer rope. Step out, now."

He stood aside, with Sis at his elbow, to make room. As Mitchell passed, his hands held high, a mad light flamed up into his sullen eyes, and he was on the point of springing like a wolf at his captor's throat. But Henderson's look was cool and steady, and his gun held low. The impulse flickered out in the brute's dull veins. But as he glanced at Sis, he suddenly understood that it was she who had brought all this to pass. His black face snarled upon her like a wolf's at bay, with an inarticulate curse more horrible than any words could make it. With a shiver, the child slipped behind Henderson's back and hid her face.

"Don't be skeered o' him, Kid, not one little mite!" said Henderson gently. "He ain't a-goin' to trouble this earth no more. An' I'm goin' to git yer father a job, helpin' me, down somewhere's near Greensville, because I couldn't sleep nights, knowin' ye was runnin' round anywhere's near that hell-hole yonder!"

The First Rule for Husband and Wife

By William Jennings Bryan in Ladies' Home Journal

ONLY a few begin life with an inheritance so large as to make economy unnecessary. With the vast majority of young men and young women the life plan includes the gradual accumulation of a fortune. If the word "gradual" is objected to it is enough to say that, as a rule, the accumulation is gradual, even though the imagination may picture a rapid rise. And gradual accumulation is better, after all, than getting rich in haste. "That which comes easy goes easy." We need the discipline that struggle brings.

Of course, some young men will marry rich, and busy themselves with the care of the wife's property; while some young women will marry a fortune and be relieved (if relief it can be called) of the necessity for careful saving. But rules are made for the multitude rather than for the exceptions, and to the multitude long years of patient self-denial and rigid restraint upon expenditures precede the years spent on "Easy Street."

It is not necessary to dwell here upon the demoralizing influence of "great expectations," or to philosophize upon the strengthening effect of wholesome poverty. It is sufficient to take the situation as we find it and consider life as it presents itself to the average young couple. The husband and wife make their plans together, or should; they enter heartily upon their work: she as willing to sacrifice as he is to labor—and her willingness to save is as important a factor in their success as is his ability to earn.

The first rule that they need to learn is to live within their means. In fact, this is so important a rule that for the purpose of this article it may be considered as the only rule necessary. Without its observance other rules are useless. No matter how much money a man may make, he will finally become a bankrupt if his income is less than his outgo. It is possible, of course, that one may by extravagance purchase a business standing that he does not deserve, and by lucky ventures retrieve what he has spent. But such a course has in it all the elements of a lottery, and usually brings in its train the ruin that overtakes the gamester. It is not for the gambler or for those who would play at hazard that these lines are written. The honest, well-meaning young man who is willing to give to society a service equal in value to the reward which he asks, and the real helpmate who becomes his wife because she is willing to share his sorrows as well as his joys, his trials as well as his triumphs—these are the ones whom I have in mind.

When a family lives beyond its means the cause can generally be found in one of the three reasons: in false pride, in a lack of honesty or in an unwillingness to make a present sacrifice for a future gain. Of these three a false pride is probably the most frequent. The young people want to commence where the parents left off. The first generation begins modestly, rises slowly, and by the time the children are grown, lives in comfort. The second generation is often ashamed to begin in the same way, but want to start with the comforts and then add the luxuries at once. Sometimes the young lady of marriageable age feels that it would be beneath her station to marry one who had to commence at the bottom of the ladder as her father did, and the poor young man, knowing the sentiment that prevails in society, hesitates to ask her to share his privations. He may have ambition, good health, good habits and high ideals; he may feel sure that in a quarter of a century he will be able to provide her a better home than the one she has at present, but will she be willing to wait for these things and endure the

slighting remarks of her girl-companions who are looking for more "eligible" suitors?

This question has caused many a lover to pause, and it has prevented many more from reaching the lover-stage. Possibly an injustice is done the girl in assuming that she demands all the comforts of modern life, and it is not straining the truth to say that many a maid has been so hedged about by the influence of her father's wealth that no one but an adventurer will pay court to her.

Even when love has led them into a union the husband and wife sometimes lack the moral courage to admit before the world the meagreness of their income. They pay more rent than they can afford to pay, dress better than they can afford to dress, entertain more than they can afford to entertain, or travel when they cannot spare the money that traveling costs. The effort to live as well, to dress as well, and to spend as much as the richest one in their social set has caused the downfall of many. And what is the use? No one is deceived. The neighbors know, as a rule, about what one's income is, and if we live beyond it those who help us spend our money will criticise us behind our backs and think the less of us because of the deception attempted.

"We cannot afford it" is a valuable phrase; it is often worth a fortune. It is a manly phrase, and a womanly phrase, too. It will alienate no one whose friendship is worth having; as a matter of fact, one is fortunate to lose a friend who takes offense at that admission when spoken in truth. Candor is a virtue which disarms criticism and wins admiration, even from those who lack it themselves.

As against the false pride of the man who conceals his financial condition from his wife, or which leads the wife to adopt a scale of living beyond the husband's means, let us consider the merit of the opposite position. There is a pride that is justifiable: the pride of the man and woman who scorn false pretense and refuse to compromise with self-respect. They earn what they can, and, having done the best they can, look the world in the face. They buy what they can pay for, and are free from the servitude which debt always enforces. Laying aside a little each year they see hope in the future instead of despair. It is no day-dream that pictures a larger house and "provision for a rainy day." In such a family a child is not a dread visitation, but a welcome sharer of an increasing store. Between the false pride that means final disgrace and agonizing suspense before exposure comes—between this and the dignified admission of limited means, who can hesitate to choose the latter? And yet thousands of families to-day are filling the present with dread and sowing the winds from which whirlwinds spring because they are ashamed to live within their means.

There is an element of honesty in this question, too, which cannot be overlooked. Not that one who lives extravagantly always intends to be dishonest, but is there not lacking a rightly-adjusted sense of honor? The embezzler seldom enters deliberately upon the commission of his crime. He borrows the money, expecting to be able to pay it back, but loses it in speculation or squanders it, and, finally, when repayment is demanded he stands forth a violator of the law. So there is incipient embezzlement in purchases made when one is not sure of being able to pay. For is it honest to run accounts and trust to chance to find the means with which to make payment? The landlord, the grocer, the tailor and the dressmaker are in a position to compare the various standards of integrity, and some are deplorably low. There are two ways of being untruthful: saying that which is known to be false, and saying that which is not known to be true. And so there are two kinds of dishonesty: the contraction of a debt with the intention of not paying it, and the contraction of a debt without knowing how it is to be paid.

To be sure, there may be cases of sickness or emergency when a person must buy on credit, and in such cases honesty requires that the creditor

shall know the facts and take the risk voluntarily; but these cases should not be confounded with living beyond one's means. A semi-intentional fraud is practiced when to keep up appearances one runs into debt without reasonable prospect of payment, and yet the guilty party would probably indignantly resent the charge of dishonesty.

Dishonesty in financial transactions is a blood relative of falsehood, and there are several other members of the family, large and small. Extravagance is in itself another form of untruthfulness, for it is usually the acting of a lie. Every young lawyer who has commenced the practice of his profession with the collection of accounts gathers some amusing illustrations of the prevarication which is resorted to by those who buy without knowing when or how payment is to be made.

The mildest indictment that can be made against those who live beyond their means is that they are willing to purchase to-morrow's sorrow with to-day's enjoyment, or, to state it more accurately, are unwilling to make a little sacrifice to-day in order to secure a large advantage in the future. And yet, after all, this is quite a severe indictment, for one of the important differences between the savage and the civilized man is that the former must realize upon every investment at once, while the latter provides for to-morrow. Comfort during life's decline is a sort of annuity which one buys with the savings of his earlier years. The student sacrifices an opportunity to make a few dollars when he continues his studies, but he thereby lays up a capital far greater than he could accumulate in any other way. And so, those who save little by little by limiting self-indulgence have not only the pleasure of seeing their fortune grow, but they also have the wellbeing and security from want which come with a competency. Self-indulgence pays no dividends, while self-denial yields an annual return.

There is moral development as well as pecuniary advantage in the avoidance of debt. Control over one's self is essential to character, and regular, systematic saving involves the curbing of the appetite, the suppression of vanity and the strengthening of the will. Of course, this does not mean that economy should be carried to the point of parsimony: the heart is shriveled by the stifling of benevolence. There should be systematic giving in proportion to income, but this is entirely consistent with a scrutiny of expenditures. It may even be asserted that those who are strict with themselves are generally more willing, as well as more able, to give to worthy causes than those who exhaust their resources in the cultivation of their own selfishness.

There is, however, a mean between the two extremes illustrated by the miser and the spendthrift, and it is for this mean that one should aim. There is an ideal that avoids both stinginess and wastefulness, and this is the ideal that public opinion should urge upon the newly-married. And that the ideal may be the more readily accepted after marriage, it should be presented to the young before marriage. There are hundreds of thousands of families in this country following this ideal now, and they are the strength and moral fibre of the land. The man and woman drawn together by the indissoluble ties of love —planning and working together, mutually helpful, mutually forbearing and sharing fully in each other's confidence—these represent the home that has given to American domestic life its high position. These people buy only what they have the money to buy; they claim a fair reward for their labor and yet give good measure in their service, and, laying aside year by year, they travel life's path together, their independence increasing as they proceed. Their children are trained to prudence by example as well as precept, and their own position in society and business becomes each day more secure. Such a couple can contemplate old age with serenity, and in their family life present the fittest earthly type of Heaven.

Life in an Under-River Tunnel Tube

By A. W. Rolker in Appleton's

AMONG the unsung heroes who risk their lives in the dynamite mills, in the rubber armor beneath the sea, on the decks of storm-lashed wrecking vessels, or deep beneath daylight rending minerals out of the bowels of the earth, not one faces graver peril or a more harrowing death than the under-river tunneler. Like the marine worm that bores its way through spiles or into ships' keels, drilling farther and farther and lining its diminutive tunnel with a calcareous substance, so the under-river tunnel man gouges patiently across a river bed, risking death in dreadful forms, and as he proceeds he lays the gigantic cast-iron tubes through which freight and passenger trains will thunder deep beneath the water.

Inside the grewsome quiet and the blackness of that tube, the tunneler works in the highest air pressure which it is possible for the human heart to endure and almost every instant he is within an ace of death. Sometimes from the "heading" there comes a deep bass thud as if from an explosion, and the river breaks in; men fleeing through the darkness for their lives, each ready to risk life for the sake of a maimed or injured comrade, yet none knowing who may have been left behind struggling madly in the avalanches of mud that pour upon him, holding him like quicksands that rise and rise, choking him to death as the ooze closes overhead and buries him alive. Sometimes, owing to the excessive air pressure which is necessary, men drop dead in their tracks; or they are overtaken with the dread "bends" that double up strong men like jackknives and torture them in the agonies of an excruciating pain, which is as if veins and arteries were filled with a million needles trying to pierce their way out.

Accidents like these, however, are mere temporary interruptions. Not infrequently if there are green hands among the men, these quit the job, appalled by the frightful experiences. But such men are not the ideal tunnelers. The real tunneler simply waits until he can repair the damage and then proceeds as if nothing had happened. If one of his comrades drops dead, the body is borne to the tunnel mouth, the coroner and the man's family are notified, the tunneler chips in to buy a floral piece and continues work. If he gets the 'bends" and is paralyzed, he is taken to his home to eke out an existence somehow while he sits dreaming of the excitement of the days under the river bed; and if he gets the "bends" in a milder form he returns the next day to grasp the handle of his shovel and take chances all over again. In short, about the work there is a fascination that grips a man even as blue water grips a sailor.

What is this fascination? The excitement of listening for the dull boom as the river bed gives way and Niagaras of water come pouring in. The excitement of running, falling, and scrambling madly through pitch darkness to the nearest air lock. The excitement of never knowing when leaving home for work whether one will be alive that night. In short, it is the same old gambling spirit which impels the rich man to hunt the grizzly, the rhinoceros, and the tiger, and which lures the less well provided into working in dizzy mid-air on suspension bridges and risking his life in the daily pursuit of his duties. This craving for adventure and the chances of making high wages and the liberality with which the companies are obliged to treat those at the front, these are the attractions that hold the men.

The best time to see the typical underriver tunneler is every two hours at the tunnel entrance when a shift gathers to relieve a shift below, two

hours being the limit of time which men may spend when working continuously under high pressure.

An unlovely, conglomerate lot is one of these gangs in muck-spattered garments, sprawling on tool boxes or dirt cars, squirting tobacco juice, sucking black clay pipes, and exchanging coarse jests, and little they resemble the sort of "heroes" we paint as staying unflinchingly at posts or saving human lives in times of danger.

Widely though the individuals differ in appearance and traits, in some respects they are almost identical. They are men absolutely sound as to heart and lung and they are temperate in the use of liquors, and no man is engaged until he has been examined by the company's physician and received a certificate. Owing to the work under high pressure, the eyes of the men are strikingly beautiful, being clear and penetrating, rivaling the eyes of a young society beauty. And lastly, among the men is that spirit of brotherhood which comes to those on the high seas when crowded into a lifeboat. None of them has imagination enough to be seriously affected by the dangers confronting him; yet none knows whose name will be the next to be stricken from the pay roll. Shoulder to shoulder all stand against the common enemy—the river.

To understand the dangers to which the "sand hog" is subjected it is necessary to understand only the difficulties that confront the engineer in chief and the method by which his men build the tunnel. In order to prevent the necessity of deep approaches on either shore end, it is requisite, of course, to build the tubes just as near as possible to the surface of the river bed, which consists not of solid ground or gravel but of mud and muck and silt, into which you would sink over neck and ears were you to step on it, and, still worse, upon which the river bears with a pressure of between thirty and forty pounds per square inch. How to undermine this treacherous under-river swamp without being buried alive and how to lay the pair of gigantic tubes of two-inch-thick steel, measuring between sixteen and twenty-three feet in diameter and weighing more than six thousand pounds per lineal foot, this is the question that is before the tunneler.

To accomplish the feat he begins within one hundred feet of the river edge, sinks an enormous cylindrical shaft between ninety and one hundred feet in diameter and in depth, and from the bottom of this begins to bore the excavations. As he proceeds he lines the excavations with a shell of steel, in itself an ingenious device. For this shell, or "tube," is built up of a series of rings twenty-four inches wide and twenty-three feet in diameter, and provided along each circumference with flanges turned inward so the rings may be bolted together rim for rim from within. In turn, each ring consists of eight segments, provided with similar flanges, the eight segments when bolted together forming, of course, the complete circle.

When the tunnel has been driven to the river edge where the bed threatens to break in, the tunneler installs what is known as a "shield." He telescopes a gigantic fifty-ton steel cap which fits over the end of the tube as the brass cap fits over the object glass of a telescope and the cylindrical surface of which extends not only ten feet over the end of the tube but ten feet in the opposite direction, forming a cutting edge to slice through the mud as a cook might use the lid of a baking powder can to cut forms out of a slab of dough. The core which is cut out is squeezed into the tunnel through doors in the "shield." From there it is wheeled to the tunnel mouth and hoisted up the shaft in dirt cars.

The "shield" alone, however, would be slight protection against the harrowing death that threatens the tunneler. It is necessary to prop up the river bed at the heading, and the only means of doing this is to pump the tunnel so full of compressed air that the pressure against the undermined surface of the muck is the same as that which bears down and threatens to collapse the excavation. In other

words, the tunneler pumps the tunnel ful of air just as an automobilist inflates the tires of his car, the tunnel becoming an enormous air cushion, which presses uniformly in all directions, supporting the weight of the river as a distended football supports the weight of a man.

From the beginning when the company's physician first takes you in hand until at last you see God's sunshine again, the sensations you experience in going to the heading of an under-river tunnel are those of danger and surprise.

"Never been down before?" the doctor asks. "In that case you'll need instructions. It's not a very nice place down below, and if at any time you suspect you are not going to feel just right come up at once.

"Where you are going you will be under an air pressure of forty pounds to the square inch. Literally, that means that against every inch long and wide of the surface of your body there will be a pressure as if a chunk of iron weighing forty pounds were resting against it. The only thing that will prevent you from being smashed is that you will gradually be put under pressure until the inside of your body is filled with the same pressure as is against its outside. And that means that your heart and lungs and your other organs will be subjected to a strain they never before have been called upon to withstand. Your guide will tell you what to do in the air lock when the pressure is turned on, and he has orders to bring you back either at your request or when he thinks you have had enough.

"You go down at your own risk. No matter what precautions we may take, there is always the chance that you will come up with the 'bends' or that your heart may stop.

"And now, have you eaten a hearty meal within two hours? It is not safe to go down with a full stomach. Have you been temperate in the use of alcoholic drink? Then we will examine your heart and lungs with a stethoscope, and if they're all right you can go to the dressing shed where the keeper will tog you out in oilskins and sou'wester."

As you follow your guide into the mouth of the tunnel, you find yourself at the entrance of what resembles a gigantic sewer pipe, in diameter from three to four times the height of a man. A breath of heavy air as if from a cave greets you. The temperature is chill and the atmosphere clammy and misty, and as the fog is drawn into your lungs it is as if a bandage suddenly had been wound round and round your chest.

At intervals of fifty feet incandescent lights wink and blink through green-gray mist, shedding sickly rays upon slippery boards between two narrow-guage tracks, and before you have stumbled and floundered 300 yards you can see for yourself that you have left the shore line far behind and that you are indeed walking under a river bed. Above you, on all sides of you, is nothing but a rusty shell of two-inch-thick steel to keep a deluge of swamp from breaking in upon you. It is a thought that stays in the back of your head long after you think you are rid of it. Well it may. Overhead is the mighty river teeming with animal life and hurling its resistless myriads of tons to and fro in the grasp of ebb and flood. Ninety feet above your head is the river's surface, alive with ocean steamships and tugs and sailing craft and barges and ferryboats unsuspicious of the human atom lurking far beneath their keels.

If you stand still you hear these vessels, the thud of their side wheels or their propeller screws as these thrash the river, sending sounds like the rat-tat-tat of muffled sledges against the outside of the tube. Of the noises aboard ship you hear not a sound, for you are cut off from the world as completely as human may hope to be cut off and be able to return. No sounds save those of underwater noises greet you from above. Not a sign is there of the countless sensations by which ordinarily your eyes and ears and nose and nerves, and even your tongue continuously assure you that you are alive. The only

sounds that greet you from within are the footsteps of your guide and the swish-swish as the oilskins chafe with every step.

Whatever uneasiness you have experienced so far has been due to your own imagination purely. Now, however, you are to get a taste of an actual encounter in the under-river world.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, out of the haze 200 yards away comes a roar as if the blow-off of an enormous steam boiler had been opened wide, and a dense white cloud comes rolling straight at you. An angry, quick, protracted roar it is that fills the tube and vibrates it with irresistible sound waves and drones and quavers inside your head until it hurts.

Coming expected in broad daylight the volume of the sound would startle you. Coming unexpected, in a dusky tunnel amid unusual conditions where every nerve stands on end and where momentarily you are expecting catastrophe, the surprise grips your heart strings. You gaze speechless at your guide, expecting to see him run. But whatever humor you may see later in the situation, this man does not seem to notice.

"Frightened you a bit I suppose," he says when the roar finally subsides. "Dont blame you. Everybody gets frightened first time they hear that. It's just the air lock exhausting. That 'steam' you see is just compressed air striking the rarer atmosphere and expanding, and that's what makes the tunnel ful lof fog. You don't want to mind what you see down here. It makes you wonder if you're going to get out alive. But an air lock is like most dogs—lots of noise and mighty little bite to it; and if you made a half-dozen trips through it you would not mind."

The air lock which the tunneler uses, it may be necessary to explain, is simply the contrivance or the chamber through which he enters or by means of which he leaves that part of the tunnel which is under pressure. Naturally, if he wants to pump the heading of the tunnel full of air he must first cork up the tube. To do this he builds a solid steel air-tight wall across it. But how send men and dirt cars through this solid wall, every square inch of surface of which is under a pressure of forty pounds? To use an ordinary door is out of the question, for against a door measuring only three by five feet there is a pressure of 86,400 pounds; and even were it possible to force open the door against this pressure, a man caught in the sudden draught would be hurled clear out of the tunnel like a shell out of a gun.

To enable the tunneler to enter and to quit that section of the tunnel which is under pressure, he perforates the wall with a tube ten feet long five feet in diameter, and provides this tube with massive, steel, air-tight doors at either end, the door nearest the tunnel heading being known as the "heading door' and that nearer the tunnel mouth as the "mouth door." This is all there is to an air lock.

When the lock is set to admit you to the heading, the heading door is closed and the mouth door is open; the idea being simply that you enter the lock and shut the mouth door after you. Then, by means of a valve, pressure is gradually admitted from the heading into the lock until, when the pressure in the heading and the lock is the same, the heading door may be opened and you proceed to the front.

Walking toward this lock, your guide tells you what to do. "It may startle you some and may pain you a little once the pressure is turned on; but don't mind that. You'll go through all right," he says. "The trouble is that when the pressure is turned on it takes a little before the pressure inside of you is the same as that on the outside. Your lunks take it up quick enough. The trouble is to get it going inside your head, and on the inside of your ear drums, and that's what hurts. Then you must swallow often—chewing gum or a rubber band or a wad of paper or anything to increase the flow of saliva. Or esle hold your nose shut and blow into it hard—so! You haven't a cold

in the head, have you? That would be bad, for you would not be able to get the air inside the drums and you might burst them.

"We'll put you through real gradually and gently and if you feel the strain is too much for you just touch my hand and we'll shut her off and go back. Don't be slow about turning tail. It isn't a matter of pluck. It's something no man can force when his insides say 'No.' But you'll get through all right, I guess."

What it means for the "sand hog" to pass in and out of an air lock is something that must be experienced to be appreciated.

As the mouth door of the lock closes behind you, you find yourself crouching on your heels ninety feet under a river bed in what appears to be a rusty, dingy section of water main lighted by a single incandescent lamp and big enough to contain twenty huddling men! If ever man set a fitting trap for the most grewsome end imaginable, this is the trap. And yet the lock tenders and your guide mind it no more than you would mind scaling to the twentieth story of an office buildng in an elevator.

As the lock keeper turns the valve, there is a scalp-raising scerech as if your ear were next the safety valve of a locomotive blowing steam; and as the inrushing air expands, it fills the tiny chamber with fog so dense that you cannot see your hand before your eyes. Wider and wider the valve is opened, the fog becoming even denser and the racket increasing until the air fairly drones and your eyes and ear drums and your very scalp tremble with the air that is vibrating about you. For the first time in your life you realize that sound may inflict physical pain and that there is a possibility that it may kill.

No sooner is the big valve opened than you feel the pressure against your ear drums. A big wad of cotton seems thrust into each ear and two big fingers seem to push the wads more and more firmly—until each time when you swallow or blow into your nose, the sensation disappears only to begin anew. Should you purposely delay swallowing, within twenty seconds the pain becomes intense and finally excruciating as if a pair of knitting needles were being pushed deep into your ears.

Nothing short of the faith that others successfully withstand these sensations prevents you from becoming unduly excited, for actually you are in the throes of about as disagreeable a situation as you care to meet. For the eternity of half a minute the racket and fog and ear pains continue. Then the noises ceases as suddenly as it began. Out of the fog comes the voice of your guide:

"Feeling all right? Ears all right? No trouble to breathe? Oh, you'll be all right." Again the valve screeches and the air drones, the top of your head throbs, and you are shaken within and without.

Gradually, after the lapse of ten minutes, when the pressures in the heading and the lock become more equalized, the din begins to slacken; then it falls more and more, and fades to nothing, after which the lockman opens the heading door and you gaze upon another length of 'tube" like that you left behind.

How does it feel to be under forty pounds pressure? There is no sensation to it. None whatever. Which is the trouble, for, in case your heart is going to give out, there is no warning symptom until too late. Against every square foot of the surface of your body is a pressure of 5,760 pounds, and the only thing that prevents you from being squashed is the 5,760 pounds per square foot pressure inside of you—yet you do not feel this. The pressure from without is so great that were it not for the pressure within you would be smashed flat as a toad run over by a steam roller; and the pressure within you is so great that were it not counterbalanced by the pressure from without you would explode to atoms like the shell of a dynamite cartridge. Yet you have no means of realizing this. You feel perfectly natural. You breathe normally and without effort. You move about without being conscious of exertion. Only a feeling as of water left in the

ears after bathing remains. The noise of rumbling cars and scraping shovels from ahead sounds natural. So does the voice of your guide. Only your own voice seems strange in your own ears—far deeper in pitch than you ever have heard it, and far off not as if it came from your own mouth but as if from ten feet behind. Also, and this strikes you queerly until you have found the cause, all sounds are chopped off short, for in this heavy atmosphere there is little echo and carrying power. Even the explosion of a dynamite cartridge makes no more noise than a shotgun fired above in daylight.

In this dense atmosphere, were you to try to whistle with your lips or to blow a cornet or a fife, you might blow your lungs out without producing a sound, for the pressure would resist any sound waves of which your lungs were capable. Owing to the excessive supply of oxygen, were you to light a match it would burn with the rapidity of tinder, amid volumes of smoke. For the same reason an oil lamp or a lantern would burn itself out within a few minutes, emitting volumes of soot that would completely hide the flames. And for the same reason a lighted pipe or cigar will burn of itself without suction, and a single mouthful of smoke is all you would be able to get out of a cigarette. Were you a bring an empty, corked bottle into this pressure from the outside, the pressure against the cork, unbalanced by pressure from within, would be so great that you would be unable to pull the stopper. These are a few instances of what you find when under forty pounds of pressure.

In most under-river tunnels, instead of a single air lock wherein the tunneler is put under a forty-pound pressure at once, there are two air locks separated 500 to 1,000 feet, the "sand hog" taking twenty pounds of pressure in each lock. But, one air lock or two, the chief point of interest in one of these tubes is at the heading where beneath a cluster of electric lights the men are at work behind the shield.

It is an odd spectacle as you emerge from the lonely dusk of the tunnel and see the forms of men darting back and forth in the glare of these lamps, hard at work. There is a vim and a snap about the manner in which shovels are swung, which denotes personal interest. Not one of these men may be certain that before the day is past he will not lie paralyzed; or that the next moment he may not keel over, a pale, mud-spattered, ghastly thing, the victim of the dread pressure that has burst a blod vessel in brain or in heart. Not one knows at what instant the river may break in with the deluge thundering and seething to catch the humans like rats in a trap. Yet, not a man seems to give these dangers a thought; each is a cog in a gigantic human machine which must continue relentlessly on its path no matter who falls by the wayside.

Grim as a fortress, rusted, and crusted with ooze, stands the shield with which the tunneler performs his marvelous feat. It awaits only the turn of a wrist to send it irresistibly forward, for between the end of the tube and the rim of the shield are twenty-four enormous hydraulic jacks, which, combined, exert the almost incomprehensible pushing force of 4,000 tons. In each quarter of the huge disk are steel doors five inches thick, opening inward and controlled by hydraulic jacks so that they may be forced shut in the face of inrushing floods. And across the horizontal diameter of the shield is a platform with a hydraulic engine and a ponderous arm, which grasps each segment of a ring and lifts and holds it in place until bolted.

The manner in which you see this shield operated depends upon the nature of the ground it happens to be piercing. Sometimes for a distance of several hundred yards the men encounter hard clay or rock in which case the doors of the shield are opened and the men venture boldly without, picking and shoveling and drilling and blasting under cover of the overhanging cutting edge and throwing the muck into the tunnel, from whence it is removed in dirt cars

while the shield is shoved forward foot by foot. But in ground of this sort the "sand hog" is unhappy. All he can drive is from two to eight feet a day. Danger or no danger, what he prefers is the soft mud where he can drive from eighteen to twenty-four feet every twenty-four hours. Then, with doors in the shield closed tightly, the hydraulic jacks are turned on slowly, almost imperceptibly the giant cap moves forward, trembling, grinding, crunching, and squealing, steel against steel. Then inch by inch the doors are opened and the ooze and swamp are squeezed into the tunnel, from which the "muck" is loaded into cars.

No matter how faithfully the shield may work, no matter how perfectly the engineer may maintain a constant pressure within the heading, accidents over which no human can have control are bound to happen. The beds of turbulent rivers like the Hudson and East Rivers are continuously being gouged or heaped up here or there, owing to variations in tides or currents and often it happens that one of these depressions is formed over the heading of a tunnel tube. Without a chance in the world of knowing it, the tunneler forces his shield directly into the danger, never suspecting that instead of the four or eight feet of mud which he figures on keeping between himself and the river, the roof of the heading has been reduced to a mere film of six inches. Then what happens is this: if the pressure inside the tunnel is greater than that of the river pressure, the tunnel 'blows out," tearing a hole up through the river bed; but if the pressure of the river is greater than that of the air in the tunnel, the river breaks in through the bed—in either case the floods come after, enlarging a hole no bigger than a child's head until in a few moments the entire heading has been swept away.

To understand perfectly, recall the the old experiment of filling a tumbler with water, covering it with a sheet of paper, and turning the tumbler upside down. What prevents the water from pouring out is, of course, our ordinary atmospheric pressure (about fifteen pounds to the square inch) against the writing paper. On the same principle, it does not matter how little ground the tunneler may have between himself and the river, so long as he has a mere film of any material strong enough to resist air; for then he cap keep the water from breaking in. For this reason he tries to keep the air pressure in the tunnel in excess of the pressure of the river. The instant he hears the hissing or whistling which denotes that air is escaping, he rushes to the spot and heaps sand bags against the threatening aperture, the excess pressure in the tunnel holding the bags in place and keeping the river out.

This hiss means to the tunneler what the click-click of the air pumps means to the submerged diver. It is the warning note for which he is listening at all times. It means life or cruel death to him. And to the company, the saving of tens of thousands of dollars that may have to be spent on repairs. It is the life of the tunneler against the dollars of his employer. To run would mean to abandon the tunnel to the river. Therefore he stands as long as he may, piling sand bags and fighting until the last moment, when sand bags are driven up through the aperture and when nothing is left but to cut and run.

As a rule, if all goes well there is time enough for this. No matter how badly the heading may be smashed, the tunnel does not fill at once with water any more than does an empty, unstoppered bottle thrown into a pond. In fact, the tunnel fills just as the bottle does. For a minute or more the deluge pours with a rush and a roar, then the air stops it and hurls itself upward in a muddy geyser 100 feet over the surface of the river. Then another flood and another check and another explosion of air, air and water exchanging buffets with the force of an exploding crater, while the men, deafened and staggered by the violence of the explosions, rush madly through the trembling tube for an emergency air lock, the heading

door of which is always open, and which may not be used for any purpose other than in case of accident.

From the viewpoint of the tunnel engineer, however, the loss of life is secondary to the damage a "blow out" causes a tunnel; for before the damage ceases the entire tube is swamped from heading clear to the nearest air lock; and, most serious of all, the engineer must repair the river bed.

To accomplish this he dumps scowload after scowload of clay down upon the spot where the heading is located, forming a false river bottom. Then he turns compressed air into the tunnels, pumps the water out, and sends his men inside to proceed as if nothing had happened. However, repairs after one of these floods are not as simple as they may seem when described. Weeks and sometimes months are requred before the work can proceed. It is estimated that alone for clay used in repairs in the Belmont tunnels under the East River, more than $1,000,000, was paid.

What the actual death rate is in under-river tunnels would be hard to say. But this is certain, it is so high that, regardless of expense, companies doing the work resort to all possible means to prevent advertising the dangers. One casualty report which the builders of the Belmont tunnels denied is that more than three hundred lives were lost in boring this tunnel which connects Manhattan and Brooklyn, and which recently has been completed. It is well known that, before the McAdoo management took hold of the mile-long tubes under the Hudson, one life was lost for every eleven feet of tunnel.

To enter into details of some of the accidents that have overtaken the under-river tunneler would make reading too grewsome. On one occasion before the emergency air lock was thought of an entire shift of twenty men were buried alive when the river mud came thundering in while the men stood against the heading door of the air lock waiting for it to open, the keeper within being too paralyzed with fear to take the chances.

Similarly grewsome casualties are numerous, the unfortunates being dug out weeks afterwards, arm and legs and hands and necks twisted, handsful of hair torn out of the head, and with other dread details common to those who are buried alive.

But many instances of heroism and devotion to duty brighten this dismal record, and there is one narrow escape which is perhaps the most miraculous and certainly the most sensational a human ever had. This took place about a year ago in one of the tubes boring under the Hudson.

Briefly, in the heading of this tunnel air began to hiss forth, auguring a threatening "blow out." The aperture widened with alarming rapidity and there seemed no time to throw up a breastwork of sand bags. In this emergency one of the tunnelers threw himself bodily against the fissure. What happened was just what happens to a sand bag when thrown too late against a rent. Bodily the pressure forced the man clear into the fissure, forced him through the river bed, and blew him eighty feet up through the water, hurling him like a human shell thirty feet into space. Though suffering from shock, the man otherwise was uninjured when picked up by a passing boat, and within three days he returned to work at his old stand.

Frequent and dreadful although the dangers of the "blow out' may be, were this all that threatened the life of the under-river tunneler, his chances for escape would be increased twentyfold; but, for each man killed in flood or by other causes, twenty succumb to the "bends," or caisson disease, due to high pressure.

Exactly what happens when a man gets the "bends," physicians are not agreed. All we know is that persons with weak hearts ar weak lungs should not think of entering air under high pressure, and that no matter how physically sound a person may be, under certain conditions the "bends" are almost certain to attack. The "bends" may pick off a man who has rigidly observed all precautions and for eighteen years previously escaped without the slightest attack. This

happened only a few months ago. It is the inexplicableness of the disease that causes the tunneler to fear it far more than he fears the river—if, indeed, he fears anything; and the dread is not so much the "bends" themselves as the chances of being permanently crippled.

To a layman, a man with the "bends" is a horrible sight to behold. The attack is really a convulsion or a cramp, which causes the most excruciating pain and twists the body into the most dreadful distortions—wherefore the name "bends." The sufferer is tied up into a knot, knees and chin together, legs and arms and hands twisted into the most impossible positions. The sensation is as if the blood must burst its way out of the arteries, and as if one were tied to the rack in an ancient torture chamber, every joint and bone and muscle and sinew being twisted and torn unto the breaking point. No matter what fortitude the victim may possess, no matter how he may grit his teeth and swallow the agony, as the attack continues the eyes bulge as if they must pop out of their sockets. Finally the brain becomes affected, the man's will power is impaired, and he gives vent to the most blood-curdling cries.

Strange to say, the only relief for a man with the "bends" is to take him back under pressure and very gradually—during the lapse of an hour or two—reduce him to atmospheric pressure. For this reason there is a "bends hospital" at the entrance to every under-river tunnel—a mere horizontal boiler shell, which may be closed air-tight and wherein, if necessary, four patients may lie side by side on bunks while compressed air is turned into the shell and gradually withdrawn, the doctor sitting beside his patient and regulating the pressure either until the victim has recovered sufficiently to be removed or until life is extinct.

Undoubtedly the greatest of all modern engineering feats is under-river tunnel building, just as it is the least spectacular. But if ever your train thunders through an under-river tunnel, gaze out of the window at the monotony of whitewashed walls and the dizzy flitting of the ring ribs and remember—every foot of that wonderful boring has cost human pain and blood and life.

The universal self-delusion is this; when a man has a good thought, he fancies he has become what he thinks for a moment. Good thoughts are very good; but, unaccompanied by the difficult processes of character, they are often no better than soap-bubbles.—Mozoomdar.

The Stock Seller's Mailing Lists

Sun Magazine

GETTING on the sucker lists of some of the pedlers of cheap stocks in mining companies and electric air lines and the promoters of various unsuccessful inventions is so easy these days that a good many of the citizens of this town will be up against the necessity of getting larger mail boxes if the thing continues. They have also learned that once on one of these mailing lists it's a problem how to get off.

The man who has been unfortunate enough perhaps to nibble just a bit at some of the bait has a pleasant surprise awaiting him. He generally finds that once his name has been secured by some alleged securities company peddling mining stock at 10 cents a throw it has a fashhion of traveling all around the country, with apparently no end to the stream of literature delivered to him.

Furthermore, there appears to be no way of cutting off this stream. One man who happens to live in an apartment house got tired of cleaning out his mail box every morning after the pest had continued for a couple of weeks and all sorts of concerns with glittering prospectuses and lovely pictures of ore dumps had begged him buy their stock before it went up. Not being of a speculative turn of mind, he couldn't see for the life of him how in the world a concern out in Chicago happened to know so much about him and have his address down so fine.

First he got little pamphlets enclosing subscription blanks and then letters couched in flattering terms and pointing out the advantages to him of owning stock in the Get-Rich-Quick mine out somewhere in the desert. Finally he got violent rings at the door bell, and dashing down four flights of stairs found that the letter carrier had brought a map and other literature too big to go in the box.

'See here," said the man on the sucker list, "I'm sick of this. I don't want any more of this stuff and I want you to stop bringing it."

The letter carrier grinned.

"Can't help it," he said. "You're not the only one. It's addressed to you and I've got to deliver it."

This unfortunate went around to the branch post office and interviewed the superintendent. He got no satisfaction.

"We can't sift your mail for you," said the superintendent. "Guess you're up against it like a lot of other folks. You're not the only one that's mad either, but we can't do anything for you."

"But suppose I should move," said the indignant citizen, mopping his brow. "Would they get me then?"

The superintendent of the branch post office laughed. It seemed to be a good joke to him. "Moving's all right," he said, "provided you don't leave us your new address and take the chance of the people you want to get mail from finding out your new address. But if you leave your new address with us of course we'll have to forward your mail without sorting it and you'll still be up against it.

"Guess there's no escape for you. A lot of the fools that have bought stock don't seem to realize that their money is buying postage stamps."

By this time the letter box of the man who had got on the general list of come-ons was turning out regularly every morning the literature of half a dozen or more concerns with a collection of postmarks that included New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago.

There were beautiful pen pictures of near gold mines away out in Nevada, copper claims right alongside of the biggest dividend payers in Arizona, silver mines in Cobalt, electric trains rushing over beautifully graded air lines between teeming cities in the

West, signal devices just awaiting for the dollars of the public to start their work of saving thousands of lives and telegraph devices panting for the public's support to revolutionize the commerce of the country. All of these benevolent concerns seemed to know just where he lived and to have him down for a man of capital.

Of course, like a lot of other folks, having resolved that the saving banks were good enough for him, this victim hadn't sent a line of encouragement to any of the concerns clamoring for his money. It didn't seem to be necessary.

After a while there was a little break in the monotony of cleaning out the mail box. This time it came in the shape of a messenger boy with a night telegram, delivered just after daylight.

"Kickapo stock advances to 30 cents on Saturday. Wire reservation at our expense immediately," was the way the message read.

It was from one of the concerns that had been pegging away at the letter box. A few days later there came another despatch delivered again while the household was yet in bed.

"Great strike reported on the Lida claim," read the poor victim in pajamas.

It was from a Chicago concern. He dashed around to the telegraph office.

"Look here, can't you stop this business?" he shrieked at the operator, showing the message that had disturbed his morning slumber.

"Can't help it," said the telegraph man, with the same smile that the postman had. "Addressed to you, wasn't it? Got to be delivered. You're not the only victim either."

The operator pointed to a stack of similar messages addressed to some of the victim's neighbors. They had been coming all night.

Then the victim fled like the poor, hunted thing he was. He decided it had all come from his having nibbled just once at the bait thrown out by a concern selling stock in Philadelphia a year ago, when he had thoughtlessly asked some question about the stock.

The sale of mailing lists is one of the sources of income of some of the stock-pedlers. The value of these lists depends chiefly upon how many times they have been worked.

A list which consists largely of fresh names commands a large price. After a victim has been worked by several concerns his name gets to be of less value and so on until he has his dose. There is no escape in the meantime.

Every concern engaged in getting the public's cash in exchange for stock certificates in some of these schemes to make you rich while you wait is after every name it can get. One concern which ran for five or six years and sold stock in fifty or more companies until it went broke recently and left its clients without any information as to what had become of their money, boasted of having a mailing list of 250,000 names. The list was pruned from time to time, too.

Some years ago, when a plant in Fulton Street was raided, the police found a mailing list with 100,000 names on it. It had done service for a large chain of bucket shops and was the work of some years.

Notwithstanding the fact that this plant was raided and one of these lists captured the backers of it were reported to have sold a copy of their list later to a concern selling mining stock. This list is said to be still in use.

There is still another way of getting names. That is, by buying them from unscrupulous clerks in banks and insurance companies. Such names command a high price, because they represent persons known to have money.

In consequence of this most of the banks and insurance companies have taken extra precautions lately to guard against such thefts, but now and then a leak is discovered. There is no help for the poor unfortunates whose names have got out.

Once their names get into possession of one of the firms engaged in distributing stock as widely as possible, they are apt to go the rounds, getting into more general circulation

as time elapses and the value decreases.

What with the souvenir post card craze and the sucker mailing lists Uncle Sam is pretty busy in his Post Office Department now. Meanwhile some few thousands of citizens are wondering if they are ever going to escape the pest that has come upon them.

One man tried recently the plan of writing to a concern that happened to get his name first in some mysterious way and begged to be crossed off the list. It did no good. There was a let up in the mail from that concern, but almost immediately several other securities companies hit his trail somehow, and began pounding away, even in the face of a panic in Wall Street and tight money. Like most of the victims, he gave up in despair.

Just now the Government doesn't seem to be very busy running down the financial crooks whose mailing lists are causing most of the trouble. It is explained that there is a lot of more important work for the 250 post office inspectors to do, and it is next to impossible for them to investigate schemes based on alleged mining claims scattered all over the continent.

According to one inspector, the public must protect itself. What some folks would like to find out is how to protect their mail box.

"I don't mind being taken for a sucker sometimes" said one man who has been trying to solve the new problem, "but what I do kick against is being still played for a sucker after I've proved my innocence."

The Business Side of Vaudeville

By Hartley Davis in Everybody's

VAUDEVILLE performers are a class of highly paid specialists. They receive from one dollar to ten dollars a minute for the time they are on the stage.

This explains why so many prominent, highly successful stars are persuaded to take a flier in vaudeville. We no longer gasp at the announcement that a famous player is to become a variety actor—for, after all, vaudeville is merely a modern name for the variety performance.

With casual unconcern a vaudeville manager will remark that he can get any star in the theatrical firmament to do a 'turn"; that is' any one he happens to want. It is simply a question of how much he is willing to pay. There are a few, as many as can be counted on one hand, who could not be tempted. The vaudeville manager would remark in his airy, cheerful way that he doesn't want those. When one considers the salaries that are paid, this willingness of the stars isn't so remarkable.

If May Irwin, who is about to return to vaudeville after many years' absence, chooses to work as many weeks in the year as Mr. Corey is supposed to work, she will receive a salary more than double that of the president of the Steel Trust. If she elects to work only twenty weeks in the year, her salary will equal that of the President of the United States. Her salary for two weeks equals that paid a congressman for a whole year. In other words, Miss Irwin will receive $2,500 a week for appearing on the stage for twenty minutes twice a day.

When Lillian Russell appeared in vaudeville, she was paid $3,150 a week, which is, I believe, the largest salary ever given to a performer. Elsie Janis got $3,000, and Mrs. Langtry, $2,500. Vesta Victoria, who first came to this country for $400 a week

and Vesta Tilly, another English performer, both command $2,500.

Please bear in mind that these extravagantly paid stars present but one of the eight or nine "turns" that make up a performance, and that the lesser lights are also highly paid specialists. Indeed, of all people who work for their living, vaudeville performers are the best paid. Of three-fourths, yes, seven-eighths of the traveling theatrical companies, the whole salary list does not amount to $2,500 a week, and yet in vaudeville that much is paid to one performer who gives an eighth of the performance. It is true, that a $2,500-a-week performer doesn't appear often in any one theatre, but an act that costs $1,000 a week has become the rule rather than the exception in every bill, while a great majority of the acts cost from $250 to $500, and in the best vaudeville houses no act costs less than $75 a week. "Chasers," employed to drive audiences out of houses giving continuous performances, get that much. In the good vaudeville houses, the salary list of performers ranges from $2,500 to $4,000 a week, and the maximum is paid more often than the minimum. Occasionally the cost will run to $5,000 a week. The standard in practically every first-class vaudeville house in the country is $3,200 a week, and each manager tries to keep as close to that as possible. It has been found that this will provide an attractive bill and yet leave a fair margin of profit.

Now, by way of contrast, consider that the prices charged in these vaudeville theatres are just one-half, or oftener one-third, the prices of admission charged in the theatres presenting first-class attractions. In New York, for instance, the highest price for orchestra seats is one dollar, with box seats fifty cents more, and the downward range is to twenty-five cents. And this is the schedule of only a few houses. The usual rule for first-class vaudeville houses is fifty cents for the best seats, except those in boxes, which are twenty-five and fifty cents more. Often the gallery seats are only ten cents, and when two performances a day are given, it is the universal custom to cut in half the hgher prices for matinees.

But what about the profits of the vaudeville managers who charge these low prices and pay these high salaries? Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in New York made a net profit last year of $250,000, and the Orpheum in Brooklyn, and Keth's theatre in Philadelphia have made more than $200,000 net in a year. Men who have handled the business end of vaudeville for many years soberly say that the vaudeville theatres in this country made $30,000,000 last year. That is manifestly absurd, because there are only about 350 houses that have a recognized standing, and they cannot average $85,000 in profits each year. But the total is so big that, if you are seeking explanation for the war that is now disorganizing vaudeville, you need look no farther than these profits. The men who have practical control of the theatres that play the high-priced attractions, realizing how enormous is the revenue derived from vaudeville, and how certain it is, have set about getting control of that also. Naturally, those who control it at present wish to keep their profits. And each side has millions to spend in the struggle.

Conditions are changing so rapidly that it is useless to predict what the situation will be a week in advance. The possession of theatres appears to be the key. There is no such thing as cornering the market in performers; they are developing too rapidly. The 'amateur" nights, the cheaper vaudeville theatres—often nothing but halls or stores, the places especially popular in the West, where the admission is from five to twenty-five cents and four to six performances a day are given —are bringing forth new performers all the time. And even the best of the theatres are willing to give applicants a "try-out" in the morning, and, if the act is promising, a trial at a regular performance.

The foreign field is open to any manager who thinks he can guess correctly. The best acrobatic acts are not available in America, because

children who are under the legal age are important factors in the turn. With a few exceptions, like Chevalier, Vesta Tilly, and one or two others, the big English music-hall performers have not been successful in this country, the big hits having been made by importations who are considered second and third-rate performers at home.

In vaudeville, the agency where performers are booked—that is, have engagements made for them—is not nearly as powerful as in the dramatic field. Formerly there were many of these agencies. Now practically all the booking is done in two offices in New York, these being closely affiliated with Western circuits that work in conjunction with them. It is a common thing to book a vaudeville act for eighty weeks—two theatrical years—and fix the exact dates. This centralized booking system has many advantages to the performer, the chief of which are the long engagements and the short railroad jumps. Except on the Orpheum circuit, where two weeks are lost in traveling and where transportation is paid by the management, the vaudeville performers pay all their own expenses. They are thrifty folk, as a rule, and it pains them to pay railroad fares, especially big fares.

Apart from the cost of the performers, the actual running expenses of a vaudeville theatre are greater than those of the high-priced houses. The rent charge is, of course, an important item. If a vaudeville manager wishes to acquire a successful combination house*—that is, one that makes money playing legitimate traveling attractions—he must pay a very high rent, which becomes exorbitant when the cost of repairs is added. If the vaudeville manager takes a house that is not successful and makes it highly profitable, the owner reaps an enormous advantage without effort on his part, and usually shows his appreciation by demanding a largely increased rental when the time comes to renew the lease. Nowadays, most of the houses are owned by those operating them, because the system makes such a theatre one of the best possible investments. But whether the vaudeville theatres are owned or leased, the rent charge must be considered. There is a wide range, from $10,000 or $12,000 to $20,000 in the smaller cities, up to $60,000 in New York.

The repair bill is enormous, and the lessee has to pay it. It is good business to keep the theatres in the best possible condition, and the wear and tear resulting from two performances a day necessitate constant renewals everywhere. Frequently the cost of repairs exceeds the rent. In the larger cities the average is not far from $25,000 a year.

Next to the salaries of performers, the largest expense of a vaudeville theatre is the pay of the employes, which also amounts to more than in the high-priced houses. The number employed is astonishing, and includes resident manager, press agent, two treasurers, door-keepers, ushers, carriage man, coat room attendants, maids, water boys, orchestra, stage manager, electricians, property men, scene shifters, clearers—the union rule will not permit a scene shifter to touch anything but scenery, and the clearers may handle only properties—the engineering staff, and cleaners. About sixty is the minimum number in a good vaudeville house, and the salary list is between $1,500 and $1,600 a week. In Keith's theatre in Boston the house staff numbers 139 persons. In the Majestic in Chicago there are upward of a hundred, ten of whom are maids for the care of women patrons. Vaudeville managers never attempt to economize on the comfort of women and children who come to the theatre.

In the New York theatres the

* A combination house is one that plays a different company each week or twice a week. It is the general descriptive term for practically all theatres playing traveling attractions, no matter what the grade, to distinguish such theatres from those that have stock companies and those where plays have long runs. A theatre is like a hotel. If it is established thoroughly and does a big business, it can rent for more than one that is a failure.

"house charges," as they are called, are usually estimated at $2,500 a week; this is supposed to cover anything except the repairs and the salaries paid to performers. As a matter of fact, in the best of the theatres these charges probably exceed that estimate.

With the prices of acts ranging from $75 to $3,000 a week and with something like 7,000 performers to choose from, there is naturally wide latitude in the making up of a "bill," as the selection of acts for a particular week is called. The number of "turns" or acts is always eight or nine, exclusive of the moving pictures, and the average act lasts twenty minutes. Occasionally an exceptionally clever playlet may run forty minutes.

From the figures here presented it is plain that from $250,000 to $300,000 a year is required to run a high-class vaudeville theatre in the larger cities, exclusive of New York, and $350,000 a year in the metropolis. The difference is chiefly in the rent and advertising rates, although the higher wages paid the house staff also count. In New York, then, a vaudeville theatre must take in $7,000, and, outside of New York, an average of $5,000 a week before there are any profits.

Those who come in contact with the theatrical game hear much about the enormous receipts of different attractions. It is true that "The Lion and the Mouse" averaged $10,000 a week for a straight year at the Lyceum in New York; that David Warfield played to something like $25,000 a week at the spacious Academy of Music, which was built for grand opera; but these are the rare exceptions. An average business of $7,000 a week is very good in New York, and by far the larger number of attractions are well content to make $5,000 a week on the road. This usually means a comfortable profit for the theatre and the company. But vaudeville houses, charging far lower prices, have to take in that much money to pay expenses.

Granted that the vaudeville managers are at a disadvantage in the matter of high expenses and low prices of admission, there are many compensations, chief of which is the comparative absence of risk. Of all branches of amusements, an established vaudeville theatre is the most stable. It is more of a business and less of a gamble than any other kind ow show, except certain stock companies in Brooklyn, where enough seats to insure a profit for a whole season are subscribed in adcance.

Vaudeville makes a wider appeal than any other form of stage entertainment, and this is the fundamental reason for its success. Yet the fact was not recognized until within a dozen years or so. Formerly, variety theatres gave performances that were supposed to be for men, and with a few exceptions, like Tony Pastor's in New York, the Howard Athenæum in Boston, and the Olympic in Chicago, which were respectable, they were mostly disreputable resorts, especially in the smaller towns. The fact that the few really good variety houses did an enormous business had no significance for other managers, who slavishly followed the custom of permitting vulgarity and indecency to dominate their stages. At length B. F. Keith, a New Englander who had worked with a circus for years and had begun with a small "hall show" in Boston, made the discovery that variety theatres prospered despite the coarseness of the performance rather than because of it. He set about proving this, and so revolutionized the whole business. Vaudeville is now dependent upon women and children, and managers think more about pleasing them than the men.

The only systematic censorship of stage performances in this country is in the vaudeville houses. Whereas, managers of companies playing in first-class houses frequently depend upon indecency to attract audiences, vaudeville managers have made it impossible on their stages. The latter have established standards that the performers have accepted and that they are as keen to maintain as the

managers themselves. There may be a question as to taste; indeed, refined souls are often painfully shocked at vaudeville performances, but the shows are always clean, according to the standards of the vaudeville manager. They may not be your standards nor mine, but evidently they are accepted by the millions that support this form of show.

When I said that vaudeville makes a very wide appeal, I did not mean that everywhere people are eager and anxious to go to performances of this kind. Time and time again it has been proved that communities unfamiliar with the modern variety show evince small interest in it. For one thing, there has been the prejudice that is the logical result of the days when the name variety show was a synonym for disrepute. And this has been difficult to overcome. People didn't know that they wanted vaudeville; the taste for it was dormant, not active. The managers found that, in nearly every instance, a systematic campaign of education necessary. It takes about four years to make a new vaudeville theatre pay. Now and then there is an exception, like Minneapolis, where the new Orpheum, costing $350,000, paid from the very start. But the immediate success of the Minneapolis theatre is explained by the fact that a large part of the city's population was continually visiting Chicago, where a taste for the varied form of entertainment had already been developed. These sophisticated ones then acted as so many press agents.

Such exceptions, however, are very few, and the rule applies to cities of all sizes. And by the way, these shows are now being opened in towns of 40,000 to 50,000 people, whereas, formerly it was supposed that no city of less than 200,000 population could support a good vaudeville theatre. Even in New York, it was four years before the Victoria Theatre, transformed by Oscar Hammerstein into a vaudeville house, really paid. But now the returns yield a profit of a quarter of a million a year, which enables the versatile manager to face a loss in his individual grand opera venture with equanimity.

Nothing more clearly illustrates the difference between the old-time manager and his successor than this ability and willingness to make a large investment and face a loss for four years. There is a familiar story that illustrates the spirit of the older days. An actor approached his manager with a request for a loan of twenty-five dollars.

"Twenty-five!" repeated the manager. "Twenty-five dollars?"

"Yes," said the actor, "I want you to lend me twenty-five dollars. You can take it out of my salary."

"Twenty-five dollars," reiterated the manager. "Say, don't you know that if I had twenty-five dollars I'd put out a No. 2 company?"

Perhaps the Orpheum circuit, which owns ten theatres west and south of Chicago and is closely affiliated with twenty-five more, offers the best example of the modern business organization of vaudeville. The Orpheum Company is a close corporation, with a capital stock of $75,000 and something like $5,000,000 of assets. It has built nearly all its theatres, which cost from $250,000 to $350,000 each. Its prices range from seventy-five cents for box seats to ten cents in the gallery. The orchestra seats sell for fifty cents at night and twenty-five cents for the matinee. The ten cents admission to the gallery is designed chiefly to attract children, because it has been found that they go home and tell their parents about the excellent show, thereby increasing the attendance at subsequent performances. The booking is done from the Chicago office, and the closet tab is kept on all the acts, so that it is known exactly which ones please most. Contracts for scenery, decoration, carpets, all the supplies, and the repairs, are made in the Chicago office for the ten theatres, and the cost is thus much reduced. The Orpheum circuit pays the railroad fares of performers and it has a high-priced railroad expert to look after the transportation.

"I am a business man, and my

business is to amuse people," explained Martin Beck, the general manager of the Orpheum Company, and that puts it in a nutshell. With him it is business first and last, and it is a part of that business to have a thorough knowledge of the show game. His eyes are cast far ahead. He doesn't think about what the business will be next week or next month, but what it will be two years from now. He knows that his theatres cannot succeed unless they play to full houses, because of the small price of admission. Therefore, he must make the theatres themselves as attractive as possible, providing generously for the women and children, and also must give them the best show he can arrange.

When a manager books an act that costs $2,500 or more a week, he generally expects to lose money on that particular week, though in this New York may prove an exception, on account of the higher prices of admission. These expensive acts, by "two-dollar stars," as the vaudeville manager calls those who have headed companies that have always played in the high-priced houses, are put on chiefly for advertising purposes. Now, one might suppose that with one act getting perhaps $3,000 a week, the manager would cut down the cost of the other acts to the smallest possible sum, and depend upon the people attracted by the big star to make a profit on the week. But, on the contrary, when one of these extravagantly expensive acts heads a bill, the astute manager is extraordinarily careful to engage the best performers he can secure to round out the bill, regardless of cost. For the star is pretty certain to draw a large number of people who have never before been in the vaudeville theatre and who are prone to look down upon a variety performance. They are lured in by the chance of seeing a star at a cost of fifty cents instead of two dollars. Once there, they are surprised to find that the other acts are as entertaining, as interesting as the star's; indeed, it is the exception rather than the rule for a two-dollar star to "make good" unless he has had a vaudeville training. But the failure of a big star with a great reputation in an attempt at vaudeville helps rather than hurts the house, for those whom he has drawn generally leave the theatre with vastly increased respect for straight vaudeville.

One of the few exceptions to the rule that two-dollar stars fail, is May Irwin. Her first big hit was made in vaudeville before she went into musical comedy. She knows the game. She has an enormous following that will flock to the theatre to see her in vaudeville; she can delight audiences to their capacity for enjoyment.

The most popular acts are those that make people laugh, whether they be monologues, sketches, or burlesque acrobatic stunts, and to make vaudeville audiences roar, it is necessary to make a very simple, very direct appeal. Effects must be secured quickly and must follow each other in rapid succession. There are standard teams like Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Barry, Will Cressy and Blanche Dyne, and a score of others that are absolutely fixed in the affections of vaudeville audiences because they can make fun. McIntyre and Health did "The Georgia Minstrels" in variety and vaudeville for thirty years and they are now doing the same act with a few others in musical comedy.

It is rather curious that the stars who were graduated from the variety theatres years ago have been more successful than the later ones who have tried to break into the legitimate from vaudeville. Tony Pastor has a list of some forty famous people, like N. C. Goodwin, Lillian Russell and May Irwin, who practically started in his theatre. Weber & Fields, the Rogers Brothers, Sam Bernard, Elsie Janis, to give names at haphazard, made their first success in vaudeville, and these are but a few of a long roll.

The rapidity with which salaries jump after a success is scored is remarkable. When Sam Bernard was a monologist, better known on the Bowery than on Broadway, he received about $200. His success with

Weber & Fields trebled his salary. Then he went into musical comedy as a star for a salary of $1,000 a week. Now he is willing to return to vaudeville for $3,500 a week.. He can get $2,500.

Within the last dozen years or so, Houdini, the "handcuff king," was appearing in a dime museum in New York and was glad to get $50 or $60 a week. The good vaudeville houses would not give him a chance, despite the fact that he presented one of the most remarkable acts on the stage. Houdini went abroad and made his name known the world over. Now he gets $1,500 a week, and his engagements are made two years ahead.

Vesta Victoria, who occupied about a third-rate position in the London music halls, came to New York two seasons ago at a salary of $400 a week, which she thought enormous. Her skill in singing one song, "Waiting at the Church," gave her a tremendous vogue, and her salary jumped to $2,500 a week. Alice Lloyd, a dainty little English girl, was glad to come to New York for $350. She made a very great success and now her American salary is $1,500 a week. She was content with about $150 a week in London.

Henry Lee, for years recognized as a particularly fine actor in legitimate roles, entered vaudeville with a speciality that he called "Great Men Past and Present." His skill in these imitations made him one of the most popular "head-liners," as the aristocrats of vaudeville are called, and now he gets $800 a week. Nat Wills, who presents a tramp specialty that is howlingly funny and who is classed as a monologist, gets $750 a week for making people laugh, and the fact that he made an unsuccessful attempt to star in musical comedy hurt him not at all.

Early in the summer a young girl who had been in the chorus of musical shows for a couple of years without attracting any attention, decided that she could give imitations of the kind that made Cissie Loftus and Elsie Janis famous. For weeks she besieged managers for a chance, at any salary at all. Finally, William Hammerstein, being short an act for a Sunday afternoon concert, gave her an opportunity. Within a week Belle Blanch as she calls herself, was booked for a whole year at $500 a week.

Clara Wieland, a serpentine dancer, was widely known in vaudeville a dozen years ago. The serpentine dance ceased to be a novelty, and managers refused to book it. Miss Wieland was clever. She saw that imitations were exceedingly popular, so she practised them, and when she thought she was proficient she changed her name to Mary Ann Brown. The name caught the fancy of the managers as much as the act, and now Mary Ann Brown is a "head-liner" with all the engagements she cares to fill.

An animal performance always pleases; and occasionally one like Barnold's Dog and Monkey Pantomime scores a big hit. In this act not a human being appears on the stage. Dogs and monkeys only are seen; and a yellow "mutt" that plays a drunken man is a real actor. This act was engaged for the Victoria roof garden in New York at $300 a week. It made such a success that it was booked for two years at $1,000 a week.

The newest development in vaudeville is the presentation of elaborate ensemble acts with fine scenery and costumes. These have been so successful that there are regular producers of them, like Ned Wayburn, George Homans, and Lasky, Rolfe & Company. For "The Stunning Grenadiers,' Lasky, Rolfe & Company imported a bevy of strapping English girls, provided them with three changes of costume and three sets of scenery, as well as lighting effects. At least $5,000 was invested in this single act, which runs the usual twenty minutes. "The Pianopniends" cost nearly as much, for the young men and women who play six pianos in concert wear fashionable and expensive clothes and the scenery is as fine as can be painted. George Homans imported Italian opera singers for his Zingari troupe, and the stage set-

tings, with its elaborate lighting effects, is as artistic as that seen in high-priced regular theatres. It takes twelve people to present "A Night With the Poets," including a male quartet that wears evening clothes costing $90 for each member, people who pose as living pictures, and an actor who can read poetry. Ned Wayburn, an old minstrel man, has put on a great number of successful acts in which he employs at least a dozen people and three changes of costume, and three sets of scenery. Sometimes he has twenty people, and the principal performer receives $100 a week. "The Minstrel Misses," "The Rain Dears," and "The Futurity Winner" have become widely familiar in vaudeville theatres.

These big acts usually receive from $750 to $1,500 a week. The producer, who is also the manager, must pay the original cost, the salaries of the people he employs and the transportation of the people and the scenery. His net profit on each act when it is playing averages about $100 a week. It is easier to book one of these big ensemble acts that costs a great deal than to book a cheaper one because the vaudeville managers have found that audiences have been educated up to demanding the best that can be given them, and when people are pleased it means full houses. The managers make the audiences feel that they are receiving about double their moneys worth. It's all business.

How Wastes and By-Products are Made Valuable

By William R. Stewart in Technical World

BACK to nature is an admonition which obtains in the industrial as well as in the breakfast-food as there were not very many appcanti world. Nature wastes nothing; man is extravagant. So long as production was not the highly organized, highly competitive industry which the advance in transportation facilities has made it, manufacturers had less incentive to economize. Things were thrown away twenty-five years ago which now are utilized with a care not exceeded in the manufacture of the first products themselves. The scientific utilization of refuse often marks the difference between successful and unsuccessful enterprise.

In the United States the prodigality of our resources long has made us wasteful of left-over products which in Europe have been utilized in various forms. In Germany especially, has the art of making waste useful received the attention of manufacturers—and the industrial advance of Germany is one of the marvels of the century.

At the present time, so scientific has manufacturing become, that almost nothing is wasted which can by any means be made to have a value. Old tin cans, once useful chiefly to the street urchin as appendages to dogs' tails, now are used for buttons, for window weights, for sheathing trunks, and for "pewter" soldiers. Old rubbers and scraps of leather are utilized in a dozen different ways. The dregs of port wine, rejected by the drinker in decanting the beverage, are made into Seidlitz powders for him to take the next morning. Broken glass is used to make artificial stone; and ashes, by a combination with potash and other alkaline ingredients, are similarly employed. The pith of cornstalks is used to protect vessels, forts, and other structures from the injurious effects of collisions or projectiles. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituents of lucifer matches, and the offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas reappear in the form of flavoring for blanc manges or as smelling salts.

The clippings of the tinker, mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs, or cast off woolen garments, make dyes of the brightest hue. Sawdust, once a problem to the millwright, who scarcely knew how to get rid of it, now forms the basis of a considerable independent industry, and commands a good price even in the back woods. Even smoke, apparently the most vauleless of all "wastes," is worth money. At a charcoal-pit blast furnace in a Western state, enough has been saved from the smoke, by means of stills, to pay a large part of the running expenses. A cord of wood makes about 28,000 feet of smoke; and in the smoke of a hundred cords there are 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, twenty-five pounds of tar, and two hundred gallons of alcohol.

The refuse of to-day is made a source of profit for to-morrow. Nothing in industry is more indicative of economic efficiency than the utilization of products which are residues of previous processes. Whenever a substance performs no function towards a useful end, it is simply because human ingenuity has not yet reached its highest development.

The creative force of science is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the endeavor to keep within the "circle of reproduction." The increase of the world's wealth is largely dependent upon new uses found for materials, and upon the turning of comparatively inexpensive articles into articles of considerable value. It can be said that there is nothing which has not an economic value for some purpose, and it remains only for the manufacturer—or the chemist—to discover where and how each material can be turned to the most profitable account.

Matter which is the most unattractive, often has possibilities of the greatest beauty. While the choicest perfumes undoubtedly are obtained from flowers there are many others which are highly prized that are made out of very ill-smelling elements. The oil of apples, the oil of pears, the oil of grapes, and the oil of cognac are obtained, after proper treatment with acids and oxidizing agents, from fusel oil, a particularly disagreeable substance as regards its odor. Oil of pineapple is made by the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and sulphuric acid. The oil of bitter almonds, largely used in the manufacture of perfumed soap and confectionery, is obtained from the products of gas tar, and one of the essential ingredients of a popular perfume is obtained from the drainings of cow-houses. The refuse of cities formerly burned or thrown into streams, now is collected in such a way as to make it not only a self-supporting operation but even a profitable industry. The old bones, broken glass, rags, scraps of iron, paper of all sorts, and other articles are gathered together separately and sold for a variety of purposes. The waste heat from the furnaces into which the inflammable part of the refuse is thrown is utilized for steam purposes, to operate electric lighting and power engines. The food wastes are "digested" and separated into greases and fertilizer fillers.

The utilization of so-called wastes may be considered under various heads, according to the processes from which they are derived. The iron and steel industry furnishes a large number of them. Within the last few years the economic use of slag, or refuse, from mines and furnaces has been greatly developed. Very good glass is now made from this slag, as well as paving blocks and bricks, artificial prophyry, and a cement which is equal to the best Portland cement. Ground with six per cent. of slaked lime, building mortar is also made from slag; and ornamental copings and moldings, window sills, and chimney pieces are fashioned of it.

Slag brick is stated to be quite as strong as ordinary brick, and much less permeable to moisture. To make 1,000 brick, 6,000 or 7,000 pounds of granulated slag, and from 500 to 700 pounds of burned lime, are consumed. Good bricks also can be made from granulated slag mixed with dust from

slag, though the hardening process is rather slow. Slag is also used for steam-pipe and boiler wrappings, in which form it is called "silicate of cotton."

Coal slag is a good structural material; mixed with slaked lime, it stiffens into a hard concretion which is in a high degree fire-proof. Several slag-cement factories are in operation in the United States, and are all said to be in a prosperous condition. It has been found that an admixture of prepared slag with cement adds to the tensile strength of the latter from fifty to one hundred pounds per square inch. Basic slag is used in large quantities by manufacturers of fertilizers, instead of phosphate rock.

The utilization of the waste gases of blast furnaces for working gas engines has been carried to a considerable length in Germany, and is also being developed in this country. Gas machines for utilizing these gases were introduced into Germany about seven years ago, and have had a very important effect on the metallurgical industry of that country. It has been found that the waste gases can be made serviceable in their entire heating capacity, and their use is estimated to yield a profit of more than $1.25 per ton of pig iron production. Efforts to fire furnaces with slack or coal dust, by means of highly heated fire-chambers, have likewise been successful in Germany.

Motive power is also obtained by the utilization of a variety of other products heretofore wasted. To supply coal to the portable or fixed engines which are used on farms, is a matter of considerable expense, as the coal generally has to be transported from a distance. A farm engine will use from six to eight pounds of coal per horse-power, costing from four to six cents. To use gasoline or oil motors would be even more expensive. The use of various vegetable waste products thus suggested itself, and experiments have proved that this can be successfully done.

Some recent experiments in this line at Noisel, France, have been reported in European technical publications. Wheat straw, oats, waste hay, leaves, reeds, etc., were used, these being burned in a gas generator, which in turn ran a duplex motor. The waste material after being collected was first dried, and then formed into bales weighing about 800 pounds per cubic yard. The straw was chopped before baling. Only a small quantity of coke was required to keep up the operation in the gas producer. In the case of waste hay it was found that 2.25 pounds were required to produce a horse-power hour, and the cost was estimated at $0.012. The hay was charged in the gas producer without taking any special precautions, and was packed down with a rod. The alkaline slag which comes from the furnace may be used for a fertilizer. In the case of wheat or oat straw, the ash and water are somewhat less than with hay. The horse-power hour was produced by burning 2.3 pounds of the straw, at a cost of $0.0114—practically the same as for the hay. Reeds or moss, of course, must be well dried. Sawdust shavings and wood splinters similarly were employed.

Lumber and timber products contribute a large number of utilizable wastes. Sawdust, which formerly was burned or allowed to float down the streams and choke up the channels, furnishes a good example. Indeed, by combining the use of the hydraulic press and the application of intense heat, it has been found possible to give to sawdust a value in the manufacture of a certain kind of furniture far above that of the solid wood. This artificial woodwork is known as bois durci—hardened wood—and is capable of being molded into any shape and of receiving a most brilliant polish. In Norway, acetic acid, wood naphtha, and tar are made from sawdust by distillation. Charcoal briquettes are made in large quantities in the same country.

Alcohol can be obtained in paying quantities from either coarse or fine sawdust. From seven to eight quarts of alcohol was the production from 220 pounds of air-dried sawdust in some recent experiments, and the quality was said to be excellent. It has also been found that a high yield of sugar—about thirty per cent. of the quantity of wood used—can be obtained from birch sawdust.

The collection and disposition of sawdust for a variety of common purposes form a considerable industry in many cities. In New York City, for example, there are some 500 sawdust vendors having a capital of about $200,000, and doing a business of more than $2,000,000 a year. The sawdust is sold for use on the floors of saloons and restaurants, to plumbers to deaden the floors and walls of buildings, to packers to put about fragile articles, to makers of dolls for stuffing, and for other purposes.

The use of wood pulp in the manufacture of paper is not new, and wood pulp is not now regarded as a waste, so important has the pulp industry become. Yet, in its first application to paper-making, the wood pulp employed certainly was a so-called waste, being the thin bark of the poplar, willow, and other trees used as a substitute for rags on account of the scarcity of the latter. Paper, indeed, always has been made chiefly from waste material of some sort, including, besides wood and old rags, old rope, straw, waste paper, etc.

The chemical preparation of wood fibre to form paper is accomplished chiefly by the bisulphite process, and the recovery of the sulphite liquor as a waste from wood-cellulose factories has of late been receiving much attention from manufacturers and inventors. The preparation of glucose, alcohol, and oxalic and pyroligneous acids, is most readily suggested in this connection. The recovery of soda in the manufacture of paper forms a valuable side-product. This is done by recovering the alkali in the form of a carbonate, by the evaporation of the waste liquors, and the ignition of the residues.

An interesting article in the line of a paper product is described by Mr. Henry D. Kittredge in a special report to the United States Census Office. It is a paper board made from old newspapers ground to a pulp and having the permanent particles of the printer's ink minutely subdivided and uniformly distributed throughout it so that a smooth and even tint is imparted to the board.

Indicating the extent of the use of waste matter in the manufacture of paper, are the reports of the Census Bureau that from 1890 to 1900 there were 356,193 tons of old waste paper consumed in paper manufacturing, and crude paper stock, fit for no purpose other than that of being converted into paper, was imported and entered for consumption to the value of $3,261,407.

From the great slaughter-houses of Chicago, Kansas City, and elsewhere, come a multitude of by-products which have a commercial value. The reason may not be obvious to a layman, why the products of the gray brain matter of calves should be used in the treatment of various human nervous disorders, but the fact is, that they are. Among the nervous affections to which the calf's brain contributes a treatment are neurasthenia, agographobia, chorea, St. Vitus's dance, and psychosis.

A list of the slaughter-house by-products which are now utilized for commercial purposes, includes hair, bristles, blood, bones, horns, hoofs, glands, and membranes—from which are obtained pepsin, thymus, thyroids, pancreatin, parotid substances, and suprarenal capsules—gelatin, glue, fertilizers, hides, skins, wool, intestines, neat's-foot oil, soap stock, glycerin from tallow, Brewer's isinglass, and albumen.

Albumen is obtained from the blood of the slaughtered animals, and is used by calico printers, tanners, sugar refiners, and others. The bones coming from cooked meat are boiled; and the fat and gelatin which results are used, the former to make soap, the latter for transparent coverings for chemical preparations, and for other

purposes. The uncooked bones are used in a variety of ways. From the bones of the feet of cattle are made the handles of toothbrushes and knives, chessmen and, generally almost every article for which ivory is suitable. Combs, the backs of brushes, and large buttons are made from horns, which are split and rolled out flat by heat and pressure.

Hoofs are utilized according to their color. White hoofs are exported largely to Japan to be made into various ornaments and imported back as "Japanese art objects." From striped hoofs, buttons and horn ornaments are made; while black hoofs find service in the maufacture of cyanide of patassium for the extraction of gold, and also, ground up, as fertilizer. From the feet, neat's-foot oil is extracted, and from various other portions of the body various other oils, all of which are highly valuable.

Substitutes for butter, such as butterine and oleomargarine, are made by utilizing the fat of beef and hogs. Another important article obtained from fat is glycerin, which may be refined or distilled, or used as an ingredient in glycerin soaps and toilet preparations. Glycerin is now recovered also from tank water, which is a by-product of rendering establishments produced in cooking the scraps of meat, bones, intestines, and other nitrogenous matter containing fats.

A valuable by-product of the slaughter-houses is marrow obtained from the finer medullary substances of the rib bones of young cattle. This is extracted immediately after the animal has been killed, and is macerated or digested in pure glycerin for several days. The medullary glyceride is then strained off for use as a medicinal preparation to stimulate the production of red blood corpuscles. The manufacture of gelatin, or glue, as a by-product of the slaughter-house is well-known.

In the woolen industry there are many materials formerly regarded as wastes which are now made to serve valuable ends. Old rags are recovered into new wool, and wool-grease is used in other industries. No fewer than five products are obtained by methods now in vogue, from the greasy excretions which, after circulating through the animal's system, attach to the wool of sheep. These products are used as a base for ointments and toilet preparations, for dressings for leather, as a lubricant for wool and other animal fibres, and in conjunction with certain lubricating oils. At a large plant in Massachusetts, more than 200,000 pounds of wool are "degreased" every ten hours. From two million to three million dollars' worth of wool fat and potash are estimated to have been wasted during a year in the United States before the solvent process of extraction came into general use.

Mention has been made of the reconversion of woolen rags into wool. A few years ago the rags were thrown on the waste heap to become manure, or used to make a cheap grade of paper. Now each little woolen rag, regardless of its previous condition of servitude, enters again into the factory and once more emerges as clothing. The rags are used over and over again until completely worn out, when they are mixed with horns, hoofs, and the blood from slaughter-houses, and melted with scrap iron and wood ashes to form material from which Prussian blue is made.

In the industries of cotton manufacturing and cottonseed oil making, scarcely anything is allowed to go to waste. For many years the seed of the cotton plant was regarded as without value; now the cottonseed crop of the United States is worth about one-fifth of the total cotton crop of the country. Among the principal uses of cottonseed oil are its part in making lard compound and white cottolene, both valuable food products. Cottonseed oil is also used as a substitute for olive oil, by soap-makers in the making of soap, by bakers, and also in the manufacture of washing powders.

The leather industry is equally saving in the matter of wastes. In the tanning of leather, there are developed as side products scrap and skin, from which glue is made; hair, from which

cheap blankets and cloths are manufactured, and waste liquors containing lime salts. By means of a special apparatus, scraps of leather are converted into boot and shoe, heels, inner soles, etc. What is called shoddy leather is made by grinding the bits of leather to a pulp, and then by maceration and pressure forming them into solid strips.

Not many years ago coal-tar or gas tar was a waste material very hard to get rid of. When thrown into a stream the water was polluted; buried in the ground, vegetation was destroyed by it. At the present time, coal-tar products are of the highest commercial value in the production of beautiful dyes and in the making of medicines and disinfectants; and from them is also produced a saccharine substance several hundred times sweeter than sugar. Among other products of gas-tar are naphtha, napthhaline, benzol, and anthracene.

The solid refuse of breweries, distilleries, and sugar factories is treated with soda lye, then mixed with various kinds of resins, dried, pressed, and used as laths, panels, wall coverings, etc. Old rubber is steamed, passed between rollers, and in a softened condition applied to a strong, coarse fabric, or used for stiffening the heels of boots.

Even without chemical change, many articles once profligately cast away are now being made to serve useful purposes. Broken and worn stuff from the bench, broken pieces of grindstone, old pipes, etc., are more and more being regarded as having only half performed their services, and in a hundred different forms are made still to contribute to the satisfaction of human needs. Worn-out files may make turning tools, scrapers, and burnishers, while the steel by forging down may be utilized in almost any way. When a grindstone is worn into a small diameter, it can be turned in a lathe into grooves for grinding paring gouges. A few elbows, tees, and bends, applied to iron gas-piping, which formerly was given away, will construct many things—excellent hand-rails to steps, or fencing for gardens, or supports for shelves or tables.

Truly the conservation of matter is of wide practical application.



To Cross Atlantic in Thirty Hours

By Wm. G. Fitz-Gerald in Technical Magazine

IT is clear our ocean flyers have pretty well reached the maximum speed at which they can be run with economy. Every knot after twenty entails a cost in power out of all proportion to the increased speed, so tremendous is the resistance met. If only the giant hull could be lifted clear, yet resting on water-planes so as to glide or skim exactly like an airship, only in a medium 800 times heavier—then, indeed, marine architecture would be utterly revolutionized.

For in such case it would no longer be necessary to increase power eight times merely to double the ship's speed, as is necessary at present. Epoch-making, therefore, are the latest experiments, which have proved to demonstration that speeds up to a hundred miles an hour are possible at sea, giving a clear prospect of a thirty-hour run from New York to Liverpool, with the added marvel that seasickness also will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten horrors, because no longer possible!

And yet the idea is not new. The tendency of the plane to rise in the direction in which it is propelled has been noticed for centuries by kite-flyers. And forty years ago the British Government was experimenting with a device that showed how a craft would lift if it had inclined planes made fast to its hull. So wonderful were the possibilities that private inventors speedily took a hand, among them Raoul Pictet, whose water "flying machine" amazed the Swiss about the classic shores of Lac Leman.

But there was one fatal defect in those days—the tremendous weight of marine engines which nullified the lifting power of the planes. But an age of gasolene motors that develop the strength of a horse for every three or four pounds of weight revived the old marvel; and three years ago the Count de Lambert—the French are wonders at motors, as Santos Dumont knows—began a new series of trials.

Over thirty-four miles an hour was attained in a craft carrying 3,306 pounds, and propelled by a miniature engine of only fifty horse-power. The count used five planes, each ten feet long and four broad, slightly inclined and upturned from back to front. Unfortunately some of his planes, while lifting the hull, themselves emerged also, and set up much resistance.

This defect, however, was wholly overcome in the first glider built in this country. Here the planes were not placed directly on the keel, but hung from a framework attached to the hull. So deep were they in the water that when they rose they lifted the boat clear, yet remained quite submerged themselves. In a word the hull hung upon stilts, each terminating in an inclined plane so arranged that the higher the speed the greater the lifting power of the planes—whose angle, by the way, could be automatically altered by an ingenious device.

But the man who has attained the most astounding results of all is Peter Cooper Hewitt of New York, well known for the famous light to which he has given his name, and also for his remarkable automobile inventions. Here is a rare case of an inventor being both cautious and modest; for it is only the ablest of practical engineers that have sung the praises of an invention destined to bring about an utter revolution in water transport. Oddly enough, Hewitt started out to build a flying machine, but, like a flash it occurred to him that gigantic success would be his if he made his medium water instead of air.

His first model was a little 27-foot craft, carrying an eight-cylinder gasolene motor. When at rest the boat

gave no indication at all of high speed capability; yet when set in motion it fairly flew along the surface of the water, the hull quite clear, the planes skimming like feathering oars at well above forty miles an hour. And it is as clear as that two and two make four that a 200-foot vessel can be built which will go sixty or eighty miles an hour; while a still larger craft, with nothing like the power put into one of our great ocean liners, would surely bridge the Atlantic in little more than a day!

It was a lucky moment for Mr. Hewitt when he chose water for his medium rather than unstable air, which requires wings or planes 800 times the size and power required for the same effective lift as in water. Moreover, experiments are proportionately less costly.

"My first model," Mr. Hewitt told The Technical World, "was entirely supported by the planes at sixteen miles an hour; the flotation hull being entirely out of water at that speed. I found, too, that the area of the planes should decrease with the speed for economy and safety. So far, speed has only been limited by the propeller, but the craft will gradually improve with increased size, and the liner of the future will be practically independent of weather, and have no motion from the waves."

As the surface of the water is uneven, it becomes necessary to straddle the surface, so to speak—that is, to have the main supporting planes well below the surface, and maintain the hull well at rest above the wave-crests, allowing the rollers to play in between. This is perfectly practicable, so that a large ship will, even in the roughest weather, glide as smoothly as in a placid lake.

You see, the system is precisely the same as with the flying machine, save that the latter is forced to provide mechanical substitutes for the surface of the water, which is an invariable means of support for the new craft.

And aside from its peace aspect, the possibilities of the invention in war must be considered. Naval architects claim that the larger guns cannot be used with any accuracy on a vessel going faster than thirty miles an hour. For this reason a torpedo boat skimming or gliding at a mile a minute could do pretty well as it pleased and loose its Whiteheads at giant victims that remained entirely helpless. And remember, every experiment has shown that the gliding principle is better adapted to big ships than small boats.

The only problem that remains at present is that of the propeller. Beyond question, however, the engineers will meet this difficulty in view of the marvelous new era of ocean travel now clearly shown to be in the realm of things practical. Wise and far-seeing men have scoffed at the idea of any inventor, much less the general public, flying through the air from the Old World to the New—at any rate in this generation.

For the past two or three years there have been standing offers to inventors aggregating $250,000, at least, for a flight from London to Paris—a matter of less than four hundred miles. Or even a course from London to Liverpool, entirely over land. But so far no enthusiast has been able to claim this fortune. Not that engineers doubt the great future of the flying machine; but at present stability and absolute certainty are hopelessly lacking because of the precarious medium of support.

But the idea of offering all the advantages of a flying machine with the addition of an absolutely stable medium is one to arouse enthusiasm even in the layman. And besides enormous speed, there will be entire immunity from seasickness, because the giant hull will be lifted clear above the waves, just like the body of a flying albatross that skims over the wave-crests and laughs at the storm.

Of course fogs, icebergs and derelicts will always remain a menace. Still, for all practical purposes water travel will be as rapid as that on land, for the fundamental difficulty has been solved and all resistance overcome by lifting the hull clear out of the water, using the latter merely for the support of the gliding planes.

One cannot help shuddering, however, at the thought of two of these fast planes colliding while running at full speed.

It is little wonder that Peter Cooper Hewitt should be the man of the hour; and very tempting offers are being made to him by capitalists and enthusiastic engineers who have seen the inventor fairly flying over the water in his boat and turning sharp corners around the yachts in Long Island Sound in a manner altogether amazing to the mariner. A larger craft is already projected, for which seventy miles an hour is expected; and it cannot be long before the great ocean transportation companies take official notice of this revolutionary invention, as they did in the case of the turbine now fitted to giants like the Cunarders, Carmania and Caronia.

It is, therefore, no fantastic theory, but a matter of sober fact that within a few years at most the crossing of the Atlantic, with its 3,000 miles of stormy sea, will be a matter no more serious than the journey from New York to Chicago at this hour. Yet it seems but yesterday the bridging of the ocean in a fortnight was a thing to marvel at!

Black Balling by Electricity

By Howard Greene in Technical World

ELECTRICAL balloting is one of the latest innovations introduced by the Automobile Club of America in its magnificent new clubhouse in New York. Formerly the board of governors made use of the old-fashioned black and white ball plan. This was good enough so long as there were not very many applicants for membership to be balloted for, but when the lists assumed large proportions a great deal of time was lost by the handling of the little spheres and the ballot box. So a new and much superior system was devised by the club's first vice-presdent and consulting engineer, Dr. Schuyler Skaats Wheeler. Instead of there being a ballot box passed, each member sits in his chair and presses a button, transmitting his vote electrically to the ballot box. Each voter has in his hand a small block of wood in which are two push-bottons, one black and the other white. If he has no objection to the member whose name is up, he presses the white button and his vote is recorded accordingly; but if he thinks the club would be better off without the applicant, he presses the black one. In either case he votes absolutely in secret and in the twinkling of an eye.

The electrical device that corresponds to the ballot box is a small two-drop annunciator; one of the drops has on it a black disk—the equivalent of the damning black ball—while the other is plain white. When voting is about to commence a curtain is drawn over the face of the annunciator; after the governors have pressed their buttons the curtain is withdrawn and the drops scanned. If only the white drop has fallen a new member has been added to the clubs roll; but if anyone has pressed a black button the black disk will be in view, nipping the would-be member's aspirations in the bud. It is, of course, impossible to tell who has voted either way, or even how many black balls have been cast. A great deal of time is saved when there are a number of names before the board, as is often the case. The electric current is supplied by a set of four dry cells carried in the lower part of a wood case; cables extend to the annunciator and around the table, and branch wires connect

with the button-blocks in the members' hands. When the apparatus is not in use it is all packed into the case above the battery and the case is stored out of the way. A handle at the top renders it easy to carry about, as the weight is not great. Hence it may quickly be removed.

The World Menace of Japan

By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., in Cosmopolitan

THE question as to the admission of Japanese is common to Canada and the United States. But in the case of Canada the settlement of the question rests with the Imperial Government, which remains supreme in all things, neither the Dominion as a whole, nor any one of its Provinces having anything analogous to state rights; though the Imperial Government always feels itself morally bound to pay attention to colonial opinion. What, in the case of the United States, are the relative powers of the Federal Government and the Government of the State, it is for American jurists to decide. What seems certain is that there can be no domestic legislation by treaty with a foreign power, though domestic legislation may follow as the necessary consequence of a treaty. When, for instance, the French Emperor made a commercial treaty with Great Britain and carried it into effect, though rather questionably, by his autocratic edict, the edict, not the treaty, was the legislative act.

The admission of Japanese to Canada can hardly fail in some degree to affect the question regarding their admission to the Pacific States of the Union. But admitted to Canada the Japanese, if their Government insists upon it, apparently must be, the relations between Great Britain and Japan being what they now are. This Anglo-Japanese alliance is the last outcome of the anti-Russian policy of England, which dates from the Crimean War, a war into which England was practically drawn by three men, each of them with a motive of his own, that of Palmerston being antagonism to Lord Aberdeen; that of Sir Stratford Canning, resentment for a personal affront received from the Russian court; that of the emperor of the French, military glory for his throne and perhaps the assertion of his place in the circle of royalties, by whom he had been treated rather as a parvenu.

If the Japanese and Chinese are to be admitted at all, it would seem that they must be admitted freely. The exaction of a large fine on admission prevents them from bringing their wives, thus limiting the emigration to the male sex, to which obviously there is grave objection.

Americans, it seems, are beginning to look with misgiving at this vast inrush of immigration, which, especially in great cities, the centres of politics and the press, must presently tell on the character of the nation, and, through its character, on its institutions.

No political constitution is perfect or will wear forever. Time, the great innovator, impairs if you do not mend. Franklin saw defects in the work of the founders, though he kept his doubts to himself. The adoption of Montesquieu's erroneous theory of separation between the legislative and executive spheres has interfered with the production of trained statesmen. Worse than this, the nation has been divided into two organized parties, formed upon principles now largely belonging to the past, yet still carrying on a perpetual war for power and place. But the Republic has been upheld by the character of its people. A short residence in a country town has been enough to reassure an observer who had felt misgiving about the political stability of the Republic.

The character of the people was American, but how much more dilution it will bear, especially with elements so alien politically and generally so unused to republican government as the Semitc, the Calabrian, the Chinese, and the Japanese, it would be difficult to say. The public schools, it may be said, will accomplish the assimilation in time. But this will take time, and the assimilation, after all, may be rather intellectual than political or moral.

When the fathers of the Republic opened an asylum for humanity, they were perhaps thinking more of the unfortunate and the persecuted than of this torrent of alien blood. The immigration question is, in fact, the most serious that is before the American people, touching, as it does, the very life of the nation. Manual labor of certain kinds and domestic service it seems necessary to import. A native American, it may be assumed, seldom handles pick or spade. At the time of the Molly Maguire riots a visit to the disturbed district at once satisfied the inquirer that the disturbance was foreign. Rarely or only under peculiar circumstances apparently is the native American woman seen in domestic service. A large immigration element therefore there must be. But it ought if possible, to be so regulated as to prevent it from affecting the national character.

On the native American population the restraints common to all highly civilized races are no doubt taking effect, limiting its increase and, of course, its assimilating power.

As to the Japanese, little more than half a century has passed since Commodore Perry, accosting them with republican frankness, reunited them to the family of nations. The military and commercial features of Western civilization they have fully made their own, some of the commercial features rather too fully, as those who have had dealings with them and contrast their character with that of the Chinese know. But in tastes and habits, in moral, social, domestic, and political notions and ideals, the Japanese still seem to differ essentially from the people of the West. There is something even in the character of the valor, of which they have been making so splendid a display, different from that of the ordinary soldier. It has an air of fanatical self-devotion that reminds one of the three liegemen of Timur who, when ordered by him to prove to a stranger their devotion by commiting suicide in different ways, at once obeyed. In the molding of Japanese character, religion has not played the part which Christianity as a moral system has played in molding the character of Christian nations. National feeling, since Japan has emerged from feudalism and become a nation, is evidently very strong and will be likely to delay fusion. It will, besides, always have a basis and source of renewal in their mother country. A mixed community of Whites and Yellows could, therefore, hardly be a success.

It is always to be borne in mind that the United States has already a vast population of negroes that are unassimilated and destined, it is to be feared, always unassimilated to remain. How much there is that the framers of the constitution could not foresee!

On the military part of the problem it is for military and naval men to decide. The United States, having hitherto confronted the military and naval powers of Europe, is now suddenly called upon to face about, as it were, and present a front to Asiatic powers, the number and strength of which will not be determined till it is seen whether China is to be combined with Japan. Opinion seems to be still unsettled as to the ultimate practicability of the Panama Canal; while to strike round Cape Horn with sufficient celerity will hardly be feasible even with the amendment of the law of nations enjoining a declaration of war. The United States might perhaps find an ally in Australia, where the demonstration of Japanese power and ambition has bred uncomfortable sensations. Canada, besides being included in the Anglo-Japanese league, will be helpless as a military power. Her naval

fortress in British Columbia must speedily share the fate of Port Arthur. Her protectress, Great Britain, is far away, and her own military force, small in numbers, whatever may be its quality, is, from the great distances between her provinces, incapable of rapid concentration. A deliberate onslaught of either of the powers on the other is not to be apprehended. But the mine of ambition and jealousy, unfortunately, is everywhere charged, and it is possible that some dispute about the treatment of immgrants, such as that which has just been settled, might be the fatal spark. This, however, is a phase of the subject on which a civilian is neither competent nor very willing to dwell.

His temper the Japanese apparently has shown by his treatment of Korea. Korea has not been happy; her government has been described as tyranical and corrupt, the corruption extending to the educational department, though education and learning are said to be held in high esteem. She has culture enough to have produced a series of novelettes, one of which was translated into French and published under a title of "Printemps Parfume." It is a graceful little tale, very sentimental, and with a socialistic tinge. Korea would no doubt have fallen into the grip of the Russian bear had she not been snatched from it by the fangs of the Japanese wolf. But the government of a military satrap of Russia in an outlying province is said to be better than the Government of St. Petersburg, while the comparatively low level of Russian civilization diminishes the gulf between the conquerer and the conquered.

It will presently be seen whether the object of Japan is extension of power or room for an increasing population. In the first case, it is easily surmised that the mark of her ambition will be China. China, with her countless millions and her rich resources, flaccid and torpid as she is, seems to invite invaders who, playing over again the part of the Manchu Tartar, might seat a Japanese dynasty on the throne of Peking. It appears scarcely possible that she should not in some way be affected by an electrical current from Japana. The Western nations, at all events, will no longer be able, in the case of China, to treat the East as devoid of national rights, as mere plunder as to the division of which they have only to agree among themselves. Of such things as the opium trade forced on China by British power, the Lorcha War, and the bombardment of Canton we shall hear no more.

The Philippines also are named as a possible mark of Japanese aggrandizement and expansion. Of what use those islands are to the American people otherwise than as a trophy, it is surely difficult to see. The trade does not appear to repay the cost of occupation. The native population is large, apparently undesirable, and such as to afford little hope of the creation of a daughter republic. A distant dependency may be desirable for military reasons, such as the protection of trade; but, as a politcal adjunct it seems to be rather a barnacle, hardly suitable or salutary for a republic. If one may judge by the general expressions of American opinion, a bargain might not be impossible in this case.

The people who have most reason to dread Japanese aggrandizement undoubtedly are the Australians. Of this the Australians are sensible. They have been passing exclusion laws, barring out both Japanese and Chinese, somewhat weakening their own case at the same time by legislating, under the influence of their unions, against the perfectly free admission of labor of other kinds. To maintain the exclusion of Japanese cannot fail to be difficult in view of the present connection between the imperial country and Japan. Yet the thought of being compelled to admit Japanese, much more the thought of sharing Australia with them, seems to fill the hearts of the Australians with alarm and wrath. They declare their determination to go to any extremities rather than give way upon this point. A union of Anglo-Saxons and Japan-

ese, the two races being alien in all their ideas and ways and the Japanese being intruders, would be ill assorted, almost monstrous. But what can the imperial country do? Apart from the league into which she has entered with Japan, can she undertake to protect a colony incapable of self-protection and on the other side of the globe against the aggression of a great neighboring power? When Australia and New Zealand were penal colonies, distance was no drawback, perhaps it was rather a recommendation. It is now a drawback of the most serious kind. This case may possibly cause England to reflect on the policy of an imperial system which involves her in such responsibilities; while as the colonies refuse, and must continue to refuse, protective preference to British trade, she gets little save the name of Empire in return. Affection undiminished, perhaps increased, she would have if the imperial tie were dissolved to-morrow.

It seems certain that the success of Japan, as a revolution in favor of the East, has been felt in India and has added somewhat to the unrest prevailing there. But the unrest prevailing in India is apparently confined largely to the educated and English-speaking class of natives, many of them trained in British schools and colleges, who have imbibed English ideas of constitutional liberty and nationality, while many of them are competitors with the British for the state appointments in India, and some of them have mixed in British politics. The feeling of this party shows itself in an oriental vehemence of language which it is necessary to discount. It does not extend to the native masses, who have no ideas of political liberty and are not candidates for state appointments. The native princes, held on their thrones by British power, remained loyal even at the time of the mutiny. The army is loyal; notably so are the Sikhs and Ghurkas, who are the core of it. All the artillery and all the means of making ammunition are kept in British hands. Besides, what is still more decisive, Mohammedans will not conspire with Hindus. Nothing, therefore, at present threatens British dominion in India. But no British child can be reared in the Indian climate. Hic terminus haeret. That is the limit fixed by fate.

Speculation upon the probable movements of Japan, however, must depend largely on the real state of her exchequer. As moderation is not a leading feature of her character, her moderation in treating with Russia at Portsmouth seemed to show that she felt the limit of her resources, and needed at least time for recuperation.

He only wins who sets his thews of steel
With tighter tension for the prick of pain;
Who wearies, yet stands fast; whose patient zeal
Welcomes the present loss for future gain.

Toil before ease; the cross before the crown,
Who covets rest, he first must earn the boon,
He who at night in peace would lay him down
Must bear his load amid the heats of noon.



The Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, D.D.
Lord Bishop of London.

The Omnibus Bishop

By Elisabeth Ellicott Poe in Cosmopolitan

THE tercentenary of the establishment of the Church of England in America has brought to this country one of the most remarkable of living churchmen in the person of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, the many-sidedness of whose character, which gives him the right to the title of "omnibus bishop," may be gathered from the circumstance that he is "all things to all men" in so far that not only does his popularity obtain in Belgravia and Mayfair, where he is known as the "society bishop," but the people of the East End affectionately call him "our bishop," while others of his numerous honorary titles are the "breezy bishop," the "bishop of the slums," the "men's bishop," the "up-to-date bishop," the "poor man's bishop," and the "King's first bishop."

All episcopal England stood aghast, in March, 1901, at the news that the Bishop of Stepney, in the east end of the modern Babylon, suffragan to the scholarly Mandell Creighton, had been chosen from among all the other bishops in England for the diocese of London, the largest in the world, with its six hundred parishes and fifteen hundred clergymen ministering to the spiritual needs of a population of more than six millions. The man who had been known to the church principally as a rough-and-ready member of the militant clergy, who was in the habit of meeting all comers, on behalf of the Christian religion, in the controversial forum at Victoria Park, who mingled on equal terms with publicans and sinners in the slums, who was without family influence or court acquaintance, and whose age was only forty-three, had been elevated over the heads of his seniors to an ecclesiastical position next after those of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, to secular rank where he took precedence of a baron, and to a seat in the House of Lords in succession to a long line of distinguished churchmen. The sensation created in England can scarcely be appreciated by those who have never observed the solemn reverence with which an English bishop is regarded in his own country, where dignity is dependent on the order of precedence.

The appointment of Arthur Ingram to the diocese of London met with the approval of the man in the street, nevertheless. "'E 'ave done a lot of good, 'e 'ave. I used to 'ear 'im preach," said a cabby, when he heard the news. "And now 'e's Bishop of London! 'E's a right un, is our bishop. I'll write to the blokey and tell 'im 'ow glad I am.

And write to him he did, and, what is more, he received a long reply in the bishop's own handwriting.

The bishop got the notification of his appointment while on his way to a big workingmen's meeting in the East End, it is said, and read it on top of a 'bus. His first exclamation was: "Will I have to live in Fulham Palace, I wonder! Can't I rent out the palace and stay on in Amen Court?"

With characteristic directness, the bishop told the men at the meeting that evening of the signal honor just bestowed upon him by the King. "But I don't want to live in Fulham Palace. I would rather remain in Amen Court," he repeated to them. "However, if they make me live in the palace, you must all come up and see me," he added, brightening up. "But perhaps they'll let me live in Red House Coffee Palace (a settlement house he was then building)," he continued. "Then we might put a sign over the door, 'A Good Pull-up for Bishops.'

"I suppose I will have to ride in a carriage now," was his next observation. "Well, if any of you boys

see me, be sure to give me a hail, and I will give you a lift. Don't be proud now, and disown me, just because I am Bishop of London."

In spite of the misgivings with which his appointment was viewed in certain quarters, Ingram has won not only the respect but the admiration and love of all London, where he is a potent force. His is a wonderful and a fascinating personality. He is a splendid specimen of physical manhood, standing nearly six feet in height, and keeping himself in condition by daily cyclying, football, and tennis. While his countenance is not, perhaps, what could be called handsome, his kindly eyes glow with the fervor of his convictions, and his facial expression is the incarnation of spiritual strength. One of England's great men once said that Ingram was the only man he ever knew who could talk about the grace of God in mixed company without making his auditors feel ill at ease.

Ingram's experience in London, previous to his occupying the post of bishop of Stepney, had been almost entirely in the East End. He had been head of Oxford House in Bethnal Green, rector of Bethnal Green, rural dean of Spitalfields, and canon of St. Paul's, and was acquainted with every feature of life among the submerged tenth. While canon of St. Paul's he preached his famous series of sermons on "Men Who Crucify Christ" to the capacity of the cathedral, mercilessly arraigning the property-owners in the better quarters of London who were growing rich from the rental of the wretched tenements in the slums. More than that, he secured lists of owners of the overcrowded rookeries, and went to them personally to beg their co-operation in his plans for social reform by the erection of sanitary dwellings—through his remarkable individuality obtaining marvelous results in this direction.

When he became Bishop of London, and, as such, the spiritual adviser of the royal family and pastor of England's greatest and wealthiest families, Ingram again used the opportunities the position gave him to interest the rich in the condition of the poor. In the drawing-room as well as the pulpit he promulgated his belief that the segregation of one class from another is at the root of all social evils, and that personal contact with the lapsed masses is the only method that can suceed. His enthusiasm for humanity is as great as for the church, and he realizes that man's body must be ministered to as well as his soul. These ideas he continually impresses upon the fashionable world. He never performs the marriage ceremony among the great without gently admonishing husband and wife of their duty as Christians to their fellow-creatures. So winning is his manner and so earnest are his words that, instead of earning the reputation of being a bore, he is as beloved is the West End as in the slums.

As Bishop of London, Doctor Ingram holds that his first duty is to attempt to reduce the total of human unhappiness, and wherever squalor is the greatest or misery the deepest, he is always to be found. He is a familiar figure, on his bicycle, in the London streets, and he often stops at the sight of a familiar face, when men, women, and children gather about him to listen to an impromptu talk. He is adept at concealing a moral in an ancedote or a joke.

The Bishop of London does not disdain still to go to Victoria Park on a Sunday afternoon to hold argument with the champions of infidelity on common ground, where he is generally surrounded by a volunteer guard of workingmen. Sometimes a heated controversy will arise, but Doctor Ingram always meets the verbal onslaughts of his opponents with perfect good-humor. The crowd invariably pays close attention, and does not hesitate to award him hs meed of praise. "The bishop wins! The bishop wins!" boys and men will cry, when he makes a good point.

The garden parties of the Bishop of London, in the beautiful grounds of Fulham Palace, have been famous functions among the elite of the church and society for generations.

Doctor Ingram still gives these garden parties on Saturday afternoons during the warm weather, but his guests are working girls and boys, who are welcomed and entertained by ladies of fashion whom the bishop has pressed into service for that purpose. As canon of St. Paul's he began the practice of taking factory girls, a hundred at a time, over the cathedral on Saturdays, pointing out to them the interesting features of the great edifice, and afterward giving them tea in the deanery, which was his residence. St. Paul's became the Mecca of East London girlhood; and, while the bishop did not preach to them on these pleasure tours, his quiet hints often led to improvement in dress, manners, speech, and morals.

As head of Oxford House, the first successful settlement institution in the world, situated in Bethnal Green, one of the most wretched districts in London the future Bishop of London did a great work. Since leaving Oxford, in 1881, he had done private tutoring for three years, and then had occupied the curacy of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, for a year. There was not enough work in this post for the young man, however. He longed to be in the thick of the fight; and, in 1885, he became chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, and also head of Oxford House. The institution had been established and was supported principally by young Oxonians, who found in Ingram an aggressive leader in the crusade against the powers of darkness. In a district given over to crime and brutality, where a census had shown that nine hundred out of a thousand boys were described as going "nowhere" to church, he established clubs that did away entirely with street-ruffianism, his personality holding the young men until they learned to respect themselves and became fellow-workers in the movement.

The bishop long afterward was talking to a publican, or saloon-keeper, whom he had met in a hospital, when the conversation turned to Bethnal Green. Doctor Ingram was surprised to find that the man knew several of the youths of his own acquaintance in that neighborhood, and asked him where he had met them.

"Why," replied the other, "I used to have a public house down that way, and your chaps were my regular customers. Then they joined your clubs, and I had to close up my place."

Bishop Ingram possesses extraordinary influence over the men of the people, both old and young. His talks to them are practical in the extreme, and he drives the truth home with metaphors they can understand. On one occasion, at a meeting in the East End, he had told his audience that liquor was a chain that held men in bondage to sin. After the meeting a young man came up to the platform, and, handing him a pint flask of whiskey, said:

"'Ere's my chain, guv-ner. But, 'ow dd you know I 'ad it with me?"

The bishop is particularly happy in his relations with his clergy. He plays tennis with them, calls to see the new babies, and is ever ready with kindly advice or inspiring counsel. A pretty story is told of a recent visit of his to a West End parsonage where the small daughter of the house had been sentenced to the nursery during the stay of the distinguished visitor. After tea he was missed and a search was instituted. When the nursery was reached the bishop was found on his hands and knees on the floor, playing horse with the baby, who was perched on his back.

Bishop Ingram has never married, for he believes that his entire life and energies belong to his beloved people. He has two residences in London, historic Fulham Palace and London House, in St. James's Square. The yearly income from his bishopric is ten thousands pounds, but most of this goes out in stipends and salaries to his assistants. He himself lives with the utmost frugality.

The Bishop of London is the youngest member of the English episcopate, being in his fiftieth year. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he made no mark as a scholar, though he left a record for Christian living that is remembered to this day. His

scholarship was so poor, indeed, that it was thought at one time that he would be compelled to abandon his clerical ambitions, but he buckled down to work and came through with flying colors.

It is the more surprising that, in addition to all the other work he has accomplished in London, he has become an author of note. His books, "Work in Great Cities," "Old Testament Difficulties," etc., are virile, forceful, and inspiring, and have already had an influence in the church. Doctrinal questions are the least of his anxieties, as Bishop of London. He believes in sociological ecclesiasticism, and the amalgamation of the high, low, and broad schools in the Church of England in the interests of Christian life and work.

Other items of interest about this extraordinary bishop are that he rowed on his college eght at Oxford, and that he is still known among his more intimate friends as "Chuckles," a name given him in his boyhood by reason of his proneness to bubble over with cheerfulness and good-humor.

My Musical Evening

By Fox Russell in Royal Magazine

I HAVE always been more or less fond of music, but have never experienced the wild joy of being received into the collective bosom of a musical family until—but I am getting too far ahead.

Toodlecombe who is a member of my club, and with whom I have had a nodding acquaintance for some considerable time, asked me one day:

"Do you like music?"

He called it "mee-usic"; but no matter.

I replied indifferently that I could stand music as well as most people.

"Would you like to run down to our place—it's only forty minutes from town—dine with us, and spend a mee-usical evening?" he continued.

"Delighted," I rejoined politely—"some day," I added as a "saver."

"That's right. Then s'pose we fix Monday next."

I was not quite prepared for this, as I had not the remotest intention of accepting Toodlecombe's invitation—so I hedged a bit.

"Er—ah—thanks awfully, and all that, and so forth, but the fact is, I ——" and here, being an unskilled liar, I fairly stuck.

Toodlecombe, who is one of the men who take no denial, at once struck in:

"Then name your own day, my dear sir—name your own day; it really doesn't matter to us. I live at home with my brothers and sisters and the Old Man, and any night that suits you, suits us."

Now, I ask, is it fair to corner a man like this? I couldn't say I was engaged every night for the rest of my natural life, so was forced into fixing a date.

"Well, then—thanks awfully"—(those words were, I fear, uttered in a weak and vacillating tone, and lacked heartiness)—"er—I think I'll say Saturday, eh?"

When Toodlecombe, after fully directing me how to find his house, bade me "Good-night," he shook hands, and uttered these words—they sounded to me suggestive of a Cassandra-like warning:

"That's right. We'll give you a treat."

They did. The evening at length arrived, and, resolutely turning my back on civilization, I took the train for Bricksbury-on-Clay.

There was a dense fog down the line, and we were considerably delayed—the rate of progression averaging

about four miles an hour, and the journey being freely punctuated with the "Pop, pop!" of the detonators placed on the metals—a bitter frost added its quota to the sum of my discomfort, and when at length the train crawled alongside the platform of Bricksbury, I was almost frozen to death besides being choked with the thick, blinding fog. The train was nearly an hour late.

I coughed the fog out of my throat, gave up my ticket, and, turning to the left as soon as I got out of the station—acting under my friend's instructions—set out resolutely to tramp the short distance to the maison Toodlecombe.

"You can't miss it," my musical friend had said; "keep bearing to the left; it's less than half-a-mile from the station."

So I kept bearing to the left; i.e., I took every left-hand turn I found, and got on capitally—until suddenly, and without any warning, I trudged cheerily into the middle of a half-frozen duck-pond.

Then I made observations on the sanity of people who seek to give directions, and give them wrongly. Had Toodlecombe been there I should have expostulated with my umbrella.

Fortunately, I got in no deeper than up to my knees—and I retraced my steps hurriedly, and with certain cursory observations.

Evidently Toodlecombe had directed me carelessly, So I set about returning up the same road as I had come by, and after a sharp ten minutes' walk I saw a house looming out of the fog, which instinct told me must be the one I sought. I knocked at the door, which was opened, and after some delay, a tousle-headed servant, who asked suspiciously if I was 'the Rates"?

I said, "No—not as far as I knew," and then asked if this was the Toodlecombes'.

"Oh, no—this ain't Toodlecombes' —nowhere near it—oh, no, you've come quite the wrong way—that's your way. You must have turned round, and walked the same road back again—you're almost at the railroad station."

Which fact did not tend to improve my temper. I started off on my wanderings again and running into—literally speaking—a friendly policeman, I obtained such information as led me, twenty minutes later, to the more or less ancestral home of the Toodlecombes.

"So glad to see you my dear Townley," exclaimed my host, genially wringing my hand—I should have preferred his wringing my socks and trouser-legs—"I suppose you've been delayed by the fog, like Professor von Earsplitzen, who came by your train, and has only just arrived. He walked into a ditch——"

"And I into a duck-pond!" I interrupted somewhat acidly. "The roads of this salubrious town are hardly lighted sufficiently to cope with a peasoup fog."

"Well never mind; dinner's just ready, and we'll have a long evening's music"—(he again pronounced it "mee—usic")—"afterwards. You've got here safely, so all your troubles are ended."

I doubted this.

Then I was ushered into a room considerably overfilled with vases, palm-leaf fans, alleged old china, small tables, which would hardly have supported the weight of a solitary teacup, painted (Aspinall's enamel and home-made artists) milking-stools, and multi-colored mats. "And on the mat, I slipped and sat"—(forgive the lapse into verse; it shall not occur again).

Before I could regain my feet I was introduced to the three Misses Toodlecombe, all d'un certain age, and all, as I afterwards found to my cost, "mee—usical."

After I had risen to my feet and blushingly bowed, knocking over one of the ricketty tables with my coat-tails as I did so, I was introduced to Professor von Earsplitzen, a large-sized, long-haired specimen, obviously "made in Germany," and to "Bob" Toodlecombe, my host's brother, an honest trier on the trombone. Then to the Old Man—evidently as an af-

terthought. I will at once say that old man Toodlecombe was not nice. He kept up a running fire of grunts and groans, wheezings and sighings, calculated to make those condemned to be of his immediate entourage contemplate with becoming resignation the idea of assisting in his early transfer to the cold graveyard. I personally, could have taken the news of papa Toodlecombe's "passing" with a holy calm.

Then we went in to dinner, which proved to be not dinner at all, but a sort of glorified tea.

The Professor tucked his napkin under his chin, and wreathed it gracefully around him, as he prepared to attack the dish of poached eggs and bacon.

"Ach," he said, addressing me, "dis fock, it ees zo thick ass I swallow 'im down yes, donnerwetter—I 'ave gom by ze zame drain ass you vrom town. Yes—no—is it not?"

I bowed, and then in silent wonder watched the huge Teuton deftly balance a poached egg on his knife and thereafter consume it with enjoyment.

"What will you drink?" asked Georgina, the eldest daughter, smiling sweetly at me.

"What he can get," grunted the Old Man audibly. Henrietta frowned scathingly in his direction, and the O. M. "dried up."

In reply to Georgina, I was about to say "claret," when it suddenly dawned upon me that tea and coffee were alone available. I chose the latter, I don't know on what grounds, but these (the grounds, I mean) were perfectly apparent as soon as I tackled the mixture of food and drink.

Beyond the eggs and bacon, most of which the Professor managed to get outside, buns seemed to be the staple food of all Brickburians—buns of the Bath, buns of the rice, buns of the plum, and buns of the plain



"Mr. Townley, do you know von Trauserstretchau's Scherzo ?"

order. I have never been to a Bun Show, but doubt if you would see this indigenous product in any greater profusion than we had it, chez Toodlecombe, that evening.

At last we rose from the table, and full of buns—beans, I should say—drifted, in an inflated kind of manner, into the room of palm-leaf fans again. This time I carefully avoided that mat.

The Old Man wheezed his way through the rest and sat himself down beside me. It was an honor—I felt that—but I had no wish to emulate Malvolio and have greatness thrust upon me, at all events, in this particular form.

Again turning on her sweet smile—I am sure that smile has been in the family for years—Georgina said to me:

"Mr. Townley, do you know von Trauserstretchaus' Scherzo in——"

"Georgina," wheezed the terrible Old Man, interrupting her, "wish you'd get a new piece now and again! You've been playing that for the last twenty years——"

Then Toodlecombe thought it high time to interfere and suppress his parent.

"Now, look here, gov'nor," he said, firmly but kindly, "Mr. Townley has come down here for mee-usic—you don't like it, we know. But you'll find your pipe in the next room—and here's the key of the sideboard."

This last proved a most effective bait, and the Old Man, still grunting and wheezing, rose and waddled off. We saw him no more.

I kept my sorrow within reasonable bounds. I felt that a little "Old Man" went a considerable distance. I had absolutely no use for Papa Toodlecombe.

"This Scherzo is a lovely thing," resumed Georgina, grabbing a bow and preparing to assault a violoncello, whilst Henrietta advanced with determined air upon the piano.

"Ach, id ist loafly," corroborated the Professor, blowing his nose soulfully. "Und id ist gomposed by a grantfater of mine own."

The Professor, with a preliminary tap on the back of his violin, looked round to see that piano, violoncello, and viola were ready, then he gave the signal to begin. The Brothers Toodlecombe, on brass instruments, were to throw in an outrage on cornet and trombone respectively as the piece progressed.

But the question I had to ask myself after forty minutes or so of hard, perspiring work for the instrumentalists, was: "Was it progressing?" Each "movement" seemed a little longer than the last. But I was helpless—resistance was useless. Why, oh why couldn't they work off the rest of it before an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb?

When they eventually finished I was within measureable distance of lunacy. In fact, I was wondering vaguely how I should look wearing straws in my hair.

I thanked them all and rose, saying that, although with great regret, I must really go now, as my train back to town——

But that bald-headed miscreant "Bob" immediately struck in:

"Oh you need not trouble, Mr. Townley. There's no train now till the last—12.10—and it's much too soon to go for that."

I resumed my seat and murmured "Thank you." I also uttered to myself, "D—ear me."

Then Georgina sang. It is curious, but absolutely true, that musical people are, to a large extent, divided into those who can sing and won't and those who can't sing and do—Georgina must, I fear, be placed amongst the latter class.

Her voice itself was—well, I have heard worse voices (but not much). But time and tune wait for no man—or is it time and tide? Well, it really doesn't much matter; it is equally true in either case. And as to her execution—half way through the song, I made up my mind that this was a thing much to be desired—at an early date and without benefit of clergy!

Von Earsplitzen then sang—or, more correctly speaking, roared—lyrically informing us that his "herz"

was beating only in connection with his "schmerz." Other useful information was afforded in the succeeding verses, and finally, with one long, last, dismal howl, he stopped.

We applauded as in duty bound, and then I saw "Bob" furtively fingering his trombone.

"Er——" I began, "you don't propose to—to—you are not a soloist on this weapon?"

"Well," he answered rather diffidently (I hoped I had touched his heart and awakened a better feeling within him), "I do have a shot now and then at 'The Battle of the Prague,' but I don't know if you'd like it."

"My dear sir," I said solemnly—mind you, I felt solemn when I calculated my chances of escape—"every man has his price—mine is 'The Battle of the Prague,' rendered by a brilliant exponent such as I am sure you are on the trombone. But I really must be getting off to the station."

"Sure you wouldn't like a shakedown here?" struck in Toodlecombe. "The Professor's not going back in the fog—we are putting him up for the night, and we should be delighted if——"

"Thanks awfully and so forth," I gasped fearfully—I had a sort of wild idea that this musical family might really make me stop—"but I absolutely must get off. You see I have nothing with me, so couldn't possibly stop."

"Well, no more has the Professor, but he——"

"Ah quite so, quite so—but I daresay he has brought the other collar and—and—no, really thanks, I must go—afraid I'm rather late in starting already. Good-bye, good-bye! I don't know when I've spent such an evening as this; it is quite out of the common—absolutely unique—y e s,



"Been gone a 'arf hour or more," was the surly reply.

thanks, this is my coat. Oh, the fog's cleared off now—hooray!"

And I rushed off down the steps and started walking briskly to the station, thanking my lucky star that I had got through that "mee—usical" evening alive.

Forty-five minutes and I should be back in town; ten minutes later in my club; then to satisfy the aching void created by the sketchy nature of my bun-tea-dinner, and—why, what on earth's the matter? A sleepy porter shutting up the station doors——?

"What the—why the—how the—where's the last train, porter?" I cried in blank amazement.

"Been gone a 'arf hour or more," was the surly reply.

"But the 12.10, my good man?"

"Mondays only," he quoted, shutting the last door to wth a slam.

So I went back and stayed the night with the Toodlecombes.

England's House of Lords

By H. N. Dickinson in World's Work

THE year of 1893 saw in England a conflict between one of the most venerable statesmen and one of the most venerable institutions in existence anywhere in the world at that time. Mr. Gladstone passed a bill for Irish Home Rule through a House of Commons just elected to support him, and that bill was rejected by the House of Lords. Two years later, an enormous majority of British voters endorsed this action of the Lords in thwarting their own representatives. The people had declared the hereditary chamber to be right and the popular chamber to be wrong, and after an eclipse of sixty years the House of Lords had become a decisive power in the state. In 1906 and 1907 the conflict of the two houses was renewed. For Englishmen the matter is of great practical importance; for constitutional theorists, it is intensely interesting and suggestive; on the part of those anywhere who are living under representative institutions, it may perhaps arouse some curiosity as to the nature, composition, faults, and merits of the oldest legislative chamber in the world.

The British legislature possesses from day to day an unlimited authority over the whole of the public and private law of the Empire. It can do anything. To limit its legal powers there would be need of an interposition of Providence. No written constitution, no referendum, no ancient custom hampers its full power to turn its lightest or wildest fancy into the law of the land in a single day. Of this legislature, together with the King and the Commons, the House of Lords forms a co-ordinate part, whose consent is necessary to the passing of any act. Sitting at Westminster on red benches in a gilded chamber, down a not very long corridor from the House of Commons, it is presided over by the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, an official who is at once a judge and a Minister and who—after the Archbishop of Canterbury—ranks highest among British subjects. Six hundred and twenty-two persons have the right to sit and vote as members of the House; 549 of these are hereditary peers, whose rights pass down from father to son subject to the same law that regulates the intestate succession to landed property. Twenty-eight are peers elected by the peerage of Ireland; sixteen are elected by the peerage of Scotland; neither of these bodies come to the House of Lords in their full complement like the peerage of England. Twenty-six are Bishops of the Church of England, and three are Princes of the Blood Royal. But of this multitude, there are not many

to be seen by him who goes to the gallery and gazes on the House of Lords at work. Considerably more than a hundred peers have never been in the House in their lives. Large numbers attend, but rarely. A great occasion will bring together good numbers, and more than 400 came to vote against the Home Rule Bill in 1893. It would not, however, be fair to put the attendance on days of ordinary importance at more than fifty or sixty; and the homely informality of this little band would much surprise people used to other assemblies.

From a seat in the gallery the visitor sees the thrones of the King and Queen at the far end of the chamber, well protected from dust and light by dark-red coverings. On the steps of the throne will be sitting a youth or two, perhaps a boy in an Eton coat, whose right to loll about on that distinguished ground is a privilege granted to the eldest sons of peers in order to familiarize them with the work of the chamber where they may one day sit. Sitting or standing in the same place will be also a Minister or an ex-Minister of the Crown, who has strolled along the corridor from the Commons' House to hear the debate or watch the fate of some bill that concerns his department. In front of them is the famous "woolsack," the seat of the Lord Chancellor, which is in reality a large square ottoman covered with a dark-red material and furnished with a projection against which the Chancellor leans his back. To his right and left the rows of benches face one another down the chamber. Those to the right are occupied by the Bishops and the supporters of the Government of the day, who just now are not a numerous body. The Opposition sit on the left. The Bishops, particularly the Archbishop of Canterbury, are fairly regular attendants and their contributions to date are often of great value.

The visitor, depressed at seeing but one Liberal peer for every five square-yards of the ministerial side of the House, will find more interesting matter among the Conservative Opposition. Sitting here as regular attendants of the House are men who have given distinguished service to the state in politics, war, and commerce. There is the Marquis of Lansdowne, the most successful of recent Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs. There is Lord Cawdor, who in Conservative days gave up the chairmanship of the Great Western Railway, held by him for years with eminent success, to become First Lord of the Admiralty. There is Lord Roberts, the central figure of the South African war; and Lord Milner, the victor of the even fiercer struggle of South African politics. There is Lord Rosebury, formerly Prime Minister of England, who has the most brilliant political mind in the country and is, though a Liberal generally opposed to the present Government. There are men who have ruled India, men who have governed colonies, men who in diplomacy and war and finance have received the best training in affairs that the English state can give. A distinguished career as a Minister of the Crown ends commonly in the House of Lords. Here, disguised as Lord St. Aldwyn, sits Michael Hicks-Beach, who for eight years had control of the national finances; and the Duke of Devonshire, behind whom are more than twenty years of the highest official life. What is in theory a numerous hereditary chamber is in fact a chamber of limited numbers consisting of those peers who take a serious interest in politics or have been lately elevated from the House of Commons for political reasons. And ranging, as the choice does, over six hundred and odd of those on whom the advantages of wealth and education and influence have been most lavishly bestowed, the comparative excellence of the working fraction of the Lords need cause no surprise. Their worst enemies do not aver that they are other than businesslike, dignified, and economical of time. Their oratorical average is wonderfully little inferior to that of the Commons; and so it would remain even without Lord Rosebury, the most polished orator in the land.

In normal times, however, the question is whether the Lords as an institution are worthy of praise or condemnation. The value of a second chamber in countries with representative government is not to be argued here. The need of it will be assumed, and everyone will agree that if ordinary constitutional states find a second chamber advisable, in England where Parliament is omnipotent from day to day and never such a thing has been heard of as a judicial pronouncement on the validity of Parliamentary acts, the need is more imperative than elsewhere. The Parliament of England, it must be remembered, is vastly more powerful than any other legislature except the French. Not only is it legally omnipotent, but the Ministers of the Crown are members of it—generally of the House of Commons—and a hostile vote of that House can any day force Ministers to choose between resigning in a body and running the great risk of advising the King to dissolve Parliament, in order that the people may pass upon their case in a general election. Thus the Administration is not in a position to control the House of Commons, either by vetoing legislation or by making it ineffectual through unsympathetic execution. It is, by the nature of the case, in close alliance with the majority which supports it in the House. It is practically a committee of that majority. Its wide powers, both in the purely executive sphere and in the initiation of legislation and the management of Parliamentary time and business, are in fact, derived from the good-will of this majority, whose desertion might bring it to ruin at any moment. As a matter of practice, however, the majority never dessert. In face of a common foe, the majority and the Administration cling together like a happily wedded couple and therefore wield, in the whole household of state, an almost despotic power. As a check on this despotism, there is as great a need for a second chamber as could well be imagined.

But is the House of Lords a good second chamber or a bad one? Now a question like that, whether asked about a legislative chamber or about a chimney sweep, can find its answer only in a reference to the purposes which the institution is designed to serve. If it performs the functions assigned to it, it is good; if not, it is bad. The Constitution of the United States has given functions to the Senate which have little or no resemblance to those which are or ought to be performed by the House of Lords, and comparison is impossible. The German Empire has a second chamber of a most remarkable kind, called the Federal Council. It consists of deputies nominated by the various governments of the Empire, Prussia having a standing majority, and its duty is to represent in the parliament of the Empire the particular interests of the federated states which compose it. Here, again, we see something essentially different from what the House of Lords is, or ought to be. In France, the parallel is somewhat closer. There is a Senate elected by the people simply and solely to do the work of legislation in co-ordination with the Chamber of Deputies. But as England, Germany and America understand the term, the second chamber of France is non-existent. It is, as it were, a mirror of the lower chamber. French legislation has two rooms in its House because two are more fashionable than one, and not—as in the other countries mentioned—because each is needed to represent one element in the national system. Lastly, the parallel between the French and English second chambers breaks down completely when attention is drawn to the wide difference between relations of Cabinet to Parliament in the two countries.

The French chambers are to a large extent the actual parents of French laws. In England, however, all important legislation originates in the Cabinet. This is not the theory, but it is the fact, of constitutional practice. The Cabinet is really a committee of the majority of the Commons; when it produces a legislative proposal, everyone knows that unless the sky

should fall that proposal will pass through Parliament into law. It will pass the House of Commons because the majority there will support the proposal of the Cabinet which was appointed to serve its purposes and represent its policy and whose individual members lead it in debate. This point is dwelt upon—this origination of legislation in the Cabinet, this commission which the Cabinet holds to represent and act for the majority of the Commons—because it materially affects the duties which each house of Parliament is called on to perform.

It has been charged against the House of Lords that frequently it sits for a quarter of an hour a day, and that it will dispose of half a dozen intricate measures in half as many days. Well would it be for English public life if the House of Commons would sometimes do the same. This speedy legislation means nothing but that the Cabinet of the day has conceived, framed, and drafted a measure so unobjectionable that criticism is wasted upon it. The House of Commons, very likely, has discussed it for five days without altering more than a word or two. The Lords, with Olympian celerity, produce the same result in as many minutes. This is not intended as a slur on the representative chamber; what it is most important to make clear is that the business of both Commons and Lords, of the Lords in an especial degree, is not to legislate but to give sanction or refusal to what the Cabinet each year proposes. Only what the Cabinet proposes has the slightest chance of becoming law. If the Lords, in an industrious access of legislative fervor, were to work for hours a day and pass bills of heavenly wisdom morning, noon, and night, not one of these would become law. The Commons would never look at them. Lack of time would cause them to perish, because the immense mass of Cabinet legislation annually leaves the Commons no time to consider anything else.

Now it may be thought that the view here taken of the English Constitution raises the Cabinet to an unwarranted level of importance and degrades the legislature into a mechanical farce. It can only be answered that anyone curious enough to come and watch the working of politics in London will not be long in subscribing to the doctrine. And in the system thus described, the House of Lords—the chamber of youthful dukes and nonogenarian barons, of dried-up lawyers and bishops in lawn sleeves—plays its humble part with admirable fidelity. There is little asked of it by the English Constitution, and that little it performs with the dignity and speed and honesty of business men and gentlemen.

Let it be repeated, then, that the Lords in normal times consist of a small number of very distinguished men, making trifling but excellent alterations in the legislative proposals of the Cabinet, and discussing national questions with expert knowledge and absolute decorum.

The other side of the picture is very different. There comes a time when the Lords step out as a second chamber of the most powerful and distinctive type and show an individuality of which the French Senate has never dreamed. The situation that then arises is, in a democratic country, most extraordinary. The nation, at a general election, returns a Liberal House of Commons. The King, by constitutional usage, at once appoints a Liberal Cabinet. The Cabinet passes a Liberal bill through the House of Commons, and at once from all quarters of the globe flock Conservative peers to Westminster to defeat that bill in their chamber and balk its passage into law. The hereditary chamber has thwarted the will of the peoples' representatives. The exasperation of the House of Commons, the rage of Liberal Ministers, the scandal to democratic ideals can better be imagined than described. And there is no practical remedy. It is true that the King, by a stroke of the pen, could create the necessary 500 peers to give the Liberal party a majority in the House of Lords; but it is one of those many things which might, but do not, happen. Without any qualifica-

tion, it must be admitted that in this democratic country the hereditary house possesses, on the rare occasions when it chooses to use it, a legal and practical power of obstruction against which it is hopeless to contend within the existing Constitution.

Conservatives who will condescend to imagine, let us say, a House of Nonconformist parsons with the power of vetoing the measures put forward when the Conservative party is in office, will be forced to recognize the natural justice of Liberal rage against the Lords on these occasions. Logical and obvious, however, as is the Liberal plea of representation versus hereditary, a test must be applied which in England is far above logic. Logic, indeed, is not an English attribute. The Constitution exists on no ideal plan, but it lives from day to day as a rough-and-ready engine for effecting the fundamental purpose of government in this country—the realization of the peoples' will. Of Lords and Commons alike, this is the function. And when they differ, when one house votes this way and the other that way, the one that is doing its duty by the English Constitution is the one that the people, on a referendum, would hold to be right. All parties agree on this. To say, as less thoughtful Liberals do, that the representative chamber must necessarily think the same as the people who created it, is to beg the question. It is more; it is to deny the truth. For, odd and preverse as it may seem, the pages of history record no single occasion since 1832 when the Lords have seen their action condemned by a general election.

The Constitutional theorist is here faced by a most peculiar historical fact. On the only serious occasion when the Lords and the representative chamber have come to blows, in 1893, the people took the first opportunity of sweeping away—not the Lords, but the existing Liberal House of Commons. Why and how this arises is beyond the wit of democratic man to see. The occasion may not be repeated. To-day, when again the Lords have thwarted the Commons, the electoral decision may be different. The indications, however, are not altogether that way. And if the theorist will abase himself to the level of an erring human being, he may catch a fleeting notion of some inner subtleties of the art of representation which are revealed to babes and sucklings, but which wise men seek in vain. The Lords, when they come in their hundreds, are Englishmen and not politicians. They are prejudiced, they are dull, they are human, they are adverse to change. And so are the English people. Liberals are just men with most enlightened minds, and so was Aristides. But there came a day in Athens when the people banished Aristides, because, in the ever-memorable story, "they were tired of hearing him called the Just." Philosophy may one day be able to account on some such lines for the pecuilar fact that the Lords have never offended, and have once emphatically asserted, the existing opinion of the English people as against a Liberal Government.

The final view of this strange chamber is that it permanently represents the stolid characteristics of the English race, which is at once democratic and conservative. Its virtues and vices are those of common Englishmen. It never leads; it sometimes follows with reluctance. But the instinct that guides it, bad or good, is the instinct of the ordinary man who cares for politics far less than for sport. Just as the prejudices of the Sultan of Turkey are those of his benighted subjects, so, if the lowest view be taken, is the obstruction of the Lords the obstruction of the people. The Commons are professional politicians. The Lords are not, and the people are not. What subtle sympathy exists between this pair of sluggards as against their virtuous brother is too deep a matter to examine. But that the Lords are strong, that the professional political attack on them is failing to make way, that their glamor attracts, their sober virtues flatter, their stolid obstruction secretly gratifies the hidden instincts of Englishmen, are facts which any-

one can see. They do not share the enthusiastic popularity of the monarchy, but it could safely be said that their abolition would be felt by common Englishmen to be rather like the abolition of the game of cricket. It would be, first, "a pity," secondly, "a shame."

These observations must be taken to refer to those rare occasions when the Lords assemble in their hundreds and assert themselves as a chamber of veto. Only then is the hereditary element in particular evidence. At other times, the second chamber drifts through a smooth existence, a very honest group of political experts, more useful than harmful, precisely what the English Constitution demands and makes convenient.

Chased by the Trail

By Jack London in Pall Mall Magazine

WALT MASTERS first blinked his eyes in the light of day in a trading post on the Yukon River. His father was one of those world-missionaries who are known as "pioneers," and who spend the years of their life in pushing outward the walls of civilization and in planting the wilderness. He had selected Alaska as his field of labor, and his wife, always working shoulder to shoulder, had gone with him to that land of frost and cold.

Now, to be born to the moccasin and pack-strap is indeed a hard way of entering the world; but far harder it is to lose one's mother while yet a child. This was Walt's misfortune; but in this brief fourteen years he had met it bravely, performing whatever work fell to his lot, and undergoing his share of suffering and hardship.

He had, at different times, done deeds which few boys get the chance to do, and he had learned to take some pride in himself and to be unafraid. Now with most people, pride goeth before a fall; but not so with Walt. His was a healthy belief in his own strength and fitness, and, knowing his limitations, he was neither overweening nor presumptuous. He had learned to meet reverses with the stocism of the Indian. Shame, to him, lay not in the failure to accomplish, but in the failure to strive. So, when he attempted to cross the Yukon between two ice-runs, and was chased by the trail, he was not cast down by his defeat.

The way of it was this: After passing the winter at his father's claim on Mazy May, he came down to an island on the Yukon and went into camp. This was late in the spring, just previous to the breaking of the ice on the river. It was quite warm, and the days were growing marvellously long. Only the night before, talking with Chilcoot Jim, the daylight had not faded and sent him off to bed till after ten o'clock. Even Chilcoot Jim, an Indian boy who was about Walt's own age, was surprised at the rapidity with which summer was coming on. The snow had melted from all the southern hillsides and the level surfaces of the flats and islands; everywhere could be heard the trickling of water and the song of hidden rivulets; but somehow, under its three-foot ice sheet, the Yukon delayed to heave its great length of three thousand miles and shake off the frosty fetters which bound it.

But it was evident that the time was fast approaching when it would again run free. Great fissures were splitting the ice in all directions, while the water was beginning to flood through them and over the top. On this morning a frightful rumbling brought the two boys hurriedly from their blankets. Standing on the bank, they soon discovered the cause. The Stuart River had broken loose and

reared a great ice barrier where it entered the Yukon, barely a mile above their island. While a great deal of the Stuart ice had been thus piled up, the remainder was now flowing under the Yukon ice, pound ing and thumping at the solid surface above it as it passed onward toward the sea.

"To-day um break-um," Chilcoot Jim said, nodding his head. "Sure!"

"And then, maybe two days for the ice to pass by," Walt added, "and you and I'll be starting for Dawson. It's only seventy miles, and if the current runs five miles an hour and we paddle three, we ought to make it in ten hours. What do you think?"

"Sure." Chilcoot Jim did not know much English, and this favorite word of his was made to do labor on all occasions.

After breakfast the boys got out the Peterborough canoe from its winter cache. It was an admirable sample of the boat-builder's skill; an imported article brought from the natural home of the canoe—Canada. It had been packed over the Chilcoot Pass, two years before, on a man's back, and had then carried the first mail in six months into the Klondike. Walt, who happened to be in Dawson at the time, had bought it for three hundred dollars' worth of dust which he had mined on the Mazy May.

It had been a revelation, both to him and to Chilcoot Jim, for up to its advent they had been used to no other craft than the flimsy birch-bark canoes of the Indians and the rude poling-boats of the whites. Jim, in fact, spent many a half-hour in silent admiration of its perfect lines. It was so light that it might be lifted by the one hand, so fragile that a lusty boy could thrust his heel through it; and withal, strong enough to carry two men and three hundred pounds through the boiling whirlpools of the White Horse.

"Um good. Sure." Jim lifted his gaze from the dainty craft, expressing his delight in the same terms for the thousandth time. But, glancing over Walt's shoulder, he saw something on the river which startled him. "Look! See!" he cried.

A man had been racing a dog-team across the slushy surface for the shore, and had been cut off by the rising flood. As Walt whirled around to see, the ice behind the man burst into violent commotion, splitting and smashing into fragments which bobbed up and down and turned turtle like so many corks. A gush of water followed, burying the sled and washing the dogs from their feet. Tangled in their harness and securely fastened to the heavy sled, they must drown in a few minutes unless rescued by the man. Bravely his manhood answered.

Floundering about with the drowning animals, nearly hip-deep in the icy flood, he cut and slashed with his sheath-knife at the traces. One by one, the dogs struck out for shore, the first reaching safety ere the last was released. Then the master, abandoning the sled, followed them. It was a struggle in which little help could be given, and Walt and Chilcoot Jim could only, at the last, grasp his hands and drag him half-fainting up the bank.

First he sat down till he had recovered his breath; next he knocked the water from his ears like a boy who has just been swimming; and after that he whistled his dogs together, to see whether they had all escaped. These things done, he turned his attention to the lads.

"I'm Muso," he said, "Pete Muso, and I'm looking for Charley Drake. His partner is dying down to Dawson, and they want him to come at once, as soon as the river breaks. He's got a cabin on this island, hasn't he?"

"Yes," Walt answered; "but he's on the other side of the river, with a couple of men, getting out a raft of logs for a grubstake.

The stranger's disappointment was great. Exhausted by his weary journey, just escaped from sudden death, overcome by all he had undergone in carrying the message which was now useless, it was more than he could bear. The tears welled into his eyes, and his voice was choked with sobs

as he repeated aimlessly, "But his partner's dying. It's his partner, you know, and he wants to see him before he dies."

Walt and Jim knew that nothing could be done, and as aimlessly looked out on the hopeless river. No man could venture on it and live. On the other bank, and several miles upstream, a thin column of smoke wavered to the sky. Charley Drake was cooking his dinner there; seventy miles below his partner lay dying, yet no word of it could be sent.

But even as they looked, a change came over the river. There was a muffled rending and tearing, and, as if by magic, the surface water disappeared, while the great ice-sheet, reaching from shore to shore and broken into all manner and sizes of cakes, floated silently up toward them. So rapidly did it rise that they could mark its progress with the eye as it crept up the bank. The ice which had been pounding along underneath had evidently grounded at some point lower down, and was now backing up the water like a mill-dam. This had broken the ice-sheet from the land and lifted it on top of the rising water.

"Um break um, very quick," Chilcoot Jim said.

"Then here goes!" Muso cried, at the same time beginning to strip his wet clothes.

The Indian boy laughed. "Mebbe you get um in middle, mebbe not. All the same the trail um go down-stream, and you go too. Sure."

He glanced at Walt, that he might back him up in preventing this insane attempt.

"You're not going to try and make it across?" Walt queried.

Muso nodded his head, sat down, and proceeded to unlace his moccasins.

"But you mustn't," Walt protested. "It's certain death. The river'll break before you get half way, and then what good'll your message be?"

But the stranger doggedly went on undressing, muttering in an undertone, "I want Charley Drake. Don't you understand? It's his partner dying, dying, dying."

"Um sick man. Bime-by . . . ." The Indian boy put a finger to his forehead and whirled his hand in quick circles, thus indicating the approach of brain-fever. "Um work too hard, and um think too much, all the time think about sick man at Dawson. Very quick um head go round—so." And he feigned the bodily dizziness which is caused by a disordered brain.

By this time, undressed as though for a swim, Muso rose to his feet and started for the bank. Walt stepped in front, barring the way. He shot a glance at his comrade. Jim nodded that he understood and would stand by.

"Get out of my way, boy!" Muso commanded roughly, trying to thrust him aside.

But Walt closed in, and with the aid of Jim succeeded in tripping him upon his back. He struggled weakly for a few moments, but was too wearied by his long journey to cope successfully with the two boys, whose muscles were healthy and trail-hardened.

"Pack up into camp, roll um in plenty blanket, and I fix um good," Jim advised.

This was quickly accomplished, and the sufferer made as comfortable as possible. After he had been attended to, and Jim had utilized the medical lore picked up in the camps of his own people, they fed the stranger's dogs and cooked dinner. They said very little to each other, but each boy was thinking hard, and when they went out into the sunshine a few minutes later, their minds were intent on the same project.

The river had now risen twenty feet, the ice rubbing softly against the top of the bank. All noise had ceased. Countless millions of tons of ice and water were silently waiting the supreme moment when all bonds would be broken and the mad rush to the sea commence. Suddenly, without the slightest apparent effort, everything began to move down-stream. The jam had broken.

Slowly at first, but faster and faster, the frozen sea dashed past. The noise

returned again, and the air trembled to a mighty churning and grinding. Huge blocks of ice were shot into the air by the pressure; others butted wildly into the bank; still others, swinging and pivoting, reached inshore, and swept rows of pines away as easily as though they were so many matches.

In awe-stricken silence the boys watched the magnificent spectacle, and it was not until the ice had slackened its speed and fallen to its old level that Walt cried, "Look, Jim! Look at the trail going by!"

And in truth it was the trail going by—the trail upon which they had camped and traveled during all the preceding winter. Next winter they would journey with dogs and sleds over the ground, but not on the same trail. That trail, the old trail, was passing away before their eyes.

Looking up-stream, they saw open water. No more ice was coming down, though vast quantities of it still remained on the upper reaches, jammed somewhere amid the maze of islands which covered the Yukon's breast. As a matter of fact, there were several jams yet to break, one after the other, and to send down as many ice-runs. The next might come along in a few minutes; it might delay for hours. Perhaps there would be time to paddle across. Walt looked questioningly at his comrade.

"Sure," Jim remarked, and without another word they carried the canoe down the bank. Each knew the danger of what they were about to attempt, but they wasted no speech over it. Wild life had taught them both that the need of things demanded effort and action, and that the tongue found its fit vocation at the camp fire when the day's work was done.

With dexterity born of long practice they launched the canoe, and were soon making it spring to each stroke of the paddles as they stemmed the muddy current. A steady procession of lagging ice-cakes thoroughly capable of crushing the Peterborough like an eggshell, was drifting on the surface, and it required of the boys the utmost vigilance and skill to thread them safely.

Anxiously they watched the great bend above, down which at any moment might rush another ice-run. And as anxiously they watched the ice stranded against the bank and towering a score of feet above them. Cake was poised upon cake, and piled together in precarious confusion, while the boys had to hug the shore closely to avoid the swifter current of mid stream. Now and again great heaps of this ice tottered and fell into the river, rolling and rumbling like distant thunder, and displacing the water into fair-sized tidal waves. Several times they were nearly swamped, but saved themselves by quick work with the paddles. And all the time Charley Drake's pillared camp smoke grew nearer and clearer.

But it was still on the opposite shore, and they knew they must get higher up before they attempted to shoot across. Entering the Stuart River they paddled up a few hundred yards, shot across, and then continued up the right bank of the Yukon. Before they came to the Bald-face Bluffs—huge walls of rock which rose perpendicularly from the river. Here the current was swiftest inshore, forming the first serious obstacle encountered by the boys. Below the bluffs they rested from their exertions in a favorable eddy, and then, paddling their strongest, strove to dash past.

At first they gained, but in the swiftest place the current overpowered them. For a full sixty seconds they remained stationary, neither advancing nor receding, the grim cliff base within reach of their arms, their paddles dipping and lifting like clockwork, and the rough water dashing by in muddy haste. For a full sixty seconds—and then the canoe sheered into the shore. To prevent instant destruction, they pressed their paddles against the rocks, sheered back into the stream and were swept away. Regaining the eddy, they stopped for breath. A second time they attempted the passage; but just as they were almost past, a threatening ice-cake

whirled down upon them on the angry tide, and they were forced to flee before it.

"Um stiff, I think yes," Chilcoot Jim said, mopping the sweat from his face as they again rested in the eddy. "Next time um make um, sure."

"We've got to. That's all there is about it," Walt answered, his teeth set and lips tight-drawn, for Pete Muso had set a bad example, and he was almost ready to cry from exhaustion and failure.

A third time they darted out of the head of the eddy, plunged into the swirling waters, and worked a snail-like course ahead. Often they stood still for the space of many strokes, but whatever they gained they held, and they at last drew out into easier water far above. But every moment was precious. There was no telling when the Yukon would again become a scene of frigid anarchy in which neither man nor the forces he controlled could hope to endure. So they held steadily to their course till they had passed abreast of Charley Drake's camp by a quarter of a mile. The river was fully a mile wide at this point, and they had to reckon on being carried down by the swift current in crossing it.

Walt tured his head from his place in the bow. Jim nodded. Without further parley they headed the canoe out from the shore, angling at forty-five degrees against the current. They were on the last stretch now; the goal was in fair sight, and but a question of a few minutes. Nay, as they looked up from their toil to mark their progress, they could see Charley Drake and his two comrades come down to the edge of the river to watch them.

Five hundred yards; four hundred yards; the Peterborough cutting the water like a blade of steel; the paddles dipping, dipping, dipping in rapid rhythm—and then a warning shout which sent a chill to their hearts went up from the bank. Round the great bend, just above, rolled a mighty wall of glistening white. Behind it, urging it on to lightning speed, were a million tons of long-pent water.

The right flank of the ice-run, unable to get cleanly around the bend, collided with the opposite shore, and even as they looked they saw the ice mountains rear toward the sky, rise, collapse, and rise again in glittering convulsions. The advancing roar filled the air so that Walt could not make himself heard; but he paused long enough to lift himself on his knees and wave his paddle significantly in the direction of Dawson. Perhaps Charley Drake, seeing, might understand.

With two swift strokes they whirled the Peterborough down-stream. They must keep ahead of the rushing flood. It was impossible to make either bank at that moment, and they could only trust to a long, angling course. Every ounce of their strength went into the paddles, and the frail canoe fairly rose and leaped ahead at every stroke. They said nothing. Each knew and had faith in the other, and they were too wise to waste their breath. The shore-line—trees, islands, and the Stuart River—flew by at a bewildering rate, but they barely looked at it. Occasionally Chilcoot Jim stole a glance behind him at the pursuing trail, and marked the fact that they held their own. Once he shaped a sharper course toward the bank, but found the trail was overtaking them and gave it up.

Gradually they worked in to land, their failing strength warning them that it was soon or never. And at last, when they did draw into the bank, they were confronted by the inhospitable barrier of the stranded shore-ice. Not a place could be found to land, and with safety virtually within arm's reach, they were forced to flee on down the stream. They passed a score of places, at each of which, had they had plenty of time, they could have clambered out; but behind pressed on the inexorable trail, and would not let them pause.

Half a mile of this work drew heavily upon their strength, and the trail came upon them nearer and nearer. Its sullen grind was in their ears, and its collisions against the bank made

one continuous succession of terrifying crashes. Walt felt his heart thumping against his ribs like to burst, and caught each breath in painful gasps. But worst of all was the constant demand upon his arms. If he could only rest for the space of one stroke, he felt that the torture would be relieved; but no, it was dip and lift, dip and lift, till it seemed that at each stroke he would surely die. But he knew that Chilcoot Jim was suffering likewise; that their lives depended each upon the other, and that it would be a blot upon his manhood should he fail or even miss a stroke. They were very weary, but their faith was large; and if either felt afraid, it was not of the other but of himself.

Flashing around a sharp point, they came upon their last chance for escape. An island lay close inshore, upon the nose of which the ice lay piled in a long slope.

They drove the Peterborough half out of the water upon a shelving cake, and leaped out. Then, dragging the canoe along, slipping and tripping and falling, but always getting nearer the top, they made their last mad scramble.

As they cleared the crest and fell within the shelter of the green pines, a tremendous crash announced the arrival of the trail. One huge cake, shoved to the top of the rim-ice, balanced threateningly above them and toppled forward. With one jerk they flung themselves and the canoe from beneath, and again fell, breathless and panting for air. The thunder of the ice-run came dimly to their ears; but they did not care. It held no interest for them whatsoever. All they wished was simply to lie there, just as they had fallen, and enjoy the inaction of repose.

Two hours later, when the river once more ran open, they carried the Peterborough down to the water. But just before they launched it, Charley Drake and a comrade paddled up in another canoe.

"Well, you boys hardly deserve to have good folks out looking for you, the way you've behaved," was his greeting. "What under the sun made you leave your tent and get chased by the trail? Eh? That's what I'd like to know."

It took but a minute to explain the real state of affairs, and but another to see Charley Drake hurrying along on his way to his sick partner at Dawson.

"Pretty close shave, that," Walt Masters said, as they prepared to get aboard and paddle back to camp.

"Sure," Chilcoot Jim replied, rubbing his stiffened biceps in a meditative fashion.

Great things were ne'er begotten in an hour;
Ephemerous in birth, are such in life;
And he who dareth in the noble strife
Of intellects, to cope for real power—
Such as God giveth as His rarest dower
Of mastery to the few with greatness rife—
Must, e'er the morning mists have ceased to lower
Till the long shadows of the night arrive,
Stand in the arena. Laurels that are won,
Plucked from green boughs, soon wither; those that last
Are gathered patiently, when sultry noon
And summer's fiery glare in vain are past,
Life is the hour of labor; on earth's breast
Serene and undisturbed shall be thy rest.

—Wilson.

Growth of Canada in the Twentieth Century

By Archibald Blue

TO one not wholly a stranger, who at intervals, of say, half a year, may stand on a corner of King and Yonge Streets when the employes of business houses and workshops are going to their homes at the close of the day, it is obvious that Toronto is a growing city. He observes in it the closer throng on the walks, in the greater scramble for cars, in the tenser look of human faces, and in the hurry, hurry, hurry of human feet. For twenty-one years I lived in the city, and was on its streets daily, and knew many of its people. In the last year of last century I went elsewhere to live and work, but I have not been altogether a stranger here. Six months ago I walked from the Parliament Buildings to the King Edward at the noon hour, and although Yonge and King Streets were alive with men and women the only face I saw and knew was Sir William Mulock's, and we just nodded a recognition and walked on as if our meetings for the past seven years had been a daily happening. The unknown faces and the number of them told me the story of the city's growth as well as a census. It was an ocular proof, which if not as exact is more striking than a count of heads. But what one sees with the eye lies within a narrow circle, and as I purpose in this paper to offer some illustrations of the growth of Canada in the twentieth century I shall employ the only data that have value in mathematical demonstration. Nearly all the great divisions of science, Lord Kelvin has said, have been the reward of accurate measurement and patient labor in the minute sifting of numerical results. And this also is true, that far more of what is useful in helping to shape the affairs of the country is to be learned from the records of measurement we call statistics than from the most brilliant speculation.

Our foreign trade, exclusive of coin and bullion, of goods not the produce of Canada and exports estimated short, has grown from $336,018,000 in the last fiscal year of the nineteenth century to $518,800,000 in the sixth year of the twentieth. It was $123,000,000 in 1870 and $162,374,000 in 1876. Thirty years ago, at the end of a period of six years, our trade showed a gain of $39,391,000 and at the end of our last period of six years it shows a gain of $182,748,000.

Our chartered banks, which in 1870 had assets of $103,200,000 and in 1876 of 183,500,000, had assets of $459,700,000 in 1900 and of $878,500,000 in 1906, being a gain in the former period of $80,300,000 and in the latter of $418,800,000. In 1870 the total cash on deposit in the banks was $48,763,000 and $72,853,000 in 1876; and after thirty years the amount was $305,140,000 in 1900 and $605,968,000 in 1906. In the first period of six years the gain was $24,090,000 and in the last it was $300,828,000. The monthly average reserve fund held by the banks was $32,372,000 at the end of 1900 and $64,000,000 at the end of 1906, and in the same period their paid-up capital was increased by $25,881,000. The clearing house statements, which are a certain measure of the volume of the country's business, show an expansion of $2,360,000,000 in the six years of this century, the amount being $1,590,000,000 in 1900 and $3,950,000,000 in 1906. There was at the credit of depositors in Post Office and Dominion Government savings banks at the end of June, 1870, a sum of $3,411,000, which grew to $7,044,000 in 1876, to $53,150,000 in 1900 and to $61,911,000 in 1906. Altogether there was at the credit of depositors in chartered and savings banks in 1906 a sum of $667,880,000, whereof the large amount of $309,590,000 has been an accumulation of this century. In the chartered banks alone the increase of

deposits from $48,763,000 in 1870 to $305,140,000 in 1900 and to $605,968,000 in 1906 shows the very large extent to which the banks have been assisted above their own capital in maintaining the business of the country.

Our steam railways in operation in the Dominion in 1870 had a length of 2,617 miles and in 1876 of 5,218 miles. At the end of the century they had a length of 17,657 and in 1906 of 21,353 miles, together was 814 miles of electric railways. The earliest statistics of railway operations go back to 1875, and in the following table a few comparative figures are given to show the progress of the Dominion in this great branch of transportation.

have been the most active and potent of all agencies in the development of our country. Without international trade we should exist as a hermit nation; without railways the opening up of our great interior between ocean and ocean could not be achieved; and without banks there would be little business beyond a simple exchange between neighbor and neighbor. The figures given show how Canada is advancing on the highways of the nations.

Illustrations of another sort are found in the records of the census of our Northwest Provinces, taken a year ago. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were an unknown and untraveled region less than forty years ago.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION.

Steam railways	1876.	1900.	1906.
Train mileage .....m.	18,103,628	52,647,684	72,723,482
Passengers ..... No.	5,544,814	17,122,193	27,989,782
Freight ..... ton.	6,331,757	35,764,970	57,966,713
Gross earnings .....$	19,358,085	70,231,979	125,322,865
Net earnings ....."	3,555,364	22,826,383	39,193,431

The increase of train mileage in the six years of the twentieth century is 20,000,000; of passengers, 10,867,000; of freight, 22,200,000 tons; of gross earnings, $55,000,000, and of net earnings of $15,367,000, as against an increase of 34,544,000 train mileage, of 11,577,000 passengers, of 29,433,000 freight tons, of $50,874,000 gross earnings and $19,271,000 net earnings in the twenty-four years of the nineteenth century. The statistics of electric railways are complete only for the six years of this century, in which they show an increase of 116,720,000 passengers carried and of $2,137,000 net earnings, being for each in a period of five years an increase of 100 per cent. The subscribed capital of steam railways in 1876 was $317,795,468, and the paid-up capital $290,757,875. In 1900 the subscribed capital of steam and electric railways was $1,040,486,378 and the paid-up capital $998,264,405; and in 1906 the subscribed was $1,456,176,443 and the paid-up $1,396,356,675.

Trade, transportation and banking

Manitoba was admitted to the status of a province of Confederation in 1870, and Saskatchewan and Alberta attained to the same rank only in 1905. In 1881, when the first census of those three areas was taken, they had a population of 105,681; in 1891 they had 219,305; and in 1901 they had 419,512. In 1906, five years later, the population was 808,863. Manitoba's shares in this growth was 110,477, Saskatchewan's was 166,484, and Alberta's was 112,390, and the rate of increase for the three provinces in the five years was 93 per cent. There were 2,370 townships with inhabitants in 1901 and 4,365 in 1906, and the cities, towns and incorporated villages grew in the same period from 84 to 185. The number of farms in the three provinces in 1906 was 122,398, being 67,773 more than in 1901. In Manitoba there were 36,141, an increase of 4,329; in Saskatchewan 55,971, an increase of 42,591; and in Alberta 30,286, an increase of 20,853. The whole number of horses in 1906 was 682,199, being an increase in

five years of 342,590; of milch cows 384,006, an increase of 59,790; of other horned cattle, 1,560,592, an increase of 802,183; of sheep and lambs, 304,531, an increase of 121,915; and of swine, 439,048, an increase of 238,673.

The area sown to wheat, oats, barley, rye, flax, potatoes, other field roots, forage crops and cultivated hay in 1900 was 3,597,700 acres, in 1905 it was 6,298,000 acres, and in 1906 it was 8,328,000 acres. In the first of these years crops were light, owing to an unusual season of drouth; but in the other two years, when the conditions were normal, the yield of wheat was 82,462,000 bushels in 1905 and 110,587,000 in 1906; of oats, 68,811,000 bushels in 1905 and 110,570,000 in 1906; and of barley, 10,972,000 bushels in 1905 and 18,685,000 in 1906. The increase in the areas of those field crops in the five years, 1900 to 1905, was 2,700,000 acres, and in the six years, 1900 to 1906, it was 4,730,300 acres.

Comparing the areas of all field crops in 1905-1906, there were in the Northwest Provinces 6,338,000 acres in the farmer and 8,408,000 in the latter year, being an increase of 2,070,000 acres or nearly 33 per cent. in one year. In Manitoba the increase was 603,000 acres, in Saskatchewan 1,167,000 and in Alberta 300,000, which in the aggregate is equal in extent to ninety townships. Yet the whole area in crops in the three provinces last year was only 28 per cent. of the land occupied as farms and only 7 per cent. of the surveyed land in the provinces—the land occupied as farms and ranches being 30,502,927 acres and the land surveyed for settlement 120,484,455 acres.

A census of manufactures taken last year for the year 1905 supplies further illustrations of the growth of the Dominion in the twentieth century which may be to this Convention more interesting and appropriate than any one of the others.

A comparison of works employing five hands and over in 1905 with those of 1900 cannot be accurately made for numbers, partly because in the interval many works have been merged under one management, such as butter and cheese factories and canning works; partly because in large establishments carrying on several kinds of industries one return has been made in 1906 where in 1901 separate returns were made for each kind; and partly also because owners of shops in receipt of stated salaries or allowances from the business who were counted in 1901 have not been so counted in 1906. Consequently, in hundreds of cases in the census of the latter year such shops are put into a class of four employees and under. For these reasons the number of works of the first class in 1905 appears to be more than 2,000 less than in 1900. In one establishment, for example, eleven kinds of industries are carried on under one management, and the statistics for it are compiled in the tables with the industry of greatest production. An attempt was made in all such cases to procure with the return a statement of the several kinds of products and the value of each product, which would be useful in showing the extensive variety of our manufactures, but many of the returns are defective in these particulars. In the example already referred to the products for which separate values are given consist of corsets, furs, harness, men's and boys' clothing, photo-engraving, printing, shirts, ties, upholstery, whitewear and women's clothing, all of which are grouped with the class last named because it is the one of greatest value, and the total values run up into several millions. Inquiries are often made of us by traders and consumers if particular kinds of articles are made in the country; and if the information was fully supplied by manufacturers it would possess not a practical use only, but an economic importance in exhibiting the extent and range of the country's industries.

The reasons already given account for the apparent decrease in the number of establishments employing five hands and over; but it may be added that in the 27 principal classes of in-

dustries showing a decrease in the number of works—a decrease numbering more than 3,000—there is an increase of $40,000,000 in the value of products. Flouring mills and electric light plants, like butter and cheese factories, brick and tile works and lime-kilns, have been classed with establishments employing five hands and over on account of their relatively large production.

The principal industries employing less than five hands are those of baking, blacksmithing, carding, dressmaking, millinery-making, tailoring, printing and harness-making. These comprise 3,249 shops or works with 8,610 employes, and the value of their products is $11,906,025.

Taking the two classes of establishments, viz., those employing five persons and over and those employing less than five—the whole number in the Dominion whose statistics have been compiled for the calendar year 1905 is 15,796. The capital employed in these works, including land, buildings, plant and working capital, is $846,585,000. The employes on salaries and wages with earnings and average earning are as in the above table.

The number of employes on salaries and wages is 392,530 and their total earnings is $165,100,011, and the total value of products is $718,352,603. But to make a fair comparison of 1900 and 1905 the statistics of works employing five persons and over will be used here.

The following table shows the growth of the Dominion in five years for manufacturing establishments employing five persons and over under the heads of capital, employes, earnings and value of products:

Employes and Earnings, 1905.

Sex	No.	$	Averages. $
On salaries—			
Male	31,545	28,938,637	917 38
Female	4,951	1,785,449	360 62
On wages—			
Male	288,033	119,550,821	415 05
Female	68,001	14,825,104	218 01

In the five years of this century capital has increased in the ratio of 100 to 187 and value of products in the ratio of 100 to 147, which indicates that in some industries and works production has not reached a full measure of development. The average ratio of capital to production for all industries in 1900 was 100 to 108, and in 1905 it was 100 to 85. The cause of this change is revealed in the returns of some of the recently organized works. The capital invested in electric light and power plants, for example, increased during the five years by $68,500,000, and its ratio to production is 100 to 9.44. So also with smelting works like those in Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia, whose capital has been increased by nearly $76,000,000, the ratio of capital to production is 100 to 32.50. It is obvious from the number of persons employed in some of these works that they have not been working to full capacity. But industries which show in the aggregate an increase of $49,000,000 in salaries and wages and of $225,000,000 in production in the fifth year of the

Capital, Employes, Earnings and Products.

Schedule.	1905.	1900.	Increase.
Capital .....$	833,916,155	446,916,487	386,999,668
Employes .....No.	383,920	,339,173	44,747
Salaries and wages ...$	162,175,578	113,249,350	48,926,228
Value of products ....“	706,446,578	481,053,375	225,393,203

twentieth century are setting a good pace for the century.

Compared by groups of industries for 1900 and 1905, the values of products in each year and the increase in five years are shown in the next table:

PRODUCTION BY GROUPS OF INDUSTRIES

Groups of industries	1905.	1900.	Increase.
Food products	172,017,002	125,202,620	46,814,382
Textiles	84,370,099	67,724,839	16,645,260
Iron and Steel products	52,587,051	34,878,402	17,708,649
Timber and lumber and their re-manufactures	109,500,970	80,341,204	29,159,766
Leather and its finished products	41,201,872	34,720,513	6,481,359
Paper and printing	32,773,880	20,653,028	12,120,852
Liquors and beverages	13,928,701	9,191,700	4,737,001
Chemicals and allied products	15,290,822	11,437,300	3,853,522
Clay, glass and stone products	13,558,921	7,318,582	6,240,339
Metals and metal products other than steel	50,068,669	19,561,261	30,507,408
Tobacco and its manufactures	15,189,720	11,802,112	3,387,608
Cars, carriages, wagons, etc.	36,911,124	19,971,605	16,939,519
Vessels for water transportation	1,892,253	2,043,668	151,415
Hand trades	1,433,753	599,329	834,424
Miscellaneous industries	65,721,741	35,607,212	30,114,529
Totals	706,446,578	481,053,375	225,393,203

The large increases have been made in food products, timber and lumber and their re-manufactures, metals and metal products other than iron and steel, iron and steel products, textiles, cars, carriages, wagons, etc., and paper and printing, ranging in these several groups from $12,000,000 to $47,000,000 of increase.

Comparing the principal manufacturing establishments by value of products, there were 479 works in 1905 with products of $200,000 to under $500,000 each, against 323 in 1900 of the same class; there were 139 in 1905 with products of $500,000 to under $1,000,000 each, against 68 in 1900 of this class; and there were 81 in 1905 with products of $1,000,000 and over against 39 in 1900 of this class. And as showing growth in industrial efficiency, which implies improved methods and machinery and harder work, it can be said that in every group of our industries the average production has increased substantially in five years. In 1900 it was for all industries $1,559, and in 1905 it was $1,990 per wage worker; or compared on the basis of all employes on salaries and wages, it was $1,476 in 1900 and $1,803 in 1905.

Another comparison may be made here, viz., the cost for management and labor in manufacturing establishments. In 1900 the average salary of managers, officers, clerks, etc., was $833 for males and $317 for females, and in 1905 it was $925 for males and $362 for females. For wage-earners employed in the works the average in 1900 was $334 for males and $176 for females, and in 1905 it was $417 for males and $219 for females. But for both sexes the average cost of salary per employe was $771 in 1900 and $849 in 1905, an increase of $78; while the cost of wages was $286 in 1900 and $379 in 1905, an increase of $93 per employe. The capital employed in manufacturng establish-

ments, including land, buildings, plant and working capital is shown by the following table for the Provinces of the Dominion, together with the increase of capital in each province at the end of the fifth year.

Manitoba the chief increase has been in the products of flour and grist mills, which exceed $3,000,000, and in Saskatchewan and Alberta the values of log products and flour and grist mill products have increased by $2,452,000.

CAPITAL EMPLOYED IN MANUFACTURES.

Provinces.	1905.	1900.	Increase.
British Columbia	52,403,379	22,901,892	29,501,487
Manitoba	27,070,665	7,539,691	19,530,974
New Brunswick	26,461,664	20,741,170	5,720,494
Nova Scotia	74,599,738	34,586,416	40,013,322
Ontario	390,875,465	214,972,275	175,903,190
Prince Edward Island	1,553,916	2,081,766	527,850
Quebec	251,730,182	142,403,407	109,326,775
Saskatchewan	3,820,975		
Alberta	5,400,371	1,689,870	7,531,476

In all the provinces except Prince Edward Island there has been increase of capital as measured by the value of land, buildings, plant and working capital; and while the greatest per cent. of increase has been made in the Western Provinces, the large investments have been made in Ontario and Quebec.

The value of products is shown by provinces in the next table for the two census years, together with the increase in five years.

Nova Scotia shows an increase of $711,000 in log products and of more than $5,550,000 in the products of smelting works. For Ontario and Quebec value and increase are given in the table on next page for industries in which the increase in the five years is $2,000,000 and over.

In Ontario the greatest increase is shown to be in flour and grist mill products, and in Quebec it is in car works and car repairs. Seven of the thirteen industries for Ontario and

PRODUCTS BY PROVINCES, 1900 AND 1905.

Provinces.	1905.	1900.	Increase.
	$	$	$
British Columbia	37,796,740	19,447,778	18,348,962
Manitoba	27,857,396	12,927,439	14,929,957
New Brunswick	21,833,564	20,972,470	861,094
Nova Scotia	31,987,449	23,592,513	8,394,936
Ontario	361,372,741	241,533,486	119,839,255
Prince Edward Island	1,696,459	2,326,708	630,249
Quebec	216,478,496	158,287,994	58,190,502
Saskatchewan	2,433,801		
		1,964,987	5,458,746
Alberta	4,979,932		

British Columbia manufacturers nearly doubled the value of their products in the five years, Manitoba doubled theirs, and Saskatchewan and Alberta nearly quadrupled theirs. The value of preserved fish in British Columbia was increased by $1,492,000, of log products by $6,960,000 and of smelting works by $5,542,000. In

three of the nine for Quebec have values of $10,000,000 and over.

The next comparison is made for the value of products of cities and towns in the five years in which the increase is $2,000,000 and over. The places are arranged in alphabetical order.

PRODUCTS OF PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Industries.	1905. $	1900. $	Increase. $
Ontario—			
Agricultural implements	11,926,233	8,295,170	3,631,063
Bread, biscuits and confectionery	9,981,136	6,102,430	3,878,706
Clothing, women's, factory	7,144,892	1,309,627	5,835,265
Electrical apparatus and supplies	7,201,463	1,171,543	6,029,920
Flour and grist mill products	35,319,060	21,025,481	14,293,579
Foundry products	15,520,418	9,145,382	6,375,036
Furniture	7,375,528	5,212,997	2,162,531
Leather	9,572,334	6,255,337	3,316,997
Log products	31,626,222	25,672,424	5,953,798
Lumber products	12,882,223	6,152,853	6,729,370
Plumbing and tinsmithing	5,644,716	2,613,814	3,030,902
Printing and publishing	11,429,664	7,077,800	4,351,864
Smelting (ore products)	11,870,183	1,894,012	9,976,171
Quebec—			
Car works and repairs	13,225,317	5,905,805	7,319,512
Electric light and power	4,188,760	646,563	3,542,197
Flour and grist mill products	8,598,830	3,195,911	5,402,919
Iron and steel products	5,510,596	3,455,578	2,055,018
Log products	14,489,206	10,391,638	4,097,568
Paper	6,163,240	2,621,071	3,542,169
Slaughtering and meat packing	5,351,739	3,079,440	2,227,299
Tobacco products	10,891,803	8,230,952	2,660,851
Wire	3,437,308	1,123,239	2,224,069

PRODUCTS OF CITIES AND TOWNS SHOWING INCREASE OF $2,000,000 AND OVER.

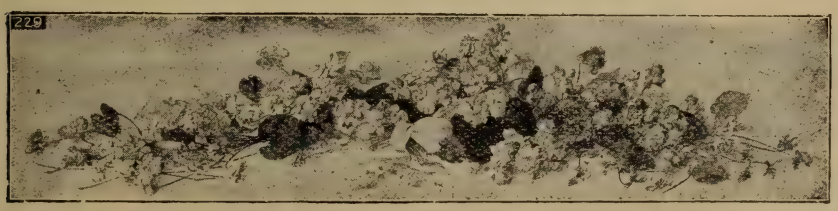
Cities and Towns.	1905. $	1900. $	Increase. $
Amherst	4,174,929	1,551,907	2,623,022
Berlin	5,449,012	3,037,513	2,411,499
Brantford	8,545,679	5,564,695	2,980,984
Hamilton	24,625,776	17,122,346	7,503,430
Kingston	4,329,607	2,045,173	2,284,434
London	12,626,844	8,122,185	4,504,659
Montreal	99,746,772	71,099,750	28,647,022
Ottawa	10,641,378	7,638,688	3,002,690
Peterborough	11,566,805	3,789,164	7,777,641
Sault Ste. Marie	5,251,643	738,472	4,513,171
Sydney	4,058,659	631,396	3,427,263
Toronto	85,714,278	58,415,498	27,298,780
Vancouver	10,067,556	4,990,152	5,077,404
Winnipeg	18,983,290	8,616,248	10,367,042

In this list of fourteen cities and towns relative positions have not changed much in the five years as ranked by values of products. Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and London continue to hold the first five places in the order named. Peterborough has stepped up from ninth to sixth place and Ottawa has dropped from sixth to seventh. Vancouver retains the eighth rank, and Brantford drops from seventh to ninth. Berlin

retains the tenth place. Sault Ste. Marie has displaced Kingston for the eleventh place, and Kingston, Amherst and Sydney are at the foot. But when ranked according to increase in the value of product the order is to some extent changed. Montreal and Toronto are yet in the first and second places; but Winnipeg and Peterborough take rank before Hamilton, and Vancouver and Sault Ste. Marie before London. In the fourteen cities and towns the increase in the value of manufactures in the five years is $112,419,041 or 58 per cent. Montreal's increase is 40 per cent. and Toronto's is 47 per cent. Adding to these cities the value of products for work employing less than five hands in 1905, Montreal's total is $100,425,964 and Toronto's is $86,838,101.

The evidences of the growth of Canada in the twentieth century found in the statistics of manufactures, of railways, banking and commerce are for the whole Dominion, and they show a surprising record of expansion. The census of population and agriculture in the Northwest Provinces shows if possible development on a large scale, and while it will not be claimed that the older provinces are growing at the same rate there is no doubt that all parts of the country have prospered in their varied industries. The interests of agriculture, transportation, banking, manufactures, trade and all business affairs act and react upon each other, and with its great natural resources in land and forest, minerals, fisheries and water-powers, there is no limit within sight to the greatness to which Canada may attain before the century is out.

The manufacturers and merchants of Toronto and Montreal are busier to-day through their travelers and agents on the prairies of the West than twenty-five years ago they were in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Thirty-five years ago the Government of this Province and the Government of the Dominion began a contention for possession of the unknown tract between the height of land and Hudson Bay, and nearly twenty-five years ago the final award was made confirming the claim of the province. But for half the lifetime of a generation at the close of last century the new possession was kept as a miser keeps his horde, while our surplus population was going out by tens of thousands every year to find homes and take up citizenship in an alien country, and the victory over the Dominion was exploited for its politics at election after election. Then a young man, comparatively new to the public of the province, rose and blazed out a new line into the region of business politics, and the result was the discovery and exploration of the clay belt. That was seven years ago, and the population of that wide northern wilderness stretching nine hundred miles from Mattawa town on the Ottawa River to Winnipeg was less than one per square mile. A new transcontinental railway is now under construction through that domain, and though some of us may not, will not, live to see it, I am sanguine that long before the close of this century the clay belt of Ontario and its continuation into Quebec will sustain a population of two to three millions—joining together by the strongest of ties the east and the west and serving to maintain Montreal and Toronto as the great industrial and commercial centres of the Dominion.



Smoke, or Fire

By Anne Warner in The Smart Set

MY DEAREST SUE:

I was simply paralyzed by your letter of congratulations! I never heard anything so crazy in all my life! The mere idea of my marrying again is too preposterous for words. I would not have known what man you referred to if you had not mentioned the name! Really, I wouldn't!

I am not engaged. Of course I wouldn't admit it if I was, but I really am not. I won't say that I wouldn't marry him under any circumstances, because I think any woman is very foolish to say that of any man in these days when, whoever you marry, you are so liable to marry others later; but I haven't told him that I'd marry him anyway, and I would tell you whether he had asked me or not if I could see you, but I hate putting personalities in letters. There is always the chance of one or the other becoming celebrated and the letters being printed later on, you know.

Of course, I did meet him first at that house party, and, of course, we were together most of the time. I thought that, as we were perfect strangers, we could be together without starting talk, but I found that it is not wise to be constantly with even a perfect stranger, because if you keep on being constantly with a man it starts talk right off, and the more constantly you are with a man the less either of you cares to have it talked of. You know how I hate to be talked about anyhow, and how hard I try to avoid it. I have given up so many things on account of it—red parasols and traveling with a monkey, and other equally innocent pleasures—that it does seem to me as if I might have been allowed this one man, he really is such a dear, Sue—just wait until I introduce you—and so good-looking.

Now, as to these dreadful stories you have heard, dear. I shall take them in order and answer them completely. In the first place, it's quite true about the motor ride—that is, the most of it is true. Of course I was frightened and I wasn't expecting the lightning flash. And neither was he. We had stopped under the tree to wait for the rain to be over. It was one of those sultry storms and I was so smothered that I was absolutely forced to put my veil up. I was really nearly smothered, Sue; you know how hot those veils and storms are, and I was fearfully frightened, and he was no more expecting the flash than I was. It was all horribly unfortunate, and we never have been able to find out who started that story. I think that whoever did it will be murdered if he ever lets it be known who he is. It was so mean to tell, anyway, because it must have been so perfectly evident that the flash of lightning was entirely unexpected by both of us.

Then there is the story about my going and spending the evening with him and I'm sincerely glad that you've heard it and asked me about it, for although I know that you know me too well to believe that I would do such a thing, still I want to tell you just what started that. You see, I went to stay with Carrie, utterly forgetting that he was staying with Dr. Kent. After I was settled I found that Carrie's husband doesn't allow Dr. Kent to enter the house, for no better reason than that he didn't marry Carrie. So mean of him, for Dr. Kent is a dear. But of course it left me in a pretty mess, for you couldn't ask one man without the other. I was quite miserable about it, for you know how fond I've always been of Dr. Kent, and so one evening I suddenly had the craziest idea jump into my head. I was returning from the Croydell's dinner rather early so as to pick Carrie up at a Symphony Concert, and I saw a light in the Dale

house (you know Dr. Kent had it for the Winter), and I entirely forgot that it was the night of the big medical banquet.

I thought that it would be such fun to surprise them both for five minutes, and I had unhooked the tube on the spur of the minute and told the coachman to stop the carriage there. It wasn't until after it was stopped and I was out and upon the steps that it occurred to me that the situation was a bit awkward. You know that I never get myself into a box, so of course I had to think fast.

I took my handkerchief and applied it to my eye as if I had met with some accident, and that made it quite right to ask for Dr. Kent. The horrid part was that of course Dr. Kent was out, but fortunately Clarence was in the study just off the hall and heard my voice and hurried to the door. He insisted upon my coming in, and so I went in and we did have an adorable time. I never knew that the Dales had such a charming house. If they want to rent it next Winter I think that we —I mean Dr. Kent—may take it again.

But I really didn't stay long, Sue, honestly I didn't; and I hadn't seen him for four days, you know, and of course I knew and he knew that it was our one chance while I was at Carrie's. I will confess that I was rather late in getting her, and her husband was awfully snappish over it—do you know, I didn't like him a bit after that —always have wished that she had married Dr. Kent ever since. Fancy how heavenly it would have been! But that's the whole truth about the story of my going to see him, and you can see how false it is from start to finish. I should like to see myself going to any man, indeed.

But oh, Sue, we did have such fun. I had on my new cream lace gown and he absolutely had on slippers—it was too cozy and homelike for words. Only we both would have a big, sleepy-hollow chair in that room if we were furnishing it. Such horrid, creaky, squeaky chairs you never saw, my dear! I was in mortal fear of breaking them. If I ever have a place of my own again I mean to have good solid furniture—furniture that you can take some comfort in.

Now to the next things that have been told you. I almost think that it is beneath me to reply to them at all. To think of people having the face to say that we are always together and that only to look at us anyone would know that it was true! It really seems to me, Sue, that you might have spared yourself the trouble of repeating accusations like that, for they show that they must be lies, and I'm sure I cannot see who could have started them unless it is Central or farmers who live away off in unfrequented places. I have made up my mind to one thing—and Clarence has made up his, too—and that is that we shall never, so long as we live, look at people we meet in the country, or remark on what anyone does or says. And if any man or woman is desperate, he or she, as the case may be, can come to our house and use the sleepy-hollow chair any time and for as long a time as he or she, as the case may be, chooses, and we shall never say a word, then or ever!

And now as to the tale about Paris, which is really apparently the worst of all to hush up. We are denying it right and left, but so many people know us that it seems well-nigh impossible to crush it out. I do assure you that I was positively in rags, my dear, in rags, and I made up my mind all of a sudden one day that as long as I hadn't a thing fit to wear I might as well run over to Aubregiac and get a new outfit right through.

I never dally after I decide—as you know, dear—so I took my passage the very next morning and I sailed on the eighth. No one could have been more surprised than we were at meeting one another on the steamer. It was the greatest coincidence that I ever knew of, for he hadn't an idea that I was going. The voyage would have been perfect, only that the whole Lake family were on the boat, and I always shall believe that it was Mrs. Lake who started the story of our being engaged. It was

natural that, knowing each other as well as we did, we should have been together, and we both were crazy over the moon nights (it was really very cloudy all the voyage, but we kept on hoping), so we were together more or less, and I haven't the faintest intention of denying that; but as to what Mrs. Lake said—well, all I can say is that I shall never really like any of them again. They stayed up until the most ungodly hours, Sue, and walked the whole time, and wherever it was quiet and a little bit out of the wind there Mrs. Lake would post herself until I wanted to cry. You know how few quiet places out of the wind there are, and then to have an old woman stand in one of them till after midnight! Nevertheless, of course it didn't matter as it would have mattered had we been engaged. I should think that anyone could see that, and I want to ask you, Sue, if we had been engaged would we ever have gone over on the same steamer? Wouldn't we have gone on separate steamers to keep people from saying that we were engaged—if for nothing else? Isn't it all too absurd on the very face of it? I declare, these stories fairly madden me because anyone with a grain of common sense would see at a glance what lies they must be.

We were at different hotels in Paris, and I had Madame Masjon with me, too, so everything was all correct, and I denied myself so much pleasure that it certainly does seem to me too cruel of people to talk so. We came back on different steamers, naturally, and then, besides, the dressmaker disappointed me and my frocks were not done, but no one pays any attention to that fact. People who desire to gossip seem to have no logic. Absolutely, if I had known how they were gong to talk anyway, I do believe that I would have returned on the same steamer. It will exasperate me as long as I live to think that I lost a whole week with him that I might have had.

I do wish that you could see my new things, dear—they are exquisite; much prettier than my trousseau the other time. I have hats and shoes to match every frock this time. And oh, my dear, my ring! I forgot to tell you about my ring; and I must tell you, for people are talking of that, too. It's some old family stones that I had reset in Paris. It is simply gorgeous. You never saw such a ring. I have a bracelet besides and I am going to have a necklace. They are all too lovely for words.

Indeed, dear Sue, if it wasn't for this horrid, confounded gossip I should be quite the happiest woman alive. I am very well and we never had such weather. To be sure, it does rain pretty steadily, but when people come to tea and it keeps on raining it gives such a good excuse for their staying to dinner, and I am most grateful that I am not visiting Carrie now. I am at Maude Lisle's, and she wants me to ask you if you can come and spend October with her. I am going to be here most of the month and I shouldn't wonder if it was rather gay toward the middle. Maude is going to give some dinners and things and Clarence has a new motor, and I know you would like to meet him even if I am not going to marry him, as kind (?) friends informed you.

I don't want you to think from this letter that I am a bit vexed with you for having believed idle reports so quickly, for I am not. On the contrary, I am sincerely glad that you wrote me as you did and gave me a chance to explain fully, for I think, frankness is so necessary among friends, and if I were really engaged you would naturally expect to be one of the first to be told. But Clarence says that I cannot keep anything to myself, and we have such a big bet up about that, that wild horses could not drag it out of me until after the first of the month. That is partly why these stories annoy me so terribly, and why I take so much time and pains in denying them. I would not have it get about for any money. People would fit the flash of lightning right in with that journey to Paris and my new things and this ring, and there would be no convinc-

ing them that it wasn't so. The more we denied it the more ridiculous we should appear, and you know how much I hate to appear ridiculous. I have always said that I would never marry a second time, and I never shall. And you know, Sue dear, that if I were really engaged to marry anyone I should most certainly tell you at once; so that alone proves the falseness of the whole story.

Now you'll come in October, won't you? Maude wants you to promise. I shall be leaving on the eighteenth or nineteenth—the date isn't positively set—and she says that she will be too horribly lonely if there isn't someone with her to talk over what will be happening then. You know how fond Maude always is, first of things, and then of talking them over, and she is almost as happy as I am these days. It was she who introduced me to Clarence at the house-party, so it seems especially fitting that I should be with her now, you know. The dear thing, she has absolutely her drawing-rooms all done over—isn't that almost touching? Do write that you will be sure to come. I want you to meet Clarence, too—he is so handsome—and do you know he has taken the Dale house for five years? I didn't mean to tell you, but I'm sure that I don't see why I shouldn't. Taking the Dale house is no crime, heaven knows.

And now, Sue dear, in conclusion, I want to beg you if you hear any more stories about me to deny them at once. Say that you are positive that there is not one word of truth in any of them. I don't suppose you can deny the lightning flash because somebody must have surely seen us to have started it at all, and the trip to Paris is true, too, and my clothes are true, of course; but deny all the rest and fix up what you can't deny as well as you can, for I do detest being talked about, and then, too, I am wild to win that bet from Clarence.

And be sure to write favorably of October. I want you to come just as soon as you can—I have such a lot to tell you and I promise you that it's interesting. Maude says that we will have a love of a time when Clarence isn't here, and when he is here you and she can look all over my things together. I have such adorable things, stripes of lace and ribbon alternate, and hand-embroidered silk petticoats, and so on.

Good-bye, dear; au revoir.

As ever, yours affectionately,

NAN.

P. S. If anyone says the stones in my ring came from my grandmother, just let it go; I did say that they were from my grandmother at first. Oh, Sue, I go half mad being tripped up on things I've said and completely forgotten! You see, I had no idea in the beginning that people were such awful liars.

But now I really think very few people know what truth means.

Keep your ambition prominently in mind, and make each day's work conform to the plan by which you hope to attain it. It all depends on your stick-to-itiveness now, whether you shall be prosperous and contented in the days when you take to spectacles and armchair.

Significance of the Railroad to Hudson Bay

Heral Magazine

THE world, it seems, is fairly shrinking year by year as the time measurement of the Atlantic grows less and less under the keel of our mammoth liners. The new Lusitania is to revolutionize the Liverpool-New York journey. But the shortest route is fast moving northward. Even for less ambitious ships that the new giant Cunarder four days will soon bridge the ocean between Ireland's most westerly port and the most easterly port in Newfoundland.

But a still more northerly route is now about to be opened up, having been rendered imperatively necessary by the sudden and enormous development of wheat-growing in Western Canada. The present blockade of eastbound freight on all lines of our Northwestern States and Western Canada has given new life to the long continued agitation for a short route to Europe by way of Hudson Bay.

Naturally, the nearer one gets to the Pole the shorter is the distance across the world. Thus, from Japan to Liverpool by way of San Francisco is fully eleven thousand miles. But the Vancouver-Montreal route takes a thousand miles off this. Going by Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus saves another seven hundred miles; and last of all comes the new projected route by way of Prince Rupert and Hudson Bay, which reduces the Japan-Liverpool journey from eleven thousand miles to 8,275 miles.

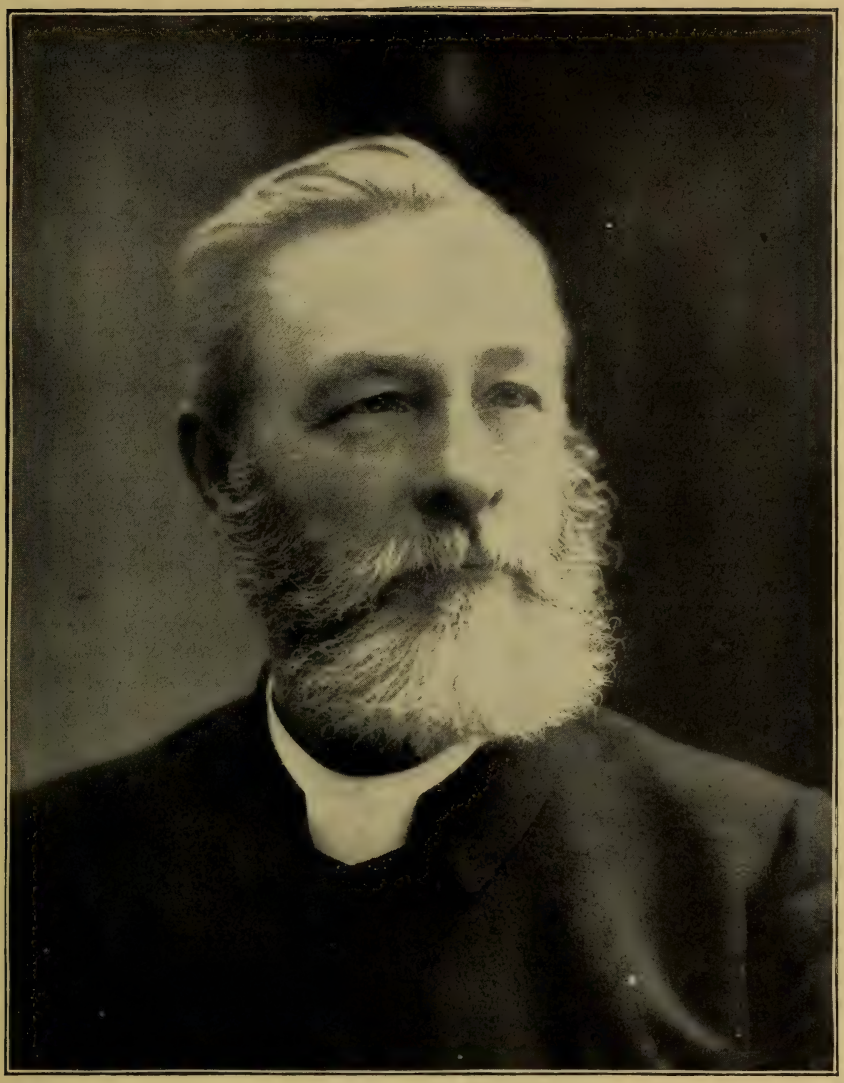
It is estimated that a railroad to Hudson Bay would move Liverpool two thousand miles nearer to Western shippers. For the last quarter of a century a line from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay has been mooted, but all projects have been foiled or hindered by one cause or another. At the present moment, however, the amazing development of Winnipeg and the Canadian Northwest has led to such vigorous action that no less than six diffirent charters have been granted in connection with Hudson Bay schemes.

This great idea has no warmer supporter than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the popular Canadian Premier, who declares that if the standing offer of 12,000 acres of land per mile is not found sufficient encouragement other means must be adopted—such as making the Hudson Bay route, both railroad and steamship, a national undertaking.

The harbor at Churchill is one of the finest in North America—a direct five hundred and fifty-mile deep water sail from the western end of the Straits and free from ice almost half the year. Hudson Bay itself, of course, is open all the year round. The railroad to Churchill will be a concrete fact within a few years, and then Keewatin—that enormous game preserve half as big as European Russia—will be a split up between Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario, giving each a splendid seaport.

These great schemes hinge entirely upon the amazing development of Western Canada, whose magical black soil, experts say, will go on producing the hardest wheat in the world without stimulus for a century or more. Already Winnipeg bids fair to be the Chicago of Canada. Through this "buckle of the wheat belt" all the grain must pass.

Within the last two years the city has spent over $20,000,000 upon new buildings, and its population is leaping up from year to year in bounds of 12,000 or so. More and more of the prairie is swallowed up every month, and to-day there must be at least 120,000 souls in this wonderful city.



The Late Rev. John Potts, D.D.

In the death of Rev. John Potts, D.D., who passed away at his home in Toronto, on Wednesday, October 16th, not only has the Canadian Methodist Church lost its Educational Secretary and a founder, but Canada also has lost one of its greatest and most widely-known men. As an educationist, a financier, and an orator, Dr. Potts has proved himself a master among the world's greatest. As a man he showed a personality and a large-heartedness which made him beloved by all his intimates.

Born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1833, John Potts came to America, first to the United States and shortly afterwards to Canada, at the age of nineteen. His life since has been a march of progress.

Dr. Potts has made Canada's name proud on many occasions. His association with the World's Sunday School Association has made this country famous throughout all the branches of the organization, and in two instances particularly, where he has spoken, once at the International Convention at Denver, in 1902, and again on the excursion to the World's Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem in 1904, when he preached from Mars Hill at Rome, Dr. Potts astonished even the great men with whom he was associated. His passing is a decided loss to Canada.

A Mother's View of Football

By Christine T. Herrick in Woman's Home Companion

IN my girlhood I never saw a game of football. The young men of scholastic pursuits who were especially interested in my sporting education took me to see divers games of baseball, and I developed about all the diplomacy I ever possessed in my efforts to conceal from these youths the utter impossibility I found in understanding the intricacies of the great American game.

For some years after my special interest in small boys was awakened, the opportunities of attending football games did not present themselves, and my sons were nearly grown before I saw my first game. When I did, it was a terrible mental slump. I had been asked by an elderly relative to go with him to a game played at a college town in which he was much interested, and I accompanied him with high anticipations. Afterward I was told that it had not been a very interesting game. For my own part, it gave me a new idea of what might be meant by stupidity.

The very name of the game was misleading! Why should it be called football when the ball was so seldom kicked? It was grabbed, it was fought over, it was used as a foundation for a pile of boys, for the centre of a waving mass of arms and legs, but contact between the ball and the feet occurred so seldom as to be virtually a negligible quantity. I had expected a Homeric contest that would stir and thrill me to the depths. Instead, I witnessed a series of scrimmages, a great deal of rough-and-tumble rolling about on the ground, and little else. I don't recall the score; I have even forgotten which side won. I came away a disappointed and much-disgusted woman.

Just about this time there appeared in the papers the notice of the death of a player in a school football game. This was not so unusual an occurrence that would have awakened more than a passing pity had it not been that the accident took place in the school attended by one of my own sons. A few days later came a letter from him that brought the tragedy more clearly before me. Here is his letter:

Dear Mama:

You may have heard that the captain of our football team got killed in a practise game on Wednesday, but I will tell you about it anyway.

On Tuesday the squad started "scrimmaging' in football, and yesterday was the second day of it. J—, our captain, had started to take the ball around the end, when he was tackled and fell on the back of his head. Several other players fell on him, and when they got up he lay there. They picked him up and poured water on his head, and he came to and wanted to continue the game, but the coach wouldn't let him. So he started to walk over to the 'gym," when he fainted, and was carried into the physical director's office. He lay still there on the table, and they undressed him and tried to bring him to, thinking that he was only stunned, but after about an hour's work they discovered he was dead. He had broken a blood vessel at the base of his brain, and the blood pouring out made a clot on his brain which killed him.

Everybody, of course, was terribly broken up about it, and the fellow who tackled him felt like a murderer. He went away last night, and they could not find him until he was discovered in one of the master's rooms. He was not at any of his recitations or at chapel to-day.

They had a funeral service to-day at 2:30, for they had to hurry to get the coffin off, so that it might get to his home by the time his mother gets there; his father is dead.

At the service they read the Twen-

ty-third Psalm, said the Lord's Prayer and sang a hymn, and then most of the fellows went down to the gym to see him once more for the last time. I didn't go. Two-thirds of them came up crying. Then the whole school lined up by forms, and the hearse and carriages passed between them, and the chimes played all the while. It was very solemn and sad.

I am glad it is all over, but I am afraid that it will just about finish up football for this year. I have heard several players say they don't care to play any more, now that J— is gone.

There was a lump in my throat when I laid down the letter, and a pain in my heart. "If it had been my boy!' I thought. And then the question came to me: 'What would I do if one of my boys wished to play football? One is ruled out by his short-sightedness, and need not be considered, and the other has thus far been too light a weight to be of value to the team. But suppose as he grows in years and size he should aspire to a place on the eleven, what would I do about it?" Here was a problem to be considered.

I had met mothers—and fathers, too—who would not permit their sons to play football. More than one big, husky lad I knew who longed for the game, and to whom it was vetoed by his parents. I had myself had a sneaking sympathy for the father who, after a fatal accident to a boy at a big school where his own son was a pupil, wrote to the authorities there that his boy was not to be permitted to play football, although he felt the game ought to be kept up in the school!

In order to be able to decide the matter intelligently I would have to do more than secure a merely academic acquaintance with football. I must accumulate experimental knowledge by attendance at some good games of football, that I might judge for myself of the sport.

So under the charge of my especial college boy I started to take in such of the intercollegiate games as came our way. We saw games where the teams were well matched and the struggle fierce, and I collected a store of experiences from which I drew deductions more or less opposed to each other, but all having specific value in determining my own views of football.

The first thing that struck me was the tremendous influence a game like football must have in cultivating college spirit. Never had I seen such enthusiasm. It suggested to me the excitement that must have attended the contests in the old days of Greece and Rome. The bitter mutterings when "our side" was downed, the fierce cheers when a spectacular run or a clever pass was made, the loud calls of encouragement to this man or that upon whose skill or speed hung the game at the moment, the cries of "Come on, Billy!" "Eat him up, Jimmy!" "Hold it, Tommy! hold it! hold it!"—all impressed me far more than the organized cheering under the direction of a cheer master, remarkable though that was in the seriousness with which the boys devoted themselves to the work of "hitting it up" for their respective colleges. And when at a crucial moment in the game the college song of our side was started, and all the men rose and stood uncovered while they sang it—ah, that was a thrill worth having!

So much for the view off the field. Down on the gridiron there were observations a-plenty to be made. At first I was guilty of sundry jeers concerning the efficiency of the new rules, when I saw the men piled on top of one another in the fashion which constituted my clearest recollection of football as I had seen it. After a little, however, the difference displayed itself even to my untrained eyes. There was still the tackling—which looks so cruelly dangerous to a woman—and the heaping up of a bunch of football players on top of a ball will, I fear, never seem an interesting part of the game to my Philistine eyes. But the open game certainly provides opportunities for seeing what is doing that was never afforded under former regulations (my own decidedly ama-

teur verdict in this line being confirmed by wiser judges than myself).

I suppose any aggressive game of this sort must appear more or less brutal to a woman, but granted that men and boys will pull and pummel and pound one another in some sport, I must admit that I find the football field offering them opportunities for a variety of ethical culture of which I have heard little said. If that is putting it a trifle strongly, I believe I am safe in asserting that it encourages a good many of the heroic virtues.

This was borne in upon me early in the first game I saw during my period of education. Within ten minutes of the time when the game was called two of the best players—one on each side—were withdrawn from the field for slugging one another. Now under those circumstances I submit that it is natural for two lads to wish to slug. They are engaged in a fierce contest over the ball, the impact of their bodies stirs them to fight, they yield to the impulse to strike out. And then—a whistle blows, the referee comes up, the decision is made—and each side has lost one of its best men. Unless boys are abject fools they will learn, after a lesson or two of this sort, that loyalty and devotion to their colleges and their teams demand self-control.

So there is a lesson in self-command at the very outset, and the game is filled with chances for such. For my own part, I should think that a man who could keep himself in hand on the football field would be ready for about all the enemy could bring against him of provocation when once out in the world.

Another thing that impressed me greatly was the generalship of the leaders. When the players were lined up, and the quarter back, running his eye along the men, called out number after number, indicating the man for each place, it gave me a large conception of the study that leader must have bestowed upon his men and his game. To know each player so well that at an instant's notice, in the fierce excitement of the game, he could select the man needed in each place, and could have the mental poise to put them where he believed they would do most good—was not this a big lesson, to be learned by a man who might some day have to manage on other fields than the gridiron? I recalled the saying of the Duke of Wellington, that the battles of England were won on the playing fields of Eton. Presence of mind in an emergency when every nerve is tense, every faculty strained; the hold a boy must have upon himself lest by losing his grip and becoming "rattled" he may ruin the chances of his side for winning—was training in these not well worth while in the making of a man?

What one saw in the leader one could find also in the individual player. When a boy got the ball and tried to carry it toward the goal, dodging this one, slipping by that one, seizing every opportunity that presented itself for gaining a foot toward his goal line, showing a dexterity, a skill that indicated perfect mental and physical discipline—was not that of value to him as part of his equipment for the world fight?

Pluck is another quality I observed in a very marked degree on the football field. When a man is knocked down and out by a fierce tackle, when he lies gasping after a fall, perhaps an ankle twisted, a knee bruised, and yet struggles up and goes on with the fight, he shows courage of a good order, and the spectators testified their appreciation of it by their cheers.

Self-control, quickness to recognize character and ability, generalship, promptness to see and seize an opportunity, pluck, that quality which we call "sand," are worth cultivating. Is there any other athletic sport which offers such chances for their development as football?

The recent modifications of the game have, as a matter of course, abated abuses and brought great improvements in their train. Moreover, the change which has done away with so much of the mass play has also removed the temptations to cheating

and to foul play. Now it is possible to see when brutality is practised. Kicking is not tolerated in a decent game, the cruelty and man-handling that were possible under the old regime are banished with hurdling, "holding," tripping and other unlawful means of making a good score by disabling or injuring the opposing players. With the exile of that sort of thing from the school and college football field will go the most fruitful source of casualties. Football will never be a rose-water game, but as it is at the present, and is likely to be in the future, it need not be reckoned as a murderous onslaught on both sides, or at the best as a gladiatorial contest.

There is something—a good deal—to be said on the other side. Accidents are bound to occur wherever men meet in physical struggle, and it is undeniable that there is a plentiful crop of injuries garnered in every football season. We are told that there are accidents on the baseball field as well. Men are struck by flying balls—killed, sometimes—but accidents due to some indirect agency do not seem so terrible as those that come in the heat of personal and physical contest.

But can all brutality and danger be eliminated from sports? I come back to the ground where I placed myself years ago when I first appreciated the fact that boys who are tied to their mother's apron strings are sure to suffer for it in one way or another. "Boys must take their chances," I said then and I say now.

There may be—there often is—violence in boxing and wrestling. Accidents are common to bicycle riders. Never a year passes without more drowning accidents in one month than there are casualties in two or three football seasons. But that is a weak-minded parent who refuses a boy boxing, wrestling or bicycling, who forbids his learning to row or to swim, or who vetoes fishing, because of the dangers in these sports. Every hunting season has its crop of fatal accidents. Is a man to remain ignorant of the use of firearms on this account?

To those who think football a brutalizing game which tends to exalt the purely physical at the expense of the mental and spiritual, I commend a little study of the men in responsible positions who were football players at school and college. There is a goodly roll of them—men who stand high in the councils of the nation, who are conspicuous in financial, legal, literary, medical and clerical circles. The sport did not stultify their intellects or deaden their sympathies. Rather have they carried into their world work the qualities I have already enumerated among those to be learned on the gridiron. Football may kill a player now and then—but as a rule it makes pretty fine men of the survivors.

And yet—being a woman—I can't help praying that my boy may never become a football player!

A man exhibits a finer quality of courage when he smiles and keeps doing his best in the face of ill-luck than when he braves the dangers of an Arctic expedition or an African tiger hunt.

College Training Proved Best for Business Life

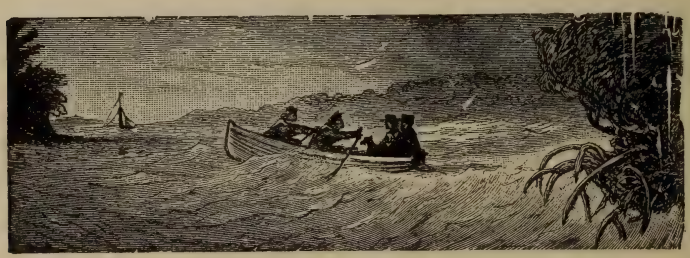
New York Commercial

THE old hostility between the American university and the American business man is rapidly disappearing, according to close observers. The business man, on his side, is coming to realize that a college training, instead of making a boy a sort of poetic or scientific dilettante who shudders at the thought of dirty hands, or one who is strong enough to play football, but too delicate to interest himself in shifting a case of goods, really supplies him with the best sort of apprentices—young men who have been trained to think and to master quickly the details of complicated processes. The university, on the other hand, no longer desires a caste aloofness from trade; no longer seeks for itself an academic or professional seclusion from the market place, and, in fact, is doing everything in its power to get into business itself.

The breaking down of this barrier is due to a variety of causes. In the first place, enough time has elasped since the day when the majority of college students, trained under the old curriculum, went exclusively into the professions, to allow many young men, educated under the new elective systems, to enter business and rise to an ownership or a partnership in great concerns. Naturally, these men, who have found in actual practice that their collegiate training was a decided asset, employ college graduates wherever possible in their own offices. Their attitude, especially when it is confirmed by success, is also reaching upon older business men who were trained exclusively in the university of every-day life, where the instruction to freshmen consists mainly of sweeping out the store and running errands. And these men are finding out that they are spending a great deal of unnecessary time in trying to train to intelligent efficiency, to the ability to think, by the old office method. They are discovering that they can get young men already trained to do their own thinking, accustomed to learning, familiar with quick methods of gaining information —the three great things the moodern college gives—and in addition, having some experience in handling men and in organization through management of college societies or teams, and a working knowledge of the English language. These men can more quickly be brought up to valuable business efficiency and this is what the business man wants. For the business man of to-day is not particularly in need of office boys who are paid $5 a week, and possibly yield a profit to the firm of $1 a week; he wants the $50 a week man who can earn $100 a week over his salary. Consequently, if he can get the boy who is already trained in thinking and can rise quickly in practical business, into the $50 class, he is saved so much time in reaching his real profits. There is one other factor, a sort of converse of the law that desires increase with income. For the college man, in his university life, has got a taste for higher things, a desire for esthetic gratifications in his amusements and pleasures, and will strive harder to reach the high salaried places which will enable him to gratify these essential longings than will other men who are happy with a more easily attained mode of life.

On the side of the college or university, the millions of endowment from the Maecenases of American industry, which alone have made possible many of their finest courses and educational facilities, compel respect on the part of cap, hood and gown for pen, ledger and scales. But there is also another element. For the captain of industry of to-day, marshalling his huge forces, stage managing, as it were, the dramas of modern business,

is both, in intelligence and breadth of business education, vastly the superior of the small store-keeper or manufacturer of half a century ago, who, with little beyond native wit and some ingenuity, could carry on his local business. To-day, however, the man of affairs, the head of a small concern, is living an industrial epic rather than an industrious idyl. And many of the elements of his business are now called "sciences" and "arts"—the science of finance; the science of railroading; the economics of production, the philosophy of labor conditions; the theories of foreign trade; the art of handling men; the science of accounting; the art of advertising. It is not enough to-day that a manufacturer knows how to make a good product in his shop; or that the store owner can sell a good product over his counter and keep a set of books. Such limited ability would describe merely the small concern which has not yet risen to real success on the American gauge. The real business man of to-day must have, whether he gained it in or out of college, what might be called a professional knowledge of government, of sociology, economics, transportation, finance and the modern movements and agencies. He must have his markets at his fingers' ends, must be an expert psychologist, must be familiar with law, with trade customs, with the eccentricities of different people. Frequently, he must possess a wide knowledge of chemistry, or mechanics, or be versed in many of the allied branches of pure art in order to produce a product which shall at once meet competition and yet yield him a profit. And lastly, he must know how to keep thousands of people busy and contented and each doing just the work he is most capable of discharging. It calls for mighty generalship, for imagination, for the ability to handle vast details and marshal facts. Novels are written upon the life of this business man, and a new breed of text books on the different sciences of business has come into prominence to supply the demand from business climbers. And the universities are recognizing that in business are many of the true elements of a profession, are beginning to regard the business man as a professional; and are introducing many courses designed peculiarly to supply professional training to the man downtown.



Right Hon. Henry Hawkins, Lord Brampton

Daily Graphic

HENRY HAWKINS, LORD BRAMPTON, was one of our most conspicuous examples——Serjeant Ballantyne was another, and so is Mr. Rufus Isaacs—of an advocate raising himself to the highest eminence without the help, so valuable, as a rule, of an academic education. The son of John Hawkins, solicitor, of Hitchin, Hertfordshire, he was born in the former town on Sept. 14, 1817, and educated at the Bedford Grammar School. On leaving school he was articled to his uncle, an attorney, but disliked the occupation, and made up his mind that he would either go on the stage or be called to the Bar. His father, though not in sympathy with his decision, promised him an allowance of £100 a year for five years to enter the latter profession.

The date of his call was May 3, 1843, and briefs began to come to him more quickly than to many barristers. In his second year he made £50. In his third year he was able to dispense with help from his father's purse. In 1847 he was junior to Sir Frederick Thesiger in the successful prosecution of Richard Dunn, a briefless barrister, who had pestered the Baroness (then Miss) Burdett-Coutts, for many years with offers of love and demands for money, and had brought himself within reach of the law by committing perjury in an affidavit. He was junior to Edwin James in the trial which ended in the acquittal of Simon Bernard, accused, and no doubt guilty, of participation in Orsini's plot against the Emperor of the French. Several of his other cases were also political. He defended Pollard, indicted for having defrauded Prince Louis Napoleon, and he was counsel for W. H. Smith when his seat was contested by the Liberals of Westminster. In 1863 he was counsel—he had taken silk in 1858—along with Bovill, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, in the abortive proceedings arising out of the forgeries committed by William Roupell, M.P. for Lambeth. In 1865, he sought Parliamentary honors, standing for Barnstaple in the Liberal interest, but without success. Barnstaple was in those days a borough which went to the highest bidder, and Mr. Hawkins, speaking from the balcony of the father of the present necrologist, who had seconded his nomination, could only say that he would rather return to town, as he should return, defeated, than be elected to be member for Barnstaple by the dishonest means of bribery.

The two causes celebres in which Mr. Hawkins achieved his greatest distinction were the great will case of Sugden v. Lord St. Leonards and the Tichborne trials. In the first of the Tichborne cases he was retained to lead Coleridge; but, owing to Coleridge's elevation to the Solicitor-Generalship, was led by him. He had been retained to cross-examine, and for no other purpose; but Coleridge took his place, and "acknowledged that the claimant cross-examined him instead of his cross-examining the plaintiff." Mr. Harris, who wrote out Lord Brampton's reminiscences for him, says: "It would have been an excellent investment for the Tichborne family to have given Hawkins ten thousand pounds to do so, for I am sure there would have been an end of the case as soon as he got to Wapping." And Mr. Hawkins himself, commenting on the manner in which Mr. Chapman Barber, of the Chancery side, cross-examined the claimant on his affidavits, says: "They said I might like to hear the cross-examination as a matter of curiosity. I did. The claimant had it all his own way. I was powerless to lend any assistance, but had I been instructed I am perfectly sure I could then and there have extinguished the case, for the claimant at that time knew absolutely nothing of the life and history of Roger Tichborne."

If Mr. Hawkins was not allowed to

cross-examine the claimant, however, he was allowed to handle some witnesses, among them Baigent, the historian of the family, who knew more of the Tichbornes than they knew of themselves; and this cross-examination did more than anything else to destroy the claimant's case. "I drew from him," say the "Reminiscences," "the confession that he did not believe he (Sir Roger) was alive, but that he had encouraged the Dowager Lady Tichborne to believe that the claimant was her son, and that her garden was lighted night after night with chinese lanterns, in expectation of his coming. I also obtained admissions from him that when he saw the claimant at Alresford Station neither knew the other, although Baigent had never altered in the least, as he alleged." This trial lasted for 188 days, extending over portions of two years. When it ended in a verdict for the Tichbornes, the prosecution of the claimant for perjury was ordered. This time Mr. Hawkins did lead. With him were Serjeant Parry, Bowen, and Matthew. Against them was the celebrated Dr. Kenealy. The trial was "at bar," before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Justices Mellor and Lush. Mr. Hawkins' opening speech filled six days, and his reply nine. "But that reply, he writes, "was a labor fearful to look back upon. When I rose . . . I felt as one about to plunge into a boundless ocean, with the certain knowledge that everything depended upon my own unaided efforts as to whether I should sink or swim. Happily for the course of justice, I succeeded. . . . I can never forget the words of the Lord Chief Justice himself, the first to appreciate and applaud, as I was passing near him in leaving the court: 'Bravo! bravo, Hawkins!' And then he added: 'I have not heard a piece of oratory like that for many a long day!' And then he patted me cordially on the back."

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that, after proceedings said to have cost not far less than £200,000, the claimant was, as the result of Mr. Hawkins' eloquence, found guilty of perjury on two counts, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude on each of them. The great advocate was also, in the later years of his renown, engaged in every important compensation case; acted for the Crown in the purchase of lands for the national defences, for the Royal Commissioners in the purchase of the site for the new law courts, for the city of London and for the Metropolitan Board of Works in the purchase of property required for Holborn Viaduct and the Thames Embankment, and was standing counsel for the Jockey Club. He was raised to the Bench in 1876, when Mr. Justice Blackburn was elevated to the House of Lords (having previously declined an offer of a judgeship made to him by Lord Cairns in 1874), and was assigned to the then Exchequer Division of the High Court, not as Baron (an appellation then in course of abolition by the Judicature Act), but with the title of Sir Henry Hawkins. The first and most sensational case that he was called upon to preside over was that of the Penge murders. A distinguished advocate engaged in the case noted his appearance as follows: "We felt, and the Bar felt, that a great power had come upon the Bench; he summed up that case as no other living man could have done; every word told, every point was touched upon and made so clear that it was impossible not to see it."

If a great judge needs to be a great lawyer, then no doubt Sir Henry Hawkins was something less than a great judge. A facetious counsel once observed that he always found it an effective argument, in opening an appeal case before the Lords Justices to say, "My lords, this is an appeal from a judgment of Mr. Justice Hawkins." Many critics also found fault with what seemed to them his excessive severity; but, they, no doubt, were mainly evildoers. To such he was a terror, and they spoke of him as a "hanging" judge, though, as a matter of fact, judges have no discretion in the imposition of death sentences. Justice Hawkins, if not an exceptionally learned, was, at any rate, an exceptionally clear-

headed and hard-working judge. He retired from the Bench in 1898, and on Jan. 1, 1899, he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Brampton. He leaves, however, no issue, and the title dies with him. Cardinal Vaughan had already received him into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, and he made a proposal, which was accepted, to erect a memorial chapel in the new cathedral. His "Reminiscences" expressly state that he was not "proselytised" by Cardinal Manning: "My reception into the Church of Rome was purely of my own free choice and will, and according to the exercise of my own judgment. I thought for myself and acted for myself, or I should not have acted at all."

Of all the good stories that were fathered on the great advocate and good judge, whom two generations knew as Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Justice Hawkins, or, more familiarly still, as" Orkins," were told no newspaper would be ample enough to contain them. Many of them are, of course, apocryphal; and many had been told of other judges before Hawkins; but even when all such are excluded there remains a goodly number, and some of the best of them are those to which he gave his own authority in the volumes of his reminiscences. In the days when Lord Brampton was known to half the criminal classes of the kingdom as 'Orkins, he defended very many doubtful characters. Once, when in court at Guildford, a respectably dressed man in a velveteen suit of a yellowy-green color, and pearl buttons, came up to him and began (as Lord Brampton tells the tale):

"Can I get you anything, Mr. Orkins?"

I could not understand the man's meaning.

"Don't you recollect, sir, you defended me at Kingston for a burglary charge and got me off, Mr. Orkins, with flying colors?"

I recollected. Burglary was then punished with death, and there was seldom any remission. The man went on:

"Would a teapot be of any use to you, Mr. Orkins?"

"A teapot!"

"Yes, sir, or a few silver spoons—anything you like to name, Mr. Orkins."

I begged him to leave the court.

"Mr. Orkins, I will; but I am grateful for your getting me off that job, and if a piece of plate will be any good, I'll guarantee as it's good old family stuff."

I again refused, and then, disappointed, as a last effort, he said:

"Sir, will a sack of taters be of any service to you?"

This has founded more than one anecdote:

Another popular story is that of Mr. Orkins when, finding himself in the midst of a ruffianly crowd, which was hustling him, taking off his hat and saying: "Perhaps you don't know who I am?" The idea was that the man who was threatening to assault him would recognize the famous Old Bailey lawyer; but, according to the accepted anecdote, the ruffian shrank back at the sight of the close-cropped head with the exclamation: "So 'elp me bob, a bloomin' prize fighter! No, thank you, guv'nor." Lord Brampton himself corrected this narrative by adding the piquant detail that he took off his hat in the hope that he would be mistaken for a prize fighter (a notion to which his strong pugnacious face lent weight), and that he offered to fight his assailant for a hundred pounds a side "on the Butts on Monday week, and we'll post the money at Peter Crawley's." The bully wavered, and finally backed out. "I don't want no row," he said, and the great little man got out of the crowd with flying colors.

The stories of his advocacy are many; but among them those he himself told are among the best, because he never flinched from turning the point of them against himself. In one of his earlier cases—a trial for murder—he managed to turn a sarcasm of the presiding judge to such good effect that he got the prisoner off, aided by the fact that he had "the two children of the prisoner in court dressed in little black frocks, and

sobbing bitterly while I was addressing the jury in the prisoner's favor."

On the same evening I was dining at a house in the neighborhood, when a resident in the village where the tragedy occurred said: "You made a touching speech, Mr. Hawkins."

"Well," I answered, "it was the best I could do in the circumstances."

"Yes," he said, "but I don't think you would have painted the little home in such glowing colors if you had seen what I saw last week when driving past the cottage. No; I think you'd have toned it down a bit."

"What was it?"

"Why," said the old inhabitant, "the little children who sobbed so violently in court this morning, and to whom you made such pathetic reference, were playing on an ash-heap near their cottage, and they were swinging a cat backward and forwards and singing: 'This is the way poor daddy will go.' Such, Mr. Hawkins, was their excessive grief."

"Yes, but, says Baron Brampton, I got the verdict. It was as a cross-examiner even more than as a pleader that he was famous; and he has left on record an interesting example of it.

The plaintiffs in the action were clothiers who sold ready-made clothes, and, their premises having been burned down, they made an enormous claim against the insurance office, and alleged as a part of it that they were possessed when the fire took place of a very large number of suits of clothes. Without the smallest apparent object, I elicited that there were piles on piles of trousers, and nearly all of them had brass buttons. Having elicited this, I pointed out that although the most careful sifting of the debris had taken place, not a button had been found, and had the trousers been there innumerable buttons must have been found among the salvage.

The trial was not concluded on that day, and on the following morning hundreds of buttons, partially burnt, were brought into court by the plaintiffs.

Cockburn, Chief Justice, was not long in appreciating this mode of furnishing evidence after its necessity had been pointed out, and he asked:

"How do you account for these buttons, Mr. Hawkins? You said none were found."

"Up to last night, my lord, none had been found."

,"But these buttons have evidently been burnt in the fire. How do they come here?"

"On their own shanks, my lord."

Cockburn agreed, and so did the jury.

It was in the Tichborne case that he set the seal on his great powers, though as far as remuneration went the case was by no means profitable to him, and cost him enormous labor. He has preserved one curious anecdote about the Claimant.

One morning, on going into court, an elderly lady presented him with a religious tract. He thanked her, went to his seat, and perused the document. Then he wrote something on the tract, carefully revised what he had written, and threw it on the floor.

The usher was watching these proceedings, and as soon as he could do so unobserved secured the paper and handed it to me.

The tract was headed "Sinner, Repent!"

The Claimant had written on it: "Surely this must be meant for Orkins, not for me!"

Here is a story not told by Orkins:

While Mr. Hawkins was replying one afternoon, Mr. Walley, M.P., came in and sat next to the Claimant, of whom he was one of the most enthusiastic supporters.

"Well," he said, "and how are you getting on to-day—how are we getting on?"

"Getting on!" growled the Claimant; "he's been getting on at a pretty rate, and if he goes on much longer I shall begin to think I am Arthur Orton after all!"

There is space only for two of his anecdotes as a judge.

In a case of fowl-stealing I was trying there was a curious defence raised, which seemed too ridiculous to notice. It was that the fowls had crept into

the nosebag in which they had been found, and which was in the prisoner's possession, in order to shelter themselves from the east wind. Forgetting that I had an unreasoning and ignorant jury to deal with, I thought they would at once see through so absurd a defence, and did not insult their common-sense by summing up. I merely said: "Gentlemen, do you believe in the defence?" They put their heads together, and kept in that position for some time, and then, to my utter amazement, said: "We do, my lord; we find the prisoner not guilty." It was a verdict for the prisoner and a lesson for me.

Mr. Justice Hawkins' tenderness for women prisoners was well known. He admitted it, and he had a great dislike of sentencing these poor creatures to death, who had been recommended to mercy, and would probably be reprieved. On one such occasion the Sheriff asked if he was not going to put on the black cap.

"No," I answered, "I am not. I do not intend the poor creature to be hanged, and I am not going to frighten her to death."

Addressing here by name, I said: "Don't pay any attention to what I am going to read. No harm will be bone to you. I am sure you did not know in your great trouble and sorrow what you were doing, and I will take care to represent your case so that nothing will harm you in the way of punishment."

I then mumbled over the words of the sentence of death so that the poor creature did not hear them.

Perhaps that anecdote of a judge as merciful to erring weakness as he was ruthless to the hardened criminal is the best with which to end this notice.

Ordain for thyself forthwith a certain form and type of conduct, which thou shalt maintain, both alone, and, when it may chance, among men.—Epictetus.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—Ruskin.

Fear-thought, the arch-enemy of mankind, can be eliminated from the habit of thought—can be entirely eradicated; but not by repression.—Horace Fletcher.

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope.—Helen Keller.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.

Many a man is waiting for an inspiration who would find success at once if he was not so afraid of a little perspiration.—Henry F. Cope.

A Reply to Christian Science Queries

By Alfred Farlow

Is Christian Science Scientific?

SINCE God, the infinite, immutable, intelligence is the only first cause; true science must be that which emanates from the divine mind. Since there is nothing in existence beside God and that which He has created, there is nothing to know but Deity and His creation. True science then must begin with a correct, comprehensive, complete knowledge of God, even His very nature and essence, and must end with a full understanding of God's creation, that which is of Him.

The basic lesson of Christian Science is the scriptural definition "God is Spirit," and every statement contained in the Christian Science text book, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, is a consistent deduction from said premise. This science, therefore, is scientific from a scriptural standpoint, though it may differ from the more material philosophies of the age. It is but just to state, however, that many modern physicists teach that all causation is mental. The teaching of Science and Health (page 468) that "There is no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and Its infinite manifestation," is in strict accord with the teaching of Jesus, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." If Spirit alone animates, gives life, and matter is altogether unprofitable, it can have neither substance, life nor intelligence. Again, Jesus declared, "That which is of the flesh is flesh. That which is of the Spirit is Spirit." The implied teaching of this text is that the creation of Spirit is spiritual, and that flesh or matter is not of the Spirit, hence is no part of God's creation. If it is not a part of Gods creation (and God is the only Creator), we must admit that matter was never created, never commenced to have an existence, and is, therefore, not in existence.

The abstract statement, "There is no matter," needs the fuller explanations given in the Christian Science text-book. This teaching does not imply that all phenomena are unreal and that man has no body, but that creation is not what it seems to that mind which has not been instructed out of the material and into the spiritual concept of these. All things in creation from the smallest to the greatest are real, but exist as the product of Spirit or Mind, and are not material. Matter is the belief that spiritual creations are material. This belief is untrue; hence the declaration, "There is no matter." Thus it is noted that Science does not deny creation itself, but the false, material concept thereof. The difficulty with critics in wrestling over this problem is that they do not perceive what Christian Science gives in return for that which it repudiates.

Is It Christian?

In our consideration of the first question we have virtually answered this one. Christian Science is Christian because it is based upon the teaching of Christ, "God is Spirit," and because all its conclusions are consistent with the teaching of Christ. If to be Christian, means that there is something to do or be beyond that which we now are, there must also be something to know. That which we are to know is properly called Science. Hence, the propriety of the name Christian Science. It should be noted that strict adherence, in life and practice, to the instructions of the Christian Science text-book necessitates the most exalted Christian conduct. This Science teaches that God is good and that man in his normal and God-made condition is the image and likeness of God, that the whole duty of the Christian is to know truly what God is and be like

Him. In treating this subject we desire to answer a few popular questions.

Is It Spiritualism?

A careful study of the chapter on Spiritualism in the Christian Science text-book as well as a proper consideration of the Principle of this Science would convince any thinking person that Christian Science is the direct opposite of Spiritualism. No one could possibly be a believer in Spiritualism and a believer in Christian Science at the same time. Christian Science is based upon the understanding that there is in reality but one Spirit—namely, the infinite God, while Spiritualism is based upon the supposition that there are Spirits many, both good and bad. Mrs. Eddy speaks most kindly of the honest people who believe in Spiritualism, but frankly declares that she is not and never was a believer in Spiritualism.

Are Sickness and Sin Real?

While Christian Scientists differ from others in their understanding of the nature of sickness, sin and matter, they believe that these exist in erroneous mortal experience and must be grappled with and overcome through divine power. Bodily disease is as real as a lack of spiritual power will permit it to be, while sin is as real as the sinner makes it by his indulgences. If in our prayers or meditations God becomes to us infinitely great, the troubles of earth must become infinitesimal, for though they may be mountains to mortals, they weigh nothing in the sight of omnipotent God.

We do not look upon darkness as something, but as the want of something, the want of light. So evil should be understood as the absence of good, sickness the lack of health. It is said in the Scriptures, "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee." In other words, to God all is light, and there is no darkness. God is not deceived, hence, is not in error in His consciousness of the allness of light. Mortals in their belief in the presence of darkness and evil are, therefore, deceived, and need to be corrected in understanding, need to see as God sees, the allness of good and the nothingness and powerlessness of evil.

It should be noted, however, that this knowledge must be practiced in order to break the power of sin and disease and set the captive free. Mrs. Eddy declares in her text-book, page 339: "Only those who repent of sin, and forsake all evil, can fully understand the unreality of evil."

The sinner does not indulge in wickedness, because he believes there is nothing in it, but because he believes there is something in it. He does not stretch forth his hand to do evil, because he thinks it nothing, but because he believes it to be something and a pleasurable or profitable thing. Hence, the doctrine of Christian Science is not "dangerous," is not a "menace to good morals," does not "license evil," but shows the utter emptiness of wrong and destroys all desire to indulge in it.

Do Christian Scientists Claim to Be Equal With Jesus, the Christ?

In answering the query, Am I the second Christ, Mrs. Eddy, in a telegram to the New York World, published Feb. 1, 1895, declared: "Even the question shocks me. What I am is for God to declare in His infinite mercy. As it is, I claim nothing more than what I am, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, and the blessing it has been to mankind which eternity enfolds.

"My books and teachings maintain but one conclusion and statement of the Christ and the deification of mortals. Christ is individual, and one with God, in the sense of divine Principle and its compound divine idea. 'There never was, is not now, and never can be, but one God, one Christ, one Jesus of Nazareth."

Christian Scientists believe that Jesus was to the world the human manifestation of the Christ and that as a person he was the great Exemplar. He said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also." Is it blasphemous for

Christian Scientists to accept the literal teaching of our Lord and strive, in accordance therewith, to emulate his life and practice? Jesus declared, "These signs shall follow them that believe." Then he enumerated healing the sick and casting out evils, as signs or proofs of Christian faith and divine acceptance. He not only told his disciples to heal the sick, but sent forth "other seventy" and told them to pray "the Lord of the harvest" for still others. All His teaching indicates that he expected his followers in all ages to follow his example. On one occasion he said, "I have given you an example that you should do as I have done."

Mrs. Eddy refers to Jesus in Science and Health, page 589, as "the highest human corporeal concept of the divine idea, rebuking and destroying error, and bringing to light man's immortality." The first coming is the advent of the personality, the son of Mary; the second coming is the advent to human consciousness of that which Jesus knew and practiced and by means of which he did his mighty works. It should be noted that it is the second coming which makes a working Christian of the individual and saves him from sin, sickness and death. Hence, Paul's declaration, "And unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin (without the flesh) unto salvation."

Is Christian Science a Form of Religious Hysteria?

The calm, rational teaching of the Scriptures, "God is Spirit," Life, Truth, Love, is not hysterical, and it should be noted that the entire teaching of this Science is in peaceful accord with this Scriptural definition of God. That various so-called reformers with their peculiar theories, after having appeared in the field of religion and having had their day, have gone down and out, is no argument that Christian Science will do the same. This Science is indeed, a rational, scientific and Christian form of religion. If it ever loses its place in the hearts of men it will be because men lose their desire to understand and practice the good and true. The purity and practicality of Christian Science, however, place it in great demand and it scarcely seems that mortals will ever lose their desire for that religion which so faithfully keeps its promises of successfully destroying sickness and sin and establishing health, holiness and happiness.

Is It Represented Only By Women?

Statistics show that the per cent. of males in the Christian Science denomination is equal to if not greater than that in other sects. I think it is generally conceded that women as a rule are more inclined to spirituality than men. This, however, is not to the discredit of women, nor to the credit of men. If women are the first to be attracted to this Science, this may be taken as one of the surest proofs of its spirituality rather than an indication that it is not manly. I am not willing to admit that women are deficient in good judgment, especially with regard to spiritual matters. Therefore, I take it as a compliment to Christian Science that it is acceptable to women. The leader of the Christian Science movement has very aptly referred to the fact that woman was the last at the cross and the first to discover the risen Lord and to bear the glad tidings to others.

It is true, that in all philanthropic and spiritual movements women are generally in the lead. This may be in a large measure due to the fact that men, being the bread-winners, are more absorbed in material affairs and have less time to devote to spiritual matters.

Is Christian Science a Menace To Health?

To those who have only a superficial knowledge of this Science an implicit dependence upon God, Spirit, to the exclusion of material remedies, may seem a neglect rather than a help, but Christian Scientists who have had experience first with material medi-

cines and lastly with this Science, have proved convincingly to themselves that they have chosen the better part and that the understanding and application of divine power is the best known remedy for disease.

While it is true that some have died under Christian Science treatment, it is also true that many are alive and well to-day through its benign influence after having exhausted all hope in other remedies. On the other hand, whatever benefits may have accrued to the world through the practice of medicine, thousands of people die daily under the care of practitioners of the regular schools. Those who volunteer to witness to the comparative efficacy of Christian Science should govern themselves by the same just rule which governs the witness in court. He should not only speak "the truth," but "the whole truth and nothing but the truth.' A few cases of failure under Christian Science have been published in such multitudinous ways as to appear as a multitude and thus the losses of Christian Scientists have been strongly emphasized while little or nothing has been said in the press about their many successes and little has been said about the failures under medical treatment.

Recently in America a great ado was made because a Christian Scientist lost one patient in a family while he healed three other members afflicted with the same trouble. In the city of Greater New York the medical doctors lost 1,145 cases of the same character in six months. To determine the comparative value of Christian Science as a remedial agent it is necessary to note its successes as well as its failures, and to compare these with the successes and failures of medical practitioners.

There is little ground to clamour for legislation against a practice which is healing a greater per cent. of its patients than any other known system and to force the adherents of such a system to adopt that under which millions of their brethren have already died. If the practice of medicine had proved itself a sure cure or an approximation thereto, there would be some ground for the assumption that Christian Science should be suppressed and medical practice generally enforced. How can it be said that a given case which dies while under Christian Science, could have been saved by proper medical treatment since in the same hour the next door neighbor dies of the same affliction under "proper medical treatment?"

Is Christian Science Hypnotism?

The practice of this Science is mental, but it is spiritually so. So was the practice of Jesus, since he depended entirely upon God, Spirit. He did not even tolerate human will, for he said, "Not as I will but as Thou wilt." "The Father that dwelleth in me He doeth the works."

To assume that Christian Science is the exercising of human will simply because it rejects material remedies is neither just nor intelligent. The same assumption could be made in respect to Jesus' practice and that of his apostles. The operation by which a pupil in mathematics is convinced that three times two are six and is thereby cured of his misconception that three times two are eight, is mental, but is not for this reason hypnotic. It requires no strenuous will force to convince a pupil that three times two are six. It only needs the quiet, peaceful, clear presentation of facts. Hypnotic suggestion is an effort to plead mentally with the patient without any principle to support one's argument while the prayer of the Christian Scientist is his effort to bring his patient into such a communion with God, such a realization of the divine power and presence as to break the power of disease and "set the captive free." Hypnotic suggestion is always based upon human judgment and may or may not be right and can be employed for evil purposes, while Christian Science is always an argument in behalf of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, and can never do harm. To do evil through mental practice necessitates a departure from

Christian Science and a substitution of a non-spiritual form of mental suggestion. A consistent Christian Scientist must always do good in his practice and could never injure any one.

Critics who so flippantly declare that Christian Science is nothing more nor less than hypnotism will learn, when they have undertaken the practice of this Science, that they can only heal in proportion to their spirituality, in proportion as they are able to give up their human will and depend upon the divine Mind. The Egyptian magicians were bigoted enough to believe that they could produce the same wonders which Moses did and they insisted that the results which Moses produced were no proof of the superiority of his God. History records that up to a certain point they imitated the demonstrations of Moses, but finally they failed and acknowledged concerning Moses' power, "This is indeed the finger of God." So it seems that experience alone will be convincing of the superiority of Christian Science over hypnotic suggestion.

Enthusiasm!

Enthusiasm! What does that word mean to you? Merely loud talk, extravagant statements, wordy effervescence? Is it something to be put on, when occasion demands, like the gold-braided coat and the epaulettes of the man who leads the band—only to be discarded when the show is over? If that's what enthusiasm amounts to to you, you're not in line for success as a salesman. If your enthusiasm is genuine you can't help but make sales. The world is tired of luke-warm people. It gives its favors to the red-corpuscled, dead-in-earnest, zealous folk—to the enthusiasts.

The men who get a hearing are the irrepressibles. The men who are chosen by their comrades as leaders are not always the men who know the most or are best fitted for leadership; they're generally the men whose intense faith in themselves and their fitness has inspired others' faith.

A man of mediocre ability, but of mighty enthusiasm, rises to an emergency better than the man of great endownments who lacks the power to put his whole soul into his purposes. Without enthusiasm a man is like a watch without a mainspring. It isn't so much what a man knows as the degree of energy with which he applies his knowledge that counts for results.

Enthusiasm is a principle in business getting. You don't spend your money with the merchant who sends you a formal impersonal letter saying that he has goods to sell and expects you to buy. You might as well try to thaw out a frozen pipe by applying an ice-cake, as to interest a customer in your proposition unless you are interested yourself.

Put your heart into your business. Warm up to the work in hand. Forget, while you're trying to make a sale, that there's anything else worth doing.—Salesmanship.

Science and Invention

THE FIRST WIRELESS TRANS-ATLANTIC DESPATCH.

October, 1907, marks the date of the first commercial press message by wireless telegraphy from the Old World to the New, and the opening of the new and wonderful system of communication to the press and public; an event which must stand out as one of the milestones along the path of the world's progress.

The message in question was sent to the Toronto Globe by Lord Strathcona, who revives his recollection of the first message by the Atlantic cable, and contrasts the opening rate of one pound sterling per word with the initial charge of ten cents per word to the public and five cents to the press by the wireless system. When telegraphy was in the earliest experimental stage the electric current required two wires, and letters were signalled by the opening and closing of the circuit It was soon discovered that the earth itself would serve the purpose of one wire, and all subsequent extensions, including the submarine cables which girdle the globe, were made on the one-wire system. Now Marconi has shown that the wire in the circuit can be dispensed with, and shocks from one side of the Atlantic can be felt and recorded on the other with sufficient distinctness to signal an alphabet. Already the new service is crowded with business, and forced to announce that there is on file as much as can be handled on the opening day. It is also necessary to limit messages to fifty words.

It is almost six years since the magic whisper from Marconi's tower was heard across the Atlantic, and prompted a panicky action by a cable company to prohibit operations in Newfoundland. The inventor's success began with the twentieth century, for it was in January, 1901, that he signalled a message from the Isle of Wight to the Lizard at Cornwall, a distance of 183 miles. This result justified the erection of a high-power station at Poldhu, in Cornwall, for signalling across the Atlantic. In December of the same year he received a message at a temporary station near St. John's, Newfoundland. This opened the eyes of the world to a vision of new possibilities, and every move and achievement of the Chevalier and other inventors in the same field have been watched by all nations with the keenest interest. The service of the Italian Government in putting the warship Carlo Alberto at Marconi's disposal should be freely acknowledged and appreciated. During the season of 1902 he received signals near Kronstadt, in the Gulf of Finland, a distance of 1,400 miles; at Gilraltar, across the peninsula of Spain, over 1,000 miles; at Corsica, in the Mediterranean, across France and a part of the Alps, about 1,000 miles, and throughout a voyage from Plymouth to Sydney, N.S., a dstance of 2,500 miles. The Canadian Government was alert in seizing an opportunity, and the station at Glace Bay, in Cape Breton, was able to transmit a message from Dr. Parkin to The London Times in December of the same year. Congratulatory messages to King Edward were sent by Marconi and Lord Minto. Sir Richard Cartwright, acting Premier, sent congratulations to the British people through The Times. Messages were also exchanged with the King of Italy before the close of the year. Early in 1903 the station at Cape Cod was sufficiently perfected for the exchange of messages between King Edward and President Rooseveit.

Since that time efforts have steadily been directed toward perfecting the mechanism and establishing the system on a commercial basis, and the caution and care which have marked the inventor's course justify the pub-

lic in accepting his announced ability to handle commercial business. In this there is more than a wonderful triumph of inventive genius—there is a new unifying influence brought into the world. The nations cannot now conceive of the aloofness and lack of interest prevalent when it took weeks and months to learn in an uncertain way the news of their respective activities. The cable has given them common interests, and the new avenue of intelligence will multiply these many fold. That Canada has played, with the Mother Country, the leading part in bringing this new power into the world is an achievement of which she may justly be proud.

NEW DEVICE FOR MAIL.

An electric carrier, which takes the mail to the apartment, is the most modern feature of the numerous elaborate apartment houses in New York City. It has met with the approval of the Postmaster-General, quite an essential matter, and it will, it is believed, soon be adopted in the construction of the more modern buildings of this class throughout the country.

The device consists of a straight up and down well, about eighteen inches square, running the height of the house and containing an elevating and lowering apparatus which takes up and down a steel tray with metal boxes. The apparatus works automatically and perpetually, making no mistakes and submitting tenants to no delays. Entering the vestibule, the postman leaves the mail in an automatic carrier, to which he carries the key. Having placed it in the proper box—there is one for each apartment—he just closes the door, which starts into action the electric machinery. This carries the various boxes into which the mail matter has been placed up the well.

The power required is slight, not more than that required to operate an electric fan. By a simple contrivance the boxes are dropped off from the carrier at the apartments where they belong, and at the same time overturned, so that the mail falls out in the locked receptacle, inside the apartment. The automatic carrier keeps on going until it reaches the top, when it descends again picking up the boxes as it comes down.

ERIE STEEL COACH.

The Erie road has just received an all-steel passenger coach, which is attracting much attention at the Jersey City terminal. This car is practically non-wreckable and will not burn. There is less than 300 pounds of wood or other inflammable material used in its construction, and all of that has been treated with a preparation which, it is claimed, renders it immune to an ordinary degree of heat.

The car looks like the standard passenger coach in general use, and the ordinary observer would not notice any difference. It is somewhat shorter in length than the usual Erie coach, being but 52 feet, but its weight is much in excess of the wooden car, being nearly 100,000 pounds. A 75-foot modern Pullman with berths and other interior fittings averages 120,000 pounds ready for service.

The body and truck construction is entirely of steel, as is the floor which is made of one-eight-inch steel plates covered by a non-combustible composition. The Pullman type of wide vestibule has been used, the window sashes are of metal and open automatically. There are continuous baggage racks and the lighting is from Pintsch gas mantle burners. The car is equipped with Westinghouse high speed brakes and has a seating capacity of 61 persons.

The doors in either end are of wood, and the seats are covered with plush, but the designers claim that

neither will burn. The car is so strongly built and so well riveted and bolted that it will stand almost any shock that railroad service will give it. Its weight is the only bad point, from an operating view, but it is expected that designers will profit by experience and produce a steel coach of equal strength but of lighter weight.

A NEW SCIENCE.

Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard, has invented a remarkable appliance, which, he claims, will enable all the emotions of a subject to be recorded, and all the secrets of his heart revealed. Dr. Munsterberg, who fills the chair of psychology at the university, describes his invention as a truth-compelling apparatus.

The contrivance consists of three separate machines, an automantograph, a pneumograph and a sphygmograph. The first is attached to the arm, and makes a record with pencil on paper. These involuntary writings are expressions of the emotions conveyed through the arm. The pneumograph which is a more delicate instrument still, takes a record of the breathing every variation from normal breathing, due to emotional suggestion, is marked by the machine. Each expiration in a word, writes its own history. The third machine, the sphygmograph, is fixed to the wrist to observe the pulse beats. It takes another record of the emotions of the heart. A scientist who has seen the machines calls them "Cure-liars," because by them can be daily recorded all secret thoughts, mental reservations and prevarications.

The professor has asked permission to try his invention on Harry Orchard, the informer in the Boise murder trial, who told a sensational story of murders and other outrages arranged by the miners' society. The professor wishes to fix his machine on Orchard, and then get him to retell his tale.

WHERE MEN LIVE THE LONGEST.

Although the scientists assure us that there is no physiological reason why the average healthy man or woman should not live to be 100, centenarians are so rare that most people have never seen one. A German statistician recently compiled figures showing that of the 58,000,000 people, or thereabouts, who inhabit the Kaiser's empire, fewer than 100 are more than 100 years old. The same authority reports 146 centenarians in England, 213 in France, and 410 in Spain. It would seem that where life is less strenuous longevity increases.

The most astonishing figures come from that troublesome and turbulent region the Balkan Peninsula, where it might have been supposed that life is less secure than elsewhere in Europe. Servia reports 573 people who are 100 years old or more; Rumania, 1,084; and Bulgaria no fewer than 3,880. In other words, Bulgaria boasts one centenarian to every 1,000 of its population.



What Men of Note Are Saying

MANUFACTURING, NOT AGRICU LTURE, BUILDS A COUNTRY.

By Sir Mortimer Clark.

A very great deal of success amongst the German manufacturers has been the result of technical education to the young in that country. The result has been to give in some branches of manufactures a very great pre-eminence and a consequent loss of trade to other countries. In Great Britain and here, too, we have suffered from lack of technical education.

I hope that manufacturers will have their sons avail themselves of the scientific education provided in our great universities, such as Toronto and McGill, and that they will throw the weight of their great influence in seeing that proper technical instruction is afforded to our youth. Our agricultural colleges have largely increased the value of the products of the farm. Technical and scientific schools would do the same for manufacturers. I would recommend greater interest be taken in this subject as Canada owes a great deal to the manufacturers. They have very largely changed the whole complexion of this country. A visit to our Toronto Exhibition would abundantly show this. In past years it was but an exhibit of fine cattle, horses and dairy produce, while to-day it is also a wonderful display of fine machinery and manufactures of great excellence. In the past we have too long regarded Canada as a purely agricultural country. We have been slow to admit that agriculture alone will not build up a great country. Recall the case of Venice, which for hundreds of years, although built only on sand and piles in the midst of the sea, acquired enormous wealth and commanded the Mediterranean by its navies, and remember that agriculture is not alone necessary to build up a great nation. Agriculture is not the source of the prosperity of Great Britain ; but it is manufacture which is the source of building up the head of our great Empire. However, at the back of manufacture, we are fortunate in having a magnificent agricultural country to provide for an ever-increasing market. For years and years the daily papers towards harvest time were filled with accounts of the condition of the crops. They heard of rust, and mildew, and the smut, and they all seemed to feel that the whole country was going down. Now, however, they hardly hear of anything of the kind, and the manufacturers by building up industries have done much to do away with this. It would be improper for me to refer to the great question of tariff, but I have a very great deal of sympathy with manufacturers in their desire to give pre-eminence to the manufacturing industries of this country. How that may be brought about it is not for me to say.

OUTLOOK FOR TARIFF REFORM IN UNITED STATES.

By S. M. McColl, M. C.

Extraordinary geographical and other relations between Canada and the United States would amply justify a special scale of duties for the trade between the two countries. According to her population, she buys more from us than any other country in the world. Canada's long and narrow stretch of habitable territory is shut in by the winter on one side and by our frontier upon the other. Trade would naturally follow the degrees running north and south, from the one country into the other, and, in spite of artificial tariff obstacles, a great deal of it now follows those lines. But having for a

long time sought in vain a special trade arrangement with this country, Canada now seems to be seeking an independent development, and is specially cultivating relations with Europe. Artificial contrivances have come to be very patent, and she may succeed in sending a greater volume of her trade theough the long thin artery running from east to west, and in forcing the growth of a nation within a vast stretch of longitude and little latitude; but she will gratify her national aspirations only by violating the plainest decrees of nature. For our part, we should reverse our policy toward Canada and put ourselves in an attitude of friendliness toward any reasonable trade policy between her and us. We can at least secure access to her vast forests, and it is reasonable to expect that we can do away with the coal duties. We have great populations near to Canada's coal-fields and remote from our own, and the same is true of Canada with reference to our coal deposits. If each country should reciprocally strike off the duty upon the coal of the other, New England would have free access to the nearby coal-fields of Nova Scotia, and Ontario to those of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and while much useless hauling of freight would be dispensed with, the consumer and the coal miner of both countries would be benefited.

INFLUENCE OF UNITED STATES ON CANADA.

By Rudyard Kipling.

One of the greatest questions you have to consider, I think, is the influence of the big country just south of you. There is something that is near, and it is a thing to consider. Oh, it is not a question of allegiance to Great Britain; it is a question of nearness, common interests and common business. I don't know what the result will be, but I think it may come to a time when there will be a crisis in our affairs and Canada will take a big part upon herself, as the biggest child, and perhaps at another time Australia will have to do the same.

IS THE UNITED STATES DR IFTING INTO A MONARCHY?

By Hugh Hastings.

One of two policies is open to the United States in handling the Philippines, either to sell them to prevent war or to build a big navy to maintain peace. Americans are much like the French, volatile, mercurial, optimistic, and, I regret to say, hysterical. They take in national affairs chances they would repudiate and ridicule in commercial transactions.

The United Kingdom is imbued with the sentiment and impression that the next war will fall upon Japan and the United States and that the cause of that war will be the Philippines. Why this feeling should be so general in Great Britain, considering her protestations of friendship for both Japan and the United States and Japan's dependencies upon England from a financial point of view, is, I must confess, inexplicable to a dispassionate mind, but it exists and is spreading.

The naval policy of President Roosevelt is that of a sagacious statesman. It must be remembered that the president is one of the most profound students of history in the United States. When you combine his natural abilities with his knowledge of the history of moribund republics, you can better understand the reasons for his policies and his desire to see those policies carried to a successful conclusion.

I think he is not a candidate for the presidency, but he will be the nominee, and there is the danger to the republic to-day. Caesar refused the crown, but took the throne. In its wild, unbalanced and hysterical point of political view

to-day, the United States are drifting to Caesarism. The agitation in England to abolish the House of Lords is only equalled by the efforts and intents in America of executive officers usurping the functions of the legislative branch.

The American people to-day are hypnotized, apparently, by what is called the new idea in American politics, and the new idea in American politics is no less than absolute monarchy without the stars and orders and other glittering decorations that go with a despot.

The breakwater of all countries is not the executive but the legislative branch of the government. When you find a president or governor ignoring the legislative or popular branch of the government, and confiscating through patronage or adroitly by legislative enactment the expressed constitutional prerogatives of that co-ordinate branch, the country is drifting toward the breakers, while the passengers are blind or asleep to the political ambitions of the men they have in their confidence put upon the bridge.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CARRIAGE.

By Sir William Angus.

I do not think that the motor car is fulfilling one of the main purposes of the pleasure carriage. Ladies do not live solely for the purpose of rushing through the air at fifty miles an hour. That novelty will wear off. There is no more beautiful object in the world than a well dressed woman in a beautiful carriage. There is a demand for the sight of such objects. Ladies will not go about forever disguised as ghosts. The motor car will remain the most convenient carriage for getting into town quickly or for long distances, but for pleasure, taking the air, and meeting friends the carriage will again assert itself. The number of approved motor cars has increased, stocks have accumulated, and the time for the coach builder to step in is at hand.

ENGLAND—PLEASURE G ROUND OF THE WORLD.

By Mr. Ho rnicastle.

As for England, well—England is England ; slow and sure ; many faults and many virtues. There are many things that ought to be altered, but there are heaps that have been altered for the good. I don't wonder so many United States citizens are living permanently in old England. It is an ideal country for the moderately rich to live in. I may be a little premature, but mark my words, in less than fifty years England will be the pleasure ground of the world.

SOUND SENSE IN APHORISM "PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

By Professor William Osler.

If you do not work too hard, you smoke too much and are indifferent about exercise. The best students seem to pay the least attention to nature's laws.

Further, be skeptical as to the pharmacopeia as a whole. He is the best doctor who knows the worthlessness of most medicines. Study your fellow man and fellow woman and learn to manage them.

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In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: ::

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The Death-Struggle at Bazeilles. Emil Zola.....Scrap Book
The Charmed Ring. Peyton Wrey.....Babminton
How Delafield Won Out. Elinor McC. Lane.....Appleton's
Kousna and the Hiatus. Broughton Brandenburg.....Appleton's
Below Par. Lucia Chamberlain.....Appleton's
The Impressario of Milton. Edwin Bliss.....Appleton's
Jane Dillingham's Saving Grace. Annie H. Donnell....
.....Woman's Home Companion
The Big World. Juliet W. Tompkins.....Woman's Home Companion
The Girl and Mr. Forrestier. Mrs. C. N. Williamson...
.....Woman's Home Companion
The Writer's Wife. Mary W. Hastings....Woman's Home Companion
Of the Stature of a Man. Roselle M. Davis.....Red Book
Edit—Memory. Isabel E. Mackay.....Red Book
The Painted Wilderness. Will L. Comfort.....Red Book
The Proof. Porter E. Browne.....Red Book
The Hop Lee Syndicate. J. Oliver Curwood.....Red Book
Those Who Sit Up Stairs. Inez H. Gillmore.....Red Book
The Adder's Sting. Elmore Eliott Peake.....Smith's
The Doctor's Parrot. Eden Philpotts.....Smith's
The Boy. Grace M. Gallaher.....Smith's
Wyoming. Wm. Macleod Raine.....Popular
Pearson of Princeton. L. Rae.....Popular
A Forlorn Hope. A. M. Chisholm.....Popular
On the Middle Guard. B. M. Bower.....Popular
High Treason. Bertrand W. Sinclair.....Popular
Bunked. T. Jenkins Hains.....Popular
The Key. Morley Roberts.....Ainslee's
The Voice of Duty. H. F. Prevost-Battersby.....Ainslee's
The Raft. Rose K. Weekes.....Ainslee's
The Refinement of Ab. Mary H. Vorse.....Ainslee's
The Game by Wire. Arthur S. Pier.....Scribner's
My Friend the Doctor. Thos. N. Page.....Scribner's
Miss Cynthia's Wedding Gown. Anne Richardson Talbot.....National
Foolish Niece of My Uncle's. F. D. Barows.....National
A Night in Old Meg's Hollow. Charlotte W. Thurston.....National
A Man and a Maid. Celia M. Robinson.....National
Jack and Jill. J. A. Flynn.....English Illustrated
The Wanderer. Spencer R. Blyth.....English Illustrated
Knee-Deep in June. Eleanor H. Brainerd.....Smart Set
A Glass Mountain. Van Tassel Sutphen.....Smart Set
The Ota Jug. Austin Adams.....Smart Set
A Reconciliation. Stephen Gwynn.....Smart Set
And the Last Shall be First. Robert Barr.....Metropolitan
The Face in the Jungle. Gilbert Watson.....Metropolitan
The Thanksgiving of Dickie, Jr. Margaret Houston.....Metropolitan
Jimmy Hogan. Robert A. Wason.....Metropolitan
Serial Stores.
The Rescue of Theophilus Newbegin. Arthur Train.....
.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept 21)
The Testing of Diana Mallory. Mrs. Humphrey Ward.....Harper's
The Last Camp of the Argonauts. Jno. Fleming.....Pacific Monthly
The Price of Silence. Edgar Franklin.....Argosy
Though Life Us Do Part. Mrs. Elizabeth S. Phelps.....
.....Woman's Home Companion

FOR THE WORKERS.

The Powers of Men. Prof. Wm. James.....American
Do Big Men Earn Their Salaries. Jas. H. Collins.....
.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28)
The Fundamentals of Success. Guy Cramer.....System
Some Homemade Toys. Alice Wilson.....Good Housekeeping
How Can We Live More Cheaply? Mary M. West..Ladies' Home Jrnl
The Might of Manners. Bliss Carman.....Smart Set

HEALTH.

Infectious Diseases. Dr. Wm. Hanna Thomson.....Everybody's
Imaginary Diseases and Their Inventors. Woods Hutchinson, M.D.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
Motor Mania. Wm. L. Howard, M.D.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28)
Obession. Dr. Geo. L. Walton.....Lippincott's
A Notable Anniversary. Maj.-Gen. W. Tweedie.....Chambers' Jrnl
Early to Bed and Early to Rise J. O. Closs, M.D. Ch.M....Young Man

HISTORY.

Unwritten History.....Spectator (Sept. 14)
Lincoln's Offer of a Command to Garibaldi.....Century
The Socialism and Communism of Athens. Prof. T. D... Seymour.....Harper's
What the Catholic Church Has Done for San Francisco... H. Wright.....Overland Monthly
A Notable Anniversary. Maj.-Gen. W. Tweedie.....Chambers' Jrnl
Edgehill. Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D.....Cornhill
Burgoyne's Troops. Chas. R. Lingley.....Political Science Quar.
The Greatest Reformative Period in History. Franklin H. Giddings.....Munsey's
The Bronze Doors of the Capitol. Jno. W. Hall....House and Garden
The True History of "Monte Cristo." R. S. Garnett..Fortnightly Rev.
The Flash Age of New York. Jas. L. Ford.....Appleton's
The Spanish Galleon and Pieces-of-Eight. Jno. C..... Fitzpatrick.....Scribner's
The Queen's Necklace. Elsie Penton.....English Illustrated
The Narrative of Peter Allaire. Edited by Geo. G. Wood, M.D. .....Metropolitan
The Mexican War. Robert McN. McElroy, Ph.D.....Metropolitan
General Grant's Close Call. Harry M. Hill.....Metropolitan

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

Your Home.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28)
Asparagus and Rhubarb for Christmas. L. B.....Garden-Farming
Four Plans for a 100x100 ft. Plot. F. C. Leible.....Garden-Farming
A $500 Barn for Suburbs or Country. C. H. Miller...Garden-Farming
The Plain Truth About Chestnut Culture. J. W. Kerr..Garden-Farming
How to Have Fertile Eggs. B. E. Frederick.....Garden-Farming
Two Good Berried Plants. W .E. Pendelton.....Garden-Farming
Growing Bulbs in Fibre. Albert J. Perry.....Garden-Farming
The Right Way to Pick and Pack Poultry. F. H. Valentine
.....Garden-Farming
A Concentrated Stock Food. F. E. B.....Garden-Farming
Sow Grass Seeds Where the Weeds Were. M. S. Blish..Garden-Farming
Service Rooms in Modern Houses. Erie L. Preston..House and Garden
The Care of the Lawn. Robt. H. Sterling.....House and Garden
Transplanting Large Trees. Frank H. Sweet.....House and Garden
The Decorative Side of House Furnishing. Alice B..... Muzzey.....Suburban Life
Trees and Shrubs for Winter Beauty on the Lawn. W. W. Craig .....Suburban Life
Jack's House and Mine. Antoinette Rehmann.....Good Housekeeping

The House Dignified: Stairways. Lillie H. French..Putnam's Monthly
Pretty and Simple Window Curtains. Mrs. Herbert N... Curtis.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
A New Kind of Rag Rug. Adelia B. Beard.....Ladies' Home Jrnl

HUMOROUS.

Home Without a Mother. Jos. M. Rogers.....Lippincott's
Mrs. Elder's Boomerang. Elizabeth F. Wade.....People's
The Johnston Elopement. K. Jarboe.....People's
The Grease Spot. Harry B. Allyn.....People's
Miss Susannah Sweezy on Elections.....Home Magazine
The Boston Suburbanite. Rollin L. Hartt..Woman's Home Companion
The Wonderful Lady. Henry S. Harrison.....Smart Set

INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATIONS.

The Insurance Problem.....Chambers' Journal
The Time to Buy Bonds.....World's Work
Wall Street and the Banks. C. M. Keys.....World's Work

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

The Anti-Asiatic Riot at Vancouver.....Collier's (Oct. 5)
The Japanese and the Pacific Coast. Will Irwin....Collier's (Oct. 12)
The Hindu in the Northwest. Werter D. Dodd.....World To-day
Racial Prejudice Against Japan. Alfred Stead.....Fortnightly Rev.

LABOR PROBLEMS.

The Workingmen's Party of New York. Frank T. Carlton. .....Political Science Quarterly
Slave Labor in the Charleston District. Ulrich B. Phillips. .....Political Science Quarterly

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

Mr. Haldane's Wonders.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
Heney in San Francisco. Lincoln Steffens.....American Magazine
Back There in '58. Ida M. Tarbell.....American Magazine
The Workingman's Wife. Martha S. Bensley..Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
Roosevelt the Politician. Victor Proud.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill.....Century
Mme. Bressler-Granoli. Richard Aldrich.....Century
Greig, the Man. Wm. Peters.....Century
Mme. De Bunsen's Experiences in Diplomatic Society in Italy..Harper's
An Inside Light on Kipling. M. Stabler.....Pacific Monthly
Herbert Spencer, a Recollection. Rosaline Masson.....Cornhill
Big New Englanders Who Have Helped to Build Up the.. West. A. B. Hart.....Munsey's
Kings Who Never Reigned. Vance Thompson.....Munsey's
Patrick Henry and the Church Where He Made His First Famous Oration. L. Orr.....Munsey's
Adelina Patti. W. J. Henderson.....Munsey's
Ito, the Bismarck of Japan.....Scrap Book
Great Secretaries to the President.....Scrap Book
Amusing the Moorish Sultan. Jno. H. Avery.....World To-day
Meta Vaux Warrick, Sculptor of Horrors. Wm. F..... O'Donnell.....World To-day
Betty Stafford, Architect. Alice W. Bailey.....Good Housekeeping
Ethel Barrymore. Ronnold Wolf.....Smith's
Demetrius Sturdza. . Edith Sellers.....Contemporary Rev.
Paderewski: Swiss Farmer. Wm. Armstrong.....Ainslee's
Two Country Lawyers. Frederick S. Hartzell.....National
George Ade. Jno. T. McCutcheon.....Appleton's
Mr. Peter Purcell Gilpin. Alfred E. T. Watson.....Badminton

The Restorer of Acadia. Florence Painter and Edna B. Holman.....Putnam's
John Harvard Revealed. Henry C. Shelley.....Putnam's
Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Chas. H. Caffin.....Putnam's
An Eighteenth Century Carnegie.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
The Late Grand Duke of Baden.....Spectator (Oct. 5)
Louis XV. of France. A. J. Hughes.....English Illustrated
Taft: As Secretary of War. Eugene P. Lyle, jr.....World's Work

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our Expatriates. One of Them.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28)
The Bible as Good Reading. Senator A. J. Beveridge.....Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 28)
The Strand.....Spectator (Sept 14)
Garden Parties.....Spectator (Sept. 14)
September Serene.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
When Hops are Picking.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
The Long Giant and His Shortcomings. Dr. Woods Hutchinson.....American
Haunted Houses.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
Cacoethes Corrigendi.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
Mayfair Whitewashed. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
The Medium Game. Will Irwin.....Collier's (Sept 21)
They Who Raise the Dead. Will Irwin.....Collier's (Sept. 28)
The Cost of a Child. Jno. G. Broks.....Collier's (Sept. 28)
Housekeeping on an Atlantic Liner. Earl Mayo.....Home Mag.
Handsome Action.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
The Kaiser's Credo.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
The Trail of the Serpent.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
The Torrid Age.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
Coal Land Problems in the Rocky Mountain Region. Lute Pease.....Pacific Monthly
Frontier Days. Sol. Metzger.....Recreation
Memories of a Haly Century. R. C. Lehmann, M.P....Chambers' Jrnl
Money-Mad.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Church Congress at Great Yarmouth. W. Manchester..Young Man
The Young Man in Lodgings. Gerald Sidney.....Young Man
Trapping Bear. E. Wright.....Cornhill
Recollections of Uganda Housekeeping. Hilda V. Moffat.....Cornhill
Religious Journalism and the Great American Fraud. S. H. Adams.....Collier's (Oct. 12)
Causes of Race Suicide. Jno. G. Brooks.....Collier's (Oct. 12)
The President Sees the Mississippi. Frederick Palmer.....Collier's (Oct. 5)
The Medium Game. Will Irwin.....Collier's (Oct. 5)
Are We Parts of Nature? Prof. Robt. Mackintosh....Hibbert Journal
Progress and Reality. G. F. Barbour.....Hibbert Journal
Alleged Defects in Christian Morality. Prof. Jas. Seth....Hibbert Jrnl
What and Where is the Soul. Hugh Maccoll.....Hibbert Jrnl
O'Hagan's "Song of Roland" and Its Private Critics.. M. R.....Irish Monthly
Little Essays on Life and Character. Rev. M. Watson, S.J. Irish M'thly
Husbands Who Gave Their Wives to Other Men.....Scrap Book
Roosevelt's Beautiful Gift.....Scrap Book
When Brave Men Show the White Feather.....Scrap Book
A Parisian Theatre-Floor That Tips Over.....Scrap Book
Civilization That is Made of Stuffed Chairs.....Scrap Book
The Bridge That Fell.....Scrap Book
The Chevy Chase Club. Day Allen Willey.....House and Garden
What Are Tapestries? Geo. L. Hunter.....House and Garden
Clean Grocery Stores.....Woman's Home Companion
Vox Populi, Vox Dei.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)

The Anxious Politician.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
Royal and Ancient. Sir Herbert Maxwell.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
A Stranger in the Church. Laura A. Smith.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
How Can We Live More Cheaply? Mary Mills West.Ladies' Home Jrnl
Sending Christmas Gifts Abroad. Miriam Cruickshank...
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
Longfellow's Letters to Samuel Ward. Henry M. Hall.....Putnam's
A Defence of Magic. Evelyn Underhill.....Putnam's
Bathymetrical Survey of the Fresh-Water Lochs of.....
Scotland.....Geographical Jrnl
Recession of Alaskan Glaciers. Otto Klotz.....Geographical Jrnl
The Poetry of Crabbe. Prof. J. Churton Collins.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Friends of Living Creatures and Jno. Ruskin. K. M.
Goring.....Fortnightly Rev.
Small Holdings. R. A. Yerburgh.....Fortnightly Rev.
The National Significance of "Don Quixote." Maj. M...
Hume.....Fortnightly Rev.
Western Republican's View of the Issues of 1908. Albert
B Cummins.....Appleton's
Schlaraffia: A World Society. Sigmund Kranz.....Appleton's
The Reduction of the House of Virtues. Franklin Clarkin..Appleton's
University Life in the Antipodes. David S. Jordan.....Appleton's
How to Display Our Fads. Arthur N. Moar.....Suburban Life
Happy Habiters as Builders.....National
Chateau and Country Life in France. Mme. Waddington...Scribner's
The Path to Jamestown. Sidney Lee.....Scribner's
Whom the Atlantic Has Put Asunder. Mrs. Jno. Van Vorst..Ainslee's
The New Mariage Law. Rev. W. E. Addis and J. E. G.
de Montmorency.....Cont. Rev.
On Getting Your Money's Worth. Chas. Battell Loomis.....Smith's
The French in North America. Chas. W. Furlong.....World's Work
The Day's Work of a Volcanologist. Frank A. Perret...World's Work
The Lost Land of King Arthur. J. Cummings Walters..Eng. Illustrated
The Negro and the South. Jno. S. Williams.....Metropolitan

MUNICIPAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Solving a Great City's Transportation Problem.....World's Work
A City Without Strikes. French Strother.....World's Work

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

Great Bustards. Willoughby Verner.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
Churchyard Trees.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
Thompson Seton.....Century
The Natural History of the Ten Commandments. Ernest
Tompson Seton.....Century
A Canadian Heronry. Bonnycastle Dale.....Lippincott's
How to Keep House Plants Healthy. P. T. Barnes....Garden-Farming
Succulents other than Cacti. W. Clarke.....Garden-Farming
$100 Worth of Plants Grown in an Attic Window. A. M.
Ingraham.....Garden-Farming
Golden Eagles. Willoughby Verner.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
My Garden and Aviary. A. I. Shand.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
The Sparrow, the Robin, and the Thrush. W. L. Finley...Pac. Monthly
A Botanical Legand. Canon John Vaughan.....Cornhill
Primroses for Winter. Clarence M. Weed.....Good Housekeeping
Father Osugi's Irises. Frank Seaman.....Suburban Life
Plant's for the Winter Window Garden. Bessie L. Putnam.
.....Suburban Life
My Garden and Aviary. Alexander I. Shand...Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
Deer Dogs and Their Way. Ernest J. McVeigh.....Rod and Gun
Poplars.....Spectator (Oct. 5)

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL.

The Collision of the Colors.....Spectator (Sept. 14)
The "Entente Cordiale" with France.....Spectator (Sept. 14)
The King of the Belgians.....Spectator (Sept. 14)
The Curse of Color.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
Jaures the Ishmaelite.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
Reforms in China.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
Depression in South Africa.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
The Prospect in Morocco.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
Canada and Free Trade.....Canada (Sept. 21)
The Newfoundland Fishery Question.....Canada (Sept. 21)
The Japanese and the Pacific Coast. Will Irwin....Collier's (Sept. 28)
The Pacific Coast and the Panama Canal. J. R. Knowland.
.....Overland Monthly
A New Era in the Philippines.....Overland Monthly
The Anglo-Russian Convention.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
Anti-Militarism in France.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
Mr. Jesse Collings and the Average Unionist.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
The Cape Dissolution.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
Russia and England.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
The Deal in Persia and Tibet.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
Our Strategic Position in the Pacific. A. H. Dutton....Pacific Monthly
The Legislative Council of Mysore. Sir R. Lethbridge. Asiatic Quar. Rev.
Recent Indian Reforms. Dr. J. Pollen.....Asiatic Quart. Rev.
Asia and Imperial Commerce. S. M. Mitra.....Asiatic Quar. Rev.
Indian Administration: By an Old Officer. J. B. Pennington.
.....Asiatic Quart. Rev.
The Yunan Expedition of 1875 and the Cheefoo Convention.
Gen. H. A. Browne.....Asiatic Quart. Rev.
Is the Peace Commission a Failure? W. L. Williams.....Young Man
De Facto Office. K. Richard Wallach.....Political Science Quar.
The Education of Voters. Geo. H. Haynes.....Political Science Quar.
The Ethics of Empire. Henry J. Ford.....Political Science Quar.
The Cementing of the British Colonies into an Empire.....
M. Smith.....Munsey's
Mr. Redmond's Difficulties.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
Further Thoughts on the Convention.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
The Anglo-Russian Agreement. Calchas.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Second Hague Conference. Sir Thos. Barclay|..Fortnightly Rev.
A Raid on Prosperity. Jas. R. Day.....Appleton's
At a Nation's Shrine.....National
Affairs at Washington. Joe M. Chapple.....National
The Case of the Second Duma. Prof. P. Milyoukow.....Con. Rev.
The Swiss Referendum as an Instrument of Democracy.
J. A. Hobson.....Con. Rev.
Ireland and the Transvaal. Wm. O'Brien.....Con. Rev.
The Modern German Merchant Marine. Frank W. McVey.
.....World To-day
The Present Situation in Russia. Samuel N. Harper...World To-day
The Rediscovery of the Missouri. Walter Williams....World To-day
Give Us Back Our Rivers.....World To-day
The Work of the Hague Conference.....Spectator (Oct. 5)
The Crisis of the Ausgleich.....Spectator (Oct. 5)
The Limits of Patriotic Obligation.....Spectator (Oct. 5)
"Buddyism" and "Left-Centre".....Spectator (Oct. 5)
Character and Public Life.....Spectator (Oct. 5)

RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.

The Railway Crisis.....Spectator (Sept. 21, '07)
Diplomacy on the Railway.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 27)
Railways in Iceland.....Chamers' Jrnl

Phases of American Railroading.....Collier's (Oct. 5)
Railroad's Plans for Moving Freight. Traffic Mgr.....
Harriman Lines.....System
America's Lead in Railroad Accidents. Edward B. Phelps. World's Work

RELIGION.

The Church and the Deceased Wife's Sister Act...Spectator (Sept. 14)
The Papal Encyclical.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
The Pastoral Epistles.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
Southern Nigeria—Religion and Witchcraft. Maj. A. G.
Leonard.....Asiatic Quar. Rev.
The Document of Subjective Recompense. Prof. L. Mills,
D.D.....Asiatic Quar. Rev.
Naturalism and Humanism. Prof. F. J. E. Woodbridge...Hibbert Jrnl
Christianity and Hinduism in India. Rev. N. Macnicol....Hibbert Jrnl
The Gospel of Krishna and of Christ. Maud Joynt.....Hibbert Jrnl
The State of the Dead. Rev. David Purves, D.D.....Hibbert Jrnl
The Defence of the Fourth Gospel. Prof. B. W. Bacon...Hibbert Jrnl
Trust, Faith, Belief, Creed. Prof. Henry G. Smith.....Hibbert Jrnl
The Coming Religion.....Scrap Book
Paulinism in the Graceo-Roman World. Sir W. M. Ramsay..Con. Rev.
The Faith of Iran. Countess Martinengo Cesaresco.....Con. Rev.
The Soul of the World.....Spectator (Oct. 5)

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

The Irresponsible Aeroplane.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
Mars as the Abode of Life. Percival Lowell, LL.D.....Century
The Dominion of the Air.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
A Geological Centenary.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
Construction and Operation of Airships. Wm. A. Baldwin..Recreation
The Internal-Combustion Engine as a Source of Power..Chambers' Jrnl
A Cross-Country Boat. H. J. Holmes.....Young Man
The Earth Does Move.....Scrap Book

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Automobile Problems.....Century
Motorists and the Future.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
Hope in Fishing.....Spectator (Sept. 21)
The Cricket of 1907.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 21)
Perils of Big Game Hunting. Col. W. S. Lanier.....Overland Monthly
Motoring Among the Dykes of Holland. Henry W. Wack..Recreation
Rules of Navigation. Howard Greene.....Recreation
For Hunting in the South. Arthur Lyon.....Recreation
Talks With the Riding Master. Capt. J. Dixon.....Recreation
Blinds and Decoys. Ernest McGaffey.....Recreation
Cruising and Fishing About the Florida Keys. Henry Thorn...Travel
The Roman Hunt. Emery Pottle.....Travel
The Automobile and the Rules of the Road. Harry W...
Perry.....Suburban Life
The Problem of Brooklands. Gerald Bliss.....Badminton
Valour in the Hunting Field. Maud V. Wynter.....Badminton
The Old Tiger of Chopan. Capt. R. E. T. Hogg.....Badminton
The Coming of the Quail. G. Cadogan Rothery.....Badminton
A Bedouin Race-Meeting. Jake Thomas.....Badminton
Our Vanishing Deer and Game Fish. W. Hickson.....Rod and Gun
Dogs in Deer Hunting. Arthur Jno. Hope.....Rod and Gun
A Plea for the Real Sportsman and Still Hunter. R...
Claphany.....Rod and Gun
The Tragedy of the Deer. Harold Raymond.....Rod and Gun
Primeval Fishing Lake. Maj. Henry J. Woodside.....Rod and Gun
How One Settler Treats the Deer. J. H. Bottrell.....Rod and Gun
The Delights of Salmon Fishing. N. Milton Browne.....Rod and Gun

A Week's Fishing at Shirley's Bay. Geo. J. Hastie.....Rod and Gun
Dog is Not the Cause of Vanishing Deer. W. J. Moody...Rod and Gun

THE STAGE.

Attila. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 14)
At the Savoy Theatre. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Sept. 28)
My Interpretation of "Macbeth". Tommaso Salvini.....Putnam's
The Ballet at the Empire. Max Beerbohm.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 5)
A Greek Play at Orange. Constance E. Maud.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Actor and the Stock Company.....Woman's Home Companion
The London Stage. Oscar Parker.....English Illustrated

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Mastery of the Pacific. Sam. G. Blythe..Sat. Eve. Post (Sept. 21)
A Sleepy Little City. Frances W. Huard.....Scribner's
Plantation in the Atlas Mountains. Chas. W. Furlong.....Harper's
Around the World With Wm. H. Taft. R. L. Dunn..Overland Monthly
Villa Life on Capri. Aloy Sins Coll.....Overland Monthly
The Undiscovered Country.....Spectator (Sept. 28)
Winter Gardens in California. Henry Kirk.....House and Garden
An Overlooked River. A. W. Dimock.....Travel
Undiscovered California. Marvin Wallace.....Travel
Along the Riviere from Marseilles to Genoa. C. Hamilton.....Travel
The Deserted Village of Allaire. Walter Clayton.....Travel
The Berkshires of New Jersey. Arthur B. Maurice.....Travel
In the Canon de Chelly. Chas. F. Saunders.....Travel
El Desierto. Clinton Douglad.....Travel
The Spreewald—A Rural Venice. Wm. Mayner.....World To-day
The Midway Islands. Peter R. Horton.....World To-day
Chicago's Most Unique Suburb—Kenilworth. F. E. M. Cole.
.....World To-day
The Finsteraarhorn. Marie Hampson Simpson.....Badminton
An Enthusiastic Appreciation of British Columbia. C. C.
Alloway.....Rod and Gun
English Weather. Louise I. Guiney.....Scribner's
The Fan Mountains in the Duab of Turkestan. W. R...
Rickmers.....Geographical Jrnl
Journey Through Eastern Portion of the Congo State. Maj. P.
H. G. Powell-Cotton.....Geographical Jrnl
Journeys in North Mesopotamia. Mark Sykes.....Geographical Jrnl
Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Henry van Dyke...Ladies' Home Jrnl
A Desert City's Far Reach for Water. Wm. R. Stewart.World's Work
Famous Foreign Cathedrals. Frank Field.....Eng. Illustrated
The Villages in the Valley of the Kentish Bourne.....Eng. Illustrated
Our Riches of the Far North. Jay M. Latimer.....Metropolitan

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

Extravagance in Clothes.....Everybody's
As Business Women Should and Should Not Dress..Ladies' Home Jrnl
Some Real Home Economies. Martha Van Rensselaer..
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
How I Learned to Keep House. Grace D. Goodwin..Good Housekeeping
Furnishing the Kitchen.....Good Housekeeping
Clean Market Day.....Good Housekeeping
Automobile in the Suburbs from a Woman's Point of....
View. H. Ward.....Good Housekeeping
The Little Brown Man as a Suburban Servant. F. N...
Brown .....Good Housekeeping
The Japanese Servant in the East. Helen G. Goodwin....
.....Good Housekeeping
The One-Servant Problem. Anne O'Hagan.....Smith's
The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. Grace M. Gould.....Smith's

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

Best Selling Books.

The six best selling books for Canada and the United States are recorded herewith. "The Younger Set." which leads the Canadian list, has had a remarkably large sale. A Canadian edition of the United States favorite, "The Lady of the Decoration," has just appeared.

Canadian Summary.

1. The Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
2. Cruise of the Shining Light. By Norman Duncan.
3. The Brass Bowl. By Joseph Vance.
4. The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.
5. Satan Sanderson. By Hallie E. Rives.
6. Captain of the Kansas. By Louis Tracy.

American Summary.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. Century Co.
2. The Traitor. Dixon. Doubleday Page.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. Bobbs-Merrill.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. Bobbs-Merrill.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. Holt.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. Lippincott.

Business.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS. By Waldo Pondray Warren. Chicago: Forbes & Co. A collection of over 200 business editorials taken from the leading metropolitan newspapers. The topics cover practical phases of business, the book being written from the standpoint of experience and personal observation of business conditions.

COMMERCIAL LAW FOR BUSINESS MEN. By Harris F. Williams. Chicago. Price, $1. Outlining the law pertaining to the everyday transactions in relation to property in the commercial or business world.

Historical.

LIFE OF LINCOLN FOR BOYS. By Francis C. Sparhawk. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, 75 cents. A book that cannot fail to leave a good and lasting impression on every boy who reads it. The life and character of the immortal Lincoln, his trials and achievements, are written in a manner which captivates the young reader and gives him an ideal example of what may be accomplished by a man with a set purpose. The war between the North and South, the history of the people of these times, are fully dealt with.

Fiction.

CHILDREN'S FAVORITE CLASSICS. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company. In this series there are three volumes (60 cents each): "Stories of Early England," by E. M. Wilmot-

Buxton, consists of a compilation of early English legends. "Stories from Chaucer," by Walker McSpadden, is a translation of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales into prose and modern English. "Stories from Morris," by Magdalen Edgar, consists of some of William Morris' stories, told in prose.

RED FEATHERS, THE. By Theodore Roberts. Boston : L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, $1.50. In this charming fantasy, Mr. Roberts has done for the Indian tribes of Newfoundland what Hans Andersen and Grimm, in their fairy stories, have done for the peasants of Germany. He has gone back to the mythical days, when magic was practiced among the people of the island, picturing the struggle between the good magician, Wise-as-a-She-Wolf, and the evil magician, Bright Robe. The red feathers are a gift to an Indian baby, son of Run-all-Day, who grows up in Wise-as-a-She-Wolf's magic lodge, and becomes in time a magician, too. The feathers give their possessor the power of flight through the air. Many characters, good and bad, are introduced in the story!, which will be found quite as interesting by grown-ups as by children.

LODESTAR, THE. By Max Pemberton. Toronto : Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.25. A fanciful story, introducing the strange experiences of a young Londoner, who, through the instrumentality of an exiled Polish revolutionary, is placed in the home of a wealthy financier. It transpires that this financier is also a Pole, who has renounced his native country and become the friend of the Russian oppressors. How his punishment is worked out gives the motif to the story. Action moves quickly, changing from London to Warsaw, as the tale unfolds.

BEST MAN, THE. By Harold Macgrath. Indianapolis : The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Cloth, $1.50. Toronto : McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25. A short and fascinating store of love in high society. A promising young lawyer wishes to marry, but fails to secure consent from the father of the girl he loves. An ingenious plot is resorted to by which the father is obliged to favor the marriage. Two other interesting short stories are included in the volume : "Two Candidates," and "Mr. Shifty Sullivan."

CHAMPION. By John Colin Dane. Toronto : Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.50. Champion is a racing automobile which tells his own experiences in a characteristic vein, expressing his emotions in motor language. The description of the great Vandervoorst cup race, in which he is entered against all the crack cars of the world, is admirably done. A pretty little love story runs through the pages of the book.

GARRISON'S FINISH. By W. B. M. Ferguson. Toronto : Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.50. A story of the race track, well-conceived in plot and well-executed in action. The hero, a jockey, comes upon the scene as the shattered idol of a fickle public. Apparently his "finish" is made in the first chapter, when, to all appearances, he "throws" the Carter Handicap. But Garrison was made of better stuff, and through all the vicissitudes which followed, he presses on until the climax is reached in the final chapter, when he is restored to honor and popular favor.

Miscellaneous.

CHRIST'S SERVICE OF LOVE. By Hugh Black. Toronto : Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, $1.25. A series of meditative discourses based on the communion season. While dealing with different aspects of the subject, they are exhaustive in their interpretation of the spiritual meaning of the Christian ordinance.

CHRISTMAS MAKING. By J. R. Miller, D.D. New York : Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. An attractive little book of thirty-two pages, containing many excellent illustrations. It has been dedicated by the author to those who wish to do something that will tend to make the world brighter and more cheerful.

JIMMY JONES, the Autobiography of an Office Boy. By Roy L. McCardell. Boston : Dana, Estes & Co. Cloth, $1.50. Jimmy is a typical New York street arab. The story of his early career is told in his own language, which is both humorous and appealing. His friends and acquaintances include a large number of interesting characters,

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Humor in the Magazines

The boy had half a brick in his grimy hand and was malevolently glaring at a closed door.

"What are you about to do, little boy?" inquired the philosopher, who chanced to be passing that way.

"I'm going to fling dis rock troo dat door," replied the angry urchin. "Dere's a feller in der dat owes me a nickel an' he won't cough it up."

The philosopher shook his head.

"You can't do that, my boy," he gently said. "The Hague conference has just adopted a clause forbidding bombardments of ports or other places for non-payment of debt."

So saying he removed the half brick from the grimy fingers and led the child away.

* * *

A good Samaritan, passing an apartment house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way downstairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For Heaven sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from that man. He s done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairs 'n throw me down th' elevator shaf'."

* * *

A Yankee officer was bragging about the crack shots in his corps.

"Oh, that's nothin' to the way we shoot." said another. "I belonged to a company of a hundred men, and every week we used to go out to practice. The cap'n would draw us up in single file, and set a cider barrel rollin' downhill. Each man took a shot at the bung-hole as it turned up. The barrel was then examined and if there was a shot found that didn't go into the bung-hole, the man that fired it was expelled. I've belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

* * *

The following was told at a smoker recently, and it is not so bad either. The narrator told of another little feed he once attended, where eight men were sent home in one hack; and the driver simply rang the door-bell and when a feminine voice called from an upper window, "Who is there?" the Jehu replied, "Missus, will you be so kind as to come down and pick out your baby?"

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A Trenton man recently returned home after a somewhat lengthy stay in the west. During his absence he had, according to Simeon Ford, cultivated a luxuriant growth of mustache and whiskers. When the individual who had thus changed the appearance of his countenance appeared in his own household, among those who failed at first to recognize him was a little niece.

Seeing that the child made no move towards greetings her long-absent relative, the wife said :

"Why, Alice ! Aren't you going to kiss your uncle ?"

"I would, ma'am," cheerfully responded Alice, "but I don't see any place to do it !"



Pat—"Sure, I voted the dimocratic ticket."

Mike—"How could ye trust such a party as thot ?"

Pat—"Oh, I didn't. They paid me cash."—Judge.

* * *

"There was a barber in South Bend, who, having been out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times. After each accident the barber said, as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless !' and laughed, and let it go at that.

"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence. But when the shave was over he filled a glass at the ice-cooler, took a mouthful of water, and with compressed lips proceeded to shake his head from side to side and to toss it up and down.

" 'What is the matter ?' the barber asked. 'You ain't got the toothache, have you ?'

" 'No,' said the customer, 'I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all.' "

* * *

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital.

After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse :

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound." Then turning to the patient, he asked quizzically : "What do you think, Pat ?"

"Sure," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say !"

* * *

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on ?" asked the hardware clerk, as he was wrapping up the nails. "They're cheap now. I can let you have a first-class one for $35."

"I'd rather put $35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin ; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."

* * *

"You were married before the war, weren't you ?"

"Well, yes, the fighting did start a few weeks after the ceremony."

* * *

"I am sick to death of everything," said the society woman. "Let's spend this evening where we've never spent one before."

"Agreed !" said her husband. "Shall we try home or church ?"

"Church," she replied, sighing.



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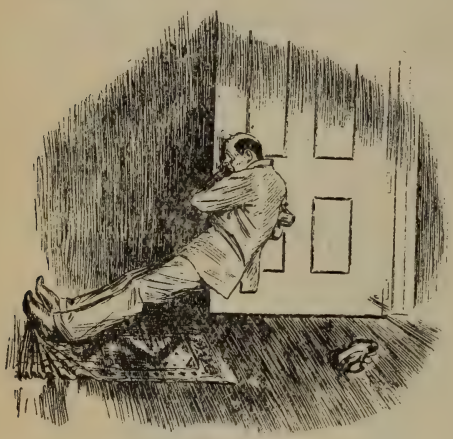
SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Hiram, there's a horse runnin' away over there."

"Gosh ! I'll bet somebody is tryin' to go to church."—Puck.

A fine, robust soldier after serving his country faithfully for some time, became greatly reduced in weight, owing to exposure and scanty rations, until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently, he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate. He arrived at his home station looking very badly. Just as he stepped off the boat one of his old friends rushed up to him and said ;—"Well, well, Pat, I am glad to see you're back from the front."

Pat looked worried and replied : "Begorra, I knew I was getting thin, but I nivver thought you could see that much."



A FAN.

Feminine Voice—"Are you home safe, Jim ?"

Jim—"Yes, darling ; but I had to slide for it."—Judge.

* * *

A big, husky Irishman strolled into the Civil Service room, where they hold physical examination for candidates for the police force.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.

"Which, sor ?"

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and pounded his back.

"Hop over this rod," was the next command.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands,"

He lost his balance and sprawled upon the floor, He was indignant, but silent.

"Now, jump under the cold shower."

"Sure an' thot's funny," muttered the applicant,

"Now, run around the room ten times. I want to test your heart and wind."

This last was too much. "I'll not," the candidate declared defiantly. "I'll stay single."

"Single ?" inquired the doctor, puzzled.

"Single," repeated the Irishman with determination. "Sure an' what's all this funny business got to do wid a marriage license, anyhow ?"

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.

* * *

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of a southern city, hires a colored man to clean up his room. fill the lamp, and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said:

"Boss, our blackin' am done out."

"What do you mean by saying, 'our blacking' ?" growled the sordid employer ; "everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

The terrified darky apologized and promised to remember. On the following Sunday the bachelor happened to meet the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate-colored female pushing a baby-carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day at his house where he was entertaining quite a number of his friends.

"No, boss, day's not our chile ; dat's your chile. I'se nebber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."

* * *

A wealthy old man, who disliked parting with his money, said one day to the physician, who was just bringing him round from a long illness :

"Ah, doctor, we have known each other such a long time, I don't intend to insult you by settling your account in cash ; but I have put you down for a handsome legacy in my will."

The doctor looked thoughtful.

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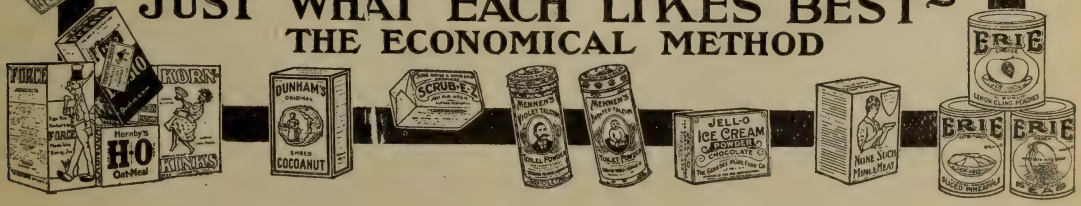
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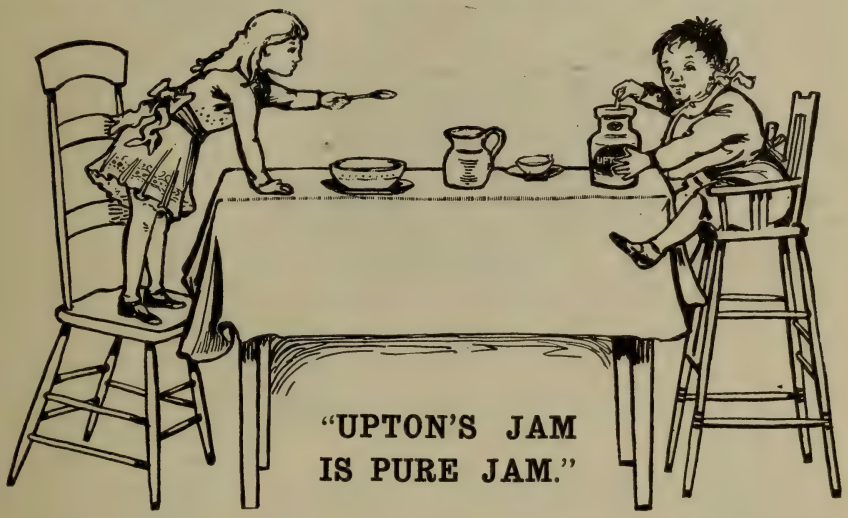
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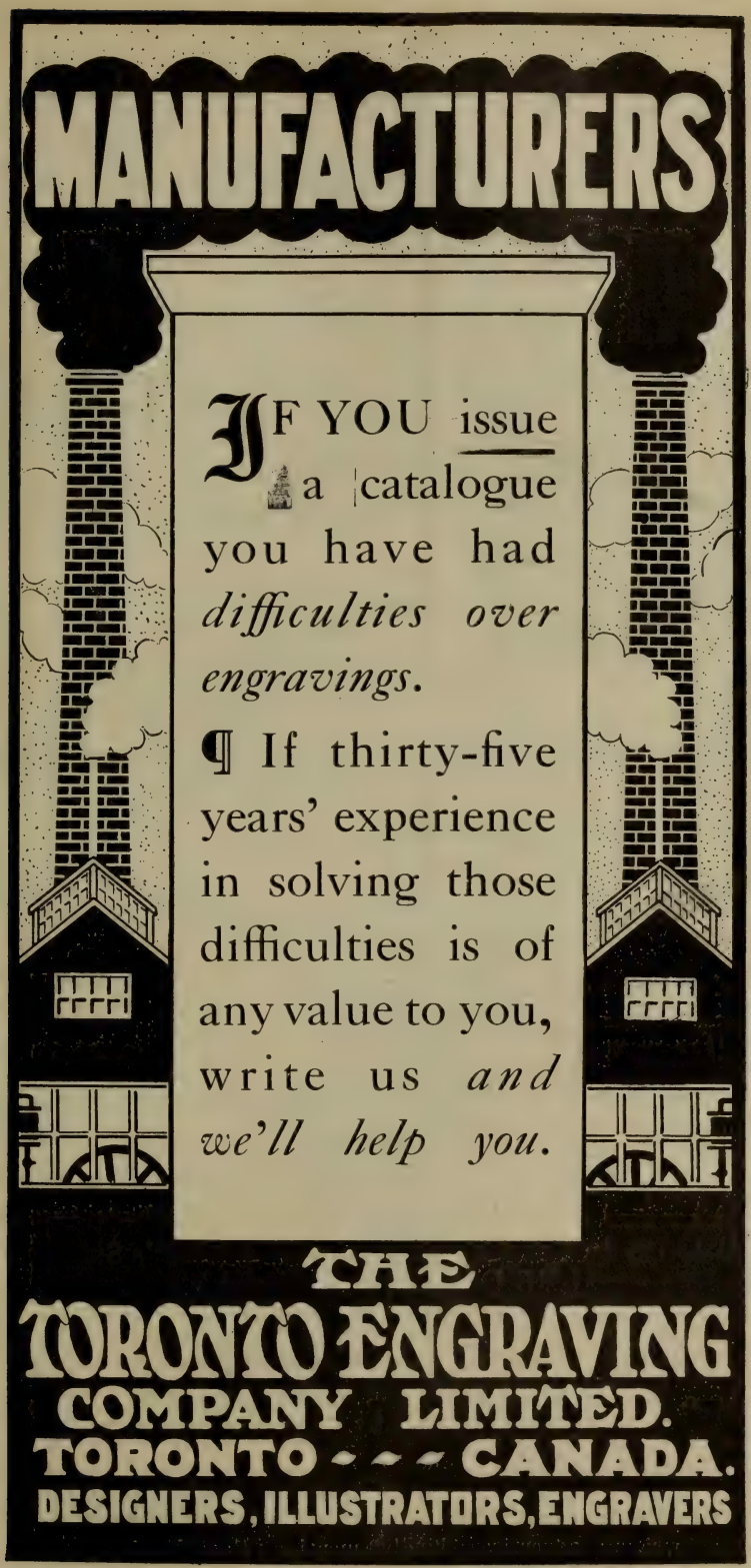
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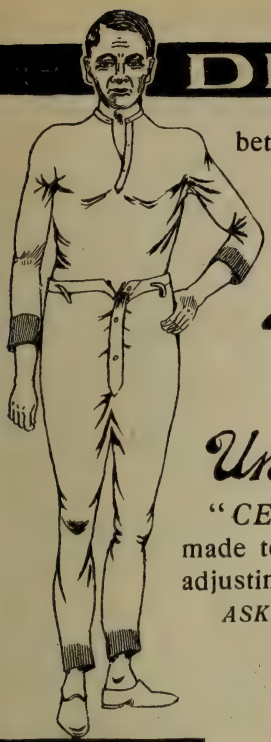
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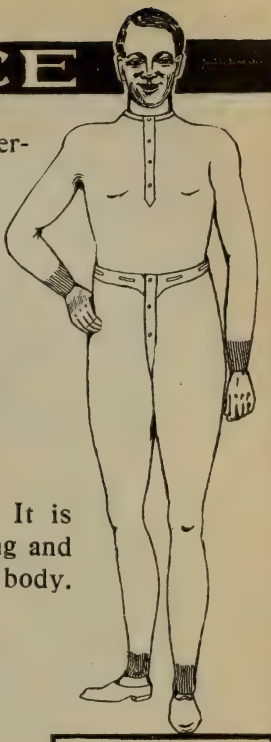
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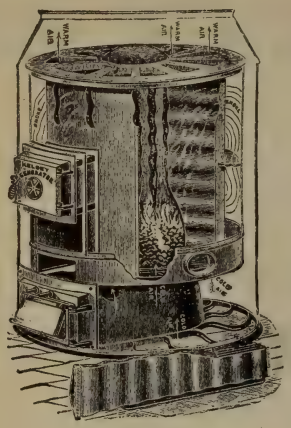
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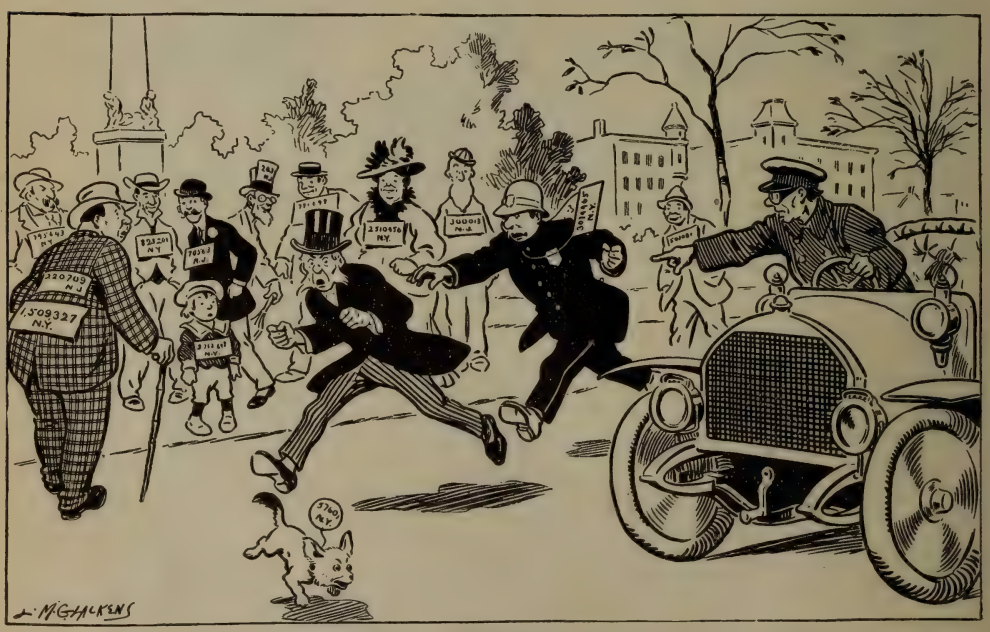
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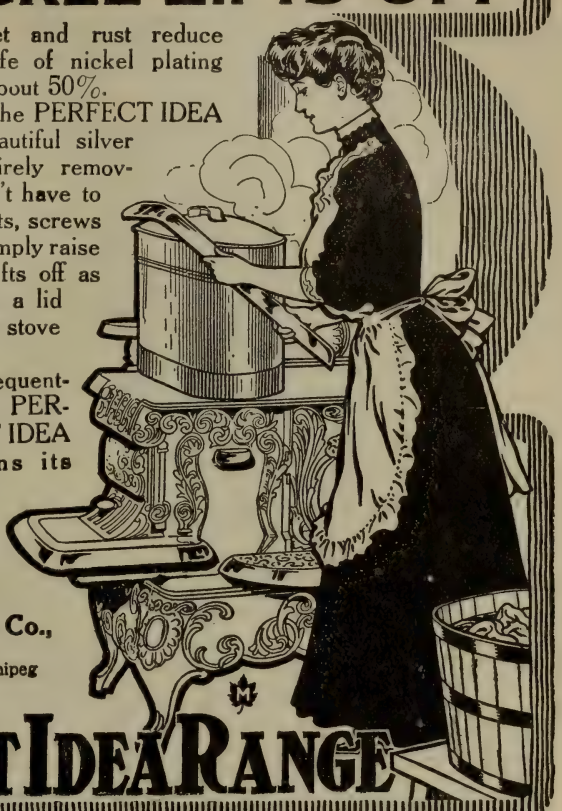
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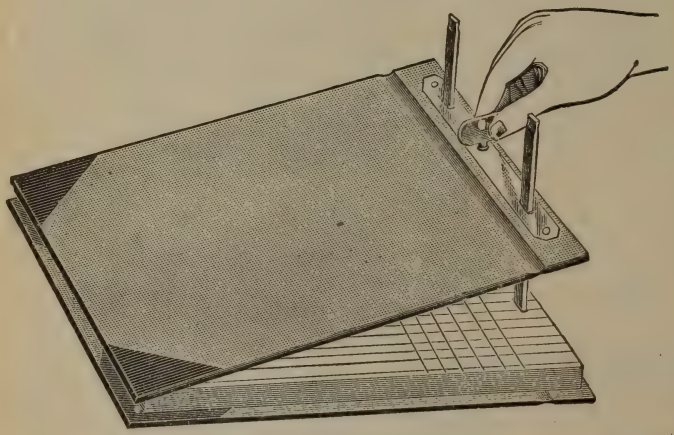
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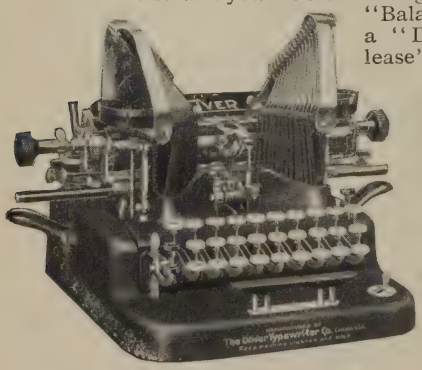
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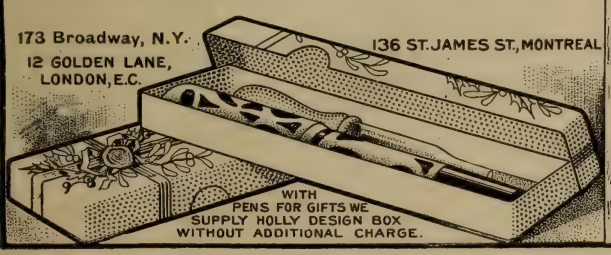
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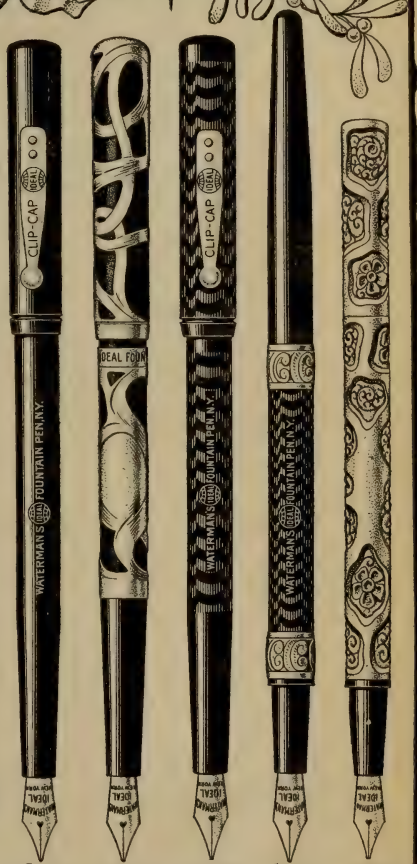
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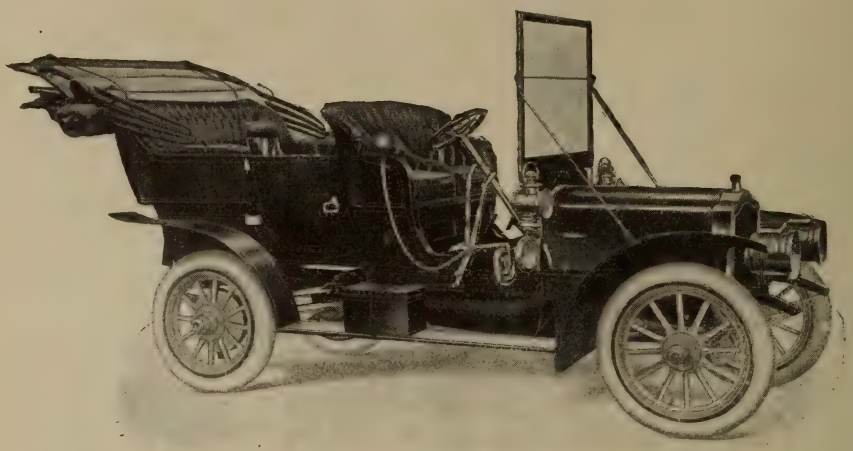




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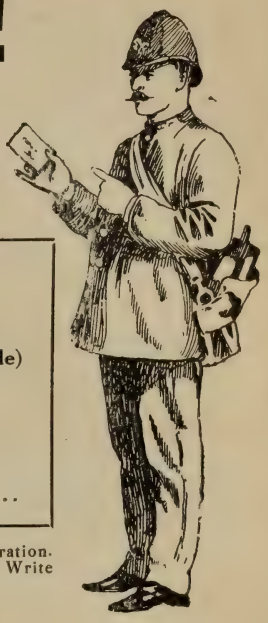
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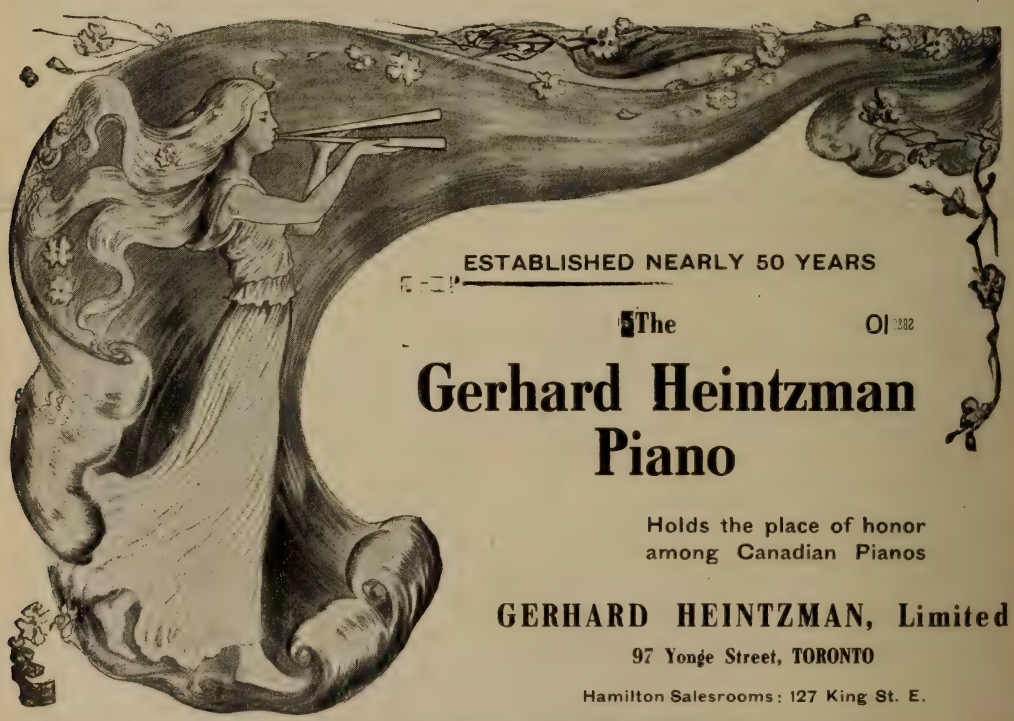
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Mainly About Ourselves

READERS of The Busy Man's will note that the December number brings a decided improvement in the cover design. We are certain that this change, which is in exact accordance with the policy outlined in this department some months ago, will be appreciated. The reading matter of future numbers will be ably illustrated, thus bringing the artistic features of Busy Man's up to its high literary standard. The coming year will see many improvements on the features already in the magazine as well as the introduction of many new ones. We are working all the time, always on the alert, thinking and reaching out on all sides for interesting materials. No promises are being made which will not be fulfilled. With new plans, suggestions and ideas, always cropping up, a year hence will see our readers enjoying even a much superior publication than at present. A comparison of this number with that of a year ago may be taken as a criterion of what the coming year has in store.

* * *

It is never an easy thing to secure subscriptions; but if the publication does not possess merit it is harder to hold subscriptions than to get them. It is a significant fact in regard to The Busy Man's Magazine that the relative number of "discontinues" is almost nil. "I like your magazine very much, and hope to continue reading it," writes M. G. Beatty, of Alliston, Ont., under date of November 6, "it seems to just fill the desired place for me." This is but a sample of the sentiment expressed by many of our readers. Newspaper publishers also occasionally take time to express to us their appreciation. For example, the editor of the Uxbridge Journal writes: "The Busy Man's Magazine is the best that comes to our table."

* * *

The Peterboro Daily Review is most appreciative in its comments regarding the magazine. The following is an extract from its article:

"It is pleasing to record that Canada can boast of such a publication, whereby the man, who can devote only a short time to reading each day, may become thoroughly conversant with all that the brightest minds are producing, and what the world's leaders of thought and research are doing, discovering or planning.

"Such a publication is The Busy Man's Magazine, which comes to hand this month replete with the latest contribution of the world's centres in political and commercial affairs, science and invention, labor, business, industry, art, etc. Besides reproducing all that is best and up-to-date from the other periodicals, The Busy Man's Magazine furnishes a complete index to everything that appears on any subject of importance, giving a classified list of the contents of other magazines, subjects discussed, the authors, etc. This is a most commendable feature and saves the business man much time, labor and expense. The Busy Man's Magazine is a Canadian publication, and places before its readers the greatest amount of in-

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struction and profit in the handiest form and most attractive manner. Each succeeding issue appears to be more edifying, carefully prepared, and ably supervised than its predecessor. The clientele to which it appeals should certainly prize it as a production in every way creditable to Canadian enterprise and genius. It indeed fills a long felt want."

Expressions like these are not only appreciated by the publishers of The Busy Man's Magazine, but doubtless enhance its value in the eyes of both the reading and the advertising public.

* * *

Our magazine has done much to increase the circulation of other periodicals. At first thought this may appear strange. In the department, Contents of Current Magazines, The Busy Man's gives a classified list of all articles appearing in the current issues of these publications. A glance through this department will show the reader what the magazines of the month contain in his line, thus impressing on him the necessity of securing these. Every month brings numerous letters asking the place of publication of certain periodicals. As most of the magazines are procurable on the newsstands we are only made aware of a small portion of the service we are rendering these publications. The Busy Man's prosperity means increased earnings for other publications of its class.

It is a good sign when the publishers of newspapers and periodicals are compelled to enlarge and improve their plants. It indicates expansion, and expansion means prosperity. Ever since The Busy Man's Magazine was launched it has made steady and continuous progress. Each issue contains the cream of the world's many magazines; and the busy people who like to read what is best have so appreciated our efforts that new type, new presses and new folding machines have just been put in our mechanical department to satisfy the increased demand upon our resources. In order to do this the very best that the markets of Great Britain and the United States could supply was secured. We trust that the results will be apparent in subsequent issues of the magazine.

* * *

In a few weeks Christmas will be here and the same difficult problem confronts us as to what Christmas gifts we shall send our friends. Why not send them The Busy Man's Magazine for a year? There could be nothing more appropriate, and your own opinion of the magazine shows you how well it will be appreciated. Each month will be a constant reminder of your valuable gift, while other colorless presents will mean little to either the receiver or giver. Last month we made this same suggestion and it is wonderful the number of responses received even at this early date.



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Vol. XV. No. 2

The Busy Man's Magazine

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TORONTO - - CANADA

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XV DECEMBER 1907 No 2

A Canadian Wit

A Brilliant Entertainer and Most Successful Business Man

By C. Egbert Robmaster

MR. SAMUEL NORDHEIMER is probably more widely known than any other man in Toronto. This is not so much because of his conspicuous ability and success as a business man, as for some of the other qualities which he possesses. Thousands who perhaps have never heard of Nordheimer the Piano King, admire and appreciate Nordheimer the Wit. Nordheimer, around whose name circulate more stories, anecdotes and witticisms than there are quills in a porcupine; Nordheimer, whose tongue upon occasion has reduced more than one would-be humorist to a thoughtful and respectful silence, and pulverized the ambitions of many a luckless individual who thought to catch him napping and thus effect a conquest.

And yet in appearance Mr. Nordheimer is anything but formidable. Below the average in height, modest and unassuming in manner, with a mild eye and a benignant smile, his outward appearance gives rise to no speculations as to his identity. It is only when one begins to talk to him on some subject in which he is keenly interested that one realizes the uncommon personality, the individual force of character and mental capacity that is concealed behind the placid exterior.

No one has ever been known to score off Mr. Nordheimer; or at least if any one has such a feat to his credit he is prudent enough to keep it to himself lest his fall some day prove greater than his pride. Many, indeed, have attempted it but none have returned to tell the tale. True they have come back, but with a different look upon their faces from that with which they set forth, a sorrowful and pained surprise has supplanted serenity and self-confidence, and a noticeable silence has taken the place of what was perhaps a former garrulous assurance.

And yet his wit is defensive, not aggressive. He never corners a man; rather does he permit the aggressor to rush open-eyed at his fate and then when it becomes necessary he swamps him. He never attacks, no matter how great the provocation, preferring to use his power as a shield rather than as a weapon; but no one having once taken the initiative ever escapes. The late D'Alton McCarthy once

gave a dinner party at which Mr. Nordheimer, together with many other prominent men and women, was present. Mr. Samuel was feeling in a particularly happy mood that evening, and had succeeded in impressing this fact upon the other guests by the pointed, and when circumstances seemed to warrant it, barbed shafts of wit which he distributed with charming and artistic impartiality among each of them in turn. McCarthy alone had escaped from the ordeal untouched so far, when upon the ladies rising to leave the room, Mr. Nordheimer either accidentally or with an eye to further cynicism, knocked a spoon from the table and stooped to pick it up. To Mr. McCarthy, who had probably been watching for just such an opening, this was a golden opportunity and he lost no time in taking advantage of it. Raising his voice in order to ensure his prospective triumph reaching the ears of everyone in the room, he called out "Be careful Sam, be very careful, you are under observation," and then waited, flushed with victory for the general laugh which followed at the expense of his victim.

That crafty individual, however, vouchsafed never a word, but rising slowly from the ground, he affected to examine the spoon carefully for a minute or two, and then threw it on the table with a gesture eloquent of disappointment and disgust.

"Mein Gott," he exclaimed, in tones which contained an indescribable mixture of simulated anger, irritation and disillusion, "Mein Gott, and I thought it was silver."

It is related of him that one day he invited a well-known resident of Toronto to his house with a view to establishing business relations of a sort which should be mutually satisfactory. Business concluded, Mr. Nordheimer invited his companion to join him in a cigar but the latter eyeing unfavorably the fat and muscular weed held out to him, declined with what was perhaps unnecessary fervor. Mr. Nordheimer in no wise put out, chatted comfortably on various topics, and having finished his cigar, rose to bid his guest good-bye. "You will join me in a whiskey and soda before you go of course," said he, determined at all costs not to appear inhospitable, but his visitor's somewhat curt refusal brought a twinkle into his shrewd eye. "What," he exclaimed, "you do not drink, you do not smoke? Ah, my friend, come up often, come up always."

As a keen observer of human nature, and a past-master in the art of handling men, Mr. Nordheimer has few equals in this or any other country. In the early days he happened to be making a trip from Toronto to Montreal. Just as he was about to start a message came from the firm's Kingston agent saying that a possible customer was on the point of investing in a Canadian piano. "Would Mr. Nordheimer servative, and was going to be true to the National Policy—just then becoming a fad with every one. At this time the Nordheimer firm had not begun to manufacture, but were agents for the Chickering piano, "Would Mr. Nordheimer stop off at Kingston?" "Yes." "Should Mr. So-and-So be told to look Mr. Nordheimer up?" "No." "Or should he be told that Mr. Nordheimer would look him up?" "No! Mr. So-and-So must simply be told that Mr. Nordheimer was in the city." This he was told of course, and Mr. Nordheimer received a cordial invitation to his home. "Yes." Mr. Nordheimer thought he might possibly manage to run up.

"My dear man," said Mr. Nordheimer, as he was being shown over the fine residence, "You have a beautiful house, you ought to be proud of it." "And that I am," replied the other. "And I notice you have some fine paintings, why I

believe I saw some of them on exhibition in Europe, the last time I was there." "You are quite right, Mr. Nordheimer, I purchased them all in Europe." "Yes, and you have real Brussel's carpets, and genuine Irish lace curtains. Yes, you have a very fine house, and where is your piano?" "I am thinking of buying a Weber," was the reply. "I believe in patronizing home industry." "Very good, very good," said Mr. Nordheimer, "and you are quite right to patronize home industry,



Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, in the Uniform of a Consul of the German Empire.

but how about the pictures and the curtains?" Needless to say, the man had to buy a Chickering.

Mr. Nordheimer is a man of many moods, and not even his best friends can ever be quite sure what is going to happen when they see him coming along. A young Torontonian, well-known around town, had business relations with Mr. Nordheimer not long ago, which necessitated frequent interviews. Almost every time he would receive a polite invitation to come up and have dinner with the gentleman on the Hill, "Come up any time." Perhaps he would forget, only to have the invitation repeated the next time they met. One morning he saw Mr. Nordheimer coming and made up his mind he would rise to the occasion. "You have been kind enough Mr. Nordheimer," said he, "to ask me again and again to dinner. If it is convenient I think I should like to accept your invitation for this evening." "My," said Mr. Nordheimer with a puzzled expression on his face, "but you are one funny man."

Another bright young fellow connected with the Nordheimer firm was told he might have the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Nordheimer a day in Hamilton, his idea of course, being to take the gentleman to the best hotel in the place. But no, Mr. Nordheimer wanted only a quiet place where he could have a sandwich and a glass of beer. The place was found, and Mr. Nordheimer expressed himself as delighted with his luncheon. It reminded him so much of Germany. And then Mr. Nordheimer must come with him for a smoke. The young man knew a place where they could get three good cigars for ten cents. "You are very kind," said Mr. Nordheimer, "but I want you to come and have one on me, I know a place where they sell two cigars for five cents."

Mr. Nordheimer is not at all averse to telling a joke on himself, provided it is a good one. As a young man, he prided himself on being particular about his dress, almost to the point of fastidiousness. During a visit to a New York tailor shop on one occasion he saw an overcoat which particularly struck his fancy. Unfortunately the garment had been tailored for another gentleman. Mr. Nordheimer asked if he might try it on, and together they found it fitted like a glove. "Couldn't the tailor make another just like this for the gentleman, who happened to be in Europe at the time, and let Mr. Nordheimer have this one?" Yes, the tailor thought he could. "And I will give you $30 for the coat," said Mr. Nordheimer. "And I will take it," said the other. "And now I will tell you how I get the start of you," volunteered the proud possessor of a fine article bought cheap: "You could have asked $45 and I would have paid it." "Yes," said the other, "and you could have offered me $20 and I would have taken it.

On a recent trip abroad Mr. Nordheimer was accompanied by a nephew and his grandson, whom he wished to show the places in Germany which had interested him as a boy. "And boys," he reminded them, "I want you to derive the greatest possible benefit from this trip, it is costing a lot of money and it ought to be the best kind of an education for you both. You must keep your eyes open, and make an effort to remember every place of interest we visit. For instance," said he, "looking down upon the youths with a benignant smile, as they drove along a celebrated Parisian roadway, "where are we now?" "In the carriage, grandfather," was the reply. And a slight exclamation and a smothered laugh was heard from the driver's box.

Some alterations were being made a few years ago in the Nordheimer offices which left an ugly beam exposed and unfortunately in the way. Mr. Nordheimer, who was inspecting the work forgot the existence

of the beam for the moment and when he went to stand up he bumped his head against the beam with such force that the pearl grey topper which he has affected for many years was forced down over his ears. His efforts to loosen the knot, together with his exclamations of surprise, seemed too good to the solitary workman who was standing by, and he also gave vent to his feelings: "You dare to laugh." "I can't help it, sir," came the scared answer. "And say, do you know what fool put that beam there?" Silence. "Well I did," said Mr. Nordheimer.

A gentleman who fell in with Mr. Nordheimer on the occasion of his last trip to Europe in the spring of 1906, tells of an interesting conversation which took place between them during the passage over. The gentleman was not long in discovering in Mr. Nordheimer a man worth knowing, and lost no opportunity of improving his acquaintance. They walked together, smoked and dined together, became the best of friends before the end of the trip, so much so that one day they exchanged confidences as follows: "I hope, Mr. Nordheimer," said the friend, "you will not consider it presumptuous of me on such short acquaintance, but I would awfully like to ask you one question." "All right," responded Mr. Nordheimer. "Do you know I have come to think a lot of you, in fact I like you as well as any man I ever met." "What do you wish to know?" "Your age, sir," said he. "Well, well," was the answer, "that



"GLENEDYTH,"

Mr. Samuel Nordheimer's Family Residence and one of Canada's Most Beautiful Homes.

is something I have not told to any living soul; no one knows my age, and yet as a dear friend, I will let you into the secret if you will promise me never to reveal it, and he whispered in his ear, "I am just sixty-two." He is now approaching his ninetieth year.

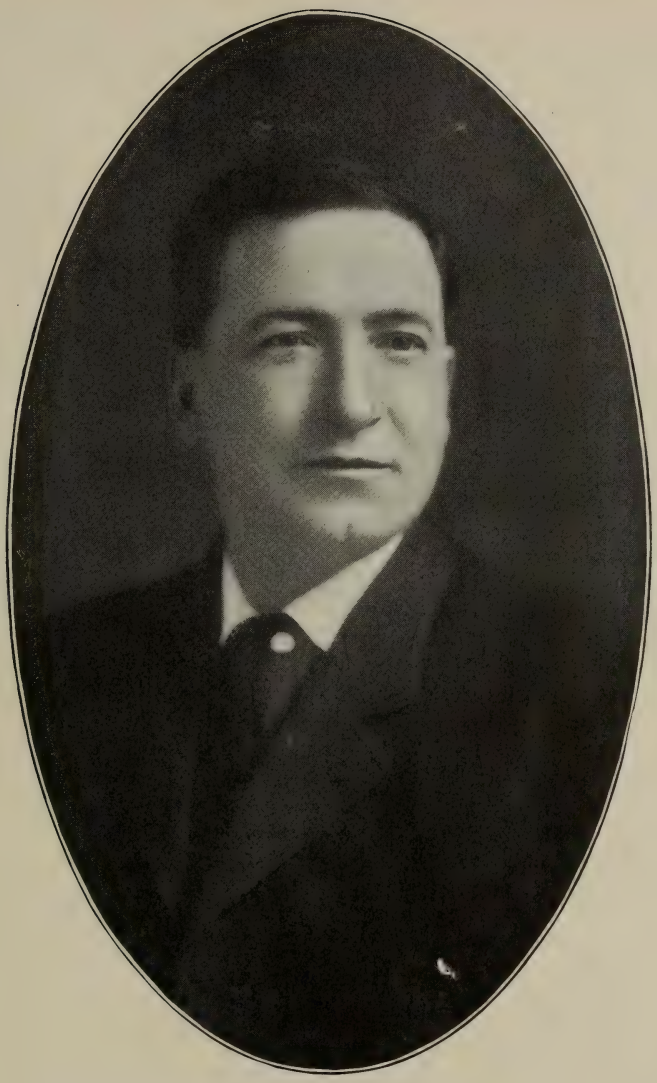
He is the surviving partner of the firm of A. & S. Nordheimer, the oldest piano and music establishment in Canada, now known as the Nordheimer Piano and Music Company. He is about the only living representative of the prominent men who half a century ago were the leading business men of King St., Toronto.

Mr. Nordheimer has done a great deal to raise the standard of music in Toronto and throughout the Dominion, his latest happy thought being to endow a Chair of Music at Upper Canada College, where already substantial work is being done towards the creation of a musical atmosphere for young Canada. But Mr. Nordheimer's enterprise and influence do not stop here. In public and private his efforts have also been directed towards the promotion of prosperity in the Queen City. The building owned by the Canada Permanent and Western Mortgage Corporation on Toronto Street is a monument to his enterprise, having been built when its surroundings were most unpromising, and it is greatly owing to the start then given that Toronto Street is indebted for many of its present substantial and magnificent buildings.

This successful man has occupied a large number of prominent positions in Toronto, having been for many years President of the late Federal Bank, Vice-president and Director of the Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Co., Director of the Confederation Life Association. He has always been active in the musical arena, having been for several years President of the Toronto Philharmonic Society. In financial circles he has been for many years and is yet connected with many flourishing institutions. By his indomitable will he has amassed a handsome fortune; and for commercial experience, shrewdness and judgment, Mr. Nordheimer forms a striking figure among Canada's distinguished citizens.

His family residence, "Glenedyth," is one of the finest private mansions in Toronto; its situation on the Davenport Hill being unequalled. The surrounding grounds are both extensive and picturesque, comprising about 40 acres beautifully wooded, with winding drives and grassy terraces that remind the visitor of the finest of English demesnes and ancestral halls. The house is superbly furnished; the entrance hall, lighted from a dome, is strikingly beautiful in its finish and arrangement; while the drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and boudoirs are gems of artistic decoration. The view from "Glenedyth" extends over the whole city and across the lake to Niagara.

Early in September, 1887, the late Emperor William appointed Mr. Nordheimer to the honorable position of Imperial German Consul for the Province of Ontario, and to him the British Government issued the Exequator. It can be truly said that the numerous Germans in the Province of Ontario, and more particularly those residing in Toronto, hailed the appointment with feelings of sincere pleasure, fully aware that the duties of the office attached to the appointment, would, under the care of Mr. Nordheimer, be conducted with business despatch, a readiness to furnish all desirable information, and add greatly to the interests of Canadian merchants having business relations with Germany. Still holding this honorable appointment, Mr. Nordheimer is serving the country of his birth, and as a British subject, his adopted fatherland.



MR. A. G. MacKAY

Leader of the Liberal Party in Ontario

Mr. A. G. MacKay, the new Leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, assumes the leadership of the Party with a clean public record. It is true that he was for a short time a member of the Ross Government which was so overwhelmingly defeated in the last election, but none of the reputation which attaches to that Cabinet rests on Mr. MacKay. He comes from Owen Sound, where, for a number of years he practiced law. That he stands well with the public is shown by the fact, on his return to Owen Sound after his selection for the leadership, one of the first men to congratulate him and bear testimony to his ability was Mr. James McLaughlan, the principal leader of the Conservative Party in that district. Mr. MacKay owes his promotion to his own ability. The Globe employed him as counsel in an important libel action and the editor was so struck with the intelligent way in which he handled the case that, on his return to Toronto, he saw the Premier and spoke so highly of the young member that he was at once taken into the Cabinet. Mr. MacKay is a farmer's son who followed the path of many of our successful men by paying his own way through High School, the University and Osgoode.

The Straight Way of Life

By P. Chalmers Mitchell in World's Work

THE title of this article is a rough translation of the word "Orthobiosis," invented by Professor Elie Metchnikoff to denote what is at once a new standard of morality, a scientific guide of life, and a new hope for humanity against the greatest evils that encompass us. Every one knows that Metchnikoff is now chief of those who carry on the high traditions of Pasteur.

Metchnikoff is a Russian of the professional classes. (His older brother was the provincial functionary whose death, in the maturity of life, was described in Tolstoi's "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.") He became Professor of Zoology at Kazan and made a great reputation among zoologists by his detailed studies of the structure and life histories of some of the lower invertebrate animals. Owing to political trouble, he left Russia and joined the Pasteur Institute in Paris. His researches on certain water-fleas had led him to pay special attention to the behavior of the wandering cells that occur in all except the simplest animals, and that appear in a familiar form as the white corpuscles of human blood. He found that these cells restlessly pervade the tissues, living a semi-independent, almost parasitic life. They are extremely mobile and sensitive to stimulations of different kinds, being attracted by some substances and repelled by others. When there are disturbances in the body due to morbid processes, or to the presence of foreign intruders, such as microbes that have invaded the tissues, these wandering cells crowd around the affected spots, ingesting and destroying the intruders, removing the diseased tissue, and generally aiding in the healing process.

These investigations are the foundation of the modern views of inflammation, and gained for Metchnikoff a reputation as a pathologist at least as great, and naturally much more widespread, than his fame as a zoologist.

The special quality of the wandering cells, of which white blood-corpuscles are the examples most easy to observe, is their power of destroying other living cells, engulfing them bodily where that is possible; or, in the case of the larger victims, pressing against them and sucking out their contents. Metchnikoff has called them "eating cells" or "phagocytes," and the process is "phagocytosis." In the main phagocytosis is beneficial to the body, and phagocytes are guardians of its welfare. But the action is mechanical, in the widest sense of the term, an affair of action and reaction, of appetite and resistance, and not of orderly benevolence.

HOW MEN GROW "OLD."

When the cells of any tissue—muscle or kidney, brain or bone—are in active health, either they do not attract the phagocytes or are able to repel their embarrassing attentions. The maintenance of the integrity of the tissues demands a delicate balance of power between the higher, specific cells and the omnipresent phagocytes. The latter are as ready to devour the tissues themselves as foreign intruders, and if they are unduly stimulated or the tissues unduly weakened, the baleful process of tissue destruction begins; muscle tissue, brain tissue, kidney tissue or what not, is replaced by the phagocytes, and the corresponding functions degenerate. The action is naturally progressive, and sooner or later leads to a condition incompatible with life.

According to Metchnikoff, this is the essential nature of the changes which take place in old age. The activity of the phagocytes overpowers the activity of the normal cells, with the result that senile debility is produced. According to Metchnikoff,

in the vast majority of cases, senile debility comes too early, being due to causes which may be prevented—if not by our own generation, at least in the future.

This early senility is only one instance of what Metchnikoff calls the disharmonies due to our inherited constitution. In a volume, the English translation of which was published in 1903, under the title, "The Nature of Man," and in a second volume, "The Prolongation of Life," which is announced for this autumn, he has explained in detail the nature of his general views. In many ways, man is out of gear with his environment on account of the fact that many of his qualities—physical, mental, and emotional—which have come to him as a legacy from his remote ancestors and which at one time were probably useful adaptations, are now positively harmful. Such disharmonies are the real source of the pessimism which has tinged so deeply the philosophy and literature, the religion and the folk-lore of ancient and modern times, and for which, as yet, no complete anodyne or remedy has been found.

Metchnikoff, however, is a convinced optimist, and thinks that as horticulturists use their knowledge of the constitution and qualities of plants to modify these in definite directions, so also it is within the power of science to modify human nature. The method of operation must be different, partly because the relatively short life and rapid rate of reproduction of most plants indicate selective breeding as the most effective means of producing modification; in the case of man, obvious considerations, if only those of time, rule out selective breeding, and the long life affords the opportunity of direct modification of each individual. Advances in knowledge and scientific method are to be employed to rectify human life, and to remove from it all acquired or inherited disharmonies, until there be attained the condition which he calls "orthobiosis"—a cycle from birth to death from which extraneous accidents have been removed, and in which each successive phase comes in its due course.

We are already advancing rapidly along the first stage of the process. Year by year, as the study of diseases advances, we are getting nearer the time when mankind will be free from their burden, a burden measured not only by the deaths due directly to them but by the loss of health and shortening of life caused to those who may appear to have recovered. The normal duration of life is extending in all civilized countries, and this is the result of improvements in cleanliness, general hygiene, and greater simplicity of life. Already, if scientific knowledge were applied to its fullest extent, the race would make an enormous stride towards "orthobiosis," and it is a definite part of the new morality that the parliaments and executive officers who have charge of human affairs should be experts in the new scientific knowledge.

THE CAUSE OF EARLY SENILITY.

The most striking part of Metchnikoff's doctrine, however, is an affair of the individual rather than of the state. One of the legacies that men have inherited from their animal progenitors is the possession of a very capacious large intestine, in which the *debris* of the food remains for a considerable period. All the conditions in this organ are normally favorable to the existence and multiplication of a varied flora of microbes, among which the most abundant and pernicious are those which set up putrefaction of the contents.

By a series of most ingenious investigations, Metchnikoff has shown that there is a direct relation between the presence of such a possibility of intestinal putrefaction and a relative shortness of life amongst vertebrate animals generally. The depression, headaches, and even serious illnesses caused by prolonged retention of the contents of the lower bowel are familiar to us all, and are the result of the microbial poisons being absorbed into the blood and thereby affecting the tissues generally. These poisons not only cause immediate troubles,

but are chief agents in the production of early senility. They depress the resistance of the higher cells and stimulate the activity of the phagocytes, so that their presence encourages the eating away of the specific elements of the tissues and their replacement by useless, degenerative material. Whatever may have been the original use of this great reservoir of waste material, it is now positively harmful.

Although the resources of modern surgery have made it possible to "short-circuit" the large intestine, shutting off the capacious lower bowel and although this radical interference has been most successful, Metchnikoff does not suggest the universal adoption of so extreme a measure. His method is to attack the flora of microbes, and prevent or reduce the intestinal putrefaction they set up. A vast number of experiments have been made, the object of which was to render the contents of the large intestine aseptic by treatment with disinfecting agencies. Microbes and their spores, however, are possessed of walls highly resistant to the action of chemical agencies, and it is impossible to introduce substances in sufficient bulk and power to kill the microbes without doing serious harm to the living cells that form the lining of the intestine. It happens that the bacilli which cause lactic fermentation, those which sour milk by transforming some of its sugar into lactic acid, are able to become acclimatized in the intestine, and that their presence under favorable conditions arrests the activity of the microbes which cause putrefaction.

CURDS TO CHECK ADVANCING AGE.

After exhaustive investigation of the bacilli employed for souring milk in various parts of the world, Metchnikoff has found a strain of which pure bacilli "cultures" can be made. These can be introduced into the body in various forms. Soured curds, prepared from boiled milk by the addition, at the proper temperature, of a leaven containing the pure "cultures," can be eaten in quantities of a little more than a tea-cup full once or twice a day. Taken with sugar, the curds are quite pleasant. Tabloids containing the pure cultures in a dry condition may be taken along with a milk diet. It is necessary, however, that the general diet should be as simple as possible. Alcohol in any form, and even in small quantities, is injurious; it aids the process of putrefaction and interferes with the action of the lactic bacilli. Metchnikoff himself limits his own food practically to milk, chocolate, and bread; but if the diet be plain, there seems to be no reason why it should not be limited to milk and vegetables. Uncooked fruits and salads are especially to be avoided, as they are always contaminated in a high degree with the spores of moulds and of various harmful bacilli, while those which have been grown in market gardens are often charged with the bacteria of specific diseases. The soured milk treatment has been tried experimentally in a large number of cases, and its general effect on the health has been carefully investigated. There appears to be no doubt as to its efficiency in reducing or almost completely preventing intestinal putrefaction.

It is possible, then, for science to intervene in favor of the higher cells of the body in their warfare with the phagocytes, by the conquest of disease, and by the arrest of the processes of putrefaction, the absorbed poisons from which are a constant menace to the body. There are other methods which are now being worked out, but which already approach accomplishment. It is possible to prepare serums that have a definite effect in stimulating the different elements of the body, and although there are great practical difficulties in the way of making and experimenting with these, it seems probable that science will be able to come to the aid of any tissue that seems to be weakening before its due time.

THE INSTINCT OF LIFE.

The attainment of "orthobiosis" would enormously increase the happiness of human life. Human beings would remain active and vigorous, bodily and mentally, long after the

period at which most people are now a burden to themselves and others. The duration of the working period of each individual life would be enormously increased. But the psychological effect would be even greater. Metchnikoff has shown, by a most interesting series of studies, that in a normal human life there is a gradual succession of instincts. One of the most important of these is what may be called the instinct of life, the sense of the value of life. This is almost absent in the young, and grows slowly as maturity is reached. Persons who die, or who become aged in early middle life may never acquire it. Pessimism, the expression of the absence of the sense of life, is a phase of youth. Many of the best known pessimists, such as Schopenhauer, have lived to survive their pessimism; and perhaps a majority of great men—Goethe for instance—pass through pessimism to a convinced optimism. In Metchnikoff's opinion, it is of the utmost importance that this truth should be realized, and that those who are in the phase of pessimism should understand its temporary nature.

THE INSTINCT OF DEATH.

Still more interesting is the relation of "orthobiosis" to death. At the present time, death comes in the vast majority of cases by some accident of disease or degeneration, and cannot be regarded as in any way natural. We have as yet almost no information as to what would be the natural limit of human life, but it may be set down as, at the least, considerably more than a century. As it nearly always comes too soon, and as the result of morbid processes, we are ignorant as to what natural death would be.

Metchnikoff has collected information from a few rare cases which leads him to suppose that if it came in its proper season, death would be as welcome as any other normal phase of the cycle of life. In a harmoniously developed life, the sexual instinct would appear at sexual maturity, and not before that time. As life went on, the sense of life, or instinct of life, would grow stronger and stronger, but in the end would be replaced by what Metchnikoff calls the instinct of death. This would come not as the wish to be free from pain, but as a gentle acquiescence of the mind and the emotions in the natural processes of the body.

It is doubtful if truly natural death ever does occur among human beings, and there is no direct evidence as to its cause. It is practically certain that it is not the result, as has been supposed, of a failure in the power of the constituent cells of the body to grow and reproduce. The most probable theory is that it is the result of a gradual accumulation within the body of narcotic by-products of cell-activity, and that it is directly comparable with sleep, and that the last sleep would be received as gratefully by the permanently tired body as temporary sleep is received by the temporarily tired body. For such a condition to be attained it is necessary that life should be stretched out to its due limit, and not shortened by "accidents" of disease or habit.

The reproach has been brought against the philosophy of Metchnikoff that it is purely selfish, considering the individual rather than the race. It seems obvious, however, that the race, apart from the individuals of which it is composed, is a mere abstraction, and that that race is most likely to survive and develop further which contains the largest number of vigorous, happy, and active individuals. Moreover, Metchnikoff shows that as the scale of animal life is considered in ascending series, the importance of the individual increases. Among single-celled animals, when a colony is formed, the components are absolutely merged in the whole. In various kinds of polyp colonies, the constituent individuals become specialized organs of the whole, losing their own integrity. Among colonial insects, although no physical link binds the units into the whole, the different individuals are incomplete; some, like the drones and queen bees, are useless except for reproduction; others like worker bees, being sterile.

Current Poetry

The Fires

Men make them fires on the hearth
  Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
  They blow the smokes to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
  And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
  Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
  And my heart is wellnigh broke ;
For thinking on old memories
  That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind
  The homesick memories come,
From every quarter of mankind
  Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold
  And a roof against the rain—
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
  The Four Winds bring again !

How can I answer which is best
  Of all the fires that burn ?
I have been too often host or guest
  At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,
  On any man's hearthstone ?
I know the wonder and desire
  That went to build my own !

How can I doubt man's joy or woe
  Where'er his house-fires shine,
Since all that man must undergo
  Will visit me at mine ?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong
  And know that this is true,
Stoop for a little and carry my song
  To all the men I knew !

Where there are fires against the cold,
  Or roofs against the rain—
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,
  Take them my songs again.

—By Rudyard Kipling, in World's Work.

Silence

I am the word that lovers leave unsaid,
  The eloquence of ardent lips grown mute,
The mourning mother's heart-cry for her dead,
  The flower of faith that grows to unseen fruit.

I am the speech of prophets when their eyes
  Behold some splendid vision of the soul ;
The song of morning stars, the hills' replies,
  The far call of the undiscovered pole.

And since I must be mateless, I shall win
  One boon beyond the meed of common clay :
My life shall end where other lives begin,
  And live when other lives have passed away.

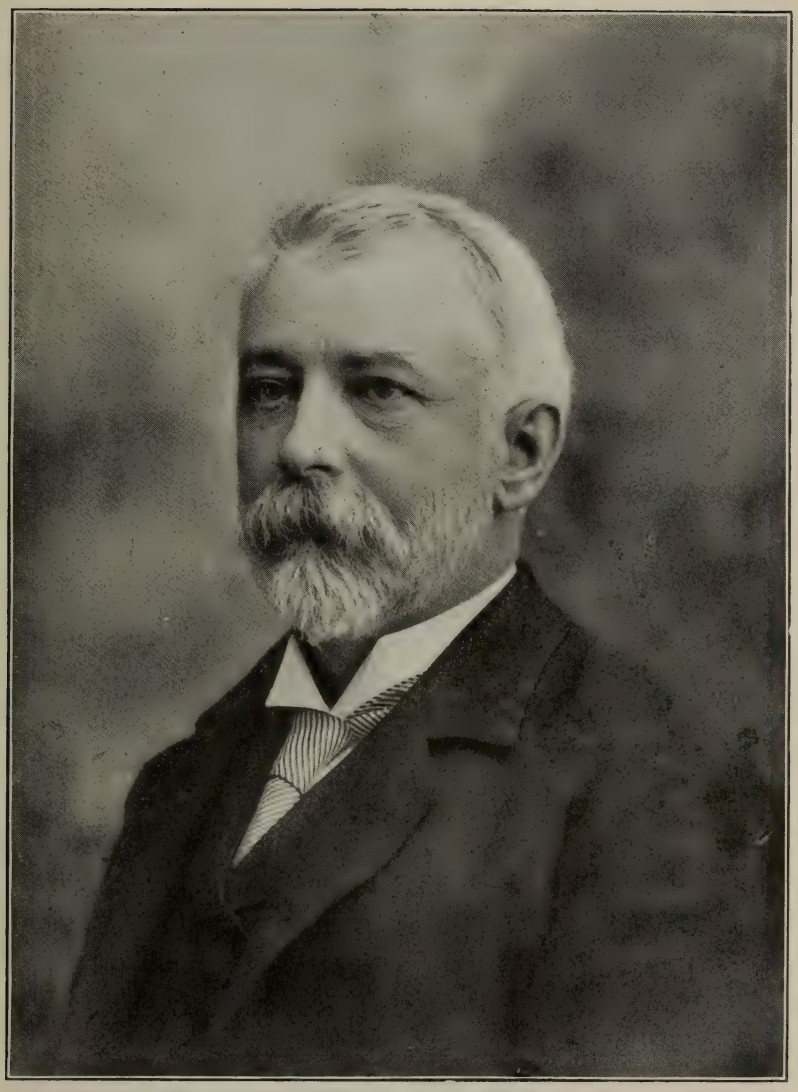
—By Charles Musgroves.

City Comradeship

Face on face in the city, and when will the faces end ?
Face on face in the city, but never the face of a friend ;
Till my heart grows sick with longing and dazed with the din of the street,
As I rush with the thronging thousands, in a loneliness complete.

Shall I not know my brothers ? Their toil is one with mine.
We offer the fruits of our labor on the same great city's shrine.
They are weary as I am weary ; they are happy and sad with me ;
And all of us laugh together when evening sets us free.

Face on face in the city, and where shall our fortunes fall ?
Face on face in the city—my heart goes out to you all.
See, we labor together ; is not the bond divine ?
Lo, the strength of the city is built of your life and mine.



HON. W. S. FIELDING

Minister of Finance for Canada

At the moment Hon. W. S. Fielding is more in the public eye than any other Canadian because of his efforts to provide funds to assist farmers and business men particularly in moving the western crops. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier was forming his Cabinet at the Windsor Hotel, in Montreal, in 1896, Mr. Fielding was then, and had been for many years, Premier of Nova Scotia. Some one suggested to Hon. James Sutherland, Sir Wilfrid's right hand man, the name of Mr. Fielding for the Cabinet. Mr. Sutherland answered that he was afraid Mr. Fielding was not a big enough man for the position, but after a moment's reflection, he remarked: "Still, he must be much above the average of men to have held power in Nova Scotia for so many years and to have avoided any serious mistake." Another gentleman present added to Mr. Sutherland's comments, "and there are few men in Canada with as much personal magnetism." A few hours later Mr. Fielding was on his way to Montreal in response to a telegram from Sir Wilfrid. His appointment to the Portfolio of Finance was the greatest surprise in the new Cabinet, and when it was exclusively announced by one of the MacLean newspapers, the leading dailies of the country ridiculed the prediction, thinking it would go to Sir Richard Cartwright. Many of our readers will differ from Mr. Fielding's views on many questions, but all will agree that he has become the strongest man in public life in Canada after Sir Wilfrid. Few men acquire as quickly the grasp of affairs as can Mr. Fielding. This is undoubtedly due to his newspaper training, for he is, by profession, a journalist and was for many years editor of the Halifax Chronicle.



H. S. STRATHY

Veteran Banker of Canada

Mr. Strathy has for some time been the senior banker in Canada, and his recent resignation from the general managership of the Trader's Bank has recalled many reminiscences of banking a half century ago. He began as a junior away back in 1850 when he served his time with the Gore Bank at London, Ont. When the Bank of Commerce was organized he was offered the London managership; and two years later he took the general managership of that institution. The capital was increased during the three years following, from $1,000,000 to $6,000,000, and the rest to $15,000,000, a thing almost without precedent at the time, and a fine tribute to Mr. Strathy's executive ability. Then for a short time he retired from banking and went on to the Montreal Stock Exchange reappearing sixteen months later to organize the Trader's Bank, of which institution he became General Manager, continuing as such up to the time of his resignation a few weeks ago.

It is easy to see that Mr. Strathy was a man pre-eminently qualified, not only by experience but by business ability, to bring about a period of rapid healthy expansion of the Trader's Bank until, as a financial institution, it now ranks among the largest in the Dominion.

Banking in Canada

By H. S. Strathy

OF the making of banks there appears to be no end. At the present time there are no less than four applications before the Dominion for charters, all from the Northwest, and the policy of the people at Ottawa seems to be to say, yes, directly they see the requisite $500,000 subscribed, and $250,000 paid up. Canada has altogether too many banks now for the good of the country—the older banks are quite ready and willing to increase their capital as the needs of the country demand it. The cry of the people is for "more banks." They overlook the fact that it takes a lot of money, too much in fact, to run them any way at all, and that an executive head of ability and experience, able to see the thing through, is not only an expensive luxury, but one found neither here nor there. It would be much better if the smaller institutions could amalgamate into one strong bank.

Nowadays you will find the banks make their money by avoiding bad debts rather than by large profits. Take the lumber trade for instance. Large losses were sustained in the early days by bankers from advancing large sums of money on timber limits which perchance didn't "palm out" according to expectations. Of course, lumber accounts are a good thing for any bank to have, provided they are judiciously handled. We have learned by experience to be more cautious, and prefer now to let the other fellow take the chance.

Banking, moreover, has latterly been placed upon an altogether different footing as far as circulation is concerned: the time was when there was practically no limit to the extent of a bank's circulation; now this is a first charge against its assets, and everybody knows that a bank's circulation at present is practically limited to the amount of its unimpaired paid up capital, and that the Government requires a guarantee fund from every bank as a protection to the public.

We have practically abandoned the practice of loaning money on long credit—three to six months is usually the limit nowadays; the kind of security required is a thing we are much more particular about than we used to be—real estate, for instance.

Fortunately for Canada, the Trust Companies are not as big a feature as they are in the United States. Oddly enough, the public think everything of one extra per centum on an investment, and to get it they will willingly transfer their savings from a place of absolute safety to one about which they know absolutely nothing. Many of these loaning institutions have a comparatively free hand; they take deposits to any extent that suits their convenience; they lend money on real estate, etc., should depositors make sudden demands. A Trust Company is practically at the mercy of its banker. It is easy to imagine under these conditions just such a financial crisis as happened in New York the other day. Trust and Loan Companies should have a proper cash reserve and be placed under the strictest government supervision. They should regularly publish an authorative financial statement so that the public may be kept duly informed of the business being transacted.



SIR CHARLES MOSS

Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal of Ontario

Sir Charles Moss, on whom the honor of knighthood has recently been conferred, is one of the links which binds old Canada to the new. His career has been one of unremitting public usefulness. After completing his public school training he was engaged for some years in business with his father, the late John Moss. In 1864 he commenced the study of law and was called to the bar five years later. His courteous and upright manner as well as the intense and quiet fervor with which he devoted himself to duty soon resulted in his elevation to the Bench. The law firm with which Sir Charles was connected has a rather interesting history. It has given four other judges to the Bench of Ontario, the late Chief Justice Harrison, the late Chief Justice Moss, Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Justice Osler.

Once did Sir Charles aspire for honors in the Provincial Legislature but without success. There is no doubt but he would have been a strong and progressive legislator and would have achieved distinction as honorable as that of Sir Thomas Moss in the House of Commons. But nature seems to have destined him for the Bench. To his judicial duties he has added an active and personal interest in the Provincial University as Vice-Chancellor and one of the Board of Governors. He commands the affection and respect of all Canadians and cannot know how wide and deep is the public satisfaction over the recognition he has just received.

Trade Unions and Trusts

By Henry R. Seager in Political Science Quarterly

TO the student of economic phenomena who starts out with the preconceived notion that trade unions and trusts are phases of a general combination movement, the very different policies which democratic states have adopted towards them must appear surprising if not inexplicable. Confining our attention to English-speaking countries influenced by the traditions of English law we find that as regards trade unions the last one hundred years have witnessed a revolutionary change in the state's attitude. Under the combination acts in force in England a century ago, combinations among wage-earners even for the most obvious purposes of mutual benefit, such as securing higher wages or shorter hours, were criminal, and those participating in them were liable to severe penalties. Though this statutory condemnation was withdrawn in 1824, the courts continued for some time to hold that combinations that led to strikes were conspiracies at common law and to punish them accordingly. The view that strikes were an unwarrantable interference with the business of the employer was, as is well known, also held by American courts in the early part of the last century.

Both in England and in the United States, however, public opinion was more tolerant of strikes than were the courts; and in both countries, partly through legislation and partly through changes in the judicial interpretation of the common law, the ordinary policies of trade unions have gradually been legalized. In England, since 1875, trade unions have been freed from the risk of being condemned as conspiracies while peaceably pursuing the ordinary purposes of organized labor by the express declaration of Parliament that nothing done in connection with a trade dispute by a combination shall be deemed a conspiracy unless the same act performed by an individual be punishable as a crime.

In the United States there has been a similar liberalizing of the law in reference to combinations of labor. Strikes for ordinary purposes have long been distinguished from conspiracies by the courts; and the highest court in one of the states (New York) has gone so far in one of its decisions as to uphold a strike which had for its purpose the prevention of the employment of workmen not members of the striking organization. If certain arguments advanced by the court in this case should come to be generally accepted, all of the special restraints which the law of conspiracy has imposed upon men acting in combination would be withdrawn, and trade unions would be even freer in the United States than they already are in the United Kingdom.

But the attitude of tolerance towards combinations of wage-earners that has displaced the older policy of condemnation and suppression in England and the United States is after all negative rather than positive. An indication of what it is likely to lead to with the further progress of the democratic spirit is furnished by what has already taken place in New Zealand and Australia. There, wherever courts of arbitration have been established to substitute reason and justice for superior strength and staying power as arbiters in labor disputes, the awards of these courts habitually give to members of labor organizations preference of employment. Only when organized labor has been fully employed is there an opportunity under these awards for the unorganized man, the scab, to gain employment. Thus in Australia and New Zealand the trade union is virtually accepted as an organ of the state itself, and its members are ac-

corded such privileges that the lot of the non-member is hard indeed.

In marked contrast with this attitude of the state towards the trade union, the combination on the side of labor, is its attitude in the United States towards the trust, the combination on the side of capital. Instead of accepting such combinations as the natural fruits of industrial progress or leaving it to the courts to adapt the common law of conspiracy to the novel situations to which these combinations give rise, most of the states and Congress itself have expressly condemned them in sweeping anti-trust acts. As interpreted by the supreme court of the United States, the federal anti-trust act has been held to condemn reasonable as well as unreasonable combinations, and its limitation to commerce among the several states has alone prevented it from having a most serious influence on the industrial development of the country. In other English-speaking countries (excepting Canada) there has been no similar anti-trust movement. Trusts are not encouraged as are trade unions, but there has been no effort to legislate them out of existence. Nor is this to be explained, as some writers have asserted, by the absence of trusts in these countries. As Mr. Macrosty's recent book has shown conclusively, the United Kingdom has its full share of capitalistic combinations. The failure of these to arouse any very general anti-trust sentiment in that country must be ascribed to the absence in England of those causes which have made American trusts a public danger.

In order to understand why such different treatment is accorded to trade unions and trusts in the United States it is only necessary to recall the benefits usually ascribed to the former and the evils commonly laid at the door of the latter. A review of these alleged benefits and evils will also serve as a useful test of the value of the analogy which is the guiding thread of this discussion.

The principal benefits credited to trade unions may be summarized in three propositions:

(1) They enable wage-earners to bargain on more nearly equal terms with their employers, and hence lead to fairer wage contracts.

(2) They tend to give greater stability to the relations between employers and employes by lessening strikes and lockouts, and thus make for industrial peace.

(3) They train their members in habits of self-restraint and self-government, and thus serve as useful schools of citizenship.

While far from denying the general truth of these propositions in favor of labor organizations, I think it must be admitted that they are subject to important exceptions. Organization on the side of labor, when its advantages become appreciated may easily be carried to a point which enables the union to have the upper hand in bargaining with the employer. To use this advantage to force the harassed employer to grant better terms than he would be willing or able to maintain in the long run is short-sighted; but trade unions sometimes are short-sighted, just as the employer who is in a position to sweat his employes is sometimes short-sighted in not paying living wages, and thus gradually driving away the labor supply on which his own long-run prosperity depends. Moreover, a situation which permits a strong union to take advantage of weak employers is hardly one that makes for industrial peace. On the contrary, the existence of the union with its short-sighted leaders is a constant incentive to industrial war. Only when the employers also become organized and bargaining on equal terms is again possible, are contracts likely to be made to which both sides will adhere with some degree of strictness. Finally, the value of trade unions as schools of citizenship depends largely on the sort of ideals that are accepted and inculcated by the leaders and on the sort of methods that are adopted for attaining trade-union ends. Each of the above propositions, then, while true in general, fails to cover the whole case. Intelligently directed trade unions, which are not carried

away by a sense of their ability to demand and secure wages at monopoly rates for the labor supply which they control, doubtless bargain with the typical modern employer, who is a large employer, on more equal terms than individual wage-earners. The wage contracts they secure for their members are fairer and therefore more enduring. But there are trade unions of a different type. For them liberty spells license; and the practices of which they have been guilty are as reprehensible if not quite so far-reaching as any charged against the trusts. They have at times completely abandoned all idea of dealing fairly with employers and have limited their exactions only to what the latter could be forced to concede. They have been guilty of violence and intimidation on a scale that makes the phrase "industrial war" an accurate characterization of the trade disputes to which they have been parties. Their leaders have been convicted of corruption and graft and yet have been upheld by the organization in a way that has reflected on the honesty and integrity of the rank and file. Finally, in place of the ideals of good workmanship, temperance, fidelity to contracts and self-control which are essential to good citizenship in a republic, they have inculcated fraud, disregard of agreements and violence.

Happily this characterization is true of no union at every stage of its development. It is also untrue of many unions, probably of most unions, at all stages of their development. It cannot be denied, however, that it accurately describes some unions at some stages of their development. It is these last that keep active the hostility of well-meaning employers to trade unions in general. They do harm out of all proportion to the direct range of their influence; and any measures that could be taken to curb these excesses of unionism would be even more of a boon to the better and more common type of labor organization than to the community generally.

Turning now to the evils charged against the trusts, we may summarize them also in three propositions:

(1) They have advanced prices and have extorted huge monopoly profits from helpless consumers.

(2) They have allied themselves wth the common carriers of the country to evade the spirit and often the letter of the law requiring the latter to treat all shippers alike.

(3) They have used unfair methods to crush their competitors. For example: they have lowered their prices below cost at competitive points while retaining them at monopoly heights elsewhere; and they have forced iron-clad agreements upon retailers, requiring them to boycott other than trust products.

These practices, proved against a few of the trusts, have served to engender a wide-spread distrust and even hatred of all of them. Without stopping to inquire whether such practices are the necessary or even the principal fruits of the movement towards combination on the side of capital, public opinion has condemned the whole tendency. The anti-trust acts are a response to this anti-trust sentiment.

As a dispassionate study of trade unions results in a somewhat qualified recognition of the benefits with which they are commonly credited, a similar study of the trusts in operation leads one to qualify the statement of the evils with which they are commonly charged. Unreasonably high prices, at least over short periods, have undoubtedly been exacted by many of the trusts. Some, like the Standard Oil Company, because of conditions peculiarly favorable to the realization of monopolizing ambitions, have been able to control prices so as to reap large monopoly profits over long periods. Many, perhaps most, of the trusts, however, have not advanced prices or extorted unreasonably high profits from the consuming public, either because the situation did not permit of such a policy or because it was recognized that moderate profits over a long term of years were more desirable than excessive profits for a

year or two followed by an almost inevitable reaction and loss.

As regards the other clauses in the indictment brought against the trusts a similar verdict is to be rendered. Many have been guilty at times; others have been guilty all the time; still others have not been guilty at any time, either because of the nature of their business or because of the greater conservatism or honesty of their business managers.

It would be a great injustice to the business men who have taken part in the trust movement to think that a desire to share in monopoly profits extorted by unfair means from a reluctant public was their dominant motive. From the point of view of the business man the arguments for combining his capital and abilities with those of other business men, and for carrying such combination to a point where a certain amount of control may be exercised over prices and output, are fully as convincing and defensible as are, from the point of view of the wage-earner, the arguments for trade unions. The economies resulting from large-scale production call for production on a scale continuously increasing with every improvement in the means of transportation and communication. Even before manufacturing industry had grown up to the limits in the economically desirable size of the producing unit as fixed by the railroad and the telegraph, new standards were set by the trolley car and the telephone. Still later the automobile and the wireless telegraph have contributed their portion towards the concentration of industry. With the growth of the size of the producing unit that is most economical and the accompanying heaping-up of capital in fixed forms, the losses due to unregulated competition and the resulting variable market have increased greatly in magnitude. To escape these losses by combining with other producers sufficiently to steady prices and outputs is, from the point of view of the business man, the dominant reason for entering the pool or trust. That this is the case is proved by the world-wide scope of the combination movement. Wherever modern methods of transportation and machine industry are found, there is found also the tendency towards combination. Germany, with her state-owned railroads dealing impartially with all shippers, has at least as many cartells as the United States has trusts. England, although without a protective tariff, "the mother of trusts," is little behind the protectionists countries in the combination movement.

Until quite recently the formal condemnation of capitalistic combinations in American anti-trust acts has been important in the field of morals rather than in the field of business. Under a divided system of government and according to the earlier decisions of the courts, power to deal effectively with the trust appeared to be vested neither in the state legislatures nor in Congress. Their business went merrily on while the sentiment against them was temporarily appeased by the enactment of statutes strong in words if weak in execution. The moral effect of this situation has been most unfortunate. In the minds of those opposed to the trusts—that is, the great majority of the voters of the country—the impression has been created that the rich and powerful are able to evade the law with impunity. Widespread distrust of the governmental machinery has been engendered, and an atmosphere of cynicism has been created that tends to paralyze all efforts towards reform. In the minds of those interested in the trusts a contempt for law and a spirit of lawlessness have been developed that are equally if not even more dangerous. Convinced of the injustice and inexpediency of the anti-trust acts and of the justice and expediency of evading them by almost any means, trust managers have been changed from law-abiding citizens into habitual law-breakers and have lost their power of discriminating between legitimate methods of advancing their business interests and methods which at an earlier period they would have been the first to repudiate. Thus, if the evils enumerated above have

been characteristic of many American trusts, it has been in no small degree because of the crudity of the legislation which has thus far been enacted with a view to curbing them.

The latest phase of this situation is the earnest effort of the present executive to enforce the federal anti-trust act and the amended interstate commerce act in a way that will bring it home to these giant corporations that they are still creatures of law. The pending suits to dissolve the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the holding company which perpetuates the oil trust, and the sixty odd corporations which constitute the tobacco trust will, if successful, no doubt be made precedents for attacking the other trusts. When it is considered what would result from this policy should it be upheld by the courts, the bitter denunciations of the president and all his works which have begun to appear in the financial press are perfectly comprehensible. The business community has no sympathy with the anti-trust acts. It perceives clearly that the combination movement has behind it sound business considerations. It sees no reason why legislation should not be confined to the evils connected with the trusts—and most business men will go so far as to admit that there are serious evils—instead of prohibiting combinations altogether.

It was the purpose of this article to consider whether the analogy between the trade union and the trust was more than formal. We have seen how widely different has been the attitude of the state in the recent past towards these two forms of combination. We have seen also that the tolerant but negative attitude of the law towards the trade union permits the continuance of policies on the part of some unions that are squarely opposed to the public interest. Finally we have seen that the very different attitude of the law towards the trust, that of sweeping condemnation, has brought the country into a critical situation, because it prohibits what the sound judgment of the business community approves, while it fails effectively to prevent the evils which alone justify condemnation of the trusts. It now remains to consider whether the analogy between the trade union and the trust is capable of affording any suggestions for constructive legislation that shall curb the bad tendencies of trade unions, now too commonly ignored, and also the evils of the trusts, which there is now an equal tendency to exaggerate.

If, as we have argued, combinations on the side of capital advance the general welfare as well as combinations on the side of labor, a repressive policy towards either is indefensible. If, furthermore, both forms of combination are susceptible of abuse, as will be generally conceded, then it is the duty of the state to adopt towards both a policy of regulation and control which shall prevent abuses, without checking any of the beneficial tendencies in the combination movement.

In general outline the evils connected with trade unions and trusts are not unlike. Trade unions are under temptation to try to secure monopoly earnings for their members, just as trusts are tempted to ask monopoly prices for their products. To secure monopoly returns in either case it is necessary to control the supply of the thing sold. Trade unions which enter on this policy try to maintain a monopoly by keeping down their membership on the one hand and by making the lot of the non-member as uncomfortable as possible on the other. Trusts similarly try to maintain their monopoly by controlling as far as possible raw materials and transportation facilities, and by putting all sorts of obstacles in the way of the business success of their competitors. These lines of policy on the part of both forms of combination give rise to most if not all of the serious evils connected with them. In the case of trade unions they lead to unfair methods of keeping down the membership and to intimidation and violence towards non-members. They create a situation in which the employer feels that is is paying higher

wages to his employes than he would need to pay if competent workmen who would be glad to work for him were allowed freely to do so, and in which therefore the relations between employer and employes are strained and likely at any time to terminate in a strike or a lockout. In the case of trusts they lead to discriminatory arrangements with the railroads and unfair methods of competition as regards business rivals. Finally, so far as these policies are successful, they tend to keep wages and prices at monopoly heights and thus to oppress the consuming public.

As the evils connected with trade unions and trusts have a general resemblance to one another, so the regulations that would be necessary to check these evils are not unlike. In the case of trade unions the most important regulation would be one effectively preventing any union from debarring from its membership any competent and respectable workman who was willing to bear his fair share of the common expenses of the organization. Unreasonable apprenticeship regulations, arbitrary and unfair entrance examinations and exorbitant initiation fees—these and other obstacles to the free admission of competent men should be abolished. This done, there would be little opportunity left to the unions to build up a monopoly of labor force. In the case of the trusts the most important regulation would be one effectively assuring to all shippers fair and equal treatment on the part of the common carriers. It has been mainly through advantages of transportation that the few trusts that have attained to the position of successful monopolies have gained their ascendancy. If these advantages were completely taken away, the element of monopoly would be reduced in most cases to insignificant proportions. The next regulations applying to trade unions would need to be directed against the unfair and unlawful methods to which they too often resort in connection with strikes. It is desirable for the good of trade unions themselves that they be compelled to admit non-members freely to membership in the union, rather than impelled to resort to violence and intimidation, as is too often the case at present, in order to keep down their numbers and maintain a labor monopoly. To accomplish this end it would be necessary not only to have the organization run as an open union, but to protect from violence and the fear of violence all workmen who for any reason preferred to remain independent of the union. The next regulations applying to trusts would be those designed to check unfair methods of competition. Similarly other policies, such as forcing exclusive contracts upon retailers, which when practiced on a small scale may be passed over as phases of ordinary business competition, are magnified into serious evils when employed by monopolistic trusts. Regulations would need to be devised to put a stop to these practices, so that the independent producer would be protected against the effect of unfair discrimination on the part of his stronger rival as effectively as the scab would be protected against violence by the analogous regulations applying to trade unions.

If these regulations were effectively enforced, presumably through commissions resembling those already so generally established in the United States to control the railroads, the more serious evils to which trade unions and trusts may give rise would be checked. It might even then be true, however, as regards some trusts, if not as regards any trade unions, that a monopoly based on control of the supply of raw material or upon some other advantage would still be maintained. In such a case the final regulation that would have to be imposed would be that already applied to the railroads, that is, such regulation of the prices asked as would make them fair and reasonable. The few trusts that would not be shorn of their monopolistic power by the other regulations advocated might be successfully attacked by a revision of the protective tariff.

Jolly's Father

By Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Monthly Magazine

REALLY, it was not the partiality of a young mother and father that pronounced little Jolly an enchanting baby. He was an enchanting baby. His face of the soft bloom of a rose petal, his eyes like forget-me-nots turned into stars, his hair in tendrils of gold, his dimpling smile, his cooing and gurgling, his exquisite feet that were a perpetual wonder both to him and to every one else, his cries of delight, his sobs of sorrow, his loving embraces, his eager little ecstasies, made him so perfect a piece of flesh and blood that it seemed as if he must, after all, be only spirit. In fact, he was a miracle of excelling nature. We have his father's and his mother's word for it; and certainly they ought to know—he was their baby.

"His name is Joliffe," said his mother, in all but the first words spoken after his arrival.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Harrison. "He is to take your family name. I suffered enough from this name of mine when I was a boy, and so did my father before me. This fine fellow sha'n't—"

"His name," said his mother, firmly if faintly, "is Joliffe Harrison." And as it was no time to dispute the matter, the father withdrew, taking with him the godfathership of his heroes —Watt, Fulton, Tesla, Bell, and the others. Joliffe was his own name; and he had been called Jolly Harrison, and Jolly Harry, and Jolly Boy, till the sound had teased him like the buzz of a hornet. But, when all was said, it was an honorable name, worn by several generations of honorable men. And it is due to little Jolly's charm to say that, after he assumed the name, it seemed a strain of music.

The point being settled, Mr. Harrison went back to the intricate design and the springs and wheels of the model of his machine that was going to upset one branch of the work that moves the world, and in which, before he knew and married Louie Leslie, he had been wholly wrapped. The machine had been neglected of late, but now its ideas must be wrought out, for the boy must be justified in his choice of a father. And then Louie had been very patient, sparing, going without, believing—that must not go for nothing. Why, they had economized to such an extent that it had even been a question if they could allow themselves the luxury of keeping Dane—Dane with the appetite and nearly the size of a tiger. But Dane had determined the point by coming back repeatedly after being given away, and making every footstep of Louie's his especial concern. There had been a good deal of fear of Dane's jealousy of the baby; and when little Jolly was lying across the nurse's knees, Dane, who had been very uneasy outside, was brought in, Mr. Harrison's grasp on his collar, Mrs. Murray and the nurse on guard, and Bridget in the door. Just then Jolly gave a little colicky cry; Dane looked him over carefully, glanced up in his master's face, and as, in the disorder of the blankets at the cry, one little foot was exposed, he put out his tongue and lapped the foot, then turned his great pathetic eyes on Louie, telling her plainly he knew all about it, and lay down at the nurse's feet, the baby's special constable from that day. And Jolly, as soon as he was able to put his arms round Dane's neck, lavished kisses on his nose, and later was apt to be found asleep between the great protecting paws.

One night when Mr. Harrison came in softly, Louie sat, the baby in her arms, with the flames of the low fire playing over her face and throwing floating shadows on the wall behind her; and he stopped in the door, his somewhat sensitive spirit struck with a rapture of the moment. What a change in the whole outlook on the

world, on time and eternity, a year had made! His wife seemed to him something holy, as he gazed; the symbol of all motherhood, the eternal Mother and Child. He did not know that he had paused in a sort of awe, till she looked up and smiled and beckoned. "I wonder," he said, "if every one else feels as I do—as if this thing had never happened before?" And then the fire snapped and threw out a great blaze, and Dane got up and stretched himself, and the young father laughed, and Louie laughed with him. Yet he had a dim notion that the laugh was a profanity.

"Do you know," he said, "there's something odd about the way this little chap makes me feel near all the other little chaps. I stopped to put his roller-skates on Murray's little Pete—by George! I hardly knew there was a little Pete. I had half a mind to go and buy a pair for Jolly."

"Oh no!" whispered Louie. "Something might happen. He—he might not live to wear them."

"Don't say such a thing, Louie!" he cried, sharply.

"You dear goose!" said Louie.

"Strange—a man always wants a son, to carry on his race," said Mr. Harrison presently. "And the boy doesn't. He has his mother's traits, and carries on his mother's race—with modifications, of course. And there you are. It's left to the daughter to take the father's traits, as he took his mother's. Don't you see?"

"Joliffe Harrison!" said Louie. "Just look up there!" Up there was a queer old portrait of an early Harrison, their only heirloom.

"And now look here," said Louie. And here was the tiny wizened face of the baby stamped with the seal of that same countenance.

"You're right," said the father. "Joliffe Harrison, as I'm a sinner. Lord! if I hadn't been so much of a sinner, how much happier I should be to-day!"

"You couldn't be happier," said his wife over her shoulder, reaching up her hand caressingly.

"Well, I've got to do the best I can with the material now, anyway," he said, taking her hand and passing it across his lips. "And if the little beggar's only as good as that old Joliffe —We must try for it—"

"If he's as good as you are, he'll do very well!" cried his wife.

"If he's as good as you, you mean."

"I!" exclaimed the mother, sharply, like the cry of one suddenly convicted of sin.

As the months sped by, the universe, for Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, seemed ordained and kept in order solely with reference to little Jolly. Sooth to say, the father did not work with so much absorption as once. In the hours when he had been scheming and devising he had to indulge himself in sport with Jolly, he being the first to degrade the name of the laughing baby, always ready for a frolic. Or it might be that Louie wished him to see the perfect thing the child was in his sleep; or they both hung over him, joyous in his joy, as he lay and cooed to the shadows of the leaves of the window vine dancing over his crib curtains. Or it must be decided if that first uncertain murmur meant a word or not; and if that sunbeam in his glance showed that he really knew them and knew that he belonged to them; in short, to determine all the other mysteries and enjoy all the other delights of this soul they had called out of the vasty deep of souls.

In the meantime, Mr. Harrison had to pursue the routine of his business; he was head clerk in a banking-house. When he came home in the afternoon, he worked in the small garden, while his wife sat there with the child; and in other hours not given up to the worship of little Jolly he wrought towards the perfection of the model of his machine. He never allowed himself to think of it a moment while at his desk.

It would have been difficult to find a man more content with fate than Joliffe Harrison was the day he saw his machine finished in all its potentiality. Various people—his neighbors and friends—had long been interested in its progress, and were forming a company to put it on the market.

They were not wealthy people, most of them being clerks like himself, but feeling so sure of the work the thing could do and the fortunes it was bound to make, they were willing to invest in its manufacture and introduction a good part of their small savings. Once they had brought Mr. Devoy, the vice-president of the bank and a big railroad man, to see it; and he was so vididly impressed by it that their own belief was redoubled.

As the machine had approached perfection these friends had been by way of dropping in by door or window at all moments.

"It's a miracle!" said Murray, who lived the nearest of all, when on one occasion he had watched the tiny model at work.

"And you are a marvel!" said Denny.

"For my part," said John Carter, almost grazing his nose on a whirring wheel, "the man that can do such a piece of work as that is more a miracle and marvel to me than the machine itself. Harrison, it makes me proud to know you!"

"Thank you, Carter! Thank you, boys! It makes me proud to think my friends have such confidence in me. There's money in it," he said, running his fingers through his hair, that stood up like a brush. "There's money in it. There's a fortune for every son of us.—Down, Dane, down!"

"And fame for you, Jolly Harry!"

"Yes, I think maybe there is—in a way," he answered, with a modest hesitation. "I hardly know why I care—except for Jolly. I hope my little Jolly'll have reason to be proud of his father. He'll do something in the same line himself, I think. Why, yesterday I saw him take two straws and—"

"By King!" exclaimed John Carter. "I haven't fully allowed it before, but now I see myself sailing away to Spain wth Sarah Carter on my first receipts! I've always had castles there. I'll go over to put in the underpinning. And I never should but for you, Jolly."

"You're flying high, John," said Mr. Green.

"Why. I don't know. 'Twon't cost more than a couple of thousand."

"Well, I'll be content," sad Murray, "if I can give my wife a bank account, so that she'll never have to ask me for five dollars again—and I without a dime to spare and hating to say No."

"Well, since we're spending our money," said the founder of these fortunes, "what I want is to salt down enough for my wife, and give Jolly a fair start. I don't want to leave Jolly a big capital. A man can't do his son a worse turn than to leave him a fortune. Just put in trust enough to keep him from want, and then let him build his own future, and develop his own talents, and live his own life. He'll make money enough. He'll pass me. But I hope he'll grow up to use his money for the good of those that haven't any. Have another cigar, Green. Wait a minute, Carter; there's a fresh siphon in the refrigerator."

"Come, come, Jolly, you're not a millionaire yet!"

"Going to be," said Jolly. "All of us. Well, perhaps not quite that. But this machine means perpetual income at a comfortable little figure, I'm sure, if I'm sure of anything! Well—let me see—this is Monday. You'll be back from up-country by Wednesday, Denny? The papers are all drawn up. Then we'll sign Thursday, put the money in the bank, and begin to manufacture as soon as may be. Mr. Devoy has given me some ideas about exploiting the machine. Going? Well, Thursday evening, then."

"Guess we'll all have pleasant dreams," said John Carter, as they went down the walk. "I shall have a good waking one when I tell my wife."

"Haven't you told your wife yet!"

"No; I put it off for fear Harrison might find some of the rich bank men ready to go in at Devoy's advice, and so cut us out."

"No. He isn't the man to go back on his friends. Why, I remember his taking a feruling at school rather than tell the other boy's name. The boy's

name was Murray. Used to make fly-traps then."

"No. He isn't the man. Good stock, good old stock."

"So it is. And Louie Leslie's done well for herself. Let's see—you introduced them, didn't you, John?—Well, this doesn't look much like garden weather, Denny. And here we are close on April!"

"April weather's sure to come," said Denny, gazing up wistfully. "And all the buds with it. Big ones on the lilacs now. I brought home a lot of seed and flower catalogues to-day—don't know but I have about as much fun with them as I should with a garden. By the bye, here's your paper, Murray."

"All right. Pete'll come for the Weekly when you've done with it." And full of the cheer of hope and of comparative youth, they went in at their respective doors where the bright windows gave welcome; and Dane, who had seen them all safely on their way, turned to his own affairs.

"Good fellows!" said Joliffe Harrison, as he sat toasting his feet. "And not a word of all the self-denials they've undergone so that they could trust their money in my hands. I knew Murray was saving up when he wore that seedy overcoat. And there's Denny, fond of his garden, and never buying a new shrub! I'd have given him some cuttings of my damask roses if I'd thought. Bad thing, this not thinking. Well, he can have a whole greenhouseful in a year or two."

Then he put out the lights and went upstairs in his stocking-feet, pausing stealthily to look at little Jolly's deep and dewy dream. The crib was at his mother's side, and, as she slept, one arm lay over the little coverlet, protecting the boy even in unconsciousness. How beautiful the mother seemed in the dim glow of the night-light, with her long braid on the pillow, and the dark lashes resting on her cheek, and the smile on her sweet lips! And oh, how beautiful the boy, the little gold curls clustering moistily round his forehead, a smile chasing across his face like the sun across a flower, an aura of innocence about him fair as the reflection of some heavenly light! He could never cease wondering at the child. How good had fate been to him! What had he done to deserve these blessings? What could he do to deserve them? As he stood there he saw in swift flashes of thought, almost as vivid as pictures, the boy growing—the rosy swimmer in the pool; the eager curly head at school speaking "The stag at eve had drunk his fill"; the young college athlete, nothing less than a full-back; the valedictorian of his class, on fire to enter the lists of life; plunged in business, proud of his father's name, and making his own way with it. His father's name—yes, yes, little Jolly should always have reason to be glad he wore that name! And a silent prayer for the boy, for his wife, for himself, went up from the man's heart before he was asleep.

It was the next afternoon, as the bank closed that the president in his private rooms sent for Mr. Harrison, and began his conversation abruptly.

"Mr. Harrison," said the president, "I have heard of your very remarkable invention. You were showing it the other day to our Mr. Devoy; and from what he tells me it is going to revolutionize the—I mean, cheapen all the processes immensely—that is, if you get it properly financed."

"Why, I thank you and Mr. Devoy for thinking so, Mr. Mauleverer," said Mr. Harrison, blushing. "I—I think so myself. I mean, I hope so."

"That," said Mr. Mauleverer, with a smile, "is to be expected. But Mr. Devoy is very much interested in the model—so much so, I may say he is enthusiastic. And he is so level-headed a man that his enthusiasm moves me to say I would like to see it myself."

"I am sure," was the flattered reply, "I would be delighted, Mr. Mauleverer. And at any time you say."

"Suppose I say to-morrow ,then; at this hour. I will bring a party of our directors. And if the thing is all right—if, I say—we will form a

company at once and proceed to make and advertise the machine.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Mauleverer. But the company is already formed."

"What! Already formed? Incredible! And by whom? Who constitute it?" demanded the president, authoritatively.

"A few of my friends and neighbors are willing to put their savings into it."

"Are willing? Then they haven't done so yet?"

"The contracts are drawn up, ready to sign."

"Mr. Harrison, don't you think this is very unfriendly, very unkind?" said the president, in a gentler tone. "Don't you think it was very short-sighted, too, knowing the directors and myself were capable of taking up the affair in a large way? Poor business! I won't speak of ingratitude. But it certainly shows a singular want of confidence." The president was plainly touched by this want of confidence, as he leaned his head on his hand and looked down.

Poor Jolly's heart was shaking; he wouldn't have hurt the president's feelings for all the money in the bank. "Not at all! Oh, not at all!" he cried, eagerly. "I shouldn't have ventured —I shouldn't have presumed. My friends and neighbors have known about it from the beginning. They have been with me all through; they know the parts by name; it means almost as much to them as it does to me. they have their savings, and they believe in it so that they are willing to risk them."

"Their savings! A parcel of cheap Jacks! Absurd! Trifling, too trifling! Why, from Devoy's account there may be millions in it, properly handled. You can't handle it. You have no initiative. Come, come, we must'nt think of any such waste of time and money! The contract isn't signed, you say?"

"But my word has been given, sir."

"Your word! What inventor ever kept his word! It isn't expected."

"Mr. Mauleverer!"

"Now, look here! If this is just a conspiracy to make me buy you out at a big price—"

Even Mr. Mauleverer hesitated before the sudden blue lightning of those eyes.

"Well, well," said the president. "Of course, of course. But look at it sensibly. With those men in the affair you may have some small penny-pocket returns. But with the directors and myself, why, you will pass out of all acquaintance with such people in a couple of years. Or, in fact, you will be in a position to benefit them if you wish—to make them every one comfortable. Think it over. You shall have generous treatment—just one share less than the majority of the stock; because, as the business end, we must have our way. We find all the money, and go to work on a scale that will make things hum. No creeping on little savings, but flying on big money! Yes, think it over, Harrison. I won't ask you to make up your mind to-night. Take a day or two. And I won't ask to have the directors see the machine till after you manifest your willingness to accept our offer, if we find things as we hope. Devoy has a mechanical turn himself and knows what he is about. He went into it thoroughly, and is perfectly satisfied. Our visit would be merely a formality," said the president, rising and pacing ponderously up and down. "Now, Harrison, if you think well of my proposal, when you had time to look at it in all its bearings, report here day after to-morrow. If not—well, I doubt if in that case it would be very agreeable for you at a desk here. You will be too busy with your invention. I don't wish to be unpleasant, though, Harrison," he continued, throwing himself into his chair. "I am speaking, as you must see, for your own good, as well as for ourselves. I am only urging you, rather against your first idea, to become a millionaire."

Mr. Harrison was waiting with his mouth open, trying vainly to oppose his stammer to the president's urgency.

"Not a word," said Mr. Mauleverer, holding up his fat white hand, palm

outward. "Not a word. Nothing hasty. Take till day after to-morrow. Well, I think that's all. Good afternoon."

Mr. Harrison may or may not have given the president a military salute; he did not know or think. But he went out of the office with the step of a grenadier. He accede to that proposition! Not by all that's good! He betray his friends in that fashion! No, sir! He wouldn't even tell them of the offer. Murray and Denny and Green and Carter and the others had stood by him, and had built their hopes on his, and he was not going to play them false now. He would be a scoundrel. And there had never been a scoundrel of his name yet. Good-by, then, to this portion of his life, this period of simple drudgery, and the freedom from anxiety that a salary gives. He would be his own man at last. And it was true; there would be plenty to do with establishing his invention.

He thought he would walk home. It was only a few miles to their small suburb. He did not want to talk in the trolley cars; he was quite too excited. He felt the need of oxygen, and his legs wanted stretching. He strode off sturdily, with his head in the air. There was enough in the machine for all of them; he had figured it out many a time. Their wants were modest, dear fellows.

He had never been an envious man. He had seen other men at the windows of their luxurious clubs, and had never wished to be one of them; he had never coveted high-stepping four-in-hands of other men, or their racers, or their thousand-dollar terriers, or anything that was theirs.

But by the turn of the last mile Mr. Harrison was somewhat tired with walking, and when a young fellow driving a tandem flashed past him, and he was conscious of an ache in his weary feet, it occurred to him that it would be extremely pleasant to be met after office hours by such a team as that. And when a huge motor car, offensively red, shot along like a comet, the low sun shining on its burnished brasses and its fiery varnish, then the swiftness and ease of motion, the sense of luxury and power, struck a chord of which he had never been conscious, and the condition of those who could command such things suddenly rose before him like an angel with a flaming sword. "Oh, well," he said, "I could be driving one, too, if I chose. I don't choose."

But by this time the hot blood with which he had left the bank had begun to cool, and it occurred to him to ask why he didn't choose. Was it—was he—could it be—that possibly he was making a mistake? Might it not, after all, be better, he was not saying it would be better, but if it could have been arranged honorably in the first place, might it not have been a wiser policy to have his invention taken up by rich men than by men with hardly enough savings, indeed, to start it even in a small way? Let alone advertising it and forcing markets for it. Of course there could be no doubt that that would have been superior business and sharper foresight. Pity. Almost too bad he had given his word to those others! Very likely they would let him off if he explained. But they would be terribly disappointed. Oh no, it wasn't to be thought of! He had been too precipitate—that was it—in too much of a hurry. Why, in the name of common sense, hadn't he waited and told Mauleverer about it first? Mauleverer—yes, he was calling him by his surname, quite on terms of equality, as he would be doing if he had accepted the president's proposal. Yes, by George! if he had accepted, he wouldn't be coming home to this seven-by nine shelter; he would be driving up the avenue of an estate. A boy on roller skates wheeled into him and sent him staggering and scrambling—one of Murray's—Murray indulged his kids out of all reason! Why in the world, he was saying, as he regained the balance that little Pete had endangered, should he sacrifice himself and his future and his boy's future to these men who were nothing but his neighbors!

To be sure, when he should be pulling in money in Mauleverer's com-

pany he could make a point, as the president had said, of giving every one of these men all that they had ever expected from the machine. The trouble was, they wouldn't take it. "Dash it all!" said Mr. Harrison, as he wiped his feet lingeringly on the door mat. "I've been a blamed fool! When I gave my word I didn't know what I was about. I was an idiot. A man isn't obliged to keep a promise he made when he didn't know what he was about. If there was any way to be out of it! By George! I don't know—with only twenty-four hours. Denny'll be back Wednesday. Rather a rough trip, that of his. If anything happened to him—" He caught himself back, pushing off the welcoming dog, suddenly fearing those great soft eyes. What in the name of Heaven had he been thinking? Was he going to be accessory in his thoughts to a railroad massacre? What in the name of Heaven or the other place—was he coming to! He finished wiping his shoes and went in. But it seemed to him, as he closed the door, that he had just lost a great deal of money.

Little Jolly, in his mother's arms, was waiting to spring from behind the door with shrieks of laughter. They had been watching for him at the window—the precious two in the red firelight. And there was a great romp with the boy, whose cheeks were burning like deep roses. And then all was quiet, and whether his mind was in tune or not, he and Louie were teaching the broken speech of the little fellow to murmur his "Now I lay me."

Mr. Harrison sat looking into the coals moodily a while after he came downstairs. When Louie joined him he was figuring on sheets of paper, and then throwing them angrily into the fire. Through dinner he was silent and far away in thought; and he went to his workroom early. He had no sooner turned on the light there than the machine looked at him like some demon, capable of coining money for which he had sold his soul, till he felt cold chills running up his back. But money was money; it meant power, pleasure, the kingdoms of the earth. "By all that's good!" he exclaimed aloud before he left the room, "I won't be made a fool of! I'll accept Mauleverer's terms! And I'll see what can be done for the fellows afterward." And if he slept soundly it was because contending emotions had tired his soul, and because he did not hear Dane howling to the moon.

It was hours later that, in the dead waste and middle of the night, Mr. Harrison and his wife found themselves sitting up in bed, waked by a horrible sound that echoed through the house like the loud sucking of the sea in a cave. It was little Jolly's labored breathing in the croup.

To run for the doctor, asking a neighbor's wife—Mrs. Murray—to be with Louie while he was gone, seemed the work of an hour, although it was, perhaps, three minutes. Back again, having the child breathe the steam of alcohol, putting teaspoonfuls of nauseous stuff into the dear little mouth, torturing him and themselves too, through what eternities the agonized hours of the night and day were dragged! And in the intervals, when there was nothing to do but to wait dreadfully, while the dear child struggled for his breath, the man was either kneeling by the mother's side, his arm across the bent neck and his head on her shoulder, sobbing under his breath, "Oh, my poor wife, my dear Louie!" or hurrying up and down the room with half-articulate beseechings, now challenging Heaven, now offering his life for little Jolly's life. His neighbors were in and out, wishing to relieve the watch, bringing food and drink, keeping up the fires, walking the floor beside him, trying to divert his thoughts, encouraging, consoling, soothing, helping in every way they could, showing they felt his trouble as their own—Dane walking up and down with them. Their interest in little Jolly was like that they might have had in some rare bird alighting among them—perhaps because they had something of the same feeling for Jolly's father.

The gray despairing dawn, the long

day with its pitiless blue unfeeling sky, wheeled into the indifferent dusk before Jolly's father breathed freely once more, the child himself breathing freely. Then, as he stooped, the little boy had put up his arms and clasped them round his father's neck and had hidden his face there in the way he had when afraid, and had fallen into deep sweet sleep, and the house grew chill as death itself. It was a long time before his father laid Jolly down at last, and kissed his weary wife, and went away to his workshop, crying then like a child himself—Dane following and lifting up his voice with him.

Mr. Harrison had not time to hide his tears, when two or three of his friends came in by the outer door.

"You needn't be ashamed of it, boy," said Murray. "I've been there myself. When Pete—"

"And in my case I didn't know," said Carter, "but the happiness at last was worth the misery."

"I never had the happiness," said Green, in a lower tone than usual. Mr. Harrison reached over and wrung Green's hand.

By and by they went away—Dane going too. But Jolly's father hardly knew it. He sat there and listened to the stillness of the night till the morning star looked in like a great summoning spirit. It seemed to him—his head was perhaps so light from fatigue—as if he had been journeying through space by infinite distances, and all the affairs of life had other relations. Only one thing remained a fixed quantity—Jolly. What if Jolly had died, and looking for his father, had found what he was on Tuesday night! A creature who had bartered his right to heaven for the pride of the eye and the lust of the flesh—a sordid knave! But now he had passed through fire. God grant it had burned away the base metal! The boy was going to live; he must find his father at the end all he had believed him to be in the beginning. No price could pay for the constant knowledge that his boy's belief in him was belief in another and different being, for the fear that at some time the boy might know he had betrayed his friends for thirty pieces of silver. Those kind good friends of his! Men across whose minds could never come a dream of the possibility that he had so lately escaped, who had denied themselves so much, whose wives had helped them do it, that they might prove their faith in him. To whom, indeed, through the way in which their confidence, their companionship, and encouragement had held up his hands, the machine belonged almost as much as it did to him, the dear fellows!

He crept in, after the sun was up and busy, to look at the sweet sleep of mother and child, a great beam of purple light slanting over them, and he felt no painter ever drew lines or dreamed colors diviner than theirs. And then he drew the curtain, and went and took his bath, and, shoes in hand, crept downstairs, drank his coffee standing, and hurried into town and to the bank. He would be back presently, of course; and he would bring Louie an armful of white roses if it took every cent he had. Then he sent Dane back to his mistress; for the dog had tried to follow him. Perhaps Dane was not quite sure that he could trust him.

Only a few of the clerks had come in. Mr. Harrison quickly gathered some private papers from his desk and secured a slender parcel that had storage in the safe—three or four bonds and his life insurance policy. He was just putting them into an inner pocket, and looking round the familiar place with a sort of yearning farewell, when the president hurried in breezily, as he was wont, and, as he passed, he asked Mr. Harrison to follow him.

"Glad to see you, Harrison," said Mr. Mauleverer. "I suppose, by your being here, that you accept my proposition. Very well—"

"No, Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, standing very straight, but his blue eyes shining with a glad light. "It was tempting. I admit I nearly fell to it. But the—the keeping of my word, sir—I—I cannot change my previous arrangement."

"What! Do I understand you—"

"Certainly, sir." Although Mr. Harrison was a fair-faced young man, of certain regular contour of feature, and although he did not look exactly like St. Michael slaying the dragon, on Raphael's or on Guido's canvas, yet he felt as that angel did.

"Come, come," said the president, getting out of his greatcoat and hunting through all his pockets for his keys. "This is preposterous! I must talk with you. You can't be quite decided."

"Absolutely, Mr. Mauleverer."

"Now, look here! I can't submit to see you stand in your own light."

"It is really idle—I—I beg your pardon," stammering and blushing after his old custom. "I am absolutely decided, sir."

"Joliffe Harrison," said the president, throwing himself into his chair and rubbing his head till it shone, his face beaming rubicund pleasure, "we have been looking for an honest man with a lantern, looking for an honest man to take a position of serious trust in connection with the work of the bank. And I believe we've found him! I don't want your little machine, though we'd have taken it if you had consented, very like. We'll let you have all the credit you want to start it with, anyway. But you won't want much. You'll be in the way of a very pretty pot of money yourself in your regular business after this—big salary, big opportunities. By mighty! an honest man's worth any money! Now," said the president, "to get down to details."

"Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, "if you please, this is enough for one day. I must—must go home—and tell Louie. My boy—" But he could say no more. And the president pushed him out of the office; and he went home with his arms full of roses.

And that night his wife, innocent of all the coil, was surprised as if he had told her, as a new discovery, that the sky was blue on pleasant days, when leaning over him on one elbow she heard him murmuring in his sleep, "Thank God that Jolly's father is an honest man!" while Dane, outside the door, growled as if some one had doubted it.

The Heart-Beat of a City

Each day the living tide throbs in and out—
  A rush of human atoms to and fro;
Some carry healing—health and hope and truth—
  And some a secret poison, as they go.
Some feed the hungry veins through which they pour,
  And unto life bring new life—flame to flame.
While others, ruled by wolfish passions, rend
  The very heart whence their own being came.
In love and hate these fluent atoms strive,
  Flung back and forth by Time's insistent breath;
For weal or woe the fitful torrent runs—
  The blood that gives the city life—or death!

Herbert N. Casson.

The White-Slashed Bull

By Charles G. D. Roberts in Saturday Evening Post

HER back crushed beneath the massive weight of a "deadfall," the mother moose lay slowly sobbing her life out on the sweet spring air. The villainous log, weighted cunningly with rocks, had caught her just above the withers, bearing her forward so that her forelegs were doubled under her, and her neck outstretched so that she could not lift her muzzle from the wet moss. Though her eyes were already glazing, and her nostrils full of a blown and blood-streaked froth, from time to time she would struggle desperately to raise her head, for she yearned to lick the sprawling, wobbling legs of the ungainly calf which stood close beside her, bewildered because she would not rise and suckle him.

The dying animal lay in the middle of the trail, which was an old, half-obliterated logger's road, running straight east into the glow of the spring sunrise. The young birches and poplars, filmed with the first of the green, crowded close upon the trail, with here and there, a rose-blooming maple, here and there, a sombre, black-green hemlock, towering over the thick second growth. The early air was fresh, but soft; fragrant with the breath of opening buds. Faint mists streamed up into the sunlight along the mossy line of the trail, and the only sounds breaking the silence of the wilderness were the sweetly plaintive calls of two rain-birds, answering each other slowly over the treetops. Everything in the scene—the tenderness of the color and the air, the responses of the mating birds, the hope and the expectancy of all the waking world—seemed piteously at variance with the anguish of the stricken mother and her young, down there in the solitude of the trail.

Presently, in the undegrowth beside the trail, a few paces beyond the deadfall, a twig snapped sharply. Admonished by that experience of a thousand ancestral generations which is instinct, the calf lifted his big, awkward ears apprehensively, and with a shiver drew closer to his mother's crushed body. A moment later a gaunt black bear thrust his head and shoulders forth from the undergrowth, and surveyed the scene with savage, but shrewd, little eyes. He was hungry, and to his palate no other delicacy the spring wilderness could ever afford was equal to a young moose calf. But the situation gave him pause. The mother moose was evidently in a trap; and the bear was wary of all traps. He sank back into the undergrowth, and crept noiselessly nearer to reconnoitre. In his suspicious eyes even a calf might be dangerous to tamper with, under such unusual conditions as these. As he vanished the calf shuddered violently, and tried to climb upon his mother's mangled body.

In a few seconds the bear's head appeared again, close by the base of the deadfall. With crafty nose he sniffed at the great timber which held the moose cow down. The calf was now almost within reach of the deadly sweep of his paw; but the man-smell was strong on the deadfall, and the bear was still suspicious. While he hesitated, from behind a bend in the trail came a sound of footsteps. The bear knew the sound. A man was coming. Yes, certainly there was some trick about it. With a grunt of indignant disgust he shrank back again into the thicket and fled stealthily from so dangerous a neighborhood. Hungry as he was, he had no wish to try conclusions with man.

The woodsman came striding down the trail hurriedly, rounded the turn and stopped abruptly. He understood at a glance the evil work of the game poachers. With indignant pity, he stepped forward and drew a merciful knife across the throat of the suffering beast. The calf shrank away and

stood staring at him anxiously, wavering between terror and trust.

For a moment or two the man hesitated. Of one thing he was certain: the poachers who had set the deadfall must not profit by their success. Moreover, fresh moose-meat would not be unappreciated in his backwoods cabin. He turned and retraced his steps at a run, fearing lest some hungry spring marauders should arrive in his absence. And the calf, more than ever terrified by his mother's unresponsiveness, stared after him uneasily as he vanished.

For half an hour nothing happened. The early chill passed from the air, a comforting warmth glowed down the trail, the two rain-birds kept whistling to each other their long, persuasive, melancholy call, and the calf stood motionless, waiting, with the patience of the wild, for he knew not what. Then there came a clanking of chains, a trampling of heavy feet, and around the turn appeared the man again, with a pair of big brown horses harnessed to a drag-sled. The calf backed away as the man approached, and watched with dull wonder as the great log was rolled aside and his mother's limp, crushed form was hoisted laboriously upon the sled. This accomplished, the man turned and came to him gently, with hand outstretched. To run away would have been to run away from the shelter of his mother's presence; so, with a snort of apprehension, he submitted to being stroked and rubbed about the ears and neck and throat. The sensation was curiously comforting, and suddenly his fear vanished. With his long, mobile muzzle he began to tug appealingly at a convenient fold of the man's woolen sleeve. Smiling complacently at this sign of confidence, the man left him, and started the team at a slow walk up the trail. With a hoarse bleat of alarm, thinking he was about to be deserted, the calf followed after the sled, his long legs wobbling awkwardly.

From the first moment that she set eyes upon him, shambling awkwardly into the yard at her husband's heels, Jabe Smith's wife was inhospitable toward the ungainly youngling of the wild. She declared that he would take all the milk. And he did. For the next two months she was unable to make butter, and her opinions on the subject were expressed without reserve. But Jabe was inflexible, in his taciturn, backwoods way, and the calf, till he was old enough to pasture, got all the milk he wanted. He grew and throve so astonishingly that Jabe began to wonder if there was not some mistake in the scheme of things, making cow's milk the proper nutriment for moose calves. By autumn the youngster was so big and sleek that he might almost have passed for a yearling.

Jabe Smith, lumberman, pioneer and guide, loved all animals, even those which in the fierce joy of the hunt he loved to kill. The young moose bull, however, was his peculiar favorite—partly, perhaps, because of Mrs. Smith's relentless hostility to it. And the ungainly youngster repaid his love with a devotion that promised to become embarrassing. All around the farm he was forever at his heels, like a dog; and if, by any chance, he became separated from his idol, he would make for him in a straight line, regardless of currant bushes, bean rows, cabbage patches or clotheslines. This strenuous directness did not further endear him to Mrs. Smith. That good lady used to lie awake at night, angrily devising schemes for getting rid of the "ugly brute." These schemes of vengeance were such a safety-valve to her injured feelings that she would at last make up her mind to contend herself with "takin' it out on the hide o' the critter" next day, with a sound hickory stick. When next day came, however, and she went out to milk, the youngster would shamble up to greet her with such amiable trust in his eyes that her wrath would be, for the moment, disarmed, and her fell purpose would fritter out in a futile "Scat, you brute!" Then she would condone her weakness by thinking of what she would do to the animal "some day."

That "some day," as luck would

have it, came rather sooner than she expected. From the first, the little moose had evinced a determination to take up his abode in the kitchen, in his dread of being separated from Jabe. Being a just man, Jabe had conceded at once that his wife should have the choosing of her kitchen guests; and to avoid complications, he had rigged up a hinged bar across the kitchen doorway, so that the door could safely stand open. When the little bull was not at Jabe's heels, and did not know where to find him, his favorite attitude was standing in front of the kitchen door, his long nose thrust in as far as the bar would permit, his long ears waving hopefully, his eyes intent on the mysterious operations of Mrs. Jabe's housework. Though she would not have acknowledged it for worlds, even to her inmost heart, the good woman took much satisfaction out of that awkward, patient presence in the doorway. When things went wrong with her, in that perverse way so trying to the careful housewife, she could ease her feelings wonderfully by expressing them without reserve to the young moose, who never looked amused or attempted to answer back.

But one day, as it chanced, her feelings claimed a more violent easement—and got it. She was scrubbing the kitchen floor. Just in the doorway stood the scrubbing-pail, full of dirty suds. On a chair close by stood a dish of eggs. The moose calf was nowhere in sight, and the bar was down. Tired and hot, she got up from her aching knees and went over to the stove to see if the pot was boiling, ready to make fresh suds.

At this moment the young bull, who had been searching in vain all over the farm for Jabe, came up to the door with a silent, shambling rush. The bar was down, surely, then, Jabe was inside! Overjoyed at the opportunity he lurched his long legs over the threshold. Instantly his great, loose hoofs slid on the slippery floor, and he came down sprawling, striking the pail of dirty suds as he fell. With a seething souse the slops went abroad, all over the floor. At the same time the bouncing pail struck the chair, turned it over, and sent the dish of eggs crashing in every direction.

For one second Mrs. Jabe stared rigidly at the mess of eggs, suds and broken china, and the startled calf struggling to his feet. Then, with a hysterical scream, she turned, snatched the boiling pot from the stove, and hurled it blindly at the author of all the mischief.

Happily for the blunderer, Mrs. Jabe's rage was so unbridled that she really tried to hit the object of it. Therefore, she missed. The pot went crashing through the leg of a table and shivered to atoms against the log wall, contributing its full share to the discouraging mess on the floor. But, as it whirled past, a great wedge of the boiling water leaped out over the rim, flew off at a tangent, and caught the floundering calf full in the side, in a long flare down from the tip of the left shoulder. The scalding fluid seemed to cling in the short, fine hair almost like an oil. With a loud bleat of pain the calf shot to his feet and went galloping around the yard. Mrs. Jabe rushed to the door, and stared at him wide-eyed. In a moment her senses came back to her, and she realized what a hideous thing she had done. Next she remembered Jabe—and what he would think of it!

Then, indeed, her conscience awoke in earnest, and a wholesome dread enlivened her remorse. Forgetting altogether the state of her kitchen, she rushed through the slop to the flour-barrel. Flour, she had always heard, was the thing for burns and scalds. The pesky calf should be treated right, if it took the whole barrel. Scooping up an extravagant dishpanful of the white, powdery stuff, and recklessly spilling a lot of it to add to the mixture on the floor, she rushed out into the yard to apply her treatment, and, if possible, poultice her conscience.

The young moose, anguished and bewildered, had at last taken refuge in the darkest corner of the stable. As Mrs. Jabe approached with her pan of flour he stood staring and shaking,

but made no effort to avoid her, which touched the over-impetuous dame to a fresh pang of penitence. She did not know that the stupid youngster had quite failed to associate her in any way with his suffering. It was the pot—the big, black thing which had so inexplicably come bounding at him—that he blamed. From Mrs. Jabe's hands he expected some kind of consolation.

In the gloom of the stall Mrs. Jabe could not see the extent of the calf's injury. "Mebbe the water wasn't quite bilin'!" she murmured hopefully, coaxing and dragging the youngster forth into the light. The hope, however, proved vain as brief. In a long streak down behind the shoulder the hair was already slipping off.

"Sarved ye right!" she grumbled remorsefully, as with gentle fingers she began sifting the flour up and down over the wound. The light stuff seemed to soothe the anguish for the moment, and the sufferer stood quite still till the scald was thoroughly covered with a tenacious white cake. Then a fresh and fiercer pang seized the wound. With a bleat he tore himself away, and rushed off, tail in air, across the stump-pasture and into the woods.

"Mebbe he won't come back, and then Jabe won't never need to know!" soliloquized Mrs. Jabe, returning to clean up her kitchen.

The sufferer returned, however, early in the afternoon, and was in his customary attitude before the door when Jabe, a little later, came back also. The long white slash down his favorite's side caught the woodsman's eye at once. He looked at it critically, touched the flour with tentative finger-tips, then turned on his wife a look of poignant interrogation. But Mrs. Jabe was ready for him. Her nerve had recovered. The fact that her victim showed no fear of her had gradually reassured her. What Jabe didn't know would never hurt him, she mused.

"Yes, yer pesky brat come stumblin' into the kitchen when the bar was down, a-lookin' for ye. An' he upset the bilin' water I was goin' to scrub with, an' broke the pot. An' I've got to have a new pot right off, Jabe Smith—mind that!"

"Scalded himself pretty bad!" remarked Jabe. "Poor little beggar!"

"I done the best I know'd how fer him!" said his wife with an injured air. "Wasted most a quart o' good flour on his worthless hide! Wish't he'd broke his neck 'stead of the only pot I got that's big enough to bile the pig's feed in!"

"Well, you done jest about right, I reckon, Mandy," replied Jabe, ashamed of his suspicions. "I'll go in to the Cross Roads an' git ye a new pot to-morrer, an' some tar for the scald. The tar'll be better'n flour, an' keep the flies off."

"I s'pose some men ain't got nothin' better to do than be doctorin' up a fool moose calf!" assented Mrs. Jabe promptly, wth a snort of censorious resignation.

Whether because the flour and the tar had virtues, or because the clean flesh of the wild kindreds makes all haste to purge itself of ills, it was not long before the scald was perfectly healed. But the reminder of it remained ineffaceable—a long, white slash down across the brown hide of the young bull, from the tip of the left fore-shoulder.

Throughout the winter the young moose contentedly occupied the cow-stable, with the two cows and the yoke of red oxen. He throve on the fare Jabe provided for him—good meadow hay with armfuls of "browse" cut from the birch, poplar and cherry thickets. Jabe trained him to haul a pung, finding him slower to learn than a horse, but making up for his dullness by his docility. He had to be driven with a snaffle, refusing absolutely to admit a bit between his teeth; and, with the best goodwill in the world, he could never be taught to allow for the pung or sled to which he was harnessed. If left alone for a moment he would walk over fences with it, or through the most tangled thickets, if thereby seemed the most direct way to reach Jabe; and once, when Jabe, vain-gloriously and at great speed drove him in to the Cross

Roads, he smashed the vehicle to kindling wood in the amiable determination to follow his master into the Cross Roads store. On this occasion also he made himself respected, but unpopular, by killing, with one lightning stroke of a great forehoof, a huge mongrel mastiff belonging to the store-keeper. The mastiff had sprung out at him wantonly, resenting his peculiar appearance. But the store-keeper had been so aggrieved that Jabe had felt constrained to mollify him with a five-dollar bill. He decided, therefore, that his favorite's value was a luxury, rather than a utility; and the young bull was put no more to the practices of a horse. Jabe had driven a bull moose in harness, and all the settlement could swear to it. The glory was all his.

By early summer the young bull was a tremendous, long-legged, high-shouldered beast, so big, so awkward, so friendly, and so sure of everybody's good-will that everybody but Jabe was terribly afraid of him. He had no conception of the purposes of a fence; and he could not be taught that a garden was not meant for him to lie down in. As the summer advanced, and the young bull's stature with it, Jabe Smith began to realize that his favorite was an expensive and sometimes embarrassing luxury. Nevertheless, when September brought budding spikes of horns and a strange new restlessness to the stalwart youngster, and the first full moon of October lured him one night away from the farm on a quest which he could but blindly follow, Jabe was inconsolable.

"He ain't no more'n a calf yet, big as he is!" fretted Jabe. "He'll be gittin' himself shot, the fool. Or mebbe some old bull'll be after givin' him a lickin' fer interferin', and he'll come home to us!"

To which his wife retorted with calm superiority: "You're a bigger fool'n even I took ye fer, Jabe Smith."

But the young bull did not come back that winter, nor the following summer, nor the next year, nor the next. Neither did any Indian or hunter or lumberman have anything to report as to a bull moose of great stature, with a long white slash down his side. Either his quest had carried him far to other and alien ranges, or some fatal mischance of the wild had overtaken his inexperience. The latter was Jabe's belief, and he concluded that his ungainly favorite had too soon taken the long trail for the Red Men's land of ghosts.

Though Jabe Smith was primarily a lumberman and backwoods farmer, he was also a hunter's guide, so expert that his services in this direction were not to be obtained without very special inducement. At "calling" moose he was acknowledged to have no rival. When he laid his grimly-humorous lips to the long tube of birch-bark, which is the "caller's" instrument of illusion, there would come from it a strange sound, great and grotesque, harsh yet appealing, rude yet subtle, and mysterious as if the uncomprehended wilderness had itself found voice. Old hunters, wise in all woodcraft, had been deceived by the sound—and much more easily the impetuous bull, waiting, high-antlered and eager, for the love-call of his mate to summon him down to the shores of the still and moon-tranced lake.

When a certain Famous Hunter, whose heart took pride in horns and heads and hides—the trophies won by his unerring rifle in all four corners of earth—found his way at last to the tumbled wilderness that lies about the headwaters of the Quah Davic, it was naturally one of the great New Brunswick moose that he was after. Nothing but the noblest antlers that New Brunswick forests bred could seem to him worthy of a place on those walls of his, whence the surly front of a musk-ox of the Barren Grounds glared stolid defiance to the snarl of an Orinoco jaguar, and the black, colossal head of a Kadiak bear was eyed derisively by the monstrous and malignant mask of a two-horned rhinoceros. With such a quest upon him, the Famous Hunter came, and naturally sought the guidance of Jabe Smith, whom he lured from the tamer distractions of a "timber cruise" by

double pay and the pledge of an extravagant bonus if the quest should be successful.

The lake, lying low between its wooded hills, was like a glimmering mirror in the misty October twilight when Jabe and the Famous Hunter crept stealthily down to it. In a dense covert beside the water's edge they hid themselves. Beside them stretched the open ribbon of a narrow water-meadow, through which a slim brook, tinkling faintly over its pebbles, slipped out into the stillness. Just beyond the mouth of the brook a low, bare spit of sand jutted forth darkly upon the pale surface of the lake.

It was not until the moon appeared, a red ominous segment of a disk—over the black and rugged ridge of the hills across the lake, that Jabe began to call. Three times he set the hollow birch-bark to his mouth, and sent the hoarse, appealing summons echoing over the water. And the man crouching invisible in the thick shadow beside him, felt a thrill in his nerves, a prickling in his cheeks, at that mysterious cry, which seemed to him to have something almost of menace in its lure. Even so, he thought, might Pan have summoned his followers, shaggy and dangerous, yet half divine, to some symbolic revel.

The call evoked no answer of any kind. Jabe waited till the moon, still red and distorted, had risen almost clear of the ridge. Then he called again, and yet again, and again waited. From straight across the strangely-shadowed water came a sudden sharp crashing of underbrush, as if someone had fallen to beating the bushes furiously with sticks.

"That's him!" whispered Jabe. "An' he's a big one, sure!"

The words were not yet out of his mouth when there arose a most startling commotion in the thicket close behind them, and both men swung around like lightning, jerking up their rifles. At the same instant came an elusive whiff of pungency on the chill.

"Pooh! only a bear!" muttered Jabe, as the commotion retreated in haste.

"Why, he was close upon us!" remarked the visitor. "I could have poked him with my gun! Had he any special business with us, do you suppose?"

"Took me for a cow moose, an' was jest a-goin' to swipe me!" answered Jabe, rather elated at the compliment which the bear had paid to his counterfeit.

The Famous Hunter drew a breath of profound satisfaction.

"I'll be hanged," he whispered, "if your amiable New Brunswick backwoods can't git up a thrill quite worthy of the African jungle!"

"St!" admonished Jabe. "He's a-comin'. An' mad, too! Thinks that racket was another bull, gittin' ahead of 'im. Don't ye breathe now, no more!" And raising the long bark, he called through it again, this time more softly, more enticingly, but always with that indescribable wildness, shyness and roughness rasping strangely through the note. The hurried approach of the bull could be followed clearly around the head of the lake. It stopped, and Jabe called again. In a minute or two there came a brief, explosive, grunting reply—this time from a point much nearer. The great bull had stopped his crashing progress and was slipping his vast, impetuous bulk through the underbrush as noiselessly as a weasel. The stillness was so perfect after that one echoing response that the Famous Hunter turned a look of interrogation upon Jabe's shadowy face. The latter breathed almost inaudibly: "He's a-comin'. He's nigh here!" And the hunter clutched his rifle with that fine, final thrill of unparalleled anticipation.

The moon was now well up, clear of the treetops and the discoloring mists, hanging round and honey-yellow over the hump of the ridge. The magic of the night deepened swiftly. The sandspit and the little water-meadow stood forth unshadowed in the spectral glare. Far out in the shine of the lake a fish jumped, splashing sharply. Then a twig snapped in the dense growth beyond the water-meadow. Jabe

furtively lifted the bark, and mumbled in it caressingly. The next moment —so suddenly and silently that it seemed as if he had taken instant shape in the moonlight—appeared a gigantic moose, standing in the meadow, his head held high, his nostrils sniffing arrogant inquiry. The broadly-palmated antlers crowning his mighty head were of a spread and symmetry such as Jabe had never even imagined.

Almost imperceptibly the Hunter raised his rifle—a slender shadow moving in paler shadows. The great bull, gazing about expectantly for the mate who had called, stood superb and indomitable, ghost-gray in the moonlight, a mark no tyro could miss. A cherry branch intervened, obscuring the fore-sight of the Hunter's rifle. The Hunter shifted his position furtively. His crooked finger was just about to tighten on the trigger. At this moment, when the very night hung stiller as if with a sense of crisis, the giant bull turned, exposing his left flank to the full glare of the moonlight. Something gleamed silver down his side, as if it were a shining belt thrown across his shoulder.

With a sort of hiss from between his teeth Jabe shot out his long arm and knocked up the barrel of the rifle. In the same instant the Hunter's finger had closed on the trigger. The report rang out, shattering the night; the ball whined away high over the treetops, and the great bull, springing at one bound far back into the thickets, vanished like an hallucination.

Jabe stood forth into the open, his gaunt face working with suppressed excitement. The Hunter followed, speechless for a moment between amazement, wrath and disappointment. At last he found voice, and quite forgot his wonted courtesy.

"D—n you!" he stammered. "What do you mean by that? What in ——"

But Jabe, suddenly calm, turned and eyed him with a steadying gaze.

"Quit all that, now!" he retorted crisply. "I knowed jest what I was doin'! I knowed that bull when he were a leetle, awkward staggerer. I brung him up on a bottle; an' I loved him. He skun out four years ago. I'd most ruther 'ave seen you shot than that ther' bull, I tell ye!"

The Famous Hunter looked sour; but he was beginning to understand the situation and his anger died down. As he considered, Jabe, too, began to see the other side of the situation.

"I'm right sorry to disapp'int ye so!" he went on apologetically. "We'll hev to call off this deal atween you an' me, I reckon. An' there ain't goin' to be no more shooting over this range, if I kin help it—an' I guess I kin!—till I kin git that ther' white-slashed bull drove away back over on to the Upsal Gultch, where the hunters won't fall foul of him! But I'll git ye another guide, jest as good as me, or better, what ain't got no particular friends runnin' loose in the woods to bother 'im. An' I'll send ye 'way down on to the Sevogle, where ther's as big heads to be shot as ever have been. I can't do more."

"Yes, you can!" declared the Famous Hunter, who had quite recovered his self-possession.

"What is it?" asked Jabe doubtfully.

"You can pardon me for losing my temper and swearing at you!" answered the Famous Hunter, holding out his hand. "I'm glad I didn't knock over your magnificent friend. It's good for the breed that he got off. But you'll have to find me something peculiarly special now, down on that Sevogle."

Reaping the Ten Year Cork Crop

By Evelyn Stewart in Technical World

ALTHOUGH millions of corks are used annually, there are comparatively few people who know anything of the origin of these very necessary items of traffic in liquids of all descriptions. Yet the story of the cork is a very interesting one.

The outer bark of a species of oak tree is that which provides the common cork of commerce with which we are familiar.

The tree is an evergreen, growing to a height of about thirty feet. Its fruit is an edible acorn, resembling the chestnut in taste. The successful growth of the tree does not demand the nourishment of a rich soil; indeed, it thrives best on poor and uncultivated land. The cork tree abounds in many districts in Spain and Portugal, especially in the former country. Italy, Sardinia and France can boast of their cork tree forests; the environs of Bordeaux being well supplied. Algeria is another country where the cork oak is very plentiful, thousands of acres being occupied by it, cork harvesting forming one of the principal Algerian industries.

The basin of the Mediterranean seems peculiarly adapted for the successful aforesting of the cork tree; its climate, soil, etc., have a most stimulating effect upon the development of the bark. Immense plantations are laid out from time to time, seed being frequently used for the purpose. As a rule, large, sweet acorns soon set forth strong, healthy shoots, developing with great rapidity into trees of regular growth, to yield, in due time, cork of excellent quality. Plantations are usually laid out with fifty trees to the acre.

The tree in the course of its growth will naturally shed its bark, i.e., the outer casing which we call cork. The latter periodically completes its growth, whilst the inner bark always progresses, when consequently the cork splits off. The earlier splittings are coarse and woody and of very little value. During this period it is highly important to keep the forest cleared of naturally shed virgin cork, which, drying quickly in the great heat, soon becomes intensely inflammable, when, if once fired, it would probably be the cause of a huge conflagration in which the entire forest would in all likelihood be destroyed. Therefore, of little value as the early strippings are, they must be collected and stored safely away, to produce whatever small sum may be bid for them.

The time for artificial stripping varies with the locality from fifteen to thirty years. The first yield much resembles naturally shed cork and hardly pays for the workmen's time employed. But it is necessary to perform the operation at the proper period, so that the tree may begin to produce the second growth, which is of somewhat greater value. This, however, will not be ready for "barking" for at least eight or ten years, and subsequently the period named enables the tree to produce further growths, which become more valuable until the life of the tree begins to close—some 150 years or thereabouts during which it is valuable.

Andalusia, that most picturesque province of sunny Spain, is remarkable for its huge forests of cork trees. By far the largest supplies and best quality of cork come from that locality. The value of the cork annually collected throughout Andalusia is enormous. With such an attraction to those who have no scruples about making the most they can out of their neighbor's property, these forests are frequently visited by poachers, who, were they not watched, chased, and (sometimes) captured, would strip the trees of their valuable bark for their own gain. The authorities are

compelled, owing to this custom of itinerant "explorers," to employ a large number of watchers whose duty it is to see that the poachers are restrained in their efforts to gain wealth quickly. Frequent conflicts between the guards and the poachers ensue, but the forests afford excellent cover for the intruders, who use every wile to baffle the efforts of their enemies and to succeed in their nefarious designs on the cork, and despite the watchers many a load is carried off surreptitiously and disposed of through channels more or less illegitimate.

The cork harvest, it is hardly necessary to say, forms a very important annual event in Andalusia, an immense number of hands being employed during the two or three months in whch the trees are in proper condition for barking. July and August are the months of the year when the industry is at its zenith.

The day having been chosen for the beginning of operations, as in an ordinary English harvest, the various workers are summoned, and the whole company proceeds to the spot agreed upon as a camping-place. It goes without saying that most of the men engaged in the cork harvest are of a somewhat rough and uncouth appearance, in some cases by no means pleasant to look upon, but their garb being of a picturesque description, if somewhat ragged, they are not without a certain charm to the foreigner who happens to observe the scene of making preparations for the coming sojourn in the forest. The company is usually in charge of one of the owners of the forest or his chief man, and a line of discipline is, perforce, laid down to which subordinates are subject under pains and penalties that need not be mentioned here. Hot words, and even stronger methods—in which knives sometimes play a part, if only for show—have often to be used, but on the whole the cork harvester is a happy-go-lucky, somewhat boisterous creature, full of song and laughter and seemingly enjoying the life.

Supplied with all the requisites for the sojourn in the forest, the party tramps through the wood urging on heavily laden donkeys at the point of the stick, until a suitable spot for camping is reached. It is seen that the trip is properly organized for cooking utensils, food, and other necessaries are promptly produced, and a good meal is provided for all. Tables, chairs, or other means of enjoying a meal in the shape of knives or forks, plates, etc., are almost invariably dispensed with as unnecessary. The food when cooked is laid out in huge wooden bowls, each large enough to hold sufficient for a dozen men. Every man is provided with a big spoon; this is inserted into the wooden bowl and withdrawn full of what appears to be something appetizing and dainty, for the diners devour it with exceeding relish, meantime standing about or walking around the camp, until the big spoon requires replenishing when another dip into the wooden bowl takes place, and the partaker of the fare is satisfied.

The daily round of the camp is somewhat monotonous, but to the Andalusian, who objects to hurry and scurry, the life appears to be pleasant enough. Work generally begins at 5.30 a.m., a pause for breakfast being made at eight o'clock; dinner at noon, a two hours' rest from the midday sun, and supper at six. An English "hopper" or fruit picker would probably turn up his nose at the quantity and quality of the food provided for the Andalusian cork harvester, but no complaints on that ground are heard by the visitor. Very little in the shape of physical enjoyment satisfies, there being much solace, apparently, in the cigarette, which the worker must have under all circumstances. Although a fire in the forest would be nothing short of a catastrophe, and in the hot weather there is considerable risk of this, the inevitable cigarette is to be seen in close proxmity to the more or less inflammable material peculiar to the surroundings of a cork tree forest.

The harvesters are content wth a gipsy life of the roughest description.

Here and there are roughly built huts, sometimes augmented by tents, and other still more primitive covering from the night air. With these and a remarkably small allowance of food the Andalusian is content for the time being. In his leisure he smokes or gambles or chats according to his inclination and the strength of his finances, which, by the way, are never of Rothschilde-like proportions, for his pay is but scanty.

The corcheros, or bark strippers, are the first to begin work when camping preliminaries and refreshments are over. They are provided with sharp axes, having handles shaped somewhat after the fashion of a burglar's "jimmy." With the edge of the axe a cut is made around the trunk of the tree two or three feet above the ground. Experience has given these men the knack of delivering a blow upon the bark whereby the axe is inserted to an exact depth in the outer bark without penetrating the inner one in the very slightest, for, if the inner bark were injured the tree would probably die. When the lower cut meets with mathematical precision, a similar line is made with the axe just below the fork. Then, starting at the top ring, the stripper cuts a perpendicular line to the lower one. Then the wedge-shaped axe-handle is introduced into the perpendicular cut, and with a gentle pressure exercised the bark begins to come away from the trunk gradually in one piece until finally it drops off in semi-tubular form. The operation is usually performed with wonderful rapidity considering the amount of care and precision necessary. The stripper work done, the tube of cork is seized upon by a couple of assistants, who, by means of slings, carry it to a convenient place where a heap can be formed to await transportation in quantities.

According to the age of a tree, the upper branches also are stripped, the finer cork being that produced by that part of the tree. The thickness of the bark removed from any part of the tree is seldom less than three-quarter inch or more than three inches. In France, by the way, are strictly enforced laws governing cork culture, no bark under a certain thickness being removable. In any case thin bark is of very little value and the cutting of it is time wasted.

The stripped bark being of a tubular shape and therefore inconvenient for handling or transport, various methods are adopted for straightening it out into "planks." The larger pieces are sometimes placed one on top of another partially flattened under heavy stones and then transferred to a big and roughly constructed screw press. In other cases, the curved bark is placed in front of a large fire, when the heat removes the warp in a more or less successful degree when the screw press is called into use and the pulling and pushing power of a couple of strong men reduce the bark to a state of comparative flatness which facilitates its removal to the factories. The larger pieces, stripped from the trunk, are cut into uniform "tables" of three and one-half feet long by one and one-half feet wide. This cutting is performed by skilled workers, known as rajadores.

As soon as the flattening and splitting has been done, the crude cork is conveyed to various points in the forest convenient for removal afterwards and stacked in large piles, where it is left lying for ten or twelve days, sometimes less, so that some of the moisture may evaporate in the heat of the sun. This, of course, reduces the weight considerably and renders transport to stores or factories less difficult.

Owing to the nature of the surroundings transport is mostly accomplished by the help of a donkey corps of great strength. The cork having been dried and tied up in bundles of one hundred pounds weight or thereabouts, are ingeniously packed on the backs of the donkeys until there is scarcely anything of the animals visible except their poor little legs, which form a very ludicrous contrast to the enormous burden with which they are laden. However, that burden is not so heavy as it looks and the donkey corps makes great headway—and

footway too in the more difficult parts of the route—to their destination, covering an astonishing distance upon each journey.

Next come the various processes by which the crude cork is made ready for its various uses—and they are legion. In cork-growing countries the material does duty in many responsible positions: as pavements, sometimes as buttresses for churches, and even as coffins for the dead!

For the moment, however, we are interested in the future of the "tables" of cork as stoppers for bottles and other vessels. From the forest, they have been transported to the store yards of a mighty cork factory in the town of Algeciras, where hundreds upon hundreds of stacks of crude cork are always to be seen waiting their turn for manipulation and transformation into the common cork of commerce so largely in demand.

An important process necessary for that purpose is the effectual closing of its pores, otherwise it would be of little use.

The most common method of filling up cavities in crude cork is by placing the "table" before a hot fire to char or singe it, the heating being conducted with great care, the sides changed constantly. Objection to this process was taken because it causes a secretion of oil, which is apt to make its presence felt at inconvenient moments. The much better plan now generally adopted is to boil the "tables," scrape the surface and then dry in the sun. The pores are more effectually closed by sun than by fire-heat, and the sun-dried material does not show any of the darkness visible in that dried by artificial heat.

Having been extracted from the huge tanks of boiling water, the bales of corkwood are unroped and dried, and the scraping process ensues in due time. Skilful workers are employed at this process, as a good deal depends on the proper scraping of the material. A small hoe-shaped instrument is used, and in the hands of a clever workman the cork assumes a clean, smooth appearance, to which it has previously been a stranger.

The next process is the "trimming." This means a cleaning of the ends and sides of the "tables" of cork, which gives them a clean, bright appearance. In this way they are ready for pressing and tying by iron bands, in which condition they are exported to factories in other countries for further manipulation.

But when not intended for export the "tables" are subjected to further processes until they become "corks."

"Slicing" is the cutting of the corkwood into various sizes according to the purpose for which they are intended, or the size of the bottle or other vessel to which they will act as stoppers.

The "squares" are then washed by the primitive means of a tub filled with water and a boy with a stick, the latter being used to stir up the pieces of cork to make the cleansing effective. They are then ready for cutting into corks. It will come as news to most readers that even in this age of machinery corks are mostly cut by hand. Invention after invention for the mechanical shaping of corks has come and gone. The fact is, cork blunts the sharpest instrument almost directly, and a blunt knife won't cut cork. It is found, however, that a man with a specially prepared sharpening board before him can keep his knife constantly in good condition, and though many machines have failed at this point, latterly some cork-cutting machinery has come into use and has proved fairly successful for the purpose.

In many factories, however, the cut cork is still the work of a knife manipulated by a man. He works with marvelous rapidity, and it does not take long for a large heap to lie beside him. Then comes sorting and a final cleansing, and the cork is ready for packing and a customer.

Margaret's Lace

By B. H. R. Stower in Pearson's

"THERE!" exclaimed Mrs. Kell impatiently, at the same time closing her box with a bang; "that is packed at last and we shall be leaving Brussels in a couple of hours without one bit of lace. It's a great bother having to leave so suddenly. To take back some Brussels lace for Margaret was my chief object in coming here with you, John!"

"More lace!" groaned the Reverend John Kell wearily. "It has been nothing but lace, lace, all day. I tell you, Mary, I dare not spend any more money. We have only just enough to take us home."

"You managed to spare enough to buy some tobacco for old Giles and a box of cigars for yourself," remarked his wife with annoyance.

"Tobacco is cheap here," said the Reverend John, tying a label on his portmanteau with a sigh of relief; "but I shall not argue the matter. I am going down to have a smoke."

From this brief conversation it may be gathered that Mrs. Kell was a little out of humor. She admitted it herself. But then, it was unbearable to visit Brussels and not buy some lace.

Just then the door flew open in the usual unceremonious manner of Europe and a waiter came in with a letter.

Mrs. Kell recognized the writing. She eagerly tore it open and read:

"Dearest Mother—Auntie has just sent me the enclosed notes"—here a cry of pleasure escaped Mrs. Kell's lips and she hastily extracted several crisp notes—"Please buy me a lot of white lace, also a fichu——"

The Rue du Midi abounded in the desired shops. One particularly attracted her attention. The window was artistically dressed with lace, and in large letters stuck on the glass, she read, "English here spoke."

After spending some minutes admiring it, Mrs. Kell went inside.

"I want some lace," she said.

"Oui, oui, madame. I vill show you the best in all Brussels."

"I will take that," said Mrs. Kell, pointing to a charming fichu, "and this." She laid aside several yards of excellent lace. "How much?"

"Dat vill be ten pounds."

He looked at the notes as Mrs. Kell handed them over.

"Bank of Angleterre notes—oui, oui, I vill take dem."

At that moment a sudden thought struck her.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried in alarm. "What about the duty? I have spent all my money on the lace."

"Your ladysheep need not excite herself about dat," said the little man coolly, giving her the parcel of lace. "Lots of peoples buy lace from me. Vun man I know crosses de frontier and carries his lace like dis." He lifted his leg and imitated a person binding something around it. "Den dare is an Engleeshman. He came into mon establishment so thin, but, mon Dieu! he goes over de frontier so large, and I grow rich."

"How dare you tell me such abominable stories!" cried Mrs. Kell indignantly. "Good-day," and she swept haughtily out of the shop.

The short walk to the hotel gave her time for consideration. She racked her brain in vain for a suitable plan. One thing—she would not breathe a word to John.

It was not until she had locked herself in her bedroom that inspiration came. She wondered why she had not thought of it before. It was so simple.

Precisely ten minutes after entering, she unlocked her door and came down-stairs. The lace had vanished.

Mrs. Kell discovered her husband fast asleep in the smoking-room.

"Come! Wake up, sleepy head!" she cried playfully, giving him a shake.

The Reverend John rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch.

"Dear me," he said; "it is four o'clock. Only half an hour more in Brussels. Just time for a cup of coffee."

Having finished their coffee they drove to the railway station, and in a short time were seated in the train for Antwerp.

Mrs. Kell's thoughts would recur to the lace. She began to feel a trifle nervous. The passengers appeared to look at her suspiciously. When the train pulled up at a station it was worse. Everybody seemed to look in the carriage. And when a policeman entered the compartment at Malines, Mrs. Kell very nearly collapsed.

It was a relief when the train reached Antwerp. They soon boarded the boat. Mrs. Kell immediately retired to her cabin and did not appear on deck until the steamer had sailed some miles down the Scheldt.

It was wonderful what a damping effect the lace had on her spirits. She had been looking forward with pleasure to the voyage home, and now she did not enjoy anything.

"John," she said suddenly, interrupting him in the midst of an eloquent eulogy on the view, "do they search everybody at Harwich?"

"No, my dear, not everybody. But I have heard that the customs officers are so experienced that they can tell at a glance whom to search. Such people, you know, always give themselves away somehow or other."

Mrs. Kell felt more uncomfortable than ever.

"Do you think they would search me?"

"My dear Mary! Why do you ask such absurd questions? Let us change the subject. See," waving his arm up the river, "how stately Antwerp looks as we recede. Does not the cathedral spire look splendid in the distance. However, I am feeling hungry. We might as well go down to the saloon and have dinner."

Mrs. Kell could not eat and felt annoyed at seeing her husband make a hearty meal. What right had he to eat when she felt so wretched!

"What do you think the customs men would say if they found lace on me?" she said, trying to appear indifferent.

The Reverend John laid down his knife and fork and laughed unsuspiciously.

"Oh, Mary! you will never forget that lace. Find lace on you, indeed! Why, you might as well say at once if they found lace on me!"

"And why not?" said Mrs. Kell warmly. "Of course, I know you are a model of virtue," this sarcastically. "But please answer my question."

"Well, then, of course, I can't say exactly, but I read of a woman the other day being detected at Harwich trying to smuggle saccharine. She got six months, and well deserved it!"

"You are a heartless brute!" exclaimed his wife warmly, at the same time rising from the table.

The boat had now entered the sea, and her rolling added to Mrs. Kell's alarm.

It was growing late. The Reverend John Kell having smoked a cigar advised his wife to go below.

"I am too much worried to sleep."

"You need not be alarmed, my dear," he said soothingly; "this powerful steamer will not sink."

"I wish it would! I don't want to reach Harwich!"

"Why! what is the matter?"

"Only this," said Mrs. Kell, determined now to confess all. "Your wife is a—smuggler!"

"A what!" he almost shouted in surprise.

"Yes, a real smuggler, with yards and yards of lace concealed on her! I did it for Margaret—Margy sent me ten pounds this morning to buy her lace—I spent it all. It was all the fault of the little Belgian shopman—he persuaded me to buy such a lot—then he told me some tales of smuggling—that made me do it—it was the only chance of saving the lace—oh, John, dear, do help me! I am so frightened."

The Reverend John Kell had listened to this confession in mute sur-

prise. He could not realize that Mary, his wife, after all the eloquent sermons she had heard from his lips, had yielded to temptation!

"In the first place, where is the lace?" he said, collecting his thoughts.

Mrs. Kell blushed.

"I—er—I will go and fetch it," she stammered confusedly.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed before she returned and handed her husband a small brown paper parcel. This the Reverend John took, and stepping to the side of the ship he raised his arm as if to throw it over. A cry from his wife changed his mind, and, instead, he put it in his pocket.

"Oh, John! It is so beautiful! Poor Margaret will be disappointed. I shall blame you for its loss if I am not searched after all."

The Reverend John made no answer and, wishing each other good-night, he and his wife retired to their respective cabins.

The reverend gentleman locked the door, sat down and undid the parcel. Fortunately the ship was not crowded, so he had the cabin to himself. He spread the fichu on his knees. He was charmed with it. What marvelous work! It would be a sin to throw it away. He opened his purse. No good! With a sigh he laid the lace on the chair, undressed, and climbing into his berth, in a few minutes was fast asleep.

He was aroused by the steward tapping at his door: "Time to get up, sir; we're just off Harwich."

The Reverend John clambered out of his berth and commenced dressing.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, his eyes alighting on the lace, "I must drop it through the port-hole."

He tried in vain to unfasten the latch. Quite overcome with his exertions he sat down. Once again his eyes were attracted by the lace. How disappointed Margaret would be. He could not make up his mind to destroy it; the port-hole refused to open —this must be the hand of fate.

The boat was fast approaching the dock and in a few minutes would be moored alongside, so there was no time to be lost.

The Reverend John Kell therefore thoughtfully rolled up one trouser leg. He next divided the lace into two equal bundles; a little twisting and tying and the calf of that leg had developed to a size that would have turned Sandow green with envy. Half the lace had vanished. A similar operation on the other leg absorbed the remainder.

Having completed his toilet he went on deck and soon discovered his wife.

"Good-morning, my dear," he said, "I hope you had a good night."

"I could not sleep a bit for thinking of the lace. What did you do with it?"

"It is below," he said evasively, looking at his boots. "Let us go ashore."

They found their baggage placed on a long table awaiting the customs inspection.

"I suppose we shall be searched soon?" remarked his wife, observing the officers hurrying about in all directions.

The Reverend John did not reply. He appeared lost in thought.

"I'll risk it!" he thought; "it will show Mary that I was right and may also divert suspicion from myself."

Without saying a word he walked quickly to the farthest end of the inclosure, quite unconscious that his wife's eyes were curiously fixed on his retreating figure.

A customs officer was examining a box. He touched him on the shoulder.

"I say, my man," he said in a low voice, "do you see that lady over there, with the furs round her neck?"

The officer nodded.

"Well, I think you had better search her; but don't say who gave you the information."

The officer hastened away, and the Reverend John Kell anxiously awaited developments.

"Madam, will you kindly step this way?"

Mrs. Kell wheeled round and discovered a blue-coated, peak-capped man standing in front of her.

"What for?" she demanded indignantly.

"You had better come quietly. It is useless to make a disturbance. I have just received information which warrants me in having you searched."

Mrs. Kell protested. It was ridiculous! He was most insulting! Did he know who she was?

The officer was obdurate, and she eventually followed him into an office, where a female searcher made a most minute examination of her apparel.

The investigation proved unproductive, and she left the office burning with rage against that "somebody." Outside, she was met by the peak-capped man, who apologized for the mistake.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Mrs. Kell icily. "The innocent are often mistaken for the guilty."

She laid her hand on his arm.

"But, listen, I believe a clergyman caused this search."

He nodded and muttered something about wishing he had an opportunity of landing him.

"Well that man deceived you! He only set you on to me to remove suspicion from himself—you noticed how stout he was; and——"

But the officer had vanished.

The Reverend John Kell was beginning to breathe more freely. His trunk had been searched and duly "chalked." Everything had gone off happily, and he was inwardly congratulating himself, when a hand fell somewhat roughly on his shoulder.

"Got you at last!" exclaimed the customs officer.

"How dare you speak to me like that!"

"Now, look here, you aren't going to bluff me a second time, I can tell you! You just come along with me.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the reverend gentleman coolly. "Nothing but a team of horses will induce me to go along with you."

Such drastic measures, however, were not found necessary. Two officers easily accomplished the work, and the Reverend John was led down the dock.

A cold feeling crept over him as he stepped into the office. He immediately confessed, and turning up his trousers discovered the lace.

"Hem," said the officer, grinning sarcastically, "rather a shame to hide such pretty trimming!"

"Such comments are unnecessary," said the Reverend John, quietly and with many blushes unwrapping the lace.

"So that is all, sir?"

The officer glanced at the small heap which had accumulated on the floor.

"Yes!" emphatically.

"Just so! But I seem to remember your face. It strikes me you left here a few weeks ago with a much smaller waist. You lived well on the Continent—eh?"

"You are most impertinent!" said the Reverend John, endeavoring to restrain his anger. "Kindly attend to your own business."

"I will," was the brisk reply. "Take off your coat and vest."

The Reverend John Kell submitted to the examination without even losing his temper. He knew it was best so. Even when the officer gave him sundry nips through his shirt, to see that there was no padding, he only smiled and accepted them with Christian forbearance.

The officer seemed quite displeased at finding that his figure was genuine and, with an expression of annoyance, proceeded to turn out his pockets.

"Hullo! What's this?" he demanded triumphantly, holding up a small packet.

"Well, I declare!—I had completely forgotten. That is a pound of tobacco which I had bought for a friend—I assure——"

"Ah! Here's another!"

The officer pulled out a small box of cigars.

"That looks like nothing more, doesn't it?" he said, annoyed at his victim's complacency and apparent good-humor. "Why, you're like a department store. Chock-full of all sorts of things. Nothing more, indeed! Just you come along with me

and have a talk with the Chief Inspector!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Kell could not imagine why her husband was detained so long. At last, growing impatient, she walked down to the dock and peeped in the searching-room. Nobody was there.

The peak-capped customs officer happened to pass at the moment.

Mrs. Kell, assuming an air of indifference, inquired about his victim.

"Oh, we have made a grand capture!" he said, delighted to have some one to brag to.

"He was stout," he continued facetiously, "but I have considerably reduced his weight—just think of the old fellow trying to get you into trouble, when all the time he had no end of tobacco—cigars—and yards and yards of lace."

"Lace!"

"Yes; m'am, lace!"

"What are they going to do with him?"

"Oh, he will be out soon. The chief has been rather lenient. I expect he thinks he's a parson."

Mrs. Kell heaved a sigh of relief.

"If I were you," continued the officer, mistaking it for fear, "I should scoot. There is no knowing what he might do if he suspected you. It makes them wild."

"Tell me where he is."

The officer pointed to a building.

"He's in there. But, remember, I warned you."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Kell was at the door. She opened it, and, heedless of the astonished Chief Inspector, rushed forward and impetuously threw her arms around her husband's neck and with many expressions of sorrow begged his forgiveness.

"It's all right, Mary," he said. "Half my case is settled. I am so far fined fifteen shillings on the tobacco and cigars."

"What about the lace?" she whispered.

"He hasn't come to it yet. Goodness only knows how much that will be." This also whispered.

Mrs. Kell stood up and faced the officer.

"You have fined him quite enough," she said. "I think you might at least overlook the lace."

"Under the circumstances I will grant your request," agreed the Chief Inspector with a short laugh.

"Trust your wife to get you out of a fix, John!" cried Mrs. Kell gayly.

The Reverend John was delighted at getting off so lightly.

"I hope," he said, as he paid the fine, "you will accept the cigars as a slight recognition of your courtesy. I would like to include the tobacco, but I have already promised it to a friend."

"Thank you!" said the Chief Inspector drily, "unfortunately, both are confiscated!"

Throughout this interview Mrs. Kell's spirits had been rising and falling like a barometer. They now sank from "change" to "stormy."

"Is—er is—the lace also confiscated?" she faltered.

The Chief Inspector rose from his chair, and placed the lace in her hands.

"You need not have gone to so much trouble in bringing it over," he said, laughing. "The fact is, there is no duty on lace, nor has there been for the last forty years."

On the whole, it is patience which makes the final difference between those who succeed or fail in all things. All the greatest people have it in an infinite degree, and, among the less, the patient weak ones always conquer the impatient strong.—J. Ruskin.

The Former Rulers of The Canadian West

THOSE who look upon trusts as modern growths may be surprised to learn that one of the most powerful on the North American continent is 86 years old. This is the Hudson's Bay Company, which probably furnished the muff, collar or the fur overcoat which you are wearing this winter. It is the continent's oldest trust.

Age isn't the chief distinction of this trust, however. It can claim, what no other trust can, that it has made a nation; for it would be difficult to exaggerate the Hudson's Bay Company's part in creating modern Canada. Many of the great Dominion cities of to-day have developed from trading posts established by the fur company many years ago.

In the forming of this trust and its development, tragedy and romance run riot. The killing of rival traders in close encounter, in duels and in pitched battles; the accidental death of many a man while engaged in his perilous work; the hardship of life in isolated sections, to some of which mail, even at this day, goes only once a year; the commercial romance connected with bay-tree growth of cities in the wilderness—these things might, if inanimate objects could speak, be told by the fur which drapes feminine shoulders or is exposed for sale in the store window.

Before the Hudson's Bay Company absorbed its rival and formed the first trust of the continent, its stirring history had already extended over a century and a half, and for a long time enjoyed a monopoly of the rich fur field.

If the Hudson's Bay Company had not absorbed the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal, in 1821, thus forming America's first trust, it is perhaps not too much to say that Canada for many years thereafter, perhaps almost to the present, would have been little more than a chain of towns and cities along the St. Lawrence and around Lake Ontario, and a group of semi-isolated maritime provinces.

Not long ago a Toronto writer expressed this opinion, and found none to dispute it. It is not in itself an excuse for the existence of a corporation, as such, although it speaks volumes for the enterprise of this particular trust.

Misled by its many names, many people have thought the company's original scope of operation was only in the Hudson's Bay district, when, as a matter of fact, it extended from ocean to ocean, and from the latitude of Alaska south as far as the Great Lakes—a country hardly smaller than the whole of Europe. This immense region was populated by about 160,000 Indians, half-breeds and Eskimos.

Only twenty years after the landing of the English at what is now Jamestown, Va.—to be exact, in 1627—the nucleus of the Hudson's Bay Company had its birth.

At the present day the only thing in this country that can be compared with that struggle is the sheep feuds of the Northwest, in which shots have been taken at shepherds at sight and the sheep driven over cliffs to death.

In these battles up in the Canadian wilds guns were freely used. When it so happened that the combatants got close enough together, knves were brought into play. Fists were seldom used—this would have been too mild.

Stirred to commercial competition, the Hudson's Bay Company for a time paid the highest prices to the Indians, thus securing the pick of their furs; but the Frenchmen, so it is recorded, got around this by introducing firewater. And, in order to offer a formidable front to the English, the French traders in 1773 organized into the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal. Soon this company overshadowed its rival.

Instead of paying salaries to its men, as its rival did, the Northwest permitted them to work on commis-

sion, or to acquire partnership in the business, and so in a few years it was making annual profit of $200,000, which in ten years jumped to $600,000.

The principal "Northwesters," as partners in the Northwest company, were called, formed an exclusive aristocracy in Montreal and Quebec, living in lordly style, yet preserving associations with the superintendents of their trading posts, joining them in pleasures, dangers, mishaps and novel adventures.

When they ascended the streams, it was in magnificent barges, decked with red furs, with every luxury at hand, carrying with them their cooks and barbers—like sovereigns making a progress.

Colonists came from Great Britain; their coming spurred the French Northwesters on to acts of intimidation and violence. At this time Lord Selkirk, acquiring a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company and determined to punish the pertinacious rivals.

Where they established a fort they placed one. Every method that artifice, fraud or violence could suggest was adopted to get the skins from the Indians, who cared not who got them so long as the money and firewater were sufficient.

What ruses were tried to gain the upper hand in this odd rivalry! Once the Hudson's Bay people, on the pretense of making friends, got up a grand ball with the Northwesterns as their guests, and while the merriment was on, a few agents slipped out to meet a company of Indians whom the scouts had reported as headed for the town. When, next day, the Northwesters learned of the Indians' approach, they found them all gloriously drunk and not a skin left.

Another time, two trading parties met in the woods. The Northwesters proposed a fire and a round of drinks. Then, while the others drank, they poured their liquor on the ground.

Finally, when every Hudson's Bay man was helplessly drunk, the Northwesters bound them to their sleds, turned the dogs towards the Hudson's Bay camp, and then hurried on to the Indian camp. This time they had the skins all to themselves.

Forts were attacked, burned and the settlers and officials made prisoners and terribly maltreated. In vain did the Governor-General of Canada exhort and threaten. These bloody scenes led up to a frightful battle at Fort Garry, the post of the Hudson's Bay people, in which seventeen men and three officers of the company, including Governor Semple, fell, pierced by bullets.

Officers and men on both sides were hired with a view to their fighting qualities; prices were sent so high and firewater flowed so plentifully that the trade was ruined.

Such was the condition when, in 1821, the cooler heads of both companies got together and formed the first trust on this continent. Like those of to-day, it was for mutual preservation.

Then, talk of your captains of industry of the present day! How small most of them seem beside a young Scotchman who, simply on account of his business acumen, was singled out among all the residents of British Columbia to be head of the new trust and governor of Rupert's Land, as the fur country was called.

This man was George Simpson—Sir George he afterwards became, for he was knighted because of the wonderful ability he displayed in his new position. For forty years he remained at the helm, and his reign was one of peace and prosperity.

When, in 1869, the Hudson's Bay Company was induced by the Canadian Government to part with all but about one-twentieth of the immense tract of land in its grant, the money recompense was $1,500,000.

This ended the romantic, thrilling side of the company's history; it thenceforth became simply a very prosperous corporation, with capital swollen to $10,000,000, no competition and enormous dividends assured.

As indicating the perilous lives of the hunters and half-breeds in those early days, it is recorded that of those Northwesters who assisted in the kill-

ing of Governor Semple and his nineteen associates, sixty-five died violent deaths.

First, a Frenchman dropped dead while crossing the ice on the river, his son was stabbed by a comrade, his wife was shot, and his children were burned; Big Head, his brother, was shot by an Indian; Coutonohais dropped dead at a dance; Battosh was mysteriously shot; Lavigne was drowned.

Fraser was run through the body by a Frenchman in Paris; Baptiste Moralle, while drunk, was thrown into a fire by inebriate companions; another died drunk on a roadway; another was wounded by the bursting of his gun; Duplicis was impaled on a pitchfork; Gardapie was scalped by Indians; another was gored to death by a buffalo, and still another shot by mistake in a buffalo hunt.

And so on down the list—there are fact and fate for every one of the sixty-five cases.

But, while some people prefer to consider this a punishment for what they term "the massacre," it is perhaps no more than an illustration of the dangers attending the fur-hunting business on every hand.

To-day all is changed. Those places which the old school geography designated as trading posts have become prosperous cities, some of them with department stores as elegant and comprehensive as those found in the largest American and British cities.

For instance, near the head offices of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the point where used to stand the walls of Fort Garry, one may now see the principal stores of the city of Winnipeg, which is likened to Whiteley's Necessity Store in London, where you may buy a house or anything belonging to or around a house.

The great retail emporium of Victoria is the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and in Calgary the metropolis of Alberta and the Canadian plains, the principal shopping place is the Hudson's Bay store.

Since the opening of the Northwest provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the Dominion Government, about three years ago, the boom has been continuous. The country is becoming one of the most prosperous and up-to-date in America. And yet to-day, as two centuries ago, the Hudson's Bay Company is the greatest of fur-trading corporations, and fur trading is to-day a principal source of its profits.

As in the early days, the Indians come to the trading post with their packs of skins on their backs, to be traded for tobacco, sugar, corn, cooking utensils, lodge furnishings and money.

And to-day, as of yore, the scouts and agents of the company penetrate to the homes of the more isolated tribes, buy up their skins and "tote" them to the trading post on their backs or by dog team. But they are not the picturesque old fellows with tomahawk and moccasins and muskets and quaint accoutrements; they are prosaic-looking individuals.

Like the commonplace, present-day cowboy on the western ranch, they have become simply ghosts of vanished romance.

The Spirit of Progress

What is the Spirit of Progress? It is the desire to know what constitutes true success and the willingness to take the patient steps which lead to it; the desire to correct errors, traits and tendencies which retard progress and the willingness to receive new ideas and act upon them; the desire to act from sound motives, and the willingness to give up false and temporary success for vital and permanent growth; the eagerness to utilize every wholesome opportunity, the enthusiasm to strive for excellence for its own sake, and the energy to push on, pausing only when the victory is won.

The Cure of Hezekiah

By Norman Duncan in Harper's Monthly

IT was Hezekiah's mother—the widow of Red Tom Usher, of Wrath Harbor of the Labrador, and the mother, also, of Tommy—it was she who discovered the whereabouts of a cure. "Hook's Kurepain," she declared, convinced beyond doubt, "will sure do it!" There was no denying the virtues of the Healing Balm. They were set forth in print, in type both large and small, on a creased and greasy remnant of the Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger, who had, as the mother of Hezekiah was immediately persuaded, providentially strayed into that far port. The works of the Invaluable Discovery were not to be disputed. The Boon to Suffering Humanity was a positive cure for bruises, sprains, chilblains, cracked hands, stiffness of the joints, contraction of the muscles, numbness of the limbs, neuralgia, rheumatism, erysipelas, pains in the chest, warts, frostbites, sore throat, quinsy, croup, diphtheria, toothache, and various other ills. Moreover, it was an excellent hair restorer. And if it had cured millions, why should it not cure Hezekiah?

Hezekiah's mother greatly desired a bottle.

"I've found something, Tommy," said she, a little twinkle in her eye, when, that night, the elder son came in from the snowy wilderness, where he had made the round of his fox-traps.

"Have you, now?" he answered, curiously. "An' what might un be?"

She sought to mystify him a moment longer, that his delight might be the more. "'Tis something, b'y," said she, "t' make you glad."

"Come, tell me!" he cried, his eyes shining.

"I've heered you say," she went on, smiling softly, "that you'd be fair willin' t' give anything t' be able t' find it. I've heered you say—

"'Tis a silver fox!"

"I've heered you say," she continued, shaking her head— "Oh, I've heered you say, 'if I could only find it, I'd be happy!"

"Tell me!" he coaxed. "Please tell me!"

She laid a hand on his shoulder. The remnant of the Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger she held behind her.

"'Tis a cure for Hezekiah," said she.

"No!" he cried, incredulous; but there was yet the ring of hope in his voice. "Have you, now?"

"Hook's Kurepain," said she, "never failed yet."

"'Tis wonderful!" said Tommy.

She spread the newspaper on the table and placed her finger at that point of the list where the cure of rheumatism was promised.

"Read that," said she, "an' you'll find 'tis all true."

Tommy's eyes ran up to the top of the page. His mother waited, a smile on her lips. She was anticipating a profound impression.

" 'Beauty has wonderful charms,' " the boy read. " 'Few men can withstand the witchcraft of a lovely face. All hearts are won—' "

"No! no!" the mother interrupted, hastily. "That's the marvellous Oriental Beautifier. I been readin' that too. But 'tis not that. 'Tis lower down. Beginnin', 'At last the universal remedy of Biblical times.' Is you got it yet?"

"Ay, sure!"

And thereupon Tommy Usher, of Wrath Harbor, discovered that a legion of relieved and rejuvenated rheumatics had without remuneration or constraint sung the virtues of the Kurepain and the praises of Hook. He was a lad remotely born, unknowing; not for a moment did he doubt the existence of the Well-known Traveler, the Family Doctor, the

Minister of the Gospel, the Champion of the World. He was ready to admit that the cure had been found.

"I'm willin' t' believe," said he, solemnly, the while gazing very earnestly into his mother's eyes, "that 'twould do Hezekiah a world o' good."

"Read on!"

" 'It costs money to make the Kurepain,' " Tommy read. " 'It is not a sugar-and-water remedy. It is a cure, manufactured at great expense. Good medicines come high. But the peerless Kurepain is cheap when compared with the worthless substitutes now on the market and sold for just as good. Our price is five dollars a bottle; three bottles guaranteed to cure.' "

Tommy stopped dead. He looked up. His mother steadily returned his glance. Tommy had provided for the house ever since his father died. It had been hard work, and there had been times when the provision was lean enough. Five dollars a bottle! Five dollars for that which was neither food nor clothing!

"'Tis fearful!" he sighed.

"But read on."

" 'In order to introduce the Kurepain into this locality we have set aside One Thousand Bottles of this incomparable medicine. That number, and no more, we will dispose of at four dollars a bottle. Do not make a mistake. When the supply is exhausted, the price will rise to eight dollars a bottle, owing to a scarcity of one of the ingredients. We honestly advise you, if you are in pain or suffering, to take advantage of this rare opportunity. A word to the wise is sufficient. Order to-day.' "

"'Tis a great bargain, Tommy," the mother whispered.

"Ay," Tommy answered, dubiously.

His mother patted his hand. "When Hezekiah's cured," she went on, "he could help you with the traps, an'—"

"'Tis not for that I wants un cured," Tommy flashed. "I'm willin' an' able for me labor. 'Tis not for that. I'm just thinkin' all the time about seein' him run about like he used to. That's what I wants."

"Doesn't you think, Tommy, that we could manage it—if we tried wonderful hard?"

" 'Tis accordin' t' what fur I traps, mum, before the ice goes an' the steamer comes. I'm hopin' we'll have enough left over t' buy the cure."

She patted his hand again. "There's credit t' be had at the store," she said.

"But I'm not wantin' t' get in debt."

"You're a good son, Tommy," the mother said at last. "I knows you'll do for the best. Leave us wait until the springtime comes."

"Ay," he agreed; "an' we'll say nar a word t' Hezekiah."

Hezekiah was eight years old—younger than Tommy by four years. He had been an active, merry lad, inclined to scamper and shout, given to pranks of a kindly sort. But he had of a sudden been taken with what the folk of Wrath Harbor called "rheumatics" of the knee. There were days, however, when he walked in comfort; but there were times when, thus walking, he fell to the ground in agony, and had to be carried home, and there were weeks when he could not walk at all. He was now more affectionate than he had been, but he was not so merry nor so rosy.

" 'Twould be like old times," Tommy said once, when Hezekiah was put to bed, "if the lad was only well."

"I'm afeered, b'y," the mother sighed, "that he'll never be well again."

"For fear you're right, mum," said Tommy, "we must give un a good time. . . . Hush, mother! Don't you cry, or I'll be cryin' too."

But since they had laid hold on the hope in Hook's Kurepain life was brighter. They were looking forward to the cure. The old merry, scampering Hezekiah, with his shouts and laughter and gambols and pranks, was to return to them. When, as the winter dragged along and Tommy brought home the fox-skins from the wilderness, Hezekiah fondled them,

and passed upon their quality as to color and size of fur. Tommy and the mother exchanged smiles. Hezekiah did not know that upon the quality and number of the skins, which he delighted to stroke and pat, depended his cure. Let the winter pass! Let the ice move out from the coast! Let the steamer come for the letters! Let her go and return again! Then Hezekiah would know.

"We'll be able t' have one bottle, whatever," said the mother.

"'Twill be more than that, mum," Tommy answered, confidently. "We wants un cured."

With the spring came the great disappointment. The snow melted from the hills; wild flowers blossomed where the white carpet had lain; the ice was ready to break and move out to sea with the next wind from the west: there were no more foxes to be caught. Tommy bundled the skins, strapped them on his back, and took them to the storekeeper at Shelter Harbor, five miles up the coast; and when their value had been determined he came home disconsolate.

The mother had been watching from the window. "Well?" she said, when the boy came in.

"'Tis not enough," he groaned. "I'm sorry, mum; but 'tis not enough."

She said nothing, but waited for him to continue; for she feared to give him greater distress.

"'Twas a fair price he gave me," Tommy continued. "I'm not complainin' o that. But there's not enough t' do more than keep us clear o' debt, with pinchin', till we sells the fish in the fall. I'm sick, mum—I'm fair sick an' miserable along o' disappointment."

"'Tis sad t' think," she said, Hezekiah's not t' be cured—after all."

"For the want o' twelve dollars!" he sighed.

They were interrupted by the clatter of Hezekiah's crutches, coming in haste from the inner room; then entered Hezekiah.

"I heered what you said," he cried, his eyes blazing, his whole worn little body fairly quivering with excitement. "I heered you say 'cure.' Is I t' be cured?"

They did not answer.

"Tommy! Mamma! Did you say I was t' be cured?"

"Hush, dear!" said the mother.

"I can't hush. I wants t' know. Tommy, tell me. Is I t' be cured?"

"Tommy, b'y," said the mother, quietly, "tell un."

"You is!" Tommy shouted, catching Hezekiah in his arms and rocking him like a baby. "You is t' be cured. Debt or no debt, lad, by the Lord, I'll see you cured!"

It was easily managed. The old storekeeper at Shelter Harbor did not hesitate. Credit? Of course he would give Tommy that. "Tommy," said he, "I've knowed you for a long time, an' I knows you t' be a good lad. I'll f' you out for the summer an' the winter, if you wants me to, an' you can take your own time about payin' the bill." And so Tommy withdrew twelve dollars from the credit of his account.

They began to keep watch on the ice—to wish for a westerly gale, that the white waste might be broken and dispersed.

"Tommy," said Hezekiah, one night when the lads lay snug in bed and the younger was sleepless, "how long will it be afore that there Kurepain comes?"

"I 'low the steamer'll soon be here."

"Ay?"

"An' then she'll take the letter with the money?"

"Ay?"

"An' she'll be gone about a month an' a fortnight, an' then she'll be back with—"

"The cure!" said Hezekiah, giving Tommy an affectionate dig in the ribs. "She'll be back with the cure!"

"Go t' sleep, lad."

"I can't," Hezekiah whimpered. "I can't for joy o' thinkin' o' that cure."

By and by the ice moved out, and in good time the steamer came. It was at the end of a blustering day, with the night falling thick. Passengers and crew alike—from the

grimy stokers to the shivering American tourists—were relieved to learn, when the anchor went down with a splash and a rumble, that the "old man" was to "hang her down" until the weather turned "civil."

Accompanied by the old schoolmaster, who was to lend him aid in registering the letter to the Kurepain Company, Tommy went aboard in the punt. It was then dark.

"You knows a Yankee when you sees un," said he, when they reached the upper deck. "Point un out, an' I'll ask un."

"Ay, I'm traveled," said the schoolmaster, importantly. "And 'twould be wise to ask about the company before you post the letter."

Thus it came about that Tommy timidly approached two gentlemen who were chatting merrily in the lee of the wheel-house.

"Do you know the Kurepain, sir?" he asked.

"Eh? What?" the one replied.

"Hook's, sir."

"Hook's? In the name of wonder, child, Hook's what?"

"Kurepain, sir."

"Hook's Kurepain," said the stranger. "Doctor"—addressing his companion—"do you recommend—"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you do not?" said the other.

The doctor eyed Tommy. "Why do you ask?" he inquired.

"'Tis for me brother, sir," Tommy replied. "He've a queer sort o' rheumaticks. We're thinkin' the Kurepain will cure un. It have cured a minister o' the gospel, sir, an' a champion o' the world; an' we was allowin' that it wouldn't have much trouble t' cure Hezekiah. They's as much as twelve dollars, sir, in this here letter, which I'm sendin' away. I'm wantin' t' know, sir, if they'll send the cure if I sends the money."

The doctor was silent for a moment. "Where do you live?" he asked at last.

Tommy pointed to a far-off light. "Hezekiah will be at the window," he said, "lookin' out at the steamer's lights."

"Do you care for a run ashore?" asked the doctor, turning to his fellow tourist.

"If it would not overtax you."

"No, no—I'm strong enough now. The voyage has put me on my feet again. Come—let us go."

Tommy took them ashore in the punt, guided them along the winding, rocky path, led them into the room where Hezekiah sat at the window. The doctor felt of Hezekiah's knee and asked him many questions. Then he held a whispered conversation with his companion and the schoolmaster; and of their conversation Tommy caught such words and phrases as "slight operation" and "chloroform" and "that table" and "poor light, but light enough," and "rough-and-ready sort of work" and "no danger." Then Tommy was despatched to the steamer with the doctor's friend; and when they came back the man carried a bag in his hand. The doctor asked Hezekiah a question, and Hezekiah nodded his head. Whereupon the doctor called him a brave lad, and sent Tommy out to the kitchen to keep his mother company for a time, first requiring him to bring in a pail of water and another lamp. When they called him in again—he knew what they were about, and it seemed a long, long time before the call came—Hezekiah was lying on the couch, sick and pale, with his knee tightly bandaged, but with his eyes glowing.

"Mamma! Tommy!" the boy whispered, exultingly. "They says I'm cured."

"Yes," said the doctor; "he'll be all right now. His trouble was not rheumatism. It was caused by a fragment of the bone, broken off at the knee-joint. At least, that's as plain as I can make it to you. I have removed that fragment. He'll be all right after a bit. I've told the schoolmaster how to take care of him, and I'll leave some medicine, and—well—he'll soon be all right."

When the doctor was about to step

from the punt to the steamer's ladder, half an hour later, Tommy held up a letter to him.

" 'Tis for you, sir," he said.

"What's this?" the doctor demanded.

" 'Tis for you to keep, sir," Tommy answered, with dignity. " 'Tis the money for the work you done."

"Money!" cried the doctor. "Why, really," he stammered, "I—you see, this is my vacation—and I—"

"I 'low, sir," said Tommy, quietly, "that you'll 'blige me."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the doctor, being wise, "that I will!"

And Tommy Usher was very much obliged.

What I Found Out as a Business Girl

By Laura A. Smith in Ladies' Home Journal

THERE are three vital qualities which the girl who succeeds in business must have. The common names for these are energy, "get-up-and-get" and "stick-to-itiveness." If you are serious in wishing to amount to something in your chosen line of work you must resolutely shake off sloth ("the mother of poverty") and laziness, greeting each day afresh with enthusiasm and buoyancy. Eternal vigilance must be your portion. You cannot afford to let even apparently unimportant details of your work escape you. Though you do your task successfully nine times and grow careless the tenth, you will hear from the tenth or imperfect time. As a business girl you must not hang back and find excuses when a disagreeable task is offered you. Take it cheerfully and willingly. The Girl-Afraid-of-Work cannot spell success. She who gives up a hard bit of work easily, in despair and disgust, will never attain the heights of the girl who sticks to difficulties with bulldog persistency. The latter may have to give up the task defeated, but she has the satisfaction of knowing that she made a good fight.

Stick to one line of work long enough to give it a fair trial and be thoroughly convinced of your fitness for that particular kind of work. Butterflies have their place in society but not in the business world. To change from office to office and from one kind of employment to many new ones in a short period of time may give one a reputation for instability, incompetence and untrustworthiness. This does not mean we must never change work or employers. We must grow, and, growing legitimately, step into higher things. Fatal to any business girl is the desire to secure employment that is very easy and yet that pays a large salary. Such positions do not exist for the average girl. If this is your ambition, stay out of business. The employer who can afford to pay well wants value received and will seek until he gets it.

The habit of concentrating mind and interest on the task of the moment is worth many dollars to you. Determine to accomplish your task in the very best manner possible, though the task seem a trifle which might be slighted. Your work represents you, therefore you cannot afford to be careless and slipshod. Thus you will be judged if you let imperfect work go from your hand. Learn to shut out diverting thoughts and noises and apply yourself to the task in hand. You will get along easily and quickly, although you may not be conscious that you are working rapidly. Every day is a habit cultivator. Train mind and hand so that careful, efficient doing becomes a second nature. If you slight your tasks you will not advance in position, salary or self-culture. Do not be the girl who scatters her

thoughts over yesterday's tasks and vexations, to-day's work, noon and closing hours, and good times past and future. If your thoughts wander into strange fields letters will be filled with errors or misdirected and important inclosures forgotten. It is useless to be sorry or petulant when reminded that the thought given by your employer to that particular letter went for naught; the time to rise to the occasion is when you have the letter in hand.

One of the very first and simplest things for you to learn is to make legible letters and figures and to write an address neatly, legibly and correctly. This seems such primerlike advice that, if you have big business aspirations, you will laugh. There are several items necessary in addressing in envelope or package—the name, street, number, city, State, and sometimes county and country. Leave off one of these items and some one will have to make up your deficiency. It is impossible to estimate the time, money and hard work devoted by the United States Post-office Department and business concerns to letters and parcels carelessly addressed. See that you do not conduct an annex to the Dead-letter Office. Nothing calls forth more just indignation in an office than when a pile of important mails comes from the post-office with the red line, "Returned for Correct Address."

If a clerk in a store you need this suggestion as much as does the girl in an office. Upon you depends largely the safety of the delivery of the valuable package the customer wishes sent to her home. Your particular business for the moment is to write that one address so that it will land the package where it belongs. You can see what it is worth to you if there is a mistake and your employer can say, "It is very unusual for this clerk to make a mistake. She is one of our most careful employes." While learning to write names carefully learn to call them correctly and to associate the name with the person who bears it. This is a gift which men in public life consider worth cultivating. If, the second time a person comes to your place of business you can give her a smile of recognition and say, "Good-morning, Mrs. A," you have won a friend. Mrs. A immediately likes you, for she thinks, "Why, she remembered me; how nice." How far the girl who says, "Yes, Mrs. A" towers above the one who drawls, "Yes, madam," plain Yes," or the tabooed "Yes, lady." You have doubtless been instructed long ere this never, never to use "lady" as a term of address. If you have not decided from this moment to use "Madam" or the individual's name. "Lady" goes hand in hand with chewing toothpicks in public. Let us drop both.

Do not pride yourself on not knowing how to do things. Be businesslike and master the little details which count for experience when you seek new employment. Nothing is accidental in a well-ordered office. Watch the trained and experienced person and you will find that every move means time saved and work facilitated. There is even a proper way to fold a letter and place it in an envelope. Learn how to make copies of important letters and file them for future reference, even though that may not come directly in your line of work. Learn to locate places on the map and on the railroad. Learn how to word telegrams, to send registered and special-delivery letters. Remember the close relationship between time and money, and know when to use telegraph, long-distance telephone or special-delivery letter if you are in charge of affairs. Notice carefully what you are signing if it is a business paper. This is your golden opportunity to learn something about different kinds of business paper and forms. This includes banking, making out or endorsing cheques, opening an account with a bank, making deposits, book-keeping enough to keep your personal accounts correctly, and other details which will help you handle money throughout life. Ask for receipts from collectors and messengers to whom you give money or packages. File these receipts where

you can readily place your hand on them. Learn to decide and to act quickly in an emergency. Rely on your own judgment when there is no one at hand to advise. Be slow about paying out money for your firm on a C.O.D. package, unless you are convinced that you should. If you advance money from your own purse have a receipt to show for it. This is not sentiment, it is business. Your desire to keep money matters straight will enhance your worth in your employer's estimation. Keep receipted bills as long as possible to protect yourself should you be asked by a firm to pay the same bill twice.

Diplomacy and tact will carry you through awkward situations where lack of them might cause a break in your business relations. Remember that the public you serve is sensitive and you must win not lose, friends. Remember, too, that you have a personal reputation as a business woman to sustain when tempted to strain a point of truth or honesty and do something that is bound to react against your business integrity. Be loyal to your firm and consult its interests always. Give heart and not lip service. If you have committetd an error in your decision in an emergency profit by the experience and try harder next time. No matter what happens you must not stop trying. Learn to disassociate yourself as an individual from yourself as a representative of the firm. By doing this you will save yourself much unhappiness. Do not be sensitive and feel resentment toward the person making a legitimate complaint about a piece of goods or article. She is not complaining of you personally, but of the thing with which she is dissatisfied. Use discretion about repeating criticisms and suggestions to those over you in authority. If employed where suggestions are welcomed you can tell the proper person in a diplomatic way, not allowing the personality of the one complaining to color your report. Unimportant criticisms you can answer at once and pleasantly pass over. Never bother busy men with idle tales of busy-bodies and chronic faultfinders. When you feel that the good-will of your firm is threatened report it in confidence to the one whom it most concerns, and above all, be brief in the telling.

One of your most difficult lessons will be to learn to go to headquarters to find out things which concern yourself and your work. Nine girls out of ten lack the moral courage to bring most important questions to an issue. Generally there is just one person who can grant you priviliges or whose opinion makes a difference in your salary. Therefore, do not begin with the office boy and go all along the line wondering if Mr. A will do this or that for you, or complaining if your work becomes too heavy or unpleasant. Go direct to Mr. A. There is no royal way; just take the plunge and have it over with. A man busy with big schemes may not have dancing-school manners and he may "growl" at you, but he is likely to be fair and just and your interests will not suffer. At any rate, it will put an end to your surmisings and suspense. You may strike Mr. A in an unfortunate moment and suffer defeat. Never mind; learn to take business hurdles gracefully. Shake off the dust of the header, mount with a laugh and spur ahead. Keep your colors flying at any cost. The slogan of old bicycle days fits into business beautifully: "Keep pedaling and look straight ahead." If you keep pedaling you will keep progressing. If you look ahead you will go the way you are looking. Have grit enough to keep still and ask no sympathy for your particular brand of worry. Silence is a grand weapon. Try it some day when you are harassed. A laugh, too, often saves the day and clears the atmosphere.

Keep sunny and contented in your work for your own sake and for the sake of the office atmosphere. Do not let misguided persons stir up discontent and persuade you that you are doing "a man's work and should receive a man's salary." You are doing your own work and are entitled to the highest salary you can earn. You could not be a man in business

if you tried. Really, why should you or any girl wish to be? Men get the hardest tasks, the longest hours and the hardest part of the business strain. If you grow into a woman with fine executive ability, poise and a thorough knowledge of business you will command a good salary and receive a great many privileges on your own account. Be content to be a girl in business, clinging to your womanly ideals, keeping your heart young and envying no one. Pay the men with whom you work the compliment to feel, and to show them that you feel, that they will treat you fair, protect you and look out for your interests. A very, very confidential bit of advice: when there is a cyclonic storm, followed by a decided outburst, in the office make yourself very small and unobtrusive. See nothing and hear nothing but your work. Storms will come. We cannot have smooth, plain sailing every day in any business office. After the storm passes consider the incident closed. Banish it from your thoughts and its effects from your countenance. Recognize any little kindly after-act and accept it cordially and sweetly with no reference to the late unpleasantness. The girl who pouts, the girl with "nerves," the girl who holds a grudge and the girl who nags are not popular in an office.

Business will do much for you. It will make you quick, alert, self-reliant and progressive. Being a business girl gives you no excuse for lack of gentle manners. Watch yourself carefully and try very hard to be as well-bred in your business as you are in your social relations. It will be your own fault if you do not keep up with current affairs and if you do not increase your general knowledge every day. Do not shy at new words, but make them your own and use them. Look in the dictionary yourself for spelling and definitions. The dictionary habit is one of the best you can acquire. Business will teach you the value of dollars and pennies—how hard it is to earn and how easy to spend them. It will broaden your sympathies for the thousands of your fellow-creatures who make such a brave showing on very little money. It will teach you to judge not by externals but by achievements.

Take it for granted that every person is your friend, ready to do you a kindness. Greet persons in this spirit. There are more good people in the world than there are bad—more ready to help and encourage than to block your progress. Throw this thought into your manner when you approach persons and it will act like a charm. One great mistake we make is to forget a kindness shown and remember a blow. Control your recollections and thus keep your mind healthy. Drop business when you leave office or shop. Avoid having the business stamp on you so plainly that it can be detected at a glance. Talk shop with a few congenial spirits from whom you can learn, but avoid it when off duty. You may have difficulty convincing your social acquaintances that you prefer other topics of conversation, but persevere until you succeed.

However slight a man's education may be, there is nothing to prevent his learning to talk correctly. He can do more than that: he can learn to talk entertainingly upon any subject. This does not require a great depth of knowledge. It requires an observant attitude when others talk.

Retirement from Business

By Marcus M. Marks in American Review of Reviews

THERE are many business men who could render most valuable service to the community and at the same time benefit themselves physically, morally, and intellectually, if they would but recognize their possibilities. To give full measure of their service involves retirement from the all-absorbing detail of everyday business. It is my purpose to point out that such retirement is within the reach of many business men (and in that classification I include merchants of all kinds, manufacturers, promoters, agents, etc.), and to offer some practical suggestions to this end.

Many men whose success has been phenomenal, and whose fortunes have far exceeded their fondest hopes, continue the daily grind of business because they have no taste for anything else. From early boyhood they have been completely absorbed in business, to the exclusion of everything that interfered in the least, until they have become slaves to their occupations. These men now go about their daily routine like the imprisoned squirrel treading the wheel in his cage, turning and turning, without making any real progress.

There are some who contend that business, per se, is a proper end in life; that any man may well devote all his years to building up and improving his establishment, giving himself up entirely to the one ideal of commercial development. The plea is made that wherever one's lot in life may cause him to be placed, there he should work out his destiny and develop the best that is in him; that business is an honorable and can be a noble calling, and that a great service to mankind may be performed by pushing a business to its highest plane, even though this may require a man's whole lifetime. A minister of the gospel may fairly take this position and carry on his good work to his last day, spreading blessings among those with whom he comes in contact, and giving himself up with free heart to the service of God and man. A physician who has the spirit of self-sacrifice may also consecrate himself to the cause of humanity, responding day and night, summer and winter, to the call of the suffering.

There are also other callings that bring men into holiest touch with the hearts of their fellow-men, that may also well be followed to the last day in properly working out man's highest destiny. Shall business be included among these occupations? It is certainly not my intention to deprecate in the slightest degree the great constructive opportunities of a business career. In the relations with employes, with customers, with fellow-merchants, there are possibilities of achieving the highest ideals by cooperation. But let us not forget the restrictions of business. Hard as it may sound, business is not a philanthropic institution. Its first test is its earning power; it is a failure if one doesn't make money. To make money one must meet competition. This entails a great and cruel limitation of one's ideals; it restricts liberality and compels one to push and grind whether so inclined or not. The position of the minister and of the physician is different. The amount of money they have saved does not enter into the consideration upon which is based their "rating" in the community.

Now, as to the exaggerated idea of service to society in perfecting one's commercial scheme: What business man cannot retire with little loss to those who use the articles he may be manufacturing or distributing? In case he decides to step out, will not some one else be able, in a reasonable time, to grow into his place? In fact, may not the new man, possibly younger and more ambitious, put

new life and energy into the development of the ideals of the business? This plea of a life-mission to be worked out to the end in business is, to my mind, usually not a reason for continuing in business, but more likely an excuse for satisfying the miserly instinct to pile up more money.

The complete absorption in business which we so often see seems to me positively unethical. Piling up business after the need of it is past is, I contend, as sinful and useless as the hoarding of gold by the miser. No man has a right to give up his soul exclusively to financial gain. If men do not arrive naturally at the realization of this fact, the day will come when the feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, now strongly showing itself among the poorer classes, will break forth in tumult and disorder. It is not only right but politic to give heed to this sign of the times. Men who cling to business after securing a competence, are encouraging discontent by their commercial avarice. Having secured the means to live, why should they not truly live and give others a chance to work up, and in turn get their competence?

It frequently happens that men acquire the means which would fully enable them to retire at an early age —say, when forty or fifty years old —but feel that they are too young to retire; feel, in fact, that they have no right to retire in the prime of life. How do they know that they will ever reach old age, or that in the rapid ups and downs of business they will be able to retain what they have acquired till they reach the age which they have arbitrarily set as the proper one? Many a man has been rich at fifty and well able to retire, and poor at sixty. Happy the man who can live the better life while the blood is still running warm and vigorous in his veins. Were there only enough such men to take an active part in public life, in the preservation of the rights of true citizenship, where would the scheming "bosses" be? There is crying need in public work for practical, successful, honest men who have time. Nearly everybody seems to be "too busy" except the political "heeler," who, taking advantage of the situation, puts his time into the scales with, alas! too much effect.

No one with a reasonable competence should be afraid to retire young. I do not mean retire like an oyster in its shell, to a narrow sphere, but retire from the detail and routine of business to do what is best for his own higher development, best for his family, best for humanity. If a man retire young, he can properly work out his life's problem. If he wait, he may be too old, his habits too firmly formed, his ability or even desire to adopt a new manner of life, gone

If a man should decide to withdraw from active business, plans must be carefully laid and carried out with judgment to supply to the organization the equivalent of the talent and energy that are to be withdrawn. It will take time and thought to shift duties and responsibilities gradually and wisely upon the shoulders of others. A corresponding increase in the share of the profits of the business and of the honors of its management should compensate those who now assume these added cares. The founders of a business as well as the ones who have led it to success are entitled to fair consideration for their important constructive work. Whatever the good-will of the business is worth should properly be credited to them. But the new managers should not be handicapped; they should be liberally dealt with and encouraged, for their own sakes and for the safety and earning power of the investment which may remain in the business.

If the business has been well organized, there is reason to expect that the withdrawal can be effected without appreciable loss and without changing the personnel of the juniors; but if there has been too much concentration of authority in the hands of the one who now contemplates retirement, the process of reorganization will not be so simple. New blood may have to be infused by acquiring one or more men experienced in simi-

lar undertakings. But with patience, skill, and determination, there is usually a way to solve the problem in a reasonable time.

Some men, when they have acquired a capital of, say, $25,000, set the sum of $100,000 as the standard of their ambition. They declare, in all sincerity, that if they are ever fortunate enough to amass that amount of wealth they will certainly retire from active business, devote themselves to study and to travel, and get acquainted with wife and children, whom they now more or less neglect in the absorption of their affairs. They figure out their budget about as follows: $100,000 at 4 per cent. would give a reliable income of $4,000 a year. Their expense now is, say, $2,500 a year; so even allowing for an increase of $1,000 to $1,500 a year in their expenses, retirement at $100,000 would still be conservative, and leave them beyond any possibility of deficit. But alas for human calculations! As prosperity continues, one luxury after another is indulged in, and gradually becomes a necessity; there is a move from the little flat to a neat house, at higher rent, and requiring an additional servant; other conditions change in proportion, so that by the time the $100,000 dream of fortune becomes a reality, expenses have doubled and show signs of still growing; and the thought of retirement is put aside till the day when a fortune of $200,000 may make it conservative to figure on an income of $8,000. Thus the standard of retirement from business is, like the cup of Tantalus, always a little out of reach; and expenses grow and grow.

Meanwhile the business man has been working and planning, his whole soul absorbed in his occupation. He leaves home early, before his young children are about, and returns home late, after they have retired. Weary, often fretful and impatient, after the strain of the day, he is hardly a proper companion for his wife. The telephone, the stenographer, and other modern facilities have put two days' business stress into one; the pressure is intense. More agencies, more customers, more employes; rush, rush, rush; no time for anything but business; no time to do a true citizen's duty; no time for charity; no time for any of the higher, better things of life. And at home more luxury, more society, more expenses—an automobile, perhaps—and the day of retirement further and further away. If, some day, exceptional success should roll up a fortune beyond his ever-growing requirements, what then? The chances are that by this time the man has become so attached to his daily tasks that he hasn't the heart to leave them. He no longer does business to make money, but for the mere pleasure of merchandising. All the higher hopes of his youth have been stifled. The most serious mistake was made when his home expenses were allowed to grow out of proportion to his means. This is what kept him "in harness" so long, that, like the old car-horse, he can be happy only when he hears the wheels rattle and the bells ring.

Few so-called merchant princes who keep on toiling laboriously after the need of such toil is past are willing to admit their weakness. Some of the reasons they give for continuing (that are really only excuses) have already been mentioned. Another so-called reason is their consideration of the welfare of their children. They say that they do not wish their boys to be compelled to work as hard as they themselves did, nor their girls to have any need to work at all. The girls, of course, should be provided for; and so they will be. For they are much more protected after their father has retired than when he has all his capital at the risk of a single undertaking; for, in the latter case, his chances of failure increase with his years. The boys, naturally, would have an easier time were they to receive a prosperous business, in good running order, or a substantial capital to start in with, than if they had to strike out and build up for themselves. But they would lose that most satisfying and proud feeling which comes to those

who, by enterprise and ability, push their own way to the front.

The father, in taking from his son this great satisfaction, is also depriving him of the important knowledge of the value of money, which only he thoroughly appreciates who has earned his first dollar; who knows what it means to be in need; who denies himself comforts, perhaps at times even necessities, in order to tide over a critical period. This father is taking from the son he loves so much the best opportunity for the development of strong character which comes in the first hard struggle with the world; and, on the other hand, he is laying him bare to a great danger. A young man coming into his father's well-established business is exposed to many temptations. He is at once in the false position of having received what he has not earned. On account of his name, deference is shown him which is not due either to his ability or his experience. This is apt to demoralize not only the young man himself, but the employes of the business, who see the old standard of worth displaced by the new standard of birth.

Putting all these considerations aside for a moment, let us carry the father's argument to its logical conclusion: If it is the duty of his father to continue in business for years after he has a competence, for his son's supposed welfare, will it not be just as much the duty of the son, in his turn, to keep the wheels moving for years and years for his son's sake, and so on? In other words, will not each generation be compelled to sacrifice vainly for the next? For the chances are great that a business, easily secured, will not be appreciated or properly guarded. How much oftener do we hear of the failure of a son who inherits a business than of one who has worked up his own. Another suggestion: Before you place your son into business ask yourself this question: What will he do after retiring? If we live to do business, then my suggestion is irrelevant; but if, as I firmly believe, we do business to live, then I feel that business men should prepare to retire from the absorbing detail of everyday routine as soon as they have secured a fair competence. This being conceded, a youth intended for a business career should, wherever possible, be given the opportunity to develop those higher tastes, for literature, art, langauges, the sciences, etc., which will enable him to enjoy life more and appreciate leisure when he has earned it.

The American business man occasionally falls back on another excuse for not retiring: He would be "out of things," would feel lost, would have no company, no friends situated similarly to himself; in other words, he says he fears to retire because we have no leisure class. If by leisure class he means the lazy, idle class, the drones in the human hive, let us accept his excuse; for business life with all its limitations is much to be preferred. But he forgets that, with retirement from business, new duties will soon come to him, which, if he does not shirk, will occupy his time to such an extent at least that he will have no cause to be lonesome. In England, in Germany and in France there is a substantial leisure class; in America it is only now in formation. And, with the spread of the movement in America, every year will strengthen the bond of sympathy between those who arrange to devote themselves to true living. In England there are some men who live on their income and give all their time to hunting, fishing and other sports; but a comparatively large number enter public life actively, throwing their effort and their influence in the direction of municipal and national betterment.

In Germany, while there are some men of the leisure class who spend their time at the coffee-houses and beer gardens, there are many who lead most useful lives, always ready to lend a helping hand wherever needed, in private or public affairs. In France, though gambling and other dissipations attract many who have achieved leisure, others in large num-

bers interest themselves in the field of art, in philanthropy, and in public matters.

Here, then, is the opportunity, the mission of our successful business men. As soon as they can afford it, let them retire from the pursuit of gain, joining the true leisure class, devoted to the patriotic work of highest citizenship. Their children may not receive as large a legacy in the shape of fortune as they would if the father had slaved all his life, but they will have a much dearer and more enduring inheritance in the proud memory of a parent who co-operated with them to work out the best that was in them, and whose life was spent in developing the highest ideals of humanity.

The Story of the Clarendon Press

By J.P.C. in Pall Mall Magazine

TO be precise, one ought to say the Clarendon Press, of Oxford, and the Oxford University Press, of London, but these matters of punctilio are difficult. I have diligently ploughed in the wake of a hundred predecessors, consulted the best living authorities; and studied at the Bodleian; but with all this searching, catechising, and Boddling, I fail to perceive where the one Press begins and the other ends. It is one of those undemonstrable things that the faithful must be content to accept as mysteries. There are things where it behooveth not to be over-wise, and even if one had the necessary knowledge it is not always easy to convey it. The man who could write the history of Oxford University afresh is a hero. The man who could expound what it might be if it had the funds, would be a visionary and a genius. But the person who undertook to say how the Clarendon Press is governed and financed and maintained on the high plane it occupies, and how it dovetails in with the Oxford University Press, and why one makes a profit and the other is indifferent, has probably never been born. At least, we have not met him, and in his absence we may imitate Charles Lamb, and not waste good opinions on a myth.

First as to the origin of the name "Clarendon," you may say that what Wosley was to the University, Lord Clarendon was to its Press. When Oxford first wanted a printing-press in Reformation times, it had to stamp its title-pages, as it still does its Bibles, Cum Privilegio, in acknowledgment of one of those monopolies which royalty enjoys, like the shooting of herons and the minting of coin. Fitly enough the first printer who used the University arms bore the name of Scolar, but the succession since is a broken one, for at the whim of some one at Court who ought to have known better, the privilege was withheld for as many as thirty and fifty years at a time, and it was 1585 before Joseph Barnes obtained a loan of £100 from the University, and started the press on a career that has never ceased. In 1636 another royal privilege was granted by charter for the University to print Bibles; but the parliamentary war began, and it had to lease this right to the Stationer's Company and betake itself to the printing of King Charles's pamphlets and proclamations. When the war ended, new strife began about Bible-printing, and after producing a Bible and Prayer-book, which the trade promptly imitated and undersold, the University gave the Stationers another lease of twenty-one years. Ultimately the right was divided between the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge and the King's Printers. As for its develop-

ment, the Clarendon Press owned precious little in early days to its royal patrons, and its chief benefactors were Archbishop Laud, Sir William Blackstone and Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, and the victim of certain uncharitable lines that need no quoting. Laud obtained the charter expanding an old Star Chamber grant, and directing all productions to be submitted to the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellors, and three doctors—wherein we see the origins of the Delegacy above described. Blackstone gave it his best energies, and Dr. Fell enriched it with new fonts of Dutch type, including the quaint shovel-shapes that figure in rare old Oxford hymnals. Lastly, Lord Clarendon gave the Press his "History of the Aebillion" by embodying it in that strange anomaly, a perpetual copyright, and out of the proceeds of this princely endowment was built the Clarendon Printing House in Broad Street.

Previously the Press had been a wanderer on the face of Oxford, for having begun under the shadow of Merton, it migrated to Butcher Row where it was burnt out, then to the Old Convocation House near St. Mary's, then to Cat Street, then up to the dome of the Sheldonian Theatre and down again into the basement. When the Sheldonian began to shake with the clatter of the presses, the undertaking was evicted and divided as well. The secular or "learned" portion moved to a place called Tom Pun's House, and the Bible portion to a house in St. Aldate's; and divided, in a sense, they remained for many years. It was 1713 before the new Printing House began to be used, and the Bible was still farmed out, like the taxes and customs of those days. In 1830 the new and present buildings were finished at a cost of over £30,000, and the two wings perpetuated the battle of the books, divine and secular. Each had its own manager until the arrangement grew unworkable and then Dr. Price, the learned Secretary of those days, took a masterly resolve. He lumped the sections together and appointed a master printer, the first that the Delegates had ever had under their direct control. That was twenty-five years ago, and Mr. Horace Hart has been Archi-typographus Academiæ Oxoniensis ever since. Nine years earlier Mr. Frowde had been engaged as publisher, and in these two remarkable men the Oxford and London businesses find their embodiment. Distinctions are difficult, as already remarked, and to allot their functions would require an Athanasius. It is pardonable, then, if throughout this article the names of Frowde and Hart keep recurring, like that other illustrious head in the brain of Mr. Dick; but so long as we undertake neither to confound the persons nor divide the substance, all may yet be well.

The production par excellence by which the Oxford Press must stand or fall is its printing of the Bible, and when it has sent any display of its work to the great exhibitions, the Bible has been foremost in the number and variety of specimens. It issues seventy-one editions, ranging from the tiny edition in the type called "brilliant" to a resplendent pulpit folio like an altar-slab. America takes over six tons of these different Bibles every week, and the totals issued in the year mount up to millions. And yet the variety of editions is nothing to the variety of the four hundred languages and dialects in which the sacred text is printed. For the parable of the mustard-seed has been fulfilled in more ways than one, and out of those four crumbling codices which are the most precious bequest that Christianity derives from the past, have grown a Babel of type and an orbit of paper that speak to every man in the tongue wherein he was born—from Gurumukhi, Tamil, and "high-piping Pehlevi" to the still more uncouth jargon which assails the missionary on the wave-lapped fringes of Polynesia. Think of the difficulties of typing alone. A hundred characters are sufficient for our common Roman—what you may call the Vulgate of typography—but some of these exotic tongues either run into a different character for every word, or

else require each letter to be built up out of ten or a dozen pieces. Running the length of a long room at Oxford, sky-lit, whitewashed, and beset with a forest of "cases," are a hundred compositors who have each a smattering of a dozen languages, and a touch-and-go acquaintance with a hundred more; but for the most part they reck not their own rede, and set blindly, hoping for the best. As for the various result it baffles description, for it ranges from a hieroglyphic that looks like the patterns spun on an old-fashioned "sampler," or the Runic lettering that resembles a row of Palmer Cox's "Brownies," to the formidable Sclavonian, that is like nothing so much as a cyclist's set of spanners lying among the fragment of a broken monkey-wrench.

But typing is not the greatest task by any means, and it costs far less to set up the Bible than it does to "read" it. A text like the Bible that is familiar to eye and ear is vastly more difficult of supervision than anything else, and it has been the dread of mistakes that has caused so many editions to be printed from electrotype—that is, a mechanical replica of type already passed as accurate. At Oxford every edition is "read" five times, letter by letter, and though in a spirit of modesty and gratitude the Press pays any one a guinea for each error first detected, the total paid yearly for all the Bibles issued never exceeds five guineas. Some years ago, it is said, two letters fell out of a page, and the text thus represented the Redeemer as "aching" in the Temple, instead of "teaching"; and on its discovery, the missing letters were printed by hand into the fifty thousand copies of that particular edition. The Bible, it is interesting to know, stands above all other works in another respect, for Bible type has a genus of its own, and as the result of this hard-and-fast rule a line of the type used for secular words, if it escaped into a Bible page, would disfigure it completely—which fact, come to think of it, may rank among the things that are sent for our edification. And as there are 773,746 words in the Authorized Version, and these contain 3,566,482 separate letters, one may roughly compute that it takes, with spaces and rules and margins, about five million pieces of type in the setting-up; and then all this labor is multiplied over again for the Revised Version. The story of the Revised Version has been often told—of its initiation, of the learning and labor it involved, and the deep interest it aroused all over the Christian world. But as it took a couple of generations to settle the Jacobean version into the minds of the people, so this Revision has never yet, and probably never will, uproot the established text of 1611. Nevertheless, it was a Herculean labor to edit, set, and read the new text, and print a million copies in such secrecy as to secure it against divulgence until the appointed day of publication. I have already said something to show the unworthy devices that were employed to get a glimpse of the precious text of the New Testament and, have only to repeat that the loyalty of an English firm's staff was proof against cajolery, money, and fraud. And the story of that fateful Monday, the seventeenth of May, 1881, when the first million copies went out in a single morning, makes one of the romances of Paternoster Row.

It was in the endeavor to bring the text of Holy Writ into small compass, free from blemish or abridgment, that Oxford arrived at the famous India paper, and though its discovery was providential, it was not brought into actual use and sufficient quantity without thirty years of hard searching and experiment. A missionary brought back from the Far East in the 'forties a paper amazingly opaque, thin and tough, and again we Westerns marvelled that the East should be ahead of us in paper, as well as ink and printing. No one could match the paper when it came. It was a case of the Sibylline leaves, but vastly worse, for there was no repetition of the offer; and when the original quantity was turned into a few copies of the Bible, these looked like mounting to fabulous prices, for

there came no more. The paper became more precious than the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life. Agents were sent in search of it, paper-makers were set to match it; all in vain. When opaque, the papers obtained were neither thin nor tough, and when they were tough and thin they were transparent and useless. Thirty years passed in these trials and investigations East and West, until the day when the long-sought texture proclaimed itself, and the Oxford India paper was an accomplished fact. Immediately the Bible shrank to a third of its original bulk, and the grateful evangelist, spending his eyesight beneath antipodean stars, could carry with him a neat and compact volume and read it in a bold and legible type. This paper is so tough that a ribbon of it three inches wide will bear a weight of twenty pounds without breaking, yet it brings a volume of eight hundred pages into a thickness of half an inch. So when a certain dread day comes, as prophesied, and we find ourselves being crowded into the surrounding seas by the accumulation of our printed matter, all we need do is to print it over again on Oxford India paper, and I believe the Clarendon Press and its paper mills at Wolvercote would be equal to the task at very short notice. But the receipt and method of the manufacture are a secret, and a secret they are likely to remain.

After the Bible the next point of pride with the University Press is the Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Dr. Johnson, that oracle among the lexicographers, would have it that in the matter of dictionary-making one Englishman was worth sixteen hundred Frenchmen, and by this modest computation, Dr. Murray's undertaking, which has occupied seven times as big a staff as Johnson had, and two thousand volunteers as well, ought to outweigh all the other dictionaries in the British Museum. Honestly we believe it will. The Philological Society started collecting material for it, at Dean Trench's instigation, many years ago, but it was 1888 before the volumes dealing with A and B were out. Since then Oxford has beaten all the compilations of other countries in this particular line. Grimm's German Dictionary took half a century, and the Dutch Woordenboek, I believe, which was started in 1852, is not finished yet. I forget what was the record of Webster's Dictionary, or, as Bill Nye called it, "How One Word Led to Another"; but you may depend, the patriotic view is the right one. Besides, Oxford beats them all again in being more tolerant and more inclusive, and the editors of the new Dictionary do not strike out of their quotations the sentence of a homilist as Johnson did, because he detected an unsoundness in his doctrines of the Trinity. It is hoped by issuing four hundred and fifty pages a year to complete the work before this decade is out, and then we shall be in full possession of a vocabulary worthy of our noble selves. It will contain more than twice as many words as any previous dictionary, the longest among them being Dr. Benson's term, "antidisestablishmentarians," and not one of these many thousand words, admitted from every nation under the sun, has ever been stopped at port of entrance or paid a penny in the way of duty.

Love is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth, fill your life with it.

The Airship Age

By Harris Burland in London Magazine

FROM time immemorial, the great God of War has claimed the first tribute of every invention that could render his strength more terrible and his cruelty more hideous. The first steel was used to kill, the first gunpowder to propel a bullet. The first roads of any importance in Europe were constructed that armies might move more rapidly along the path of conquest. The one primal instinct of the human race is to fight; and every brain is on the alert to seize on some new discovery which will give the fighter an advantage over his adversary.

It is not strange, therefore, that the imagination, fired by the prospect of the vast changes which the steerable airship will bring over the face of the whole world, should first draw a picture of the revolution in naval and military warfare. A terrible picture, this—death dropping silently from the clouds or from some grey blur that is scarcely visible in the blue sky; the smoking wreck of battleships, powerless to strike a blow even in the hour of their destruction; fair lands devastated and swept from end to end; shattered armies, blackened and crumbling fortresses, the ruins of proud cities; men living in caves and burrows to escape the rain of gun-cotton and dynamite. And then the meeting of aerial fleets, the rip of silk, the whirr of broken wings, the headlong fall of men and ships into the abyss.

But if the inventors of the airships were to give us no more than this, mankind could very well dispense with their gifts. The means of offensive warfare are already increasing at such a tremendous rate that even the greatest nations are feeling the burden of keeping pace with each other in the struggle for supremacy. The introduction of a force which may destroy thirty million pounds' worth of property in five minutes is not likely to arouse much enthusiasm among those who will have to pay the bill. Fortunately, however, the airship promises to do more for the inhabitants of the world than wreck their cities and rob them of their lives.

From the remotest periods of antiquity to the present day the progress of civilization has depended largely on the means of communication at the disposal of the human race. At first man was content to use his feet, then he harnessed the horse, the mule, the ox, and the camel, and brought them into his service. Then he went forth on to the sea in ships; and distant lands were brought into touch with one another, with the inevitable result that the less-civilized nation benefitted by the contact.

Then for a long while—for many centuries—there was no further progress in the way men moved from one place to another. The people of the Middle Ages were no better off in this respect than the Romans or the Carthaginians. To ride on horseback was still the speediest form of locomotion; and the ships that ploughed their way slowly from land to land were still small and incapable of facing the terrors of the great ocean storms.

Then, with the coming of the steam-engine, a new and stupendous force came into the history of the world. Greeted at first with doubt, and even with ridicule, it has lived to prove itself one of the greatest factors in the civilization of the human race. Every year the network of railways extends itself over the land, bringing men into closer touch with each other, and every year the turbulent seas are being brought more and more into subjection; and wherever there are deep waters and harbors the modern Leviathan of the ocean can carry men with speed and safety.

Then there came the telegraph, so

swift and wonderful that a man could ask a question of a friend on the other side of the world, and receive an answer in less than a minute and a half.

And then, in later times, the motor, which promises to revolutionize the internal goods and passenger traffics of every country in the world. It has even been proved, in the Pekin to Paris race, that a motor-car can traverse the wild and trackless wastes of the desert; and the possibilities which lie before it are so great that it may supersede every other form of locomotion on both land and sea.

And the eventual conquest of the air, to which all the discoveries of steam and electricity must one day yield supremacy, has been made possible by the petrol-driven engine, which at present is the only machine that is light enough to give the requisite power in proportion to its weight.

The mere balloon was a great invention, yet useless for all practical purposes, as it was of necessity at the mercy of the winds. The aeroplane, from which much is expected, and from which much may come, is at present so far off a state of practical utility that a few hundred yards represent the record of its flight. But the steerable balloon is an accomplished fact; and the future—at any rate, the immediate future—of the navigation of the air will rest with the airship.

And what a future! The brain reels at the thought of it, and the most vivid imagination can scarcely picture the stupendous change which will before long sweep over the face of the whole earth.

Yes, the whole earth! Not merely those portions of the globe which are known to us, but lands where the feet of a white man have perhaps never yet trod, and the dark places of the world, which from the day they first evolved from chaos have kept their secrets hidden from the eyes of all men—black, white, red, or yellow.

For at last man will have found his feet on the great, smooth road over which he can move without finding any obstacle to his progress. North and south, east and west, the pathway of the air extends over the whole surface of the globe, All the barriers of earth and sea will disappear, as though at the touch of a magician's wand. Impassable mountain ranges, unfordable rivers, impenetrable forests, the ice-strewn plains of the Polar regions, and the sand-swept deserts of Africa; all these will no longer prevent men from traveling where they will in their airships. The explorer will in a few years be a relic of the past. There will be no places left to explore. Every inch of the earth's surface will be mapped out, surveyed, and named. The novelist, who desires to write of unknown lands, will have to turn to other worlds than this.

But though the work of exploration may only last a few years, what golden years those will be for the men who will gladly risk their lives in order to be the first to set foot on an unknown land! These men, the pioneers, will not wait till the airship has reached such a state of perfection that their journeys are as safe and easy as cycling along a smooth road. They will take the best materials that are ready to their hands, and set out on expeditions from which, it is to be feared, some of them will never return. Mile after mile will they push forward and month after month they will establish new bases for those who come after them. Yet whatever they suffer, they will be repaid by the glorious ecstacy of the moment. Whether they see beneath them the wide, green forests of the Amazon, the ice hummocks of the North, or the dun, level sand of the desert, they will feel all the glow of victory, even though they realize that their own lives will be the price.

There is to be no waiting. At the time of writing, Walter Wellman is preparing to start for the North Pole in the airship "America." It is now eleven years since Andree went forth and never returned. Much has been done and learnt since then in the science of aeronautics. The passage of the airship is a matter of hours, not

of months. Success or failure will come in the space of a few days. There will be no long winters in the ice, no anxious waiting for news. The "America" will glide across the Polar regions with the speed of a railway train. Her victory will be swift, or else she will fail. It is safe to say that Walter Wellman will be the first of hundreds who will follow his example in trying to explore the unknown regions of the earth.

So much for the explorers—the pioneers. After them will come the man of commerce, the missionary, and, it is to be feared, the soldier. Year after year the uncivilized portions of the globe will be brought into closer touch with civilization. The airship will no longer be an experiment; there will no longer be any risk in using it as a certain and reliable means of locomotion. The Airship Age will have begun.

And when this day comes, there is little doubt that every other form of locomotion will eventually be superseded. Trains and steamers and motor-cars will remain for many years, perhaps for centuries, but they will only be retained for goods traffic. Human beings will prefer to travel in airships, which will represent more nearly than anything else the perfect poetry of motion.

It is difficult to think of any invention which can ever supersede the airship except the aeroplane, or some contrivance which will give each separate individual a pair of wings and enable him to fly as easily as he can now walk or swim. In any case, the future pathway of the world will not be on the land or through the water, but in the air. And all inventions relating to locomotion will be confined to improving aerial navigation. The first step has been taken. The steerable airship is now an accomplished fact. It is reasonable to suppose that when the inventive faculties of all the world are concentrated on perfecting the form of the ship and the machinery, progress will be almost startling in its rapidity. It is the first step that counts. It is taken after years—nay, centuries—of experiment. But, when it is once taken, the faltering feet break into a run, and scientists and mechanicians will move swiftly towards the final goal.

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This is the story of the man who fell asleep in London in the year 1907, and woke again in the Airship Age, 19—?

The first thing that struck him was the silence. When he fell asleep, his last waking impressions had been of the roar and din of traffic. The thunder of motor-'buses, the shriek of engine-whistles, and the clang of tram-bells were echoing in his ears, and only grew fainter as sleep overcame his senses. But now, as he woke, there was almost complete silence.

"It must be early morning," he said to himself; "one of those few hours of quiet that come between the noises of night and day."

But, as he looked out of the window, he saw that the sun was high in the heavens. The street was almost empty. Only a few people were astir. There were no vehicles of any kind.

Then a shadow passed between the sun and the window—a small shadow, such as a bird might make. The man did not look up. His eyes were still riveted on the street below. He wondered if some terrible plague were abroad. Else why this silence and these deserted streets?

Then another shadow passed, larger than the last. Still the man did not look up. He gave the matter no thought, supposing that a small cloud had drifted quickly across the sunlight. He still watched the street, and for a moment he experienced a sensation of fear. Then he heard a faint whirr, and, looking up, saw a long, cigar-shaped balloon gliding down between the rows of houses. It carried twenty passengers, and bore the words "London Aerobus Co.," in large, red letters. It moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and was apparently as easily steered as a ship or a motor-car.

And then, as he watched, other airships came in view, some large and grey, constructed without ornament or

any desire to please the eye; others small and gaily decorated, glittering with gold-leaf and polished brass and nickel. Private conveyances, these, evidently, for not a few of them were blazoned with armorial bearings and the drivers were in livery.

For a time the man was fascinated by the strange sight. Then a doctor entered the room. At first the talk was of the strange disease which had sent the man to sleep for many years, and of all that had happened to his friends and affairs during the long period of oblivion. Then he questioned the doctor about the airships.

"Ah, yes," the physician replied; "the world has certainly moved on a bit. Let me see; was the 'Patrie' built before your illness, or the 'Parseval'? Do you remember the names of Wellman or Count Zeppelin?"

"Yes; I remember the names, but little else."

"Well, Zeppelin's rigid airship carried eleven people over Lake Constance, and could have carried three times the number. It measured 128m. long and 12m. in diameter. The size of this ship was so enormous that it seemed as though the problem of size and expense would prohibit the carrying of any large number of people. But at that time an interesting discovery was made. It was calculated that, by increasing the diameter by only 2m., the tonnage would be increased by 4,000kg., while the weight of the airship would only be increased by 1,000kg. This meant that Zeppelin's airship would have carried seventy people if its diameter had been increased by 2m."

"I see. But this increase in diameter could not go on indefinitely?"

"It could go on until the diameter was a sixth of the length—that is to say, Count Zeppelin's airship could have been made 21m. in diameter, in which case it would have carried over 200 people. Experience has shown that when the proportion of length to diameter is six to one, the best results are obtained."

"Most interesting," said the man; "and now, I suppose, instead of taking a train or a cab or a 'bus, one takes an airship?"

"Precisely. Directly the difficulty of cost was overcome, and the ships were brought to such a state of perfection that they could move either with or across the wind, with equal ease and certainty, the world realized that every other form of locomotion must go."

"A great change, indeed; but I suppose the world goes on just the same? After all, there has only been an improvement in the means of locomotion."

The doctor laughed. ,

"The change is greater than you think," he said. "All the industrial, social, and political conditions of the world have changed. In the first place, there is no longer any possibility of war."

"Airships—and no war! Impossible! Why, I remember that every nation in Europe was eager to be the first in the field with an air-battleship."

"You remember rightly. And, but for the possibilities of the airship in warfare, it is conceivable that it would never have reached its present state of perfection. But five years ago there was a great European war; and the horrors of it were so hideous that the whole world agreed to disarmament. The fleets and armies of the five combatants were ultimately wiped out."

"And England? What of her naval supremacy?" cried the man eagerly.

"England has no Navy nor naval supremacy. This would have happened in any case, even if there had been no war. Directly the air supplanted the sea as the great highroad of the world, England's position as mistress of the sea was no longer of value. Her strength had lain in the fact that she was an island. For centuries she had made use of her insular advantages. She is no longer an island, either from a military or commercial point of view. Her boundaries are no more difficult to cross than the boundaries of France or Germany. In fact, what was her strength at first became her weakness. Before war was abolished she had still to carry on her vast com-

mérce by means of ships, which were at the mercy of the airships of other countries."

"But surely England was not behind hand? She could make airships as well and as quickly as any other nation."

"She was handicapped from the start," the doctor replied. "Her motor industry was far behind that of France and Germany. Besides, the very fact that she was an island was against experiments in aeriel navigation. Aeronauts did not like the sea in the early stages of the airship. They liked to be sure that they would alight on dry land. The British Isles are small; and the man who ascended in a balloon might soon find himself in the water. France and Germany had nearly the whole Continent of Europe at their disposal. And so it came to pass that England, when the supremacy of the sea no longer mattered, found herself left behind in the race for power."

"And now?" this man asked eagerly. "How does she stand now? Has she lost her Colonies, her independence?"

"She has retained all her Colonies, and is better able to rule them than she ever was. She is no longer an island—a great sea power. She is as much part of the Continent as France or Germany. She is a great continental land power. Her aerial fleet was second to none till the year before last."

"And then——"

"The aerial navies were disbanded by common consent; and the power of every nation is now reckoned neither by the number of its soldiers nor the range of its artillery, but by its commercial stability and its capacity to breed men of worth and intellect."

"And the other nations?"

The doctor did not answer, but, leaving the room, returned with an atlas.

"Look at that," he said quietly. "It will explain to you better than words what has happened in the world."

The man turned over page after page of the atlas, giving vent to exclamations of surprise as he noted the changes which had taken place in the history of nations. Germany and Austria-Hungary were now one Federation, which had extended its territory over the Balkan Peninsula and Asia Minor to the borders of Persia. Turkey had ceased to exist. Japan had evidently gained the supremacy in the East, as China, and even part of Siberia, were under the standard of the Rising Sun.

But more extraordinary still than the redistribution of territory was the way in which every part of the globe was mapped out. Darkest Africa was now as well surveyed and as well known as Surrey and Sussex. The two Poles had already been claimed by European powers. Russia and America had taken the North, and England the South. The wildest nomad tribes were now in subjection. The Bedouins and the Esquimaux were both under the heel of civilized races. In the whole wide world there was not a single patch of uncharted land, not a single square mile that had not been claimed by one of the great nations of the earth.

"It is wonderful!" said the man, as he closed the atlas and stared out of the window at a passing airship. "I always thought that the conquest of the air would bring great changes, but I thought that they would be only surface changes. I never dreamt that the boundaries of empires would be altered, and that in a few years every unknown portion of the globe would be mapped out as though it were part of England."

"The change is deeper still," replied the doctor. "It is something more than the shifting of geographical boundaries, something greater than the surveying of unknown regions. The triumph of the airship bids fair to bring about the universal brotherhood of the human race. Already war has become impossible, and men are able to devote themselves to the spread of truth and morality. The savage will soon be as extinct as the dodo. Every little island in the Pacific, every inaccessible place in the midst of vast continents, is now in touch with the great cities of Europe and America.

A fortnight ago an airship went round the world in fifteen days, crossing both Poles on the journey. Soon the time will be reduced to ten days. Do you realize what that means? It means that the light of civilization must very shortly shine on every member of the human race. There is no corner so remote or so dark that it cannot be reached by the airship."

In a few days the man who had slept went out into the world, and saw with his own eyes the things he had heard. The absence of traffic in the streets and the new swift means of locomotion had made London a very pleasant place to live in. He noted with feelings of thankfulness that there was no discharge of ballast as the airships glided to and fro across the city. He had expected a continual rain of sand, which would have made all the town unendurable, and would have even been a considerable nuisance to dwellers in the country. But there was nothing of the sort. The inventive faculties of man had soon been able to overcome this difficulty; and the rise and descent of the airships were regulated by a less primitive method than casting out weight or releasing gas.

He noted, too, the great advantage the aerial traffic had over that which used to run through the streets. Not only was the superficial area of the atmosphere much greater than that of the roads, thereby enabling vehicles to pass on the same plane with less danger of collision, but the depth of the atmosphere allowed the airships to pass along different planes. The slow-moving machines kept close to the earth, and the faster ones swept above them.

For a while the man was content to see the changes in the great metropolis, and to enjoy the new experience of traveling from one part of the city to the other. Then he purchased an airship of his own, and commenced a series of tours through England.

He found that the country had benefited even more than the towns from the introduction of the airship. There was no longer any talk of agricultural depression, or of the depopulation of the villages. The new means of locomotion had brought the rural districts into close touch with the cities. Enormous numbers of men, either rich or of moderate means, lived right in the heart of the country, and went to and from their business every day. This had a leavening effect on the rural population. The laborer was more intelligent, and realized that the world was not bounded by the limits of his own parish. He was better housed and better fed. He had money to save, and was able to think of other things than how to drag out a base existence.

Everywhere there were signs of prosperity. Trade was good, food was cheap, and the enormous burden of taxation placed on the shoulders of the nation by naval and military requirements had been removed.

A visit to the various ports and harbors round the coast showed that the shipping had not yet shared the fate of the vehicles which had once been used on land. The fleets of the air were not yet able to cope with the millions of tons of merchandise which enter and leave our shores every year. There were no longer any liners, but the great cargo-boats were as busy as they had ever been.

Having completed a survey of his own country, the man resolved to visit the Continent, and then to travel to those lands which had only been explored since the steerable airship had become a practical means of locomotion.

He spent a year in touring through Europe; and everywhere he found the same advance in civilization. There was light on the dark Steppes of Russia, and the turbulent Balkan States had settled down into a peaceful and industrious community under the German flag.

He crossed Asia Minor into the desert of Arabia, and then made his way over the African continent, traversing it first from east to west, and then from north to south. The charts that were stored in the cabin of his airship were so complete that the aeronaut in charge was never out of his reckoning. The map was cover-

ed with a series of small red spots, exactly three hundred miles from each other. These were bases; and on their efficiency the whole system of aerial navigation depended. At each of these places the voyager would find petrol, if he needed it, and also a machine for recharging the balloon with gas.

From Africa the traveler flew into Asia, where Japan was now the supreme power. Here he was much astonished at the progress made by a nation that fifty years before had only just emerged from barbarism.

Then he visited South America, now one great commonwealth; and for the whole of three days he hung over the trackless forests of the Amazon—a wide, green ocean of leaves that no man had ever looked upon before the age of the airship.

Thence he made his way through North America to the North Pole; and as, wrapped in furs and securely ensconced in his warm cabin, he gazed across the plains of rugged ice, he thought of the many lives that had been sacrificed—lives of brave men who had resolved to overcome the stupendous barriers of Nature or die in the attempt.

"The age of exploration is over," he said to himself. "The brain of man has triumphed over every obstacle. He has at last been given dominion over earth and sea and air. There will be light in the darkest places of the world."

Life on Board The "Dreadnought"

By Frank T. Bullen in London Magazine

QUITE recently it was my great and pleasant privilege to spend nearly a fortnight on board the "Dreadnought," not only Britain's greatest battleship, but a vessel which has surprised and considerably disconcerted all the naval powers in the world. The ship was under service conditions, being the flagship of the just mobilized immense Home Fleet, and, whether in harbor or at sea, by night or by day, was a scene of the most strenuous activity.

Due, possibly, to the fact that I am fairly well known in the fleet, but more, I think, to the innate kindliness and courtesy of the naval man of whatever grade, I was not only made welcome, but with every branch of the working of this unique ship I was made most intimate. Here comes cause for tears. On many points—and those, as always happens, the most intensely interesting—my lips are sealed, as they would be about the private affairs of a friend whose guest I happened to be. Again, I am precluded from mentioning any names or characteristics of the various officers who have been so kind, because service rules forbid, selection is invidious, and comprehensive description is impossible from lack of space.

But what I can say, and do gratefully assert, is this: that in the latest British battleship the grand old traditions of the service are fully maintained; that one and all rise to the height of their opportunities, and handle this vast, complicated box of tricks with as perfect an assurance as if they had been on board of her all their lives. If there is any higher praise than that, I am not acquainted therewith.

Few people outside of the inner circle of high scientific authorities and the men in charge of this ship can possibly form any idea of the immense and almost miraculous success she is. How long she was in designing I know not; but most people know that in addition to being the most revolutionary example of battleship construction and armament, she also constituted an astounding record in the

time occupied from the laying of her keel until she was commissioned for sea, exactly twelve months—from October 2nd, 1905, to October 3rd, 1906. Hundreds of contractors were concerned in her equipment, all liable to error, some unscrupulous; but all their efforts had to be concentrated in this ship, which, under a supreme driving force, was got to sea at the appointed time.

I know and admire with all my heart the men who watched her grow, who amidst entirely new conditions scrutinized every bit of work that was put into her with the most jealous care, their eyes ever on the clock as the time flew by. These men, unnamed, unnoted under service rules, took the wonderful ship to sea, and in the face of all difficulties, such as engineers only can appreciate, made her do what she was laid down to do.

Between seven and eight hundred men, all young and all British, all under the same discipline, and in their various positions carrying out the same great ideal, living within a space a little under five hundred feet long, about eighty feet beam at the extreme width, and about forty deep. Their duties are almost as multifarious as their characters, but in a very special way they are interdependent. Here, if anywhere, is the scriptural axiom exemplified that no man liveth to himself. Coming into this microcosm from without, the landsman or merchant seaman is at first almost stupefied by what he ignorantly imagines to be the many masters giving orders, the many duties being performed in apparently utter indifference to anything else that may be going on at the time. In short, he is inclined to regard life on board a battleship as a sort of happy-go-lucky chaos out of which emerges in some mysterious manner the perfect order and fitness for the prime duty of the ship, which is apparent at the bugle-call "Prepare for action."

Now, I do not wish to take any cut-and-dried routine of an ordinary day and present it to you, for it has often been done before. A typed copy of the ship's routine is framed and hung in a conspicuous place, often opposite the commander's cabin-door, and, in the absence of that special work which may at any moment by the will of the captain or, if in a fleet, at the admiral's orders, be intruded, will be adhered to. For it is in the essence of naval training that every man shall be possessed by the knowledge that emergencies are to be expected at any moment, placid routine exceptional.

It can never be too vigorously emphasized that we have in each individual captain of a ship in the navy, when alone, and in the senior officer when in company with other vessels, a perfect autocrat in the highest sense. He is restrained from acts contrary to the articles of war by his allegiance to the Crown, apart from his own sense of what is due to his position; but in the carrying out of his general orders to make and keep his crew as efficient as can possibly be he is absolute monarch.

But, as should be the case in a truly well governed kingdom, the captain of a battleship has no need to concern himself with niggling details. His Prime Minister or chief executive officer stands between him and the thousand and one incidents that go to make up a day in a battleship; and I have little fear of any contradiction when I say that this officer, the commander, is the hardest-worked man in the ship. Certainly, it is an axiom that the commander makes the ship. He messes in the wardroom with the officers, is on the most familiar terms with all of them there, with the slight difference that in speaking to him a "sir" is occasionally slipped in, but he is the chief of them all. The whole of this article might be taken up in describing the work of a commander, but it would be very incomplete then.

In considering the "Dreadnought," however, especially as she was during my stay on board of her, we must take note of several exceptional circumstances. In the first place, she was the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, Sir Francis Bridgman, K.C.V.O., a potentate who had under his orders five other admirals and a commodore. This con-

dition of things imposed upon Captain Reginald Bacon, who has commanded the ship since she was first commissioned, the additional and extremely onerous duties of chief of the staff, while lightening none of his other labors as being in command of the greatest series of new departures in battleship construction and equipment the world has ever seen.

There was of necessity also carried quite a large staff of special officers, mostly of the rank of commander, who, however, were hardly connected with the work of the ship herself, except in very special cases, such as gunnery trials. It was only in this way that the complement of the giant battleship was brought up to about 750, for really her crew, under ordinary conditions, number less than 700—692 I believe is the exact number, or about sixty less than the complement of a battleship of the "Majestic" class, with all their vast inferiority to the "Dreadnought."

One other essential factor in the life of the "Dreadnought," as compared with that of any other battleship in the navy, is the tremendous innovation as to the quarters of men and officers. The difference would appear to be trivial to a landsman, but it is really revolutionary. I allude to the fact of the rank and file being berthed aft and the officers forward, while the admiral's quarters, with those of his chief subordinates, are almost immediately beneath the fore bridge, or "Monkey Island" as those irreverent seamen term it, so that access to his position of direct oversight of his fleet is at once easy and swift.

No one who is not a seaman can understand the complications in terms, the strange subversive feelings among all classes of the ship's company, to which this revolutionary alteration has given rise, The older men in other ships look sourly upon the "Dreadnought," with the once sacred quarter-deck infested by skylarking sailors. No stately admirals walk round the stern; and, an unsightly square opening at the water-line right aft, through which the debris from messrooms and galleys escapes into the sea. But when once the change has been lived down, all hands are agreed that the new is by far the better way.

Life in the wardroom, or the senior officers' mess, is usually very happy. Though there be great variety of occupations as well of seniority among its inmates, within its doors all are equal, meeting as gentlemen meet in their club; and nowhere would a snob, if such a creature be possible in a wardroom, find his proper position with greater rapidity and certainty. In fact, I should define the wardroom as the officers' club, towards the upkeep of which every officer contributes liberally out of his pay, the balance being made up by the Admiralty. But —note well—extravagance of any kind is severely frowned upon, since in the navy it is not money but brains that makes the officer; and it is unthinkable that a good officer should find himself looked down upon because his purse happens to be shallow.

The gunroom is the adytum of the wardroom in a very special sense. It is the dining-room, living-room—home, in fact—of the junior officers, such as sub-lieutenants, assistant engineers, assistant paymasters, midshipmen, and cadets. One special manner in which it differs from the wardroom is that the members of the latter have each a commodious and comfortable cabin wherein to retire for study or privacy, while the juniors of the gunroom, outside of its doors, have only the hooks whereon their hammocks are slung, and the big chests which contain all their possessions. In fact, for them privacy only comes with promotion, as it does to the great majority of a battleship's company. Most of the men who man a battleship never know during the whole of their sea career what it is to be in private except during their leave ashore; many of them never have a corner which they can call their own, except that portion of the bag-rack where their kit is bestowed, and access to which is only available at stated times.

But we must not leave wardroom

and gunroom just yet. The three meals of the day—breakfast, luncheon and dinner, at eight, noon, and seven —are always most happy functions, attended by much lively chat, mostly on "shop" subjects—for your naval officer is far too sensible a man to be ashamed of being interested in his profession—and an enormous amount of chaff and "leg-pulling." Nothing is harder for the guest of a ward-room for a few days to learn—I doubt if he ever appreciates it—than this mania of the naval officer for giving a fellow some information, with a perfectly straight face, which is pure joke. Nothing, apparently, gives him more delight than to sell somebody in this way; and the greater the victim's annoyance, if he be unwise enough to show it, the greater the joy of the perpetrator.

Sport, of course, is discussed, but never, in all my experience, given undue prominence to. In fact, remembering the enormous amount of highly specialized knowledge that a naval officer must possess if he wishes to remain in the service, and the very arduous nature of his active duties, most especially in a ship like this, I fail to see how sport can be, as it is with so many landsmen, the be-all and end-all of life, and work only a disagreeable incident.

In the gunroom, fun is on a wilder and more boyish scale when it is indulged in. The junior naval aspirant lets himself go with a will when he does break loose; and the piano suffers assault and battery of the severest kind, often illegitimately. But, owing to the increasing pressure upon the youngsters in the matter of learning, I fancy there are fewer corroborees than there used to be—there really isn't time.

Apart, however, from its man-making facilities, there are in the life itself the advantages of seeing so much of the world, and mixing with the best cosmopolitan society, privileges which officers of all ranks share equally, and of the highest value in the formation of character.

Passing on to the next class on board a battleship which claims attention, as well as highest respect, we come to the warrant officers—men who, I venture to say, are, as a class, without their peers in the world. Several new ratings have been added lately, so I am not quite sure of all of them; but there are such old-established ones as boatswain, carpenter, gunner, captain of the quarter-deck, and, now, torpedo-gunner, engineer artificer, chief stoker, signal boatswain, &c.

All these non-commissioned officers dress in uniform similar to the commissioned officers, but without stripes on the cuffs; all wear frock-coats and swords on special occasions, and all are—must be—addressed as "sir" by their subordinates and "Mr." by their superiors.

But what I find so admirable in these men is that, although all in the very prime of life, they have literally fought their way to the front from the ranks in the face of the most strenuous competition and against countless pitfalls of temptation, one slip or error of judgment even, under the iron discipline of the navy, meaning often the loss of years of strenuous striving.

Therefore, when you meet a warrant officer, remember he is a man to take off your hat to. No amount of luck, or favoritism—if such a thing could be where crews so often change —or anything else save the highest qualities of skill, patience, intelligence, and pluck, can bring a man to this position.

These gentlemen—and very rough diamonds in speech some of them are —have each a cabin to themselves. They have also a messroom to themselves, on the same lines as the officer of the wardroom, but, of course, on a lower scale economically. Most of them are married, and looking forward to a peaceful retirement in their old age on a sufficient pension to keep them in comfort—a pension well earned if ever money was. As might be expected, they are usually very staid, quiet men, whose conversation is mostly on service matters; indeed, were it otherwise, they would not be what they are.

And now we come to the bluejacket in all his varieties—the handyman par excellence—who, whether he be second-class petty officer or second-class boy, wears the familiar and sensible costume we all know and love.

I am sadly in want of a new term for him, since it is now utterly ridiculous, especially in a ship like this, to call him a sailor. True, you shall yet find among the petty officers men who, while they have absorbed the new learning, are skilled mechanics—specialists in various highly difficult mechanical directions—have not forgotten their early learning of knots, splicing, sailmaking, and fancy-work. Evidence of this is found in most unexpected places. Wandering one day among the byways of this amazing ship, I came across a massive and complicated contrivance in brass jutting out from a bulkhead. What its use was—whether it was electrical or steam, or hydraulic or compressed air—I do not know; but a curious thrill went through me as I noted how some neat and skilful seamen of the old school had worked "turks' heads" with fishing-line around the principal pipes, to make the dividing line between paint and polished brass. The "turk's head," which doubtless the Phoenicians worked on the footropes to their lateen sails—I have seen it copied in ivory on a bishop's pastoral staff of the ninth century—brought into useful play amid the mighty masses of metal in the latest of battleships!.

But what shall I call this wonderful man, whom I know and love so well? Bluejacket? No; for he never wears a jacket when in uniform, and his most frequently worn rig is white, not blue. On the whole, I think, setting aside his own nicknames of matlow (*matelot*), flatfoot, &c., I shall vote for *seaman,* with the prefix naval, to differentiate him from his brother in the merchant service.

But before taking him in detail, I must not omit mention of the warrant officer in chrysalis, as it were—the first-class petty officer, such as a chief boatswain's mate or leading stoker. He has attained to the dignity of a jacket and peaked cap, and he has usually a great voice and a strenuous driving method, which, added to an almost uncanny knowledge of what every unit of the scattered crowd under his immediate charge is doing at any given moment, gives you the clue to his position. These qualities have brought him thus far on his way up; and their momentum will eventually land him at the goal of his ambition, bar accidents.

But what can I say of the second-class petty officers, leading seamen, &c., with all their varying duties, responsibilities, and distinguishing marks? To the casual eye, all look alike as far as uniform is concerned, all wearing the loose blouse, tight, loose trousers, and round cap of the seaman; but on their arms they carry mystic signs, such as crossed flags, torpedoes, crossed cannon, single cannon, &c., which spell to the initiated the various duties they perform.

I have the highest desire to be impartial, but I confess that, if pressed closely, I should say that this large and most important class are my favorites of all a battleship's personnel. They are so amazingly able, so full of vitality, so obsessed with the importance and dignity of their profession, and yet, alas! so many of them have fluctuated between leading seamen and warrant officers for years, having the cup of their ardent desire hurled from their lips time and time again because—— Well, because of a variety of reasons, but all too often becaure of the allurements of another cup, and the natural geniality that all of them seem to possess.

To know them is to love them; to wach them at their work as drill-instructors, gun-layers, in charge of telephone exchanges, switchboard-rooms, torpedo-flats, is to be filled even to overflowing with admiration of their amazing knowledge, allied to executive ability.

I have several times lately had a severe qualm when wondering where such men are to come from under the new short-service system, remembering that many of these fine fellows have been upwards of twenty years

in the navy, and are only now in the prime of life. I should say that it was worth any sacrifice in reason to keep on breeding such men, for they are the string upon which the jewels of the navy are strung.

A great many of these men are married (nay, most of them, I think), and look forward (or used to look forward) hopefully to a cottage in some seaside village, where the pleasant duties of the coastguard and their substantial pension would combine most satisfactorily. But I fear that the coastguard is to be abolished; and, without setting my feeble private judgment against the mature wisdom of the authorities, I feel sad to think of the possibility of such a thing. That, however, is a side issue.

One peculiar feature about these men emerges upon close study of them, which is the way in which the principles and practice of economy lay hold of them. In their young days, doubtless, they were—as most seamen are—fairly reckless with their pay, which, scanty though it was, looked a lot when accumulated upon a commission. But now they will be found taking care of the pence in all sorts of curious ways, chief among which comes the use of the sewing-machine.

A great deal of money is earned by the skilled use of this little engine, by boot making and repairing, by hair-cutting, &c., nothing being done without an equivalent return in cash, for the navy's self-respecting motto is "Nothing for nothing, and a tot for a needle." Which is as it should be, though Jack is a most generous soul.

What he will not stand for a moment, however, is a bummer—a selfish brute who will spend all he has on himself, and then cadge for what he has been too mean to buy. That type is hardly ever found in the navy; the atmosphere is too highly charged for them to blossom in.

The rank and file of the ship's company—seamen and stokers—lead a life which, take it all round, is, I think, harder than that of any class of the community. But it is an uplifting life, a life with very many avenues leading out of it to higher levels and better conditions, and many beckoning, as well as helping, hands always held out.

It is a strange life, which has no counterpart elsewhere, for nowhere else do large bodies of men of good character live under such communal conditions, nor yet where individuality is more strongly cultivated. Thus, while it is true of all ranks—with two prominent exceptions—in the Navy that the careful observer can tell the naval man by the cut of his jib, as we say, pointing to a pronounced type, it is emphatically true that nowhere is individuality more marked or more greatly encouraged than here. A man of exceptional ability but no ambition—and there are many such—is immediately spotted, and very drastic methods are often used to arouse that ambition, since the man is wanted badly in the Service.

Again I am forced to specialise. Being familiar with the intricacies of the ship, watching the quiet seaman caressing his glittering web of complications in submerged torpedo-flat, lower conning-tower, switch-board room, telephone exchange, and magazines; observing him manipulating the terrific forces of electricity, compressed air, and hydraulic engines; watching the artificer engineer handling his gigantic charges at ever-varying speeds, and the modern stoker tickling the latest water-tube boilers, and noting how fiendishly complicated is everything connected with them, my thoughts fly ever back to the bridge, where the signal boatswain and his crew are charged, as here in a flagship with the duty of keeping the admiral in constant communication with every member of the whole fleet of ships.

I do really believe that, beside the lightning quickness and amazing sight of the signal staff, all other occupations appear trivially easy. Watch that young seaman standing with an Admiralty pattern telescope at his eye—none of the best, by the way—and hear the message trickling from his lips which yonder cruiser is send-

ing by the waving arms of a semaphore on the bridge.

You couldn't see the semaphore, much less read from it. At the same time, three or four strings of flags are ascending and descending, in addition to speed-signals. The mental exercise practised by every one of these seamen, to say nothing of the man in charge of them—the signal boatswain—would shame any Senior Wrangler. But look at the environment also.

Flags are devilish things to handle in bad weather, and, besides, mist and rain do not aid sight; but constant communication must be kept up—is kept up—and failure is not contemplated. It is the most fascinating sight on board a battleship, this work of the signalman.

At night the work is simplified, because all communications are made by means of flashing lamps; but even then, when you have a fleet of, say, twenty vessels, the winking eyes at each masthead seem as if they would induce madness. In this fleet we have well over a hundred vessels, all of whom must be kept in touch with the Commander-in-Chief from our bridge. But the steady work goes on; messages pour in and out with unhalting rapidity and flawless accuracy, and an utter absence of any idea on the part of the workers that they are doing anything extraordinary.

I approach with fear and trembling the motive power of the battleship, and the huge staff of unseen workers who are responsible for it. At the head of them comes the chief engineer, who is here a commander in rank, and has under him several engineer officers, who are inmates of wardroom and gunroom, according to their rank. They are highly trained in practice and theory, but the note of their service is *responsibility*.

Immediately beneath them comes the artificer—"tiffy," in naval parlance—who not only drives the engines, but, being a skilled mechanic, must needs repair them in an emergency. There are many thorny questions concerning him, the discussion of which would be entirely out of place in this article, which are matters of hot debate and vexed controversy wherever working engineers do congregate.

One thing I can say whole-heartedly, and in this every officer will agree with me, which is that the "tiffy" is the linchpin of the ship, and that, remembering his onerous duties, he is all too poorly remunerated, while his prospects are in no wise commensurate with the wonderful work he does. I may not enter upon any controversial questions here, but I yield to no one in my appreciation of the work of the A.E.; and in all his legitimate efforts to obtain adequate recognition and pay he has my very best wishes.

Now for the lighter side, in one sense only. Such a community of stalwarts needs feeding, well and promptly. Hence a great array of cooks and domestics, who pursue their calling in cheerful indifference to whatever else is going on. Blast of bugle or shrill of bo's'un's mates' pipe trouble them not; only the gravest emergency, such as fire or sinking, can turn them from their arduous duties of supplying the power of the best engine of all—the men. They form a little community of their own, the peculiar feature of which is, to my mind, that they may, and do, occupy their little niche on board this huge and complicated machine afloat for many months, and yet know nothing about her, outside of their own immediate sphere of action.

To this civilian category also belong the wardroom attendants, but they are nearly all marines, with drill and other duties to perform as well the sick-bay attendants, fine, intelligent men; and the paymaster's staff, whose duties are simply clerical.

All of these folks have their own aims in life, which are purely civil. They are on the sea, yet not of it; and, although they do mix with the seamen at times, it is only as oil and water mingle, for in every essential detail they are wide as the Poles asunder. But in time of battle all these non-combatants have their places assigned to them, and they must perform essential

duties in aid of the fighting-men. At certain times they are drilled in those duties, much to their disgust and the dislocation of their work, for the drill is of a very stringent and onerous character, all the more so because of its infrequent occurrence.

I have left myself with little space in which to deal with the military element, the Royal Marine Light Infantry and Royal Marine Artillery, bodies of which are to be found on board of every battleship.

The first-named are soldiers pure and simple, and, however long they may be at sea, never lose their essentially military character. They fraternize far more freely than they used to do with the seamen; and I believe the idea of the authorities tacitly fostering antagonism between the two ranks has entirely passed away with the apparent need for it. But the Royal Marine Artillery, who handle the big guns, although they, too, are soldiers, seem to be an intermediate class between the seaman and the marine.

They are certainly held in the highest respect and admiration by the seamen, for their great ability and smartness in doing the same kind of work; they are highly esteemed for their prowess in all forms of sport that may be indulged in on board ship, and also for their skill and endurance at the oar.

I remember once, when with the Channel Fleet on one of their autumn cruises, how a boat's crew of R.M.A. successfully contested the supremacy of the whole fleet of over twenty ships for rowing, and held it all the cruise.

I do not for one moment pretend that this is anything like an exhaustive account of the life of the personnel of the "Dreadnought," or of any battleship, for space does not permit of it, and I should much like at least double the room in which to deal with the manifold interests and employment of the stokers, the paymaster's folk, the carpenter crew, tradesmen of all kinds who go to make up this floating microcosm. But I must not fail to seize a few lines wherein to mention that most necessary but obviously far from popular body of men who wear on their sleeves the ominous letters N.P. (naval police).

The crew of a battleship is an essentially law-abiding community. To whatever branch a man may belong, he has continually drilled into him not only the absolute necessity of discipline, but its essentially beneficient character, not only for himself, but for all concerned. Yet where several hundreds of men are pent up together, even if the supposition were possible that they were all angels in point of disposition, there are bound to be offences against perfect discipline, breaches of law and order, omissions to perform certain duties in the proper way and at the proper time, which must be marked and punished. No such minute discipline is or could be possible elsewhere; here it is essential.

And consequently the N.P., with his notebook, is constantly on the prowl. He pervades the whole ship; and at the petty sessions each morning, when offenders—defaulters in naval parlance—are haled before the commander, he is on hand in force, armed with big books, wherein every infraction of discipline by the present offender during his stay in the ship is recorded and held up for reference at the word of command.

This informal court is quite a solemn function, but both offences and punishments would in the majority of cases seem to a landsman most trivial, the latter being often literally based on the good principles of the Mikado, whose object all sublime is so familiar to most of us. In conclusion, and leaving a fascinating subject most reluctantly, I can earnestly say that except for the introduction of the short-service system, about which I have the very gravest doubts, life on board a battleship tends ever not only to become the most perfect form of training in manliness, but to the eager, healthy, and willing, one of the jolliest and fullest forms of existence imaginable.

To Cut the Ocean in Two

By P. T. McGrath in Technical World

THE best thing I know between France and England is the sea, said Douglas Jerrold. And a quarter of a century before the English playwright had voiced these words, Napoleon boasted that, if he were given but twenty-four hours' control of the English Channel, the world would be his. The old fear of each other is still with the nations. Their natural dikes they jealously guard.

In the early months of this year four great projects were revived—projects that, if consummated, would link Ireland to Great Britain; Great Britain to Europe; Newfoundland to Canada; and the Americas to Asia; so that one might travel by rail all the way from St. John's to Killery Harbor. Four great tunnels beneath the ocean's bottom were to constitute the binding chains. The English looked across to France, the coast of which on a fine day may just be mistily discerned from Kent, and shook their heads. The Russians were not particularly enthusiastic over the tunneling of Bering Strait; and so far as the people of the United States were concerned, they could see no immediate commercial advantage in joining with steel rails Alaska to Siberia. There remained, then, the two proposals: the burrowing under the bed of the choppy Irish sea, and beneath the fog-encompassed Belle Isle Strait. Perhaps it is because of the native sluggishness of the English temperament, or it may be because their enterprise is not urgent; at any rate, it looks as if the Canadians and Newfoundlanders, taking the initiative, would start the work long before their conservative English cousins have decided just what they will do regarding the matter.

The building of the Belle Isle Strait tunnel would mean much more than appears at first glance. It is not merely the offering of better transportation facilities to the inhabitants of the misty island of the north. The first result would be that the distance across the Atlantic Ocean would be cut from 3,000 to 1,650 miles, and the voyage's duration to three days, just time enough for the ocean traveler to get seasick and recover, or if the traveler has his sea legs on, to enjoy a good sail and the ocean breezes.

A week at sea seems a long time, but three days—why, it takes longer than that to run from New York City to San Francisco! On land we have such fast service to clip the minutes as the Twentieth Century Limited offers. But in crossing the Atlantic we are going to save time in a new way—not by increasing the speed, but by literally annihilating distance. We are going to have a new starting point and a new destination.

At a recent session of the Newfoundland legislature, a firm of English contractors was granted the concession of establishing a steamship line between Killery Harbor, on the west coast of Ireland and Green Bay on Newfoundland's eastern coast. For Newfoundland feels keenly her economic isolation. She yearns to expand, to reach out, to take a part in the humming activity that suddenly seems to have possessed the main land. Give Newfoundland railroad communications with Labrador and Quebec Province. Let her seaport, St. John's, be one of the outlets of a continent, and who will dare prophesy the limits of her future? Within five years the favored company must, by the terms of its charter, take advantage of its concessions. Passenger traffic alone between Newfoundland and Ireland would scarcely be worth while. Freight must be carried—freight in vast quantities. It is essential, therefore, that the tunnel be built. An additional three years is granted for this purpose. It is believed that financiers, American,

Canadian and English, will, by that time, be vitally interested in the development of this new commercial path and that the Irish project, as well as the Newfoundland one, will be put through. With what results? Killery may, on the European side of the Atlantic, stand as the great rival of Liverpool, and on the American side St. John's as New York's. Why should not a tourist cut his hours on the ocean in two, and substitute for the perils and inconveniences of ocean travel the speed, safety, and comforts of the railway express? Three million persons, it is estimated, cross the Atlantic every year. Of course, an enormous number of these are immigrants—glad to reach this continent, no matter how great the miseries they may experience in so doing. But the others will seek Killery Harbor and St. John's —to be reached by railroad from London and New York, respectively.

The Killery-St. John's route also furnishes the shortest, most direct route to Japan, China and the Far East in general. By following this path instead of sailing through the Seuz Canal, the Englishman may save nineteen days in his journey from London to Tokio.

But it is not passenger traffic alone that makes for great seaports. The quantity of commercial products, grain, cattle, hogs, and manufactured goods, that pass through a city is a factor of still greater importance. Canada teems with wealth. Her vast plains are golden with grain and dark with cattle. Great pines crash beneath the sturdy blows of the woodsman. Her bosom is pierced with pick and racked with dynamite that she may reveal her mineral hoards. At present the bulk of her foreign commerce finds its way to the world's markets down the channel of the St. Lawrence. This is for seven months of the year, when that waterway is free from ice. During the five of these months the ships on passing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence turn north through the Strait of Belle Isle on their voyage to Liverpool. For the remainder of the year vast im-



Wabana Iron Mine, Bell Island, Newfoundland.

penetrable floes enveloped in chill, white fog, block this passage. It is then that the vessels from Montreal gain the open sea through Cabot Strait, south of Newfoundland. This latter course lengthens the voyage to Liverpool by one hundred and sixty-eight miles. When Cabot Strait is closed by winter's icy hand, Halifax is Canada's most northerly port.

With the recent phenomenal development of her natural resources, and the accompanying great influx of foreigners, Canada suddenly finds herself too big for her transportation facilities. The United States cannot greatly assist her. At the present time the American railroads are overworked. J. J. Hill's declaration that the railroad companies of the United States must within the next five years expend not less than $500,000,000 if the volume of our business is to be handled is familiar to all of us.



LOG CABIN INN.
A Famous Resort of the Reid Newfoundland Railway.

To meet her most urgent needs two great lines of steel track are being thrown across the rich Canadian plains, namely, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern. The Laurier cabinet promises a road to Hudson Bay. A line to the Atlantic seaboard in Eastern Labrador —in the neighborhood of the Strait of Belle Isle—is likewise proposed. There would be little point in building a railroad through this Saguenay country, as it is termed, for the sake of the brief summer period when it would be possible to run steamers to Labrador, because there are numerous harbors along the Gulf that would serve the same purpose at far less expense. If, however, Belle Isle Strait were tunneled and the railway system extended through Newfoundland to St. John's, it would be possible to utilize it the whole year round; and this is what is contemplated. It must be remembered that the shortest and most direct route between these western territories and the British Isles lies through Labrador and Newfoundland, and that cities like Chicago and St. Paul would be brought as near to Belle Isle Strait as to New York, so that the gain by this route would be as the difference of a steamer run of 1,650 miles against one of 3,130 miles. Cattle and grain could be moved direct from the ranches and elevators to St. John's even in the midst of winter. The climatic conditions in Newfoundland and Labrador are not so trying as in the Northwest, Ontario, or Quebec, nor



On the Humber River, Newfoundland.

is the snowfall so great. The average snowfall at Moose Factory, Hudson Bay, is only eighty inches, while at Montreal it is one hundred and seventy-seven inches, and the Lake St. John railway, in the northern section of Quebec, was operated continuously all through the exceptionally severe winter of 1904, when the railways in maritime Canada were blocked with snow for days together. Sir Wm. Van Horne, the great railway magnate of Montreal, recently declared that "Canada's hopper was too big for the spout"; in other words, that her products for export were increasing far more rapidly than her facilities for exporting them, and it was to remedy these conditions that the building of her new trans-continental railways was determined upon. In like manner, when the Dominion Parliament, in March, 1907, declared itself in favor of granting only to British goods, landed from British vessels in Canadian ports, the preferential tariff treatment which Canada now accords to the mother country, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in accepting the principle, suggested that the date of enforcing it be left to the Cabinet, as by 1911 the new railways would be able to convey grain from the prairies of the West, and then Canada would no longer be dependent upon the United States for the bonding privileges through American ports and territory, which are no small factor in the effective development of her foreign trade.

Here then, we have the motives for the building up of a great seaport, which, in its turn, depends upon the construction of a tunnel under the Belle Isle Strait: it will greatly enhance the economic and political importance of Newfoundland; furnish an outlet of that big section of the continent called Canada, just back of her; free Canada from her partial dependence upon the United States for transportation privileges; and render her self-sufficing.



Hay Time in Newfoundland.

At its narrowest point—between Point Amour and Savage Cove—the Belle Isle Strait is slightly less than nine miles wide. A few years ago it was proposed to construct a vast dam here of gigantic proportions and use this as a causeway for railway tracks. Such a feat is entirely practicable. Flagler is doing that very same thing between the mainland of Florida and Key West. The plan had great merit. It would turn aside the chill arctic current, and correspondingly raise the temperature of the adjacent islands mainland. Locks

for liners to pass through were contemplated. The scheme fell through, however, for the reason that the strait is one of the natural highways of the sea, and such highways may be closed only by international agreement.

The tunnel project was then proposed. The feasibility of such an enterprise has never been questioned. The geological formation encourages the belief that the rock beneath the sea could be bored without danger of encountering any serious fissures. The Simplon tunnel, twelve and one-fourth miles long, cost $16,000,000. But the work was done "above ground"; i.e., the debris was removed by means of cars on a track and did not have to be raised to the surface. This latter factor greatly increases the cost of a tunnel. It is estimated that the tunneling of the English Channel would cost $80,000,000. On this basis to burrow, under the Belle Isle Strait would cost about one-third that sum. With its approaches the Belle Isle tunnel would be some fourteen miles long. It would take three years to build it. But Canada will spend the time and money on no better object, and those who are watching her development look for an early beginning.

THE HUSKERS

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

The summer grains were harvested: the stubble-fields lay dry.
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn-crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed in many a verdant fold,
And glistened, in the slanting light, the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till, broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down at last.
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.



MR. R. L. BORDEN

Leader of the Conservative Party in Canada

Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons, has just completed a series of public meetings covering the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Everywhere they have been well attended, and he has been given a good hearing. What the effect of his campaign will be time alone will tell, but he has certainly caused the citizens in the West to give more thought to national questions. Mr. Borden has certainly had a most strenuous trip, and in order to keep engagements arranged for him had to make many night trips on freights when he should have been resting. On several occasions he has stepped out of a conductor's caboose, dusty and grimy, to shake hands with Reception Committees and he immediately hurried off to address the voters. The people in the West asked why he had not a private car. It was explained that the matter had been considered by the leaders of the party in Ontario, who thought it more politic for him to travel through the West as an ordinary citizen. This caused one of the leading Conservatives in the West, where copper coins are unknown, to remark: "Just like the people in the One Cent Belt."

Dr. Robertson's Work for the Training of Canadian Farmers

By George Iles in American Review of Reviews

OF yore the educator was wont to look at the work-a-day world from afar, and somewhat askance. At college he had passed from the student's desk to tutoring, from tutoring to a professor's chair. He was accustomed to regard men and things chiefly as depicted in books, tabulated in statistics, or reported in the proceedings of legislatures and courts. How the college looked from outside, wherein it failed to prepare its graduates for the toil and tug of actual life, he knew not. And thus usually the college staffs of a generation ago were leaven indeed, but leaven that kept to its own corner, secluded from the lump. In contrast to these aloof educators of times past are thousands of teachers throughout the technical and agricultural schools of America to-day. They stand for a revolution profoundly affecting all other schools. Not many years ago all boys were educated as if to become clerks, or pass to the professions of law, the ministry, or medicine. But most boys must earn their bread at farming or railroading, in the factory, or workshop; why not, therefore, begin at school to teach how these life tasks may be performed faithfully and well? And why not, also, bring out the significance of these tasks, involving as they do principles of the highest importance and interest?

A notable leader in this work whose career is here sketched, came from the wheatfield, the milkroom, the warehouse, thence deriving golden lessons, and thither returning to broaden the knowledge of practical men with the winnings of the laboratory and the experimental plot. His labors, ever rising in width and dignity, declare a public-spirited pioneer of the first order; he asks: What great opportunities are there for good to all the people? How best may these opportunities be developed?

James Wilson Robertson, a farmer's son, was born in Dunlop, Scotland, in 1857. From fourteen to seventeen he was clerk to a firm in Glasgow, where he learned much that has since stood him in good stead. He was taught to keep accounts accurately; to write letters promptly, clearly, and civilly; he was impressed with the essential morality of living up to an agreement. Every day, and especially at the annual stock-takings, he came to a sense of values; he saw how depreciation may overtake well-bought goods, how wear and tear bring down the worth of buildings, machinery, fittings.

In 1875 Robertson's father, with his family, emigrated to Canada, taking up the Maple Grove farm, three miles from London, Ontario, in the centre of a rich agricultural district. Here the elder Robertson resumed his business as a farmer, and begin exporting farm produce to Great Britain, in all this being assisted by his son. Young Robertson soon remarked that cheese and butter were in active demand across the Atlantic, that there markets promised wide extension if supplied with prime qualities. But how was this excellence to be secured? At that time but little Canadian butter and cheese was of the first grade; most brands, indeed, were below medium quality. Young Robertson resolved that, as far as possible, the making of inferior grades should cease. Near Ingersoll, Ont., he found a first-rate factory where he could thoroughly learn how the best export cheese was made; he took service at $13 a month. Soon, through his employer's illness, he was given charge of the place. His management was a success from the start; he had uncommon ability,

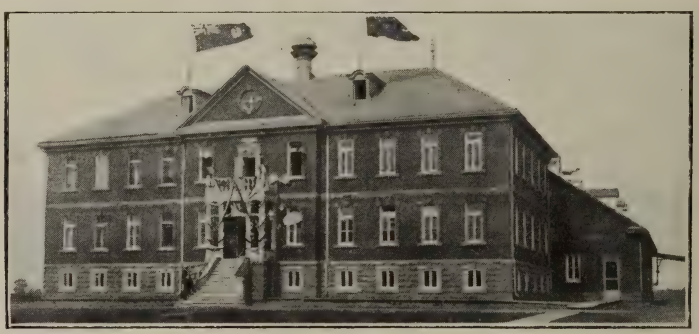
energy, and conscience; he turned out products which won the respect of his farming critics.

Before long, at Cotswold, Wellington County, not far away, he took charge of a factory for a joint stock company of farmers, but it was not big enough to keep him busy. In a few months he was looking after eight similar factories, and doing well by them all. His talent for initiative, for administration, was already in evidence. Then from many dairymen, whose output was second-rate, came questions as to his working methods. In winter evenings he told them, first in groups of a dozen or twenty, then in assemblies that rose to 100 or more. He laid stress on cleanliness, on the use of the thermometer. He pointed out that hay, a common crop for export, grievously impoverished the soil, while dairying withdrew from land hardly any mineral values. He showed that corn is a cheap and good fodder; he distributed seed that his hearers might prove this at home. He demonstrated simple tests for the quality of milk. which decide whether a cow should be kept at work or sent to the butcher; and he offered prizes for the cows yielding most rich milk. He attracted and held his hearers because he was one of themselves; speaking their own and not an academic tongue. Not long before he had shared their ignorances and perplexities; he rejoiced to tell them the way out, that they might exchange a lean wage for a decent profit. In dexterity and information Robertson has his peers; in good will, in the passion to have his neighbor thrive as himself, I know not his equal.

Once his labors were interrupted, but only that they might be renewed with more zest and discernment than before. During the winter of 1878-79 he attended the college at Woodstock, Ont., where he received an inestimable impulse at the hands of that born teacher, Prof. S. J. McKee, now of Brandon, Man. Robertson, returning home, resumed his dairying, and continued his informal talks far and near, gaining power as an expositor, growing constantly in the confidence and regard of the people. Naturally enough, many of his auditors told their representatives in the Ontario Parliament of his mastery of an industry vital to the province, of his faculty to make others as proficient in the milkroom as himself. In 1886 the Ontario Government asked Robertson to become professor of dairy husbandry at the Agricultural College at Guelph, to promote and advance the dairying of the province at large. During his stay at Guelph the college sought more earnestly than ever before to further the welfare of farmers at home. Its staff went the length and breadth of Ontario addressing the farmers' institutes, which flourish there as nowhere else on the continent. As a rule, each institute meets four times a year; the speakers on dairying, live stock, field crops, or other topics are men of successful practice. In this work, of course, Robertson took part, growing still happier in making plain to his hearers how care and intelligence, order and cleanliness could better their products and lighten their toil. As his stay in Guelph drew to a close the college began to organize its famous traveling dairies. In this task Robertson had a share, glad that appliances simple and good should take their way through the villages of Ontario for the behoof of thousands of farmers who otherwise might never be stirred to reform.

More than once Robertson accompanied shipments from Canadian farms and dairies to the markets of Great Britain. There he saw the butter of Denmark, the bacon of Ireland, the eggs and poultry of France, the apples from the United States, all better than the Canadian exports. Why were they better? Because produced with more skill and transported with more care. He came home informed as to improved strains of cattle and swine, their best housing and feeding; the latest apparatus for creameries and cheese factories; instruction as to how chickens should be fattened, killed, shaped and shipped for the tables of London, Manchester,

and Glasgow. He sketched how Canadian butter, cheese, and poultry should be packed and forwarded at low temperatures, so that no link should be wanting or weak betwixt a farm or factory in Canada and a shop counter in Liverpool or Leeds. With persistence and address he carried these projects to complete adoption; he had studied the situation as a whole; he persuaded all concerned to a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether. Soon Canadian farmers, dairymen, railroad managers, and steamship owners joined hands to develop a trade which grew fast to stupendous proportions. Backed throughout by the Dominion Treasury, the dairy exports which in 1890 were



A New Dairy School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

but $9,700,000 rose, in 1900, to $25,000,000, and in 1906 reached $31,500,000. The man who chiefly wrought this great result had a national helm in his hands. In 1890 Robertson was appointed Commissioner of Dairying for the Dominion, so that the good practice of Ontario might extend to her sister provinces. In 1895 he was given the additional post of Commissioner of Agriculture for the Dominion. Loyally did he discharge his trusts. From ocean to ocean he lifted farming and dairying to new excellence, until his ambition to see their methods at the highest level seems fast approaching fulfilment. And his hour is fortunate. New areas for the plow in the United States are too few for national needs, and the scarcely broached wheat-belt of Canada invites the settler as Minnesota and the Dakotas did a generation ago. At a bound this influx has opened a new era in the Dominion, and thoroughly aroused her farmers to the gifts proffered by the new education.

While Robertson journeyed from his home in Ottawa to Prince Edward Island, thence stage by stage to British Columbia and back again, he steadily gained experience as an educator, but of adults solely. Would it not be well, he thought, to give lessons to girls and boys, who, after all, are somewhat more plastic and teachable than their parents? In 1899, accordingly, he addressed himself to Young Canada: he had seen the profit in scientific dairying, he knew that equal gain awaited the twin pursuit of farming through sowing selected seed. He offered $100 in prizes to girls and boys who would send him the largest heads from the sturdiest wheat and oats from their fathers' farms. So gratifying were the responses that he enlisted the sympathetic aid of Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal. This wise and generous friend of education had given technological departments to McGill University, at a cost of more than $2,000,000. He at once offered $10,000 as prizes to girls and boys who from the most vigorous plants on home farms should select the largest heads, and grow seed from these on plots of their own. By 1903 the yield of spring wheat thus

sown and reaped was 28 per cent. heavier than that of three years before from unselected seed; in oats the increase was 27 per cent., area for area. All told, 1500 entries were received, 450 young folk rounding out three years' work, their parents always among the best farmers in their counties.

Of course, part of the recorded gain in yield was owing to improved cultivation; but the chief part was unquestionably due to systematic selection of seed. And the rule was confirmed which regards a plant as a whole, and restricts the choice of seed to only the most vigorous plants. It may be asked, when, in 1903, the prizes ceased, did selection come to an end? No. A Seed Growers' Association was formed, of seniors as well as juniors. In 1906, at their annual meeting, they reported manifold gains; kernels had been improved in size and quality, harvests had matured more evenly, strains had become better adapted to local conditions, more resistant to disease and more productive. It is estimated that in 1906 the crops directly bettered by the Macdonald seed-grain competition, were increased in value by half a million dollars. And immensely more is under way. In the Canadian Northwest, Red Fife is the best variety of wheat to sow. In 1900, outside the experimental farms there was not known to be more than 360 acres in reasonably pure Red Fife in that vast territory. There was plenty of No. 1 hard wheat for marketing, but the seed grain had become mixed, had lost quality. To-day, thanks to the 360 acres just mentioned, to the experimental farms, and to the Macdonald competition, no less than 34,000 acres are sown with reasonably pure Red Fife, with the expectation that in about five years the whole Canadian Northwest will be seeded with wheat true to name and true to strain.

Sir William Macdonald, warmly interested in the higher education, also earnestly desired to aid primary schools, especially those in country districts. He took counsel with Dr. Robertson, who reviewed their problems in the light of wide observation, and then, as is his wont, inquired: "Where are the best examples for our guidance?" He examined kindergartens, and classes in manual training, nature study, and domestic science in the United States and England, that their best methods might be adapted to Canada. He was convinced that Canadian elementary schools were too bookish, that they did not appeal as they should, to the skill of hand and eye which fully call out intelligence, and prepare for the home, the farm, the workshop, the mill, where most girls and boys as they grow up must do their work. With Dr. Robertson as planner and counsellor, Sir William Macdonald founded throughout Canada manual-training centers at twenty-one places attended by 7,000 children, and costing $3,600 a month for teachers' salaries during three years. At the end of that term the local authorities were free to continue the schools if they pleased. In every province manual training has been continued, and with constantly widening popularity. In Nova Scotia, for instance, more than twenty school centers of the Macdonald type have arisen, built and conducted with local funds. Ontario had at first Macdonald schools in three cities; now, counting their progeny, she has forty manual-training centers. What more can apostle desire than to gather disciples in such telling fashion? To-day about 22,000 children are attending manual training classes in Canada, and that instruction now forms part of the normal school courses throughout the Dominion.

In Canadian townships the schools were long sadly inadequate, chiefly through being too small, and out of touch with home life, with parental occupations. Most of them were attended by as few as twenty to thirty pupils, and, as a rule, one teacher taught as best she could boys and girls all the way from seven to fourteen years of age. Here, surely, were defects crying for remedy. Hand in hand Sir William Macdonald and Dr. Robertson

went to work with a will. They investigated how in Ohio, and other States of the Union, many petty schools had been superseded by consolidated schools at central points. In many cases it was found that the consolidators had continued much the same courses, and methods of study, which had prevailed in the one-room schools of old. It was deemed well that in Canada consolidation should be chiefly a means of enriching the whole round of instruction by school gardening, by sewing and cooking classes, by carefully chosen courses in manual training. All these to be of the very essence of a school, not merely tacked on as extras, to be pursued or omitted at will.

A prime necessity of the reform was, of course, in providing transportation. How this might easily be accomplished had been shown long before as individual dairies had given place to creameries and cheese factories. If routes for the carriage of their milk and cream could be readily established and maintained, why not similar routes for the conveyance of children to a consolidated school? There they would receive varied and complete instruction, the classes graded as in cities, every teacher, as in Montreal or Toronto, keeping to subjects she had thoroughly mastered. Four consolidated schools were founded by Sir William Macdonald, in Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, with classes in manual training, household science, and nature study, based on work in school gardens. The cost of preparing special teachers, of erecting and equipping the schools, and of meeting all the expenses beyond those previously borne by the twenty-six districts concerned, was $180,000 for three years. This capital example had the usual effect of inciting onlookers to do likewise. At Riverside and Florenceville, New Brunswick, are handsome consolidated schools, reared and sustained by these communities for themselves; Nova Scotia has now twenty-two consolidations in the room of fifty-three schools of the old and inferior scale. On an average the daily attendance at the Macdonald consolidated schools has been 55 per cent. more than at the schools they supplanted; at Kingston, New Brunswick, the figure is 140 per cent. Thanks to the Macdonald movement, sound education in rural Canada is acquiring the force of fashion. Yet a few years and the Dominion will rank with Scotland itself, the land of good schools.

A moment ago it was said that every Macdonald school has a school garden. Besides those at the four original consolidated schools, a garden was laid out at each of five rural schools in each of five provinces, twenty-five in all. A trained instructor took charge of every group of five, giving one day every week to each school in his circuit. The outlay during three years grew to $40,000. The plots varied from 15 to 120 square feet, the smallest being assigned to little tots. A wide variety of grains and grasses, vegetables and flowers were sown, with the incidental effect of adding much beauty to school grounds. At Hillsboro, Prince Edward Island, partnership was one year introduced with happy effect. While each pupil was responsible for his own plot, he shared with three others the work of keeping in order the intervening paths, of making the whole co-operative area as handsome as possible.

Everywhere these gardens prove with what delight and profit children may begin at school the work of later life, how principles of unending interest may be unfolded in simple tasks of sowing and pruning, hoeing and reaping. Here, harking back to noteworthy experiments, selected seeds are sown, with the striking contrast between their harvests and the crops reaped from ordinary seeds. Not less instructive is it to compare two plots planted with potatoes, one sprayed against blight, the other neglected and so only producing a few undersized tubers. In the course of four years a special area, of, say, twenty-five square yards, is cropped the first year with wheat, the second with

clover, the third with grass for pasture, and the fourth with a cultivated crop as Indian corn or potatoes. All to illustrate the profit of a rotation which in four years works much less exhaustion to the soil, yields larger crops, and leaves the land freer from weeds, than if only grain had been sown year after year. These simple lessons form what Dr. Robertson calls the tripod of good farming: (1) sowing selected seed on prepared soil; (2) protecting crops against insects and fungous diseases; (3) a rotation of crops adapted to the soil and to the markets. At Tryon School Garden, Prince Edward Island, the children reaped 32 per cent. more wheat from a plot sown with selected seed than was borne on an adjoining plot sown with unselected seed. When barley followed clover it yielded 17 per cent. more than when barley followed a cereal without clover stubble having been plowed in. As remarkable as these results in crops are the effects on the young sowers and reapers themselves. Uniform examinations for entrance to high schools are held throughout Ontario in July. In 1906 in Carleton County from schools without gardens 49 per cent. of the candidates were successful; from five Macdonald schools, where all candidates had been school gardeners for three consecutive years, 71 per cent. were admitted, mostly with high standing. As in all such education it was shown that when part of a school-day is given to toil with the hands, at the bench and out of doors, the book work at the desk takes on a fresh meaning, and inspires a new zest.

Sir William Macdonald and Dr. Robertson had now entered upon an educational reform so broad and deep, so novel in many details, that it demanded teachers trained on purpose. Recognizing this need Sir William Macdonald provided at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, two large buildings, equipped for the due instruction of teachers. Here are headquarters for manual training and household science, with brief courses in cooking, sewing and other domestic arts. Short courses in nature study and school gardening are free to teachers. To promote their attendance four Provincial Governments have granted scholarships which have already enabled two hundred teachers to take elected instruction. In one important regard this College at Guelph has an enviable record: Two out of every three of its graduates return to the farm. This dividend back to the land is considerably higher than is usual at other such institutions.

Taking many a sterling lesson from the college at Guelph, from sister colleges throughout the Union, has arisen the Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, on the Ottawa River, twenty miles west of Montreal. The grounds, through which pass the main lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railroads, are 561 acres in extent, arranged in three areas: First the campus, with plots for illustration and research in grains, grasses and flowers, 74 acres; second, the small-cultures farm of 100 acres, for horticulture and poultry keeping; third, the live stock and grain farm of 387 acres. All the buildings are of fireproof construction, in stone, brick, steel, and concrete, with red tile roofing. Every building is heated, lighted and furnished with water from a power house having six horizontal tubular boilers, each of 150 horsepower. The college now about to be opened, has Dr. Robertson for its principal or president. It is understood to have cost Sir William Macdonald about $2,000,000. He has placed its administration in the hands of the trustees of McGill University, Montreal, with a sum exceeding $2,000,000 as endowment. Some of the courses at the college lead to degrees from the McGill University.

Macdonald College has three departments: First, the School for Teachers, which takes the place of the Protestant Normal School, removed from Montreal. Special regard is paid the needs of rural districts. Second, the School of Agriculture, which aims to provide

thorough training both in theory and practice. Third, the School of Household Science, to impart instruction in all that concerns good housekeeping. In engaging his staff, in discussing item by item the programs of study, Dr. Robertson has sought to profit by the widest available experience. He stands ready to modify any detail in which the future may show an opening for improvement. There is no charge for tuition. Board costs, with a room to oneself, $3.50 a week; where two share a room, $3.25 each. Next year the college farms will be worked, in part, by apprentice-students, who will have an opportunity to earn enough in six months to pay for their board the following winter.

This school offers many courses; let it suffice to mention the two-years' course. It includes field and cereal husbandry, animal and poultry husbandry, home dairying, and horticulture. Farm machinery will be taken apart, reassembled and tested; at need mowers, self-binders, and the like will be repaired. Object lessons of the first order are given on the main farm; its 387 acres are thoroughly drained and cultivated, and have good roads. Its buildings comprise a farmhouse, several cottages and barns, with stables for horses and cattle, and a sanitary piggery of concrete. The equipment for the study of cattle and swine is capital; a fair example is the dairy herd of pure-bred Ayrshires, one of the best in America.

The small-cultures farm of 100 acres is for productive work, for investigations in fruits large and small, in vegetables and poultry. There are several acres of apple orchard, displaying the Fameuse and other leading varieties. Spacious poultry runs accommodate about a thousand fowls.

Last August on the college grounds I saw the results of an experiment which might well be repeated by school gardeners throughout America: Five adjoining plots had been sown with wheat; one on the earliest possible day; the others at intervals each one week later than the sowing next before it. The plot first sown bore much the largest and best crop. This lesson, added to Dr. Robertson's "tripod," already outlined, clearly proves that the farmer who puts brains and energy into his business can readily earn a dollar where a careless farmer finds 50 cents.

A word as to the School for Teachers, which proffers a comprehensive and thoroughly practical training in the art and science of teaching. Its five classes are (1) elementary, (2) advanced elementary, (3) kindergartening, (4) model-school instruction, (5) pedagogy, including study of the history of educational theories and practice of educational methods and philosophy, the organization and management of schools. On the campus is a school for the village of Ste. Anne's, embodying the best rural methods; its classes are available for teachers-in-training. In addition, they have access to schools in Montreal, easily reached in less than an hour.

The School of Household Science affords a wide range of instruction, an important feature being the housekeeping of the college itself, in which students bear part. The one-year courses embrace the study of foods, cooking, household economics, clothing materials, dressmaking and millinery; fuels, ventilation and house sanitation; home nursing and hygiene, and home art. These courses admirably supplement those of the sister School of Agriculture, which show how wealth is won from the soil and the dairy, the cattle barn and the poultry shed. How to earn a good income is taught in one school, in the other school is learned the equally important art of using an income with economy, good sense, and good taste withal.

In all its departments the college offers excellent short courses, adapted to the needs of young men and women limited in means and time. Such courses are among the most useful afforded by the agricultural colleges of Ontario, Wisconsin and Iowa, and similar institutions of mark.

Education, it would seem, may in many cases come too early. When a learner ,in the fullness of his powers, comes to great principles unstaled by premature familiarity, he may have reason to rejoice in the lateness of his lessons.

Much, too, is learned by the interested visitor at such a college as that at Ste. Anne's. Negotiations are afoot which next year will offer excursions to Macdonald College at nominal rates, following the example of the Guelph College, which welcomes every year in June, no fewer than 30,000 visitors.

A Russian Leader in Canada

By Lally Bernard in The Globe Magazine

"WELL, Lally Bernard, what do you think of your Doukhobors now?" was the question put to the writer about a month ago by an old acquaintance made in a remote district of the far west some seven years previously, when "Lally Bernard" had made her second visit to the Doukhobor colonies. Well, what did the writer think of the Doukhobors during that hurried visit of a few days, when during a drive of a hundred and forty miles through the autumn-tinted prairies she stopped at villages and saw the community-life in full swing, and here and there interviewed individualistic Doukhobors who had discarded the last link with community life and were homesteading with the zest and vim of genuine Canadians? The writer had recently arrived from England to find various sections of the Canadian press filled with paragraphs about the sixty odd Doukhobors who were on the march, seeking for a "promised land" which they imagined awaited them.

The eyes of the public were focused on this small fraction out of many thousands of Doukhobors settled in the country, and from the importance attached to the movements of the perambulating few one would have imagined that a wholesale exodus of the people was in progress. This is the way of the world. All that is abnormal, sensational and unfortunate attracts the attention of the modern world in a degree which is quite out of proportion with the brighter side of ordinary everyday life. The visit of a few days was all too short. There is material for pen, pencil and public platform in those localities which would take months to accumulate, and the impression of a migratory journalist should always be weighed in the balance. With this frank confession, let me begin my account of my third visit among the Russian Doukhobortsi. The first visit was paid in 1900, when these people were endeavoring to locate the sites for their villages, when the greater portion of the men were employed in railway construction work, and many of the families were gathered in great log "seris" built by the Immigration Department for their temporary housing, or in bell tents loaned by the Government. There were others who had made for themselves habitations out of what material was at hand, sometimes of woven poplar wands, covered with clay, and even then one was struck by the order and method with which these people conducted their daily existence and the sort of military discipline which pervaded their ranks.

In the year 1900, during the month of September, the writer went among the Doukhobor settlements to distribute work which the National Council of Women had started to aid the women of the sect by giving them occupation and earning power during

the long winter months in these remote districts. The same organization had during the previous winter distributed spinning wheels, looms, stoves, "Duffle" (a thick sort of flannel) among the villages where such comforts were sorely needed. So the visit made this year was of peculiar interest, when, armed with old notebooks containing the names of villages, the number of "souls" in each, a list of the stock, etc., in her possession, the writer tried to sum up the changes which had taken place dur-



PETER VERIGIN.

ing the seven years which had elapsed since her first visit.

Again the train carried her through the fertile belt which lies parallel to the railway line from Winnipeg to Yorkton, a district much changed by reason of the continued influx of settlers during the intervening years. Cattle ranches, wheat ranches and mixed farms were seen on every side. Here and there the ravages of frost were seen, but to the inexperienced eye the scene was one of prosperity and progress. Late in the evening one found oneself at the hotel in Yorkton, now a thriving town, with a large population, formerly the railhead of what is now the Canadian Pacific line. One learned with pleasure that Peter Verigin, the recognized leader of the Doukhobors, was in town, but an evening interview was impossible, for the gentleman was indulging in a "Russian bath," an undertaking which would terrify many of the stoutest-hearted Canadian settlers. The writer had experienced the process in one of the Doukhobortsi villages some eight years ago, when by the side of a stream a rough log cabin was built, with a series of broad shelves in the interior, a heap of red-hot stones in the corner on which icy cold water was dashed to produce steam, and where one was bidden to lie prostrate on one of the benches until the "steaming" process was complete, then massaged by strong-armed and skillful Doukhobor women, and finally douched with cold water brought straight from the creek in huge buckets, to be tucked into a bed mainly consisting of huge cushions and warm blankets, to sleep the sleep of the just after a long and fatiguing day in the open. But this is to digress from the present to the past.

The morning following the arrival in Yorkton, Mr. Verigin and his interpreter, a bright young specimen of a "Douk." arrived at the hotel to pay a visit to the writer. One looked with keen interest at the leader of these thousands of "souls" about whom so much has been rumored—a tall, heavily-built man, with a heavy face and lightning glance, who, dressed in the ordinary garb of a city man, might pass for a broker or banker, but who on this occasion wore a garb which might possibly be considered suggestive of the phase of character through which he was passing. A long, dark overcoat of fine Oxford grey cloth, with silk revers, was worn over a Russian substitute for a waistcoat. The overcoat was evidently made by a London tailor, so far as one could judge from the cut and finish, but it

did not altogether hide the inner garment of a Russian peasant! One scanned the impassive, grave face, the well-kept hands, immaculately white, and to a student of palmistry they would suggest in their contour both idealism and practical ability of a high order.

This man is the manipulator of men. Conversation was difficult to carry on, for he paused long before replying to queries translated by young Reibin. As Verigin turned over some photographs which the writer happened to have brought with her of the Doukhobortsi as they appeared when they first came to Canada, a sudden smile appeared, which lightened the heavy face immensely.

"Who," asked Reibin, translating his chief's words, "asked these people to carry their handkerchiefs in the absurd fashion?" This I could not answer, but remembered seeing the women on fete days folding their embroidered handkerchiefs and putting them over their clasped hands in just such a way as that he found so "absurd."

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Seymour and the Government agent for that district, the Hon. Mr. MacNutt, Speaker of the Regina House, who was to accompany the writer on her tour. Dr. Seymour proceeded to ask if someone could be found who would translate into Russian the leaflets to be distributed on the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, as he was then on his way to the colonies to make a medical inspection, having heard that the disease was more or less prevalent among the Doukhobortsi. Peter Verigin's reply was essentially that of a Russian.

"These things we have known for centuries," was his rather scornful answer to the appeal, and then he went on to remark that the habits of Canadians in expectorating in public conveyances and the streets was a great menace to the public health! But the discussion ended in an amicable arrangement by which the leaflets should be translated and distributed. The incident, trivial as it may appear, gave one some inkling of what was passing in the mind of the man whose Russian waistcoat or blouse was covered by a fashionable lightweight overcoat.

Rightly or wrongly, the impression left by this interview with a more or less common specimen of the Slav race was that the authorities of this country are, to use the vernacular of the west, "up against" a pretty stiff proposition in the person of this astute Russian. However, a man must be judged by his policy as a whole, and the first evidence brought before the eyes of the writer was a reassuring one. Thanks to the kindness of Dr. Seymour, the Government medical inspector from Regina, the writer was "spun out" in an admirably-driven motor car to a brickyard, some distance from the town, where a small regiment of Doukhobors, men and boys, are turning out from one of the most up-to-date brick-making machines some twenty-five thousand bricks per day, working with a system and neatness which entirely differ from one's preconceived ideas of the usual untidiness and confusion about this industry. A line of tents was occupied by the workers and their families, and the majority of men and boys spoke fairly good English, one or two of them with fluency. But one smiled as one heard the familiar, "I guess" and "sure," which they used for the affirmative instead of "yes."

So far, so good. To enter into the industrial life of Canada on the outskirts of a thriving town is in itself a step towards assimilation and Canadian citizenship. Twenty thousand dollars was the price of the plant, and above the machinery the men were busy erecting an excellently-constructed cement building, while beneath it was a deep rain water tank, for soft water is less injurious to the boiler than the alkali-charged well water of the neighborhood. All was so orderly, so neat and so substantial that one regarded it with unfeigned admiration. There was no difficulty about the "labor question" in this business; for wages there are none in the com-

munity system. The overseer of the works and the chief engineer give their services as freely as the most humble of the small boys who take the bricks from the machine on long trays and pile them in neat rows one above the other.

But it will not last. Let no one run away with the idea that as years go on men can live surrounded by the strong individualistic influence of the west, which places the family unit in the midst of a hundred and sixty acres, that these young men will be long content to share and share alike. A party of independents have already arisen and they will yearly increase their strength as a new language, the language which is used by many millions of people living under individualistic conditions, will bring with it a new set of ideas. Communism is, like high protective tariffs, adapted to the beginning of things in new countries, but education in one of its phases may develop the "ego" in the man, who later, with the larger vision, lapses again in the quasi-system of communistic government, where each individual contributes his mite to the funds expended for public welfare. All the movements in the municipal centres are more and more tending towards what is in truth community of interests, as evidenced in a thousand public institutions. The distribution of Government lands to the homesteader is in a certain sense communism. So we should be slow to too readily condemn what is the less practical form of communism as practiced by a peasant people.

Viewed from a certain standpoint, the Doukhobor communities have made it apparent that their system enables them to live on the products of a much smaller area of cultivated ground than the individual settler. But one cannot arrive at any definite conclusion on this point, for one has no statement to show how much of their prosperity has been due to their earning power on the railways which are under construction. Then one has to take into consideration that they have spent nothing on tobacco and whisky, that their butcher's bills have been absent from household expenditure, that a few other items which increase the expenditure of household funds have been absent. So the amount for granaries, schoolhouses and new residences and the purchase of stock and implements, clothing, etc., has been astonishingly large.

When one regards the fact that on their arrival in this country only four per cent. of the Doukhobors could read or write, and that the fear of an official class had been deeply rooted by more than a century of alternate persecution, prosperity and subsequent confiscation, it is not astonishing that there are difficulties in persuading them to accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of full Canadian citizenship. Fear and suspicion are difficult feelings to eradicate, and the calm way in which certain Canadian citizens assume that corruption is part and parcel of our Government system certainly is not calculated to reassure foreigners or Britishers who come to seek their fortune in our country.

By 11 o'clock in the morning we were off, packed cosily into a double-seated wagon, on our way to Verigin, the new Doukhobor village on the Canadian Northern line. Through miles of newly-broken prairie land we passed. Wherever the eye turned there were those acres upon acres, showing how great was the increase in settlement. Here against the velvety blackness of the upturned earth there would from time to time spring into view a vivid splash of deep rose color, one of the "last roses of summer," a blossom cheated out of its spring finery by the mass of metal which ploughed relentlessly through the thick matting of prairie grasses, turning them downward as the velvet loam rolled upward, facing the sky. But the little flower was not to be cheated out of a last glimpse of the autumn sky, which had so often smiled down upon its late debut in days gone by, and poking up between the stiff ridges of earth the little pink flower sent its messages of promise of summers to come, and cheered us on our thirty-mile drive to Verigin.

The Heroism of Mr. Peglow

By E. J. Rath in Everybody's Magazine

EVEN though the door to the inner office was closed, the ears of Simeon Hobby could not escape from the maddening peck-peck-peck that came from beyond it. For at least the tenth time that afternoon he straightened up wearily from his desk, sighed, and shook his head slowly. Then he looked in the direction of Mr. Peglow, who was shifting restlessly on the top of his high stool. There was some satisfaction in knowing that Peglow shared the misery.

Mr. Hobby wondered if ever again the firm of Hobby & Hoople would know the joy of quiet, peaceful concentration, safe from the distracting peck-peck-peck that issued from behind the glass door. For three months now he had been unable to figure an estimate, write a letter, or even read a newspaper, except to the accompaniment of Miss Pickett's typewriter.

For sixty years Hobby & Hoople had prospered, in spite of the fact that their correspondence was not typewritten. The original Hobby and the original Hoople were dead these many years, but the firm, which was now none other than Simeon Hobby, solely and exclusively, had never seen any reason to change its sign. It was not much given to change, in fact. It had the same office, the same furniture, the same habits. It was highly respectable, deservedly prosperous, and enjoyed such a fame for conservatism that some people said it was old-maidish.

The buying of a typewriter and the employment of a young person to manipulate it had been a matter of long and serious consideration by Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow. By birth, instinct, and long training, Mr. Peglow was even more conservative than his employer. Together, he and Mr. Hobby had grown up in the business, one to become the firm, the other its chief clerk and book-keeper. Together they had pursued an even tenor of commercial placidity. Mr. Peglow was little and thin and bald. Mr. Hobby was comfortably fat. They shared a serenity that nothing had ever disturbed—until Miss Pickett came.

It was Mr. Hobby who was really responsible for her. In a deferentially shy manner Mr. Peglow had let it be known that he considered her advent a dangerous innovation. He might even have carried the day had he been firm, but Mr. Peglow was far too considerate of his employer's desires to dream of anything like open opposition. So, in a moment of weakness, Mr. Hobby had yielded to the insidious advance of that thing called Progress. Henceforth, the letters of Hobby & Hoople would be typewritten.

Miss Pickett was young and brisk and smiling, in sharp relief to the dinginess of the office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow did not mind that so much—although when two men have passed the fifty-year mark together, without marriage, they are apt to be "set." It was the noise that hurt. That was something to which they had given no consideration. But for three months now they had been able to give consideration to little else.

They had never spoken to each other about it. Secretly, Mr. Hobby pitied Mr. Peglow, whose annoyance he had furtively watched for some time. Secretly, also, Mr. Peglow had observed the misery of his employer, and his grief had an added poignancy because he realized that, at the crucial moment, he had failed to be sufficiently outspoken against the impending evil. Miss

Pickett, who observed nothing of their distress, conscientiously pecked away at the typewriter, with what seemed to be a daily increasing ardor.

On this particular afternoon Mr. Hobby watched the trim figure of Miss Pickett depart from the office with a feeling of relief. Then he was seized with sudden resolution.

"Mr. Peglow," he said quietly.

Mr. Peglow slipped from his high stool and approached his employer's desk.



The Original Hobby and the Original Hoople.

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow sat down, with full understanding that something of importance had happened.

"Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby, folding his hands across his waistcoat, "Miss Pickett has now been with us for three months."

"Yes, sir," confirmed Mr. Peglow.

"And we are having our correspondence typewritten."

"Yes, sir."

"Is our business increasing, Mr. Peglow?"

"It is normally good, sir," said Mr. Peglow conservatively.

"What I am getting at," explained Mr. Hobby, "is whether, as a result of having our correspondence typewritten, we are increasing the volume of our business."

"Hum," said Mr. Peglow reflectively. "I—I think it's about the same, sir."

The house of Hobby & Hoople remained silent for several moments, thinking deeply. At last he observed:

"I have been watching you at odd times, Mr. Peglow, ever since Miss Pickett came."

"Yes, sir."

"I think she annoys you."

"Oh, indeed," protested Mr. Peglow, "I am sure Miss Pickett is quite ladylike."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby hastily. "I did not mean that. Miss Pickett is, indeed, a genteel person. What I mean is, I think the noise of the typewriter is distressing to you."

Mr. Peglow shrugged his shoulders.

"I think it distracts your mind," continued Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow waved his hands in a deprecating way.

"In short, I think you no longer work in comfort, Mr. Peglow."

"Um—m—well—possibly," admitted Mr. Peglow.

"And do you know that I have the same feeling myself?" said Mr. Hobby, eyeing his chief clerk.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow promptly.

Mr. Hobby looked surprised. He did not know that Mr. Peglow had been observing him. After another pause he cleared his throat and said very firmly:

"We both owe a certain duty to the house of Hobby & Hoople, Mr. Peglow."

"We do, sir; most assuredly."

"The duty of always doing our best," added Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow confirmed it with a nod.

"On the other hand, Mr. Peglow, the firm"—Mr. Hobby always spoke impersonally of the firm—"owes to us an opportunity to do our best work. It owes us quiet and freedom from interruption, and a fair chance."

"Yes, sir; I think so, sir."

"But we are not getting that opportunity, Mr. Peglow," said his employer, with sudden and significant emphasis.

Mr. Peglow nodded his head mournfully.

"We are being annoyed," continued Mr. Hobby.

A shrug.

"Our nerves are being destroyed," added Mr. Hobby, in further indictment of the firm.

Another shrug from Mr. Peglow.

"Very good, then," said Mr. Hobby. "The duty of the firm is clear. We—I—shall dismiss Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow gazed out of the window and felt uncomfortable. Never in his day had the firm of Hobby & Hoople discharged anybody. Lifetimes were spent in its service, rather. The very idea of a discharge was a shock to Mr. Peglow. To be sure, Mr. Hobby had softened the word, but he could not soften the fact.

"The firm owes it to us, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby judicially. "I shall dismiss Miss Pickett to-morrow. Er—how long do you think it is customary to give notice?"

Mr. Peglow shook his head helplessly, for this was another innovation.

"A week?" asked Mr. Hobby doubtfully.

The chief clerk spread his hands in a gesture of doubt.

"Two weeks?"

Mr. Peglow pursed his lips, but made no gesture.

"Very well; it shall be two weeks," decided Mr. Hobby. 'Thank you very much, Mr. Peglow."

It was quite nine o'clock the following morning when Miss Pickett arrived. Mr. Peglow had been at his desk for an hour, and Mr. Hobby was already immersed in the morning's mail. As Mr. Peglow nodded a good morning to Miss Pickett, he felt a vague sense of pity for his employer. Presently he saw the young woman come out of the inner office with her notebook and seat herself beside Mr. Hobby's desk. Then he bent over his books and shut his ears against the world.

After a little while Miss Pickett went back to her office, and the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter again disturbed the serenity of the firm. Mr. Peglow wondered how



He Shut his Ears Against the World.

she had stood the blow. It seemed to have produced no discernible effect; rather, there appeared to be an added note of cheerfulness in the racking sound that came from behind the glass door. Nor was there any sign the next day, nor the next, in fact, all that week. Each morning Mr. Peglow would greet Miss Pickett gravely, almost sorrowfully, and each morning she would be smiling as gaily as the day before. It was inexplicable.

A second week began and Mr. Peglow found it necessary to consult his employer on a most unusual matter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said hesitatingly, "but shall I remove Miss Pickett's name from the pay-roll after this week?"

Mr. Hobby made no answer for a minute. Then he said:

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow."

Mr. Peglow sat down and waited.

"I—er"—began Mr. Hobby, with averted eyes—"I—well, the fact is, Mr. Peglow, I have not yet discharged Miss Pickett."

"Ah!" said Mr. Peglow, in mild astonishment.

"No," continued his employer. "You see, Mr. Peglow, there was a difficulty. I could not discharge her without sufficient cause. That would be unjust, and the firm of Hobby & Hoople cannot afford to work injustice to any one."

"Certainly not, sir."

"So I have been looking for a reason."

"I understand," said Mr. Peglow sympathetically.

"Can you think of a reason?" inquired Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow thought for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders.

"We must have a reason, Mr. Peglow."

"Yes, sir; of course. I was just thinking——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Hobby eagerly.

"Well," said Mr. Peglow uneasily and with a sense of guilt, "I was thinking that Miss Pickett is not always very punctual in the morning."

"You have spoken a truth, Mr. Peglow," declared his employer, nodding his head. "Miss Pickett is not punctual. Yet punctuality is one of the fundamental laws of business. I am glad you mentioned the matter. I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for not being punctual."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow, returning to his books.

A moment later he heard Mr. Hobby's bell tap gently. Miss Pickett came out of the inner office with her notebook and slipped into her accustomed seat.

"I shall not dictate, thank you, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

Miss Pickett lowered her pencil from its poise.

"Miss Pickett," began Mr. Hobby, with an effort.

"Yes, sir?" said Miss Pickett encouragingly.

"Hem," coughed Mr. Hobby, gazing at his desk. "There is something I very much regret to mention, Miss Pickett. It is that—how shall I put it?—that—er—that you are not what I should call quite punctual in the mornings."

Miss Pickett nodded her head in confession.

Mr. Hobby coughed again. "Really, you know," he added, "it is unpleasant to be compelled to speak of these things, but——"

"You are quite right to speak of it, Mr. Hobby," said Miss Pickett.

"Thank you, Miss Pickett," said her employer gratefully. "I felt sure you would agree with me. You see our hour for beginning business is eight o'clock. It is quite necessary that we should get things under way by that time. And it would not be right to make exceptions in favor of anybody."

"Certainly not," assented Miss Pickett, nodding vigorously.

"Even though you are a young lady," added Mr. Hobby. "It would not be fair to others."

"Of course it wouldn't, Mr. Hobby."

"I hate to say it, you know," continued Mr. Hobby hesitatingly, "but——"

"You were perfectly right to say it, Mr. Hobby." broke in Miss Pickett. "I am glad you did. I shall do better in the future, sir."

"Wha—what?"

"I shall be down promptly at eight hereafter," said Miss Pickett resolutely.

"But I—that is, you see—" stammered Mr. Hobby.

"I can do it very easily, sir," said

Miss Pickett, "and I am grateful to you for calling my attention to it."

Mr. Hobby gazed vacantly at a pile of papers on his desk and seemed bereft of speech. He stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Is that all, sir?" asked Miss Pickett, gathering up her notebook.

"You are quite sure you can do it?" asked Mr. Hobby sadly.

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. It will be no hardship at all."

"Very well, Miss Pickett. That is all just now, thank you.

Miss Pickett retired to the inner office. For many minutes the head of the house of Hobby & Hoople sat immersed in thought. Then the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter aroused him and he sighed wearily.

Three days later Mr. Peglow approached his employer with the self-effacing, deferential manner that always cloaked him.

"Shall I make the change in the pay-roll, sir?" he inquired.

"Not yet, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby in a subdued tone.

The chief clerk did not permit himself to express astonishment.

"You see, Mr. Peglow," explained the firm, "the circumstances are somewhat changed. Miss Pickett has promised to be punctual in the future."

"I see," said Mr. Peglow, with an understanding nod.

"Which removes the cause for dismissal," added Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow ruefully.

At that instant the typewriter in the inner office began a new staccato movement, and Mr. Peglow and Mr. Hobby looked at each other sympathetically.

"Can't you think of another reason?" asked the head of the firm, squirming.

Mr. Peglow appeared to think deeply. The task was most unpleasant, but he realized that it was necessary.

"I might suggest, sir," he said, at length, "that Miss Pickett does not always spell accurately. That is, not habitually," he added hastily.

"Thank you, Mr. Peglow," said his employer. "Now that I come to think of it, I have noticed the same thing. Miss Pickett, indeed, spells quite badly. Our correspondence should never be misspelled."

"No, sir; of course not."

"Therefore, I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for faulty spelling."

Mr. Peglow sighed and returned to his books, while Mr. Hobby, firm in his resolution, immediately sent for Miss Pickett.

"Sit down, if you please, Miss Pickett," he said, waving her to a seat. He took a letter from his desk.

"This letter, Miss Pickett," he began, "is addressed to one of our oldest customers, the firm of Gammidge & Tillson."

Miss Pickett indicated her comprehension with a nod.

"Gammidge & Tillson," repeated Mr. Hobby. "But I find that you have spelled Gammidge without a "d."

"Did I?" asked Miss Pickett, in a tone of surprise. "Why, so I did. But now I think of it, sir, I have always been spelling it that way."

"You have, indeed," said Mr. Hobby, his task enlightened by the frank admission.

"I never knew there was a 'd' in it," added Miss Pickett.

"You didn't?" exclaimed Mr. Hobby in amazement.

"You never told me," said Miss Pickett simply.

Mr. Hobby showed traces of embarrassment.

"I—I guess you are right, Miss Pickett," he said, fumbling for another letter. "We will pass that over, if you please. It was quite my fault; I should have told you. But here is a letter where the case is quite diffirent. Here, where you make us say 'we would beg to state that we are shipping to you,' etc., you have spelled 'beg' with two

'g's' and you have put only one 'p' in 'shipping.'"

Miss Pickett leaned over and examined the letter.

"So I did," she said apologetically.

"And down here," continued Mr. Hobby, "you have spelled the word 'transmit' with two 't's,' and 'quote' as if it were 'quoit' and you have put but one 'l' in 'respectfully.'"

Miss Pickett again examined the letter with interest.

"I am a bad speller," she admitted. "A dreadful one."

"I fear so, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby in a regretful tone. "Yet



Miss Pickett Thumbed the Pages of her Dictionary Persistently.

it is necessary that our correspondence should be correctly spelled."

"Of course it is," declared Miss Pickett. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write that letter all over again."

Mr. Hobby looked startled and began hastily:

"But, Miss Pickett, spelling——"

"I know; I know, sir," interrupted Miss Pickett, nodding her head vigorously. "Spelling is very important. I always did have trouble with it. But I've just thought of a scheme."

"Yes?" said Mr. Hobby faintly.

"Couldn't you buy me a dictionary?"

Miss Pickett's eyes were sincere and appealing, and as Mr. Hobby met their friendly gaze he faltered.

"Even a small dictionary would do," added Miss Pickett.

Mr. Hobby turned an uneasy glance in the direction of Mr. Peglow. That faithful little man bent low over his ledger. The head of the firm stirred nervously in his seat, and then said, in a low voice:

"Certainly, Miss Pickett. You shall have a dictionary to-morrow."

"That will be lovely," said Miss Pickett gratefully, rising and picking up the offending letter. "Did you say there ought to be two 'l's' in 'respectfully'?"

"Yes, two," said Mr. Hobby, turning to his work with a sigh.

The following morning Mr. Peglow unwrapped a large package at the office. When his employer arrived he hastened to announce:

"A dictionary has been sent to us, sir. Doubtless there is some mistake."

"No, there isn't any mistake," said Mr. Hobby humbly.

"Is it meant for us?" asked Mr. Peglow in surprise.

"It's for Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow, mouth open, gazed at his employer for several seconds. Then he shook his head slowly from side to side and went back to his stool.

The pecking noise from the inner office continued to destroy the peace of the firm of Hobby & Hoople. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow endured in silence, as a sort of penance. For a fortnight they spoke no more of it. Each knew that the other's heart was full, but each possessed such an acute sense of delicacy that he refrained from allusion to an unpleasant topic. Miss Pickett continued to be conscientiously punctual in the mornings, and thumbed the pages of her dictionary so per-

sistently that spelling became a dead issue. There was more typewriting than ever now, for Miss Pickett wrote each letter twice. From the original copy she would carefully compare doubtful words with the bulky volume at her elbow; then she would rewrite each letter in accordance with the accepted standard of orthography. The educational value of the undertaking was great—for Miss Pickett—but it was wrecking the nervous systems of Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow.



"Where did you ever get the idea that the typewriter needed a new ribbon, Mr. Peglow ?"

"Cannot you think of any other reason, Mr. Peglow?" asked his employer one day, when his mood had become desperate.

"For what?" asked Mr. Peglow, temporizing weakly.

"For dismissing Miss Pickett."

Now, Mr. Peglow gladly would have been of assistance, but he could think of nothing, so he shook his head to signify that fact.

"But, don't you see," said Mr. Hobby, "that you and I cannot stand this much longer? You are going to break down under it. So am I. We shall never become accustomed to it. We are too old to learn. We must think of some other way."

"I wish I could," said Mr. Peglow unhappily.

"But you must," declared Mr. Hobby, with unwonted emphasis.

Mr. Peglow thought long and deeply, and then said:

"Couldn't you just do it on account of the real reason?"

Mr. Hobby brightened.

"Yes, I could, I suppose—and, by Jove I will! I will do it at once. Miss Pickett! No, no, Mr. Peglow; remain here, if you please."

Mr. Peglow shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as Miss Pickett appeared with her notebook.

"Er—Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir ?"

"Mr. Peglow and I"—it was cowardly to bring Mr. Peglow into it, but his employer felt the need of moral support—"Mr. Peglow and I

think—that is, we have come to the conclusion—that the typewriter is —er—why— By the way, what was it we were saying about the typewriter, Mr. Peglow ?"

Mr. Peglow gave his employer a glance of bitter reproach. Then he looked at Miss Pickett.

"I think we were saying, sir," he said slowly, "that the typewriter was in need of a new ribbon."

Mr. Hobby gazed at his clerk in amazement. Mr. Peglow was slightly flushed. Had he been anybody other than himself, his expression might have been interpreted as one of defiance. The head of the firm ventured to look at Miss Pickett. Then he groveled.

"Does it need a new ribbon ?" he asked, swallowing hard.

"Why, I hardly think so," said Miss Pickett, puzzled. "I put on a new one yesterday afternoon."

Mr. Hobby bent his head over his desk and began to examine minutely a letter that he had just signed.

"So you did; so you did," be murmured. "Where did you ever get the idea that the typewriter needed a new ribbon, Mr. Peglow?"

"—I don't know, sir," said Mr. Peglow awkwardly. "Perhaps I was mistaken."

"Yes, you were mistaken," said Mr. Hobby almost severely, still examining the letter. "The ribbon seems quite new. I guess that's all, Miss Pickett, thank you."

Miss Pickett went back to the inner office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow ventured to look at each other. Not a word was spoken. The chief clerk sighed eloquently and returned to his high stool. The firm shook his head slowly and bent over his desk.

They endured another week of it, during which Mr. Peglow made no further allusions to the payroll. What they suffered neither confided to the other, though each continued his surreptitious and sympathetic observations.

Then, late one day, Mr. Hobby summoned his chief clerk.

"Mr. Peglow," he said, "I shall not be here to-morrow."

Mr. Peglow looked incredulous, for this was another innovation.

"No," continued Mr. Hobby. "And I shall not be here probably for several weeks."

Mr. Peglow stood in mute amazement.

"I am going away, Mr. Peglow," said the firm wearily. "Going away for a rest. My nerves demand it. I can endure it no longer. You will have to look after the business."

Mr. Peglow bowed his head submissively.

"There is one other thing," added Mr. Hobby. "I have been thinking of it for a long time, Mr. Peglow. I am going to make you an offer of partnership."

Mr. Peglow was too overcome for speech. There was an almost painful silence, broken only by the peck-peck-peck from the inner room.

"You have long been a faithful employe, Mr. Peglow," his employer continued at last. "I have reached the point in life where I wish to share the burdens—and the profits —of the business. I can think of none so deserving as you."

The chief clerk was still speechless.

"Therefore," said Mr. Hobby, "I intend to make you my partner—on one condition."

He looked up at Mr. Peglow very gravely, then over his shoulder to see whether the glass door was closed. After that he leaned forward and whispered hoarsely:

"On condition that you dispense with that—that noise."

Mr. Peglow swallowed hard, his face showing an expression of mingled joy and anguish.

"Mr. Hobby," he began, "I am so deeply grateful to you that I cannot find the right words to say. But——"

"Good-by, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby abruptly, rising from his

chair, slamming down the lid of his desk, and reaching for his hat "Good-by, sir. I am going at once. I may be gone a couple of weeks —or a month; I don't know. I leave it all in your hands."

He seized Mr. Peglow's unresisting hand, wrung it warmly, and walked briskly out. Mr. Peglow gazed after him stupidly. A partnership! The dream of his life was to become a reality. No longer would he be with Hobby & Hoople; he would be of them. He drew a deep breath and straightened his little figure manfully. He glanced about the dusty office with the old feeling of tenderness, and an entirely new sensation of proud possession. Then his eye fell on the glass door and his ear caught the sound that came from within. The joy faded out of his countenance and he became a picture of dejection. For a full minute he stood thus, his hands twitching nervously. Then Mr. Peglow did something that no man had ever seen him do before. He doubled up his first, raised it over his head, and shook it in impotent rage.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople was gone for a full three weeks, during which time he wrote not a single letter to Mr. Peglow, greatly to that gentleman's alarm. Then he appeared one forenoon, as suddenly as he had departed. Mr. Peglow found himself whacked heartily on the shoulder, and whisked about to view a rejuvenated Mr. Hobby, ruddy and smiling and almost boyish.

"And how are you, Mr. Peglow?" said the firm heartily.

"I am well, Mr. Hobby, and I am indeed glad to see you, sir."

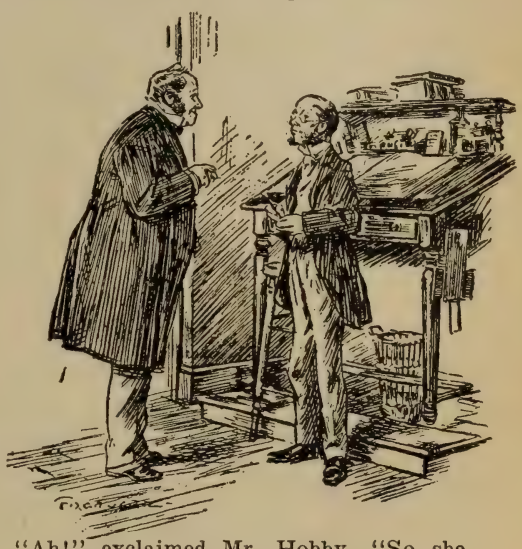
"You are looking fine," commented Mr. Hobby. "Has everything gone all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I think so."

Mr. Hobby swept a glance around the office and nodded his head, as if in confirmation. The door to the inner office was closed. No sound came from beyond it, although he listened almost fearfully. Then he tiptoed toward it softly, listened again, and finally opened it and entered.

There was nobody there. The typewriter stood pathetically on Miss Pickett's desk. He ran his finger along the top of the frame and found it thick with dust. Another layer of dust coated the dictionary. Mr. Hobby contemplated the scene for a moment and then sighed deeply.

Peglow had done it, after all. Peglow was a braver man than he. There was something unpleasant in the thought. Peglow was his



"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hobby, "So she went in happiness and not in sorrow."

partner now. Why shouldn't Peglow have been brave? He had a motive, an ambition. For the sake of the ambition he had—Mr. Hobby tried not to think about it. Of course, he wanted Peglow for his partner, but he disliked to reflect that his desire had been won in such a way. At any rate, it was his own fault, and he reproached himself for it. He never should have made such a condition He had forced Peglow to do it. He had shirked his own duty, and had offered the performance of it as a sort of bribe to another. The old-time

silence of the office no longer seemed so joyful as it did in other days. Actually, he seemed to miss that maddening peck-peck-peck.

Mr. Hobby stepped into the outer office again and closed the door behind him softly. Mr. Peglow was laboring over his accounts, his conscience apparently easy. The head of the firm studied his back in silence for half a minute. Then he said almost sharply:

"Mr. Peglow!"

"Yes, sir?" said Mr. Peglow, slipping off his stool.

"I believe you are my partner now, Mr. Peglow."

The little man dropped his eyes modestly.

"By that I mean," said Mr. Hobby, "you have—er—dismissed Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow did not lift his eyes, but made a slight inclination of the head.

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Peglow, how you accomplished it?"

"Why," said Mr. Peglow, in a low voice, "Miss Pickett left to be married."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hobby, his face brightening. "So she went in happiness and not in sorrow. I am glad, very glad, sir."

Mr. Peglow himself looked pleased.

"And whom did she marry?" inquired Mr. Hobby, with polite interest in the affairs of his late amanuensis.

"Me," said Mr. Peglow, with a blush.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople stared open-mouthed at the junior partner. Mr. Peglow's eyes fell again and he shifted his weight to the other foot. There was a long, embarrassed silence. Then Mr. Hobby roused himself and stepped forward impulsively. He seized Mr. Peglow's hand in a viselike grip, shook it violently, and turned to his desk without a word.

Five minutes later he paused midway in the task of opening a pile of letters, and muttered:

"I wonder why in the world I didn't think of that myself."

ACQUIRING TACT

It is generally conceded that tact is a quality which serves as well at all times and under all circumstances. And while all regard it as a thing greatly to be desired, many fail to recognize that it may be consciously cultivated. If we analyze tact we find that it is made up of certain elements:

A sympathetic knowledge of human nature, its fears, weakness, expectations, and inclination.

The ability to put yourself in the other person's place, and to consider the matter as it appears to him.

The magnanimity to deny expression to such of your thoughts as might unnecessarily offend another.

The ability to perceive quickly what is the expedient thing, and the willingness to make the necessary concessions.

The recognition that there are millions of different human opinions, of which your own is but one.

A spirit of unfeigned kindness such as makes even an enemy a debtor to your innate good will.

A patience that supplants accusation with the opportunity for self-discovery.

A recognition of what is customary under the circumstances and a gracious acceptance of the situation.

Gentleness, cheerfulness and sincerity—and such variations as the spirit of these may suggest.

The Creative Power of Advertising

By Truman A. De Weese in System

ADVERTISING is to-day the mightiest factor in the business world. It is an evolution of modern industrial competition. It is a business-builder, with a potency that goes beyond human desire. It is something more than a "drummer" knocking at the door of the consumer —something more than mere salesmanship-on-paper.

Advertising is a positive creative force in business. It builds factories, skyscrapers and railroads. It makes two blades of glass grow in the business world where only one grew before. It multiplies human wants and intensifies desires.

The result is that it forces man to greater consumption, hence stimulates his production to keep up with his buying desires.

Before advertising was developed into a fine art and before it became a factor in the commercial world, the business of the manufacturer and merchant was to supply the normal needs and desires of the human family. Merchandizing was bounded by man's necessities and by his meager knowledge of the luxuries which he deemed within his reach.

Modern advertising has made the luxuries of yesterday the necessities of to-day. It fills the human mind with new and fascinating desires. It has multiplied human necessities beyond the dreams of the merchants of twenty-five years ago.

Advertising is not merely a method of diverting trade away from the merchant or manufacturer who does not advertise. Its function is not merely to pull business away from unprogressive competitors. It actually creates business that would not have been. For it has psychological power as well as news value.

It not only supplies regular information at stated periods concerning the best and most economical methods of supplying the needs of a normal and comfortable existence, but, operating through well established psychological laws upon the human mind, it gradually implants in multiplied mentalities the idea that certain things are needed which were never before regarded as necessary to human contentment or happiness. It enlarges and expands the horizon of man's daily life and experience by bringing to his attention new commodities designed for his comfort and convenience without which he would have been perfectly happy in a state of blissful ignorance; but, having learned of their existence, he cannot find it in his heart to be happy or contented until he possesses them.

It is the constant reiteration of the so-called "selling arguments" in connection with a product that convinces and finally impels the reader to purchase. The constant dropping of the water of publicity gradually wears away the stone of indifference. The human mind is so constructed that it is appreciably affected by repetition —and, after all, advertising is nothing but repetition.

The average man was perfectly willing to use an old fashioned razor all his life. It apparently answered all the necessities of the tonsorial performance. The barber, indeed, still finds it a very satisfactory implement for removing the beards from the faces of his customers.

But along came the advertising man to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction, and now we find safety razors in use by thousands. Men were gradually impressed with the idea that they were behind the times and were unnecessarily depriving themselves of a source of comfort and convenience. In years gone by these same men who have been converted by the safety razor were content to make lather for their faces in shaving mugs. After much laborious oscillation of the brush they finally managed

to produce enough lather to cover their faces. Now, having learned the beauties of the shaving stick, they make lather on their faces instead of in a mug.

Breakfast cereal advertising has revolutionized our notions of dietetics. The oatmeal porridge habit, brought over by the Scotch Presbyterians, has gradually developed through the medium of educational advertising into a universal cereal habit, until now it is a generally accepted fact that no breakfast is hygienic or complete that does not be-



"Our parents were happy and contented if they could have one pair of shoes at a time."

gin with a cereal food. After reading the seductive and persuasive advertisements for a certain well known substitute for coffee, the woman who is disturbed by frequent flutterings and palpitations in the cardiac region becomes impressed with the notion that she has a "coffee heart," and it is this notion, multiplied and intensified over and over again, that has built up an enterprise employing thousands of persons, which annually does a business of many millions of dollars.

Time was when the ambitious musician was willing to go through the travail of daily practice on the piano under the direction of an expensive music master to acquire the art of extracting melody from the instrument. Unless the clever and persistent advertising man is headed off, however, piano playing will soon become a lost art. The picture of a pianola in front of the piano instead of Paderewski gradually impresses the reader with the uselessness and foolishness of the long and laborious hours expended upon piano practice.

In former times most women were content to worry along through this vale of tears enveloped in the cuticle which Nature gave them, regardless whether it was alabaster or whether it was tinted with the brown pigment that colors the epidermis of the Oriental races. Nowadays, under the influence of the man who writes the beautiful lines about skin foods, and creams, the modern woman conceives it to be her duty to be "beautiful" and she becomes impressed with the fact that certain creamy and oleaginous compounds are supposed to make the skin as smooth as velvet and to supply the deficiencies of Nature; hence new factories, new laboratories and new industries.

The advertising man has also made six pairs of shoes grow in the average man's closet where formerly there flourished but one.

Our parents were happy and contented if they could have one pair of shoes at a time. Nowadays, under the influence of some of the most persuasive advertising that appears in the public press, no man is content without a half dozen pairs of shoes to provide him with all the changes necessary to bring about the "foot ease" which he has been persuaded to believe is his by natural right.

Under the spell of modern advertising genius, we are prone to

wonder, indeed, how we could have worried along in our earlier days with one pair of shoes.

And think for a moment what modern advertising has done for human happiness and enjoyment by bringing within our reach the witchery of the kodak. How it has brought to the poor and rich alike the most fascinating of all outdoor pastimes. The mystic alchemy of the camera man has become an open book. Advertising has let daylight into the "dark room." Photography with all its artistic joys and thrilling surprises is no longer a sealed book. Through advertising the kodak man has imbued us with the idea that it is our duty to preserve in yards of film the images of loved ones as well as the records of instances and occasions that are invested with unusual joy—records that will recall the pleasurable and delightful associations of the past. By multiplying these impressions in the human mind the advertiser has built a mammoth industry and a business which ramifies every quarter of the habitable globe.

In many instances the advertiser becomes an evangel of conciliation who breaks down our deep seated but unreasonable prejudices. Witness his work in popularizing the automobile and in hastening the day when the horseless carriage will be the universal vehicle of conveyance. When the automobile first made its appearance upon our streets and highways its progress was impeded by the jibes and jeers of those who could not believe that a locomotive running wildly in the streets would ever be permitted to supplant the ordinary forms of conveyance. The popular prejudice against it seemed well nigh insurmountable.

Printer's ink, skilfully and persistently used, has broken down this prejudice, and now thousands of smoking chimneys mark the industrial monuments to the genius of the modern advertiser. Popular prejudice has been removed and the human mind is gradually acquiring the notion that the automobile is no longer a luxury and a plaything but a convenience and utility.

Not only in man's desires but in his demand for quality has he been educated by advertising. Flour ground at the old grist mill on the outskirts of the village above the old swimming pool made the bread we ate as boys. But now,



"Nowadays, no man is content without a half-dozen pairs."

since the flour miller has bought big space telling us about purity and cleanliness and grade in flour, we buy a "brand."

In clothing, we ask for "all-wool" and voice our suspicions of "mercerized cotton." Advertising has educated us and instilled the desire for better quality.

In canned meats and vegetables, in hams, in tonics—everywhere we talk wisely of the factors that make

for quality. And all this knowledge and consequent demand for quality is due to advertising.

Advertising creates business. But it does more. It impels a man to greater buying. To buy more, he must earn more. It therefore inevitably increases his productiveness and actually increases the spending power of the public.

You remember the many stories of the country lad, who saw, in a passing train or a chance meeting, the splendor of clothing and surroundings of the wealthy man; and how he silently determined to get those luxuries for himself some day; and put more energy and ambition into his effort from that day on?

We are all like the country boy. Advertising shows the convenience of six pairs of shoes, of steam radiators, of safety razors, the healthfulness of eating pure flour, cereals, meats; the pleasures of the phonograph, the piano player, the kodak.

We want those things. To buy them requires money. We must earn more money. If the desire were created for only one or two articles the effect would probably not be so marked. But this buying pressure is on us from all sides, constantly; and unconsciously but surely we speed up our efforts to secure the wherewithal that will satisfy our desires.

FRAGRANT PHILOSOPHY

No true Christian is both good and disagreeable.

Haste and distrust are certain indices of weakness.

Whether or not all love is blind, self-love certainly is.

A man to climb far must each day surmount at least one fear.

Some humans are labeled "Contented" when "Lost Ambition" is meant.

Will is as far removed from wilfulness as is courage from cowardice.

Flattery is turned to good account when used as a guidepost to all one ought to be.

There is truth in all creeds. Each is a segment in the circle of the truth completed.

The main ingredients of true manliness are a forgetfulness of self and a constant regard for duty.

The wise man knows enough to change his opinions with conditions; only the fool is invariably consistent.

If you like your neighbor he is "decided"; if you dislike him he is "obstinate." It's all in the point of view.

Science and Invention

Gold as a Medicine

THE chief use of gold in medicine would appear at present to figure as a reward for the physician's services, and doses of this kind are often by no means homeopathic in quantity. A much-advertised cure for alcoholism professes to use chlorid of gold, and although its critics assert that the therapeutic value of this substance is absolutely nil, some reputable physicians would appear to be using this or some similar salt of gold in the treatment of various ailments. Professor Grasset uses chlorid of gold and sodium in chronic rheumatism. Dr. Bue, of Paris, injects a dilute solution of the same substance into tuberculous tumors. Professor Lemoine, of Lille, gives bromid of gold in epilepsy. Professor Robin has announced the use of this same bromid in the treatment of cancer. Finally, Dr. Calmette, of Lille, uses in cases of viper bite a hypodermic injection of a dilute solution of chlorid of gold. Gold in the coloidal form has also been tried as a medicine, as well as silver and platinum in the same form. The king of metals was once also the king of medicines; it is doubtless so no longer, but it has not lost all prestige; possibly it may be worth taking up again.

Photography in Natural Colors

A PROCESS of color photography successful and cheap enough to be practicable has been perfected and last month was put on the market in the United States. This invention of the famous house of Lumiere, of Paris, is the realization of the dream of photographers ever since the first daguerreotypes were taken. And it will probably be revolutionary of the art of photography.

The process has not yet achieved a colored reproduction on paper, but these successful colored transparencies are wonderful enough. They alter the essential character of photography—the making of pictures by contrasts of light and shadow. There are no shadows in the color process. For instance, the side of a sitter's face that is away from the light does not appear on the plate as a black, but simply as a darker flesh-tint. Hence, these plates produce a startling effect of reality, as if one saw before him a living thing. Think of a portrait of Lincoln that should show not only his height and breadth and the lines of his face and figure, but that should show also the exact color of his eyes, the tints of his complexion, the exact shade of every gray hair among the black, the gold of his watch chain, the rusty black of his hat and coat—all in shades so delicately graduated that the almost indistinguishable difference between the flesh-tint of the face and the flesh-tint of the hands is clearly indicated. Think of the interest and value of a national gallery of such portraits of the past. Such a dazzling prospect for the future seems open by the perfection of a process that seems already well-nigh perfect.

In landscapes and in "still life" pictures, equally wonderful results have been achieved. In one plate the delicate shade of green reflected on a white surface by the sunlight on green leaves is caught perfectly.

The process is as simple as ordinary photography, and is very similar to some of the old processes of developing and fixing. One plate has

been made—exposed, developed, and fixed—in nine minutes.

The most intricate part of the entire process is the manufacture of the plate, which does not need to concern the photographer. The "autochrome" plates, as they are called, are made with the aid of minute grains of starch—dyed violet, green, and orange—which are mixed and dusted over the plate. When it leaves the inventors' hands the plate resembles a piece of ordinary ground glass, the intermingled colors being indistinguishable. Its surface is, of course, coated with a sensitive photographic emulsion.

This plate is placed in the camera with the glass side toward the lens, so that the light rays from the object being photographed must pass through this mosaic of colored starch grains before reaching the film, on which the corresponding color values are impressed. After the developing baths, the result is a color positive which, when held to the light, shows the object in its natural colors.

The inventors of the process are the Lumiere brothers, Louis and Auguste, of Paris, working under the inspiration of their father, M. Antoine Lumiere, the distinguished dry-plate manufacturer, inventor of the moving-picture machine, philanthropist, and portrait-painter. M. Antoine Lumiere is now visiting the United States.

A Thirty Knot Vessel

THERE is now under way in Great Britain an experiment, which, if successful, will mark a new step in marine propulsion and achieve results by which the Lusitania's speed record will be put in the shade. The keynote of the idea is the application of electricity to turbines, and a well-known firm of engineers is equipping a vessel with an apparatus designed to make the test both practical and complete.

It must be remembered that the steam turbine is most efficient when running at high speed, while a ship's propeller, on the other hand, will not work efficiently at the highest speed. If the speed be increased beyond a certain point, far below the most efficient speed of the turbine, the blades of the propeller simply churn the water instead of driving the ship. It is impossible to gear down from a turbine to a propeller shaft, for the horsepower of marine turbines is too great for any practical form of gearing. Consequently the turbine has to be run slowly, and an inevitable loss of efficiency in this direction is put up with.

The plan upon which the firm of engineers which is now preparing to make the practical test spoken of is not that the turbine should be coupled directly to the propeller shaft, as is now done, but should drive high-speed electrical generators and supply current to electrical motors for driving the propellers. Some alteration in the disposal of the machinery would be necessary, but, on the whole, there would be a gain of space, but more important than any consideration of space, the electrical system possesses the advantage that the motors can be reversed almost immediately.

A future Lusitania may be driven by turbo-generators of 100,000 horsepower at a speed of thirty knots. Such a vessel would have six turbo-generators of 20,000 horsepower each, one of which would be in reserve. Each of her four propellers and the shafts would be provided with six motors of 5,000 horsepower, five of which would do the work, while the other would be a standby, running light, but ready on the pressure of a button on the bridge to take up its share of duty.

For the bridge electrical transmission will mean a revolution; the navigating officer will no longer have to signal his orders for the manoeuvring of the ship to the engine room. He will have beside him a keyboard of push buttons by which he himself

will control every movement of the ship instead of ordering the engineers. To go astern, for example, he will push a button which will reverse the motors, and so with every variation of speed and direction. The eye that sees the danger and the hand that prevents disaster will be controlled by one brain, and the navigating officer on the bridge, conscious of imminent peril, will not have to transmit mechanically his orders to the unseen engine room below, where their immediate performance, on which the vessel's safety depends, may be hindered by slow comprehension or an accident of some other nature.

Woman as an Inventor

UP to ten years ago, a search of the patent office reports would have attested to the customary claim of the male doer of things that woman was backward where great originality was required. But behold what a decade has done; not a page of the official report of patents but that some woman's success is recorded. And not alone this; for each year there is to be found an increasing number of successful women inventors whose inventions are not patented in their own names, but bought outright by manufacturers and business firms who themselves secure the patent.

Inquiry at manufacturing plants and mercantile houses reveals the fact that women employes are constantly suggesting improvements in the machinery and methods employed by the firms. A woman clerk in a New York store invented some time ago a parcel delivery system which netted her substantial returns. And one New England mill owner, herself an inventor, enjoys the right to several patents that represent the ingenuity of the women operators in her employment, one of the devices bringing in over twenty thousand dollars a year.

Those acquainted with the field say that fully three hundred of the patents taken out by women within the last ten years are yielding unusually large returns to the inventors, and that others not yet put on the market are destined to be equally successful. When a device can command within a few minutes after being patented, twenty thousand dollars, the originator of the idea is quite beyond masculine criticism, and such was the offer to the woman inventor of the satchel bottomed paper bag. A simple glove buttoner is yielding the woman who thought out the scheme five thousand dollars a year. A patented adjustable waist supporter has made the inventor independent. A device for opening letters has proved exceedingly profitable; and the young woman who originated a convenient traveling bag has made money enough to set herself up in business.

School teachers have easily fallen into the class of originators of practical ideas, and have furnished valuable educational methods and devices. These range from kindergarten utilities to school room furniture, and include rest books, blackboard erasers, school bags, and so forth.

The gradual increase of the number of women factory workers is evidenced in the factory appliances which come improved from their hands. Again, the far Northwest runs to household novelties, like butter workers, brushes for cleaning upholstery, and compositions for kindling fires.

To enumerate the inventions which have come from women in the last five years is to include a lock with three thousand combinations, a letter box for the outside of houses which shows a signal when there is a letter inside for the postman to collect, an improved canteen, an apparatus for removing wool from skin by electricity, a speedy and profitable process for making horseshoes. a new aluminum solder, improvements in harnesses and vehicles, and

a buttonhole cutting machine by which the distance between the buttonholes is measured automatically.

Nothing could be more divergent than the inventions which have engaged women inventors during any two consecutive months of last year. A woman pupil at a New York school of embalming invented a burial apparatus that has been approved by popular undertakers. And then the list runs through alarm clocks; a fire escape device, a brake for vehicles, a fruit press, a carpet stretcher, a system of ventilating buildings, a barrel tapping and emptying device, a hammer guard for firearms, a bottle filling apparatus and an invalid chair.

Undoubtedly the opportunities for higher education enjoyed to-day by women are responsible for their great activity in this new field. Again, the four million women workers in this country are more than industrious; they are bringing great skill and fine training to bear on the work. Woman has become dissatisfied with the few learned professions. She wishes to attest her practical nature; and the fact that she is doing inventive work of a high order demonstrates her efficiency as a practical worker.

"Amphibious" Machine, Latest Gasoline Invention

JULES RAVUILLIER, a French inventor. is demonstrating in New York the utility of an invention he calls a "canot voiture." The machine, which is practically an auto for land and water travel, has the appearance of a lifeboat on wheels and can go, it is said, at a speed of 40 miles an hour on land and 19 knots on water.

Mr. Ravuillier has succeeded in bringing his invention before the French naval authorities, which resulted in an order for 60 machines which will be placed at different life saving stations along the coast of France. It is covered like a canoe, with an opening in the centre, to contain the operators, and the wheels are rubber tired like a motor car. In speaking of the merits of his machine, M. Rauvillier said that it would ride out the heaviest seas, could not capsize, and would take the water like a duck when launched from the beach.

The Smoke Menace

SMOKE or soot is rated by Dr. A. Jacobi as the chief cause of acute inflammations of the lungs, which Ascher, of Stuttgart, has shown are increasing in England, Germany and America. The increase is chiefly among infants and old people. Industrial districts had a mortality of nurslings six times as great as agricultural communities, and districts of dense smoke had a much larger death rate than other industrial centres. The rate among coal miners is 130 per cent. above the average of the male population. Animals inhaling smoke—like those in large cities—have been found to contract pneumonia and tuberculosis much more frequently and quickly than those in clear air, although there is a singular belief that soot in the lungs prevents tuberculosis. On that theory the metal grinders of Sheffield, until 25 years ago, sought immunity by visiting places charged with coal-dust after being in metal dust all day. Few escaped "grinders' asthma," and that is really tuberculosis.

What Men of Note Are Saying

A Talk on Opportunities

By Rudyard Kipling

IN all walks of life in every quarter of the empire you will find to-day men content, more than content, eager to endure any hardship, any misunderstanding, for aims that are not even remotely theirs, for objects in which they have no specific interest except the honor and integrity and advancement of their village, their town, their state, their province, or their country. Now, the history of Canada, of all young nations, as I read it, is the record of just that spirit, the story of just those men, the pioneers who rode out in advance of the community, and who broke the trails for their brothers' use. And we are so new even now that in every quarter of the empire to-day you can see those pioneers putting forth on their quests. Behind them lie little towns, collections of shacks or tin-roofed houses, where they buy their trading outfit and their trading goods. The men you know, the men who live in them, will tell you seriously that in a few years they will be second Torontos, second Johannesburgs, second Wellingtons, second Melbournes, as the case may be. And we laugh, knowing how miracles are wrought on our own behalf. We cannot conceive that they will be wrought for anyone else.

But we do not laugh a few years later when one of those lonely pioneers rides up to us, the Mayor of his city—no mean city—and well on his way to be a millionaire. We laugh still less when his city writes to our dearest hated rival and wishes to know how soon he can deliver a million and three-quarters city water mains, with pipes and sewers, as per specification appended. Then we mourn. Then we grieve. Then we say to ourselves if we had only known, had only guessed that that dear little jumping-off place to nowhere was going to be what it is we would have paid it some attention, we would have had more faith in it; and then we would be sharing the contract. But we have only to meet another man, and we go straight away and make the same mistake, laughing at this man on another pony, hailing from another collection of houses which will be another city.

Early Marriage an Aid to Financial Success

By E. H. Harriman

MATRIMONY is not essentially a business proposition, in fact it never should be regarded as such, but, nevertheless, marriage often plays an important part in the race for what is commonly called success.

I shall tell you what success really is. It is the accomplishment of any one task as well or better than the same task can be accomplished by another. To the young man who would be a success in life I would give these hints:

Always be courteous, always be friendly, and do the best you can under all circumstances.

Are you married? No? Well, then, you should get married soon. Choose a good woman, a co-operative woman, one who will interest herself in whatever work it may be incumbent upon you to do.

American-Japanese Relations

By K. Tsudzuki, Japan's Representative at the Hague Conference

THE question now is not what may be said concerning war but what may be said to maintain peace. It is almost a maxim of officials of every government that the word war should be omitted from the vocabulary until that unfortunate state exists.

There is every reason why America and Japan should maintain our long established friendly relations. Nations are much like men. The impressions of youth are likely to be lasting, and we cannot forget that the United States of America first awakened our nation to a realization of the benefits of western civilization and implanted in us as a nation the spirit of ambition to improve. Since the arrival of Commodore Perry's fleet in Tokio harbor down to the present time the United States has been our friend in time of trouble.

You were the first power to recognize the necessity for the abolition of extra territorial jurisdiction. You were the cause of the restitution to us of $3,000,000 Shimonoseki indemnity, which we were forced to pay to several nations because we refused to allow foreign ships to pass through Shimonoseki Straits. Even in the supreme crisis of Japan's existence, during the Russo-Japanese war, the sentiment of America was so greatly in our favor that our hearts were filled with gratitude.

When I refer to these acts of your people's friendship and the gratitude we still feel toward you I want you to understand this is the attitude of all right thinking people in Japan, and from the utterances of Secretary Taft, recently in Japan, I venture to say only a small proportion of the people of the States fail to see the question in the right light.

I have visited the States many times, the last time in the suite of Marquis Ito during his visit of 1901, and I am a great admirer of the American people. Both the marquis and myself were charmed with American frankness. We liked the way the people shook hands and said what they thought and found your hospitality irresistible.

If for nothing else America and Japan should keep in good friendship because the people of the two countries have so many common characteristics. We both are quick to take up new ideas and always willing to change for the better. We both like to travel and to find out what the rest of the world is doing. Above all, we are dependent, in a way, one upon the other.

You must dispose of your great natural resources and manufactured products and Japan needs them. I don't really think the recent unpleasantness will permanently interfere with our trade relations, and I believe within a short time Japan will be as good a customer of the United States of America as ever. Foolish as it would be to go to war, the actual contest would prove more disastrous to both countries than is generally imagined.

The Pacific Ocean provides a great buffer between the two countries, and, from the standpoint of sending fleets long distances, would prove an almost insuperable obstacle. This can at once be seen when it is remembered no war could be settled without land fighting. It would be necessary for America to extirpate the entire population of Japan before the war ended.

I think all the unpleasantness soon will be forgotten if speakers and the press of both countries will let the subject drop. I don't think such an utterance as is credited to one of your naval officers at a dinner recently in New York will tend to help the situation. On the other hand, we also must exercise great care in this respect in Japan.

Relations of Newspapers to Labor and the Paper Trust

By Herman Ridder

AN enormous burden has been put upon newspapers by the protection of every interest with which they deal, until they have found themselves the only industry refused the protection of the Government. The recognition of labor unions by publishers has cost much. In New York city alone the newspapers pay $1,500,000 a year as their tribute to the closed shop and organized labor. They are approaching the limit where they must stop further concessions and allowances.

The Paper Trust is probably "the most remarkable financial freak" in a long list of "combination monstrosities." With a capital exceeding $60,000,000, the International Paper Company does a gross annual business of only $21,000,000, requiring three years to turn over its capital.

It has watered itself until it has no more money to invest. It has borrowed upon everything it has. It cannot earn any more money unless it can do more business, and it cannot do more business because it has not the money with which to do it.

Instead of accepting its responsibilities and extending its business to keep pace with the growth of its customers, the International Paper Company is producing less newsprint paper to-day than it turned out immediately after its organization. The available funds at its command, which should have been used for new paper machines have gone toward the acquirement of 2,597 square miles of timber limits registered in one of the four land offices in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

To maintain that concern and its allied combinations, with their oppressive weight of over capitalization, and to provide a pretext for protecting the labor of 15,000 paper mill employes, receiving less than $9,000,000 per annum, the publishing business has been subjected to a series of deliberately planned schemes of extortion.

The first step was accomplished in the Dingley Bill, so that publishers could not buy paper elsewhere. The next step was one that has just been consummated, whereby through combinations made in defiance of the federal courts, the supply has been brought below the demand, the market has been starved, the surplus has been exhausted and the price for the present year has been advanced $12 per ton upon a consumption of nine hundred thousand tons, an addition of $10,000,000 within one year. Increased cost of manufacture does not justify such an advance.

Aggravating that situation is a threat of another advance of $10 per ton next year, or nine million dollars more, a total of nineteen million dollars' advance in two years by an industry that pays an aggregate of less than nine million dollars a year to its labor, while clamoring to Congress for a continuance of its opportunities to combine and oppress publishers.

The newspapers insist that the paper manufacturers who induced Congress to protect them against competition from abroad are under obligations to provide for the present and prospective demands of consumers in this country. To repress manufacture, or to starve the market, so that the paper maker is in a position to create a famine and to stop the supply to any publisher, should rank as a crime.

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of The Busy Man's Magazine can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: ::

ARMY AND NAVY.

The Cruise of the American Fleet to the Pacific....Spectator (Oct 12)
Submarine Navigation.....Spectator (Oct. 12)
An Amateur at the French Manoeuvres. H. R. Reade..Empire Review

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

Art in Italy and Elsewhere.....Studio
A Consideration of the Work of Anton Mauve. F. Rutter.....Studio
Characteristics of Mr. Vosey's Architecture. M. H. Baillie Scott.....Studio
Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture.....Studio
Ideas of Decoration. Laurence Binyon.....Studio
Art Effects at the Jamestown Exposition Ernest Knaufft. .....Am. Review of Reviews
L. H. Meakin, a Painter of the Middle West. Maude I. G. Oliver.....Studio
Wm. Keith, Landscape Painter of California. Henry Atkins....Studio
Art (1857-1907). Hamilton W. Mabie.....Atlantic Monthly
The Art of Reading and Preaching. Sir Squire Bancroft. .....Empire Review
The Art of John Bagnold Burgess, R A. A. Chester.....Windsor
Painting and the Word. Chas. H. Caffin.....Putnam's Monthly
Art Critics and Art Interpreters. Elizabeth L. Cary.Putnam's Monthly
Babyhood in Art. Katherine Chaldes.....Pearson's (English)
Has America An American Art? Jas. S. Dickerson.....World To-day

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

Side Profit From Geraniums. M. C. Wood.....Garden Mag
Farmer, Manufacturer and Railroad. L. G. McPherson..N. Am. Review
Retirement From Business. Marcus M. Marks...Am. Rev of Reviews
The Lumber Industry of America. Milton O. Nelson..Am. Rev. of Revs
Mail Order Methods in Politics. Barrett O'Hara...Am. Business Man
The Knack of Shrewd Buying. Richard W. Sears...Am. Business Man
Business Possibilities of the Deep Waterway. Wm. Lorimer. .....Am. Business Man
The Salesman as the Customer Sees Him. Florence..... McCarthy..... Am. Business Man

Secrets of Successful Business Correspondence. H. M. Graves.....Am. Business Man
Keeping Up Factory Standards. H. R. King.....Am. Business Man
Retail Competition and How to Overcome It. G. L. Louis.....Am. Business Man
Where Toys Come From. Rene Bache.....Circle
Where Gentle Dolls and Fearsome Beasts Are Made.....Scrap Book

CHILDREN.

What a Dandelion Did for City Children. Jacob Riis.....Garden Mag.
School-Fed Childhood.....Spectator (Oct. 19)
The Cigarette Boy. Wm. A. McKeever.....Education
The Children's Educational Theatre. A. Minnie Herts..Atlantic Monthly
Raising a Family. E. S. Martin.....Harper's

EDUCATION AND SCHOOL AFFAIRS.

School-Fed Childhood.....Spectator (Oct. 19)
Boarding School v. Day School.....Irish Monthly
The Function of Knowledge in Education. Chas. H. Gilbert..Education
Philology in the French Class. Prof. F. R. Arnold.....Education
Memory Types in Spelling. F. N. Spindler.....Education
Examination Questions for Scott's Lady of the Lake.....Education
Some Oxford Colleges.....English Illustrated
A College Head on University Reform. A. E. Zimmern....Fort. Review
Esperanto, the Wonderful New Language. D. O. S. Lowell...Munsey's
The Children's Educational Theatre. A. Minnie Herts..Atlanta Monthly
The Coming and Going of Expletives. Prof. Lounsbury.....Harper's
The Mission of the Parochial School. Cardinal Gibbons. World To-day

FICTION.

Complete Stories.

Chief Hili's First Christmas. Sir Gilbert Parker.....Circle
Miss Scrooge. Georgia Wood Pangborn.....Circle
Bringing in the Backlog. Frank H. Sweet.....Circle
Unto Them a Child. Florence G. Tuttle.....Ladies' Home Journal
Teddy and the Pie.....Irish Monthly
The Career. Kathryn Jarboe.....Lippincott's
Miss Mehitable's Backbone. Helen Talbot Porter.....Lippincott's
An Inevitable Christmas. Marion R. Oliver.....Lippincott's
The Basket of Allah. Geo. L. Knapp.....Lippincott's
How Mrs. Carraway Went to the Exposition. Edith M. Willett.....Lippincott's
The Laborer's Hire. Margaret B. Shipp.....Smith's
The Good-Conduct Prize. Eden Phillpotts.....Smith's
The Girl from Nebraska. Jno. Camden.....People's
A Thousand-Dollar Desperado. Edwin L. Sabin.....People's
The Wheat Deal of Mr. and Mrs. Pike. Byron Bullard.....People's
The Story's End. F. Van R. Dey.....People's
Hiam's Son-in-Law. Lizzie G. Wilcoxson.....Collier's (Oct 26)
The Little Heiress. G. Morris.....Collier's (Oct. 26)
The Chorus Lady. Howard Fitzalan.....Smith's
Charley Johnson's Fine. Algernon Tassin.....Collier's (Nov. 9)
A Man's Foes in his Own Household. F. C. Philips....Eng. Illustrated
A Dulditch Courting. Mary E. Mann.....Eng. Illustrated
The Haunted Needle.....Eng. Illustrated
Mr. Tutson's Error. W. G. Walters.....Eng. Illustrated
The Christmas Light. Harriet P. Spofford.....Home Magazine
The Lady or the Turkey?.....Home Magazine
The House of Santa Claus. Mary C. Ringwalt.....Overland Monthly
The Dignity of Dollars. Jack London.....Overland Monthly

Jules—A Child of the Church. Ethel Armes.....Human Life
Searchy of Single Alley. Alfred H. Lewis.....Human Life
A Choice of Heroes. Ralph D. Paine.....Recreation
The Bull-Pig of Schackleford Bank. R. Jenkin Hains.....Recreation
The Yellow Peril. Bertrand W. Sinclair.....Popular
Lastluck Lake. S. Carleton.....Popular
The Mate's Romance. A. M. Chisholm.....Popular
The Outlaw. B. M. Bower.....Popular
The Good Conduct Prize. Eden Phillpotts.....Windsor
Mrs. Lyndon's Adventure. Baroness Von Hutton.....Windsor
The Fair Guide. Walter E. Grogan.....Windsor
The Hundredth Bow. Florence Wilkinson.....Windsor
A Wild Boar Rampant. Robert Barr.....Windsor
Under the Ice Roof. Chas. G. D. Roberts.....Windsor
Aunt Martha. Barry Pain.....Windsor
The Gay Deceiver. Edgar Jepson.....Pearson's (English)
The Reckoning of Chin Sin. Ratcliffe Martin.....Pearson's (English)
The Gardendale Burglar Cure. E. J. Rath.....Pearson's (English)
The Nomad. Robert Hichens.....Metropolitan
The Spoils of Victory. Geo. H. Shelton.....Metropolitan
Through the Fog of the Coal. Homer Saint-Gaudens.....Metropolitan
The Mystery of a Studio. Sadie Preston.....Metropolitan
Vengeance is Mine. E. Hamilton Currey, R.N.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Conversion of Conky.....Chambers' Jrnl
Some Old Ghost Stories. J. A. McCulloch.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Salving of the Serean. Brew Molohan.....Chamers' Jrnl
The Last Stand of the Argonauts. Jno. Fleming Wilson..Pacific Monthly
That Which Was Lost. H. Austin Adams.....Pacific Monthly
The Gift. James Hopper.....Pacific Monthly
The Claim Jumpers. Herman Whitaker.....Pacific Monthly
A Twentieth Century Misogynist. L. Allen Harker.....Cornhill
Through the Vortex of a Cyclone. Wm. Hope Hodgson.....Cornhill
The Burden of Christmas. Dr. W. Gladden.....Home Magazine
L'Ingrat. H. J. M.....Rod and Gun
Her Masterpiece. Henry C. Rowland.....Ainslee's
The Branding of the Maverick. Ralph H. Barbour.....Ainslee's
The Subliminal Sin. Edith Macvane.....Ainslee's
The Boy and the Bishop. Arthur A. Knipe.....Ainslee's
The Silence of Jim. Owen Oliver.....Ainslee's
The Score Against Him. Elizabeth Y. Miller.....Argosy
The Scarlet Necktie. C. Langton Clarke.....Argosy
When the Tenderfoots Scored. Howard D. Smiley.....Argosy
A Diamond in the Rough. F. Raymond Brewster.....Argosy
Mrs. Darcy's Dilemma. Chas. B. Cremont.....Argosy
The Madonna's Necklace. Olive M. Briggs.....Munsey's
A Present From Peter. Anne S. Allen.....Munsey's
As Man to Man. Ralph Bergengren.....Munsey's
Mrs. Manton Waring Plays Trumps. Johnson Morton.....Munsey's
The Attribute of Fools. Mary W. Hastings.....Scrap Book
The Swing of the Pendulum. Powell Millington.....Scrap Book
The Father. Bjornstjerne Bjornson.....Scrap Book
The Wolf. Guy de Maupassant.....Scrap Book
The Backsliders. Dorothea Deakin.....Smart Set
The Dark Ferrash. Beatrix D. Lloyd.....Smart Set
The Edge of a Dream. Katharine M. Roof.....Smart Set
The Inexplicable Fee. Jas. H. Willard.....Smart Set
The Blight of Knowledge. Johnson Morton.....Smart Set
The Big Trouble and the Little Boy. Fanny K. Johnson.Atlantic Monthly
The Travis Coup. Arthur Stringer.....Success
Four Wild Beasts and a Cow. Jas. W. Foley.....Success
A Deputy Santa Claus. Howard Brubaker.....Success
Courtesy of the Road. Gelett Burgess.....Red Book

In the Dark. C. E. Hughes.....Red Book
The Ordeal of Marian Josephine. Lillian Collins.....Red Book
The Sin of the Silent One. Newton A. Fuessle.....Red Book
Their Wedding Day. Robert G. Bellah.....Red Book
The Elopement of Naneen. Harriet Gaylord.....Red Book
The Girl and the Rubies. J. Frank Davis.....Blue Book
The Wier-Wolf of Mr. MacTavish. Paul E. Triem.....Blue Book
The Honesty-Pill. Harry B. Allyn.....Blue Book
Every Inch a King. Laura L. Hinkley.....Blue Book
The Clew of the Whisky Bottles. Wm. J. Bacon.....Blue Book
His Own Burglar. Johnston McCulley.....Blue Book
The Mistaken Mirror. Isabel E. Mackay.....Blue Book

Serial Stories.

The Ghost Kings. H. Rider Haggard.....Pearson's (English)
The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. Roman Doubleday.....Popular
The Weapons of Women. J. Kenilworth Egerton.....Popular
Zollenstein. W. B. M. Ferguson.....Popular
Rose MacLeod. Alice Brown.....Atlantic Monthly
A Conflict With Caesar. F. K. Scribner.....Argosy
On the Brink of the Precipice. Fred. V. Greene.....Argosy

FOR THE WORKERS.

An Art Museum for the People. Frank J. Mather....Atlantic Monthly
The Man Who Can Take Chances.....World's Work

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

The Doubting Folly. Dr. Geo. L. Walton.....Lippincott's
To a Business Man Suffering From Overwork. F. Peterson, M.D. .....Collier's (Nov. 9)
The Cigarette Boy. Wm. A. McKeever.....Education
Don't Starve to Be Thin.....Scrap Book
American Healing Around the World. Edgar A. Forbes..World's Work

HISTORY.

Anonymous Voices.....Spectator (Oct. 12)
The Campaigns of 1807. Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart.....Cornhill
Rome, Before the Battle of Mentana. Rev. E. F. Wayne.....Cornhill
General Hamilton's Letters While With General Taylor...Metropolitan
Who Was King Arthur? J. E. G. de Montmorency..Contemporary Rev.
Red Day of Amboise, 1560. Mrs. Clement Parsons..Eng. Illustrated
Aurelio Saffi: Triumvir of the Roman Republic. H. I. Buller. .....Fortnightly Rev.
The First Printer of Bibles Almost Burned Alive.....Scrap Book
David the National Hero of the Jews. Wm. A. Gill.....Munsey's
English Historical Pageants. George Turnbull.....World's Work
The Fatal Cruise of a Slave Ship. Thos. V. Briggs.....Harper's
Civilization of Ancient Babylon. Prof. Delitzsch.....Harper's

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

An Example in Agriculture.....Spectator (Oct. 12)
How to Dispose of the Stumps. F. E. Bonsteel.....Garden
Seeding Down Wheat. F. E. B.....Garden
What to Send to the Christmas Market. F. H. Valentine.....Garden
Balanced Rations for Dairy Cows. F. E. Bonsteel.....Garden
Care of Setting Hens. Harley S. Herrick.....Garden Mag.
The House Dignified. Lillie H. French.....Putnam's Monthly
Scientific Poultry Raising. Clarence E. Edwards....Overland Monthly

Decorative Plants for Winter Use. E. Ryman-Gaillard..Suburban Life
The Parlor Palm. W. R. Gilbert.....Suburban Life
The Sensible Bedroom. Claudia Q. Murphy.....Success

HUMOROUS.

When We Were Boys.....Circle
The Sword of Light. Seumas MacManus.....Lippincott's
Where There Aren't No Ten Commandments. Jno. H. Bacon.Smart Set
Extract from Capt. Stormfield's Visit to Heaven. Mark Twain..Harper's

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

The Japanese and the Pacific Coast. Will Irwin.....Collier's (Oct. 26)
The Real Yellow Peril. Hugh H. Lusk.....North Am. Rev.

INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATION.

The Financial Panic in New York.....Spectator (Oct. 26)
A Handicap to Business. Geo. Rublee.....Collier's (Nov. 2)
Investment Securities. Financier.....North Am. Rev.
The Rand of To-day. W. P. Taylor.....Empire Review
The Ethics of Speculation. Chas. F. Dole.....Atlantic Monthly
The Financial Situation. J. Laurence Laughlin.....World To-day
The Nether Side of Finance. W. R. Givens and S. Cowdrick.
....World To-day

LABOR PROBLEMS.

Conciliation in Labor Disputes.....Sat. Rev. (Oct. 12)
Two Ways of Taking Care of the Unemployed.....Scrap Book
A Fight Against the "Closed Shop." Harrison G. Otis..World's Work
Fear and a Good Times Panic. Orison Swett Marden.....Success

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

L. H. Meakin, a Painter of the Middle West. Maude I. G. Oliver.Studio
William Keith, Landscape Painter California. Henry Atkins...Studio
Chas. W. Eliot.....North Am. Rev.
Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. Wolf von Schierbrand.
....North Am. Review
The People's President. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.....Smith's
Glimpses of Whittier.....Lippincott's
Francis Joseph: The Man and the Monarch. A. R. Colquhoun.
.....Fortnightly Rev.
A Seventeenth Century Tolstoi. Julia Wedgwood.....Con. Review
Sir Charles Nugent, Bart. Alfred E. T. Watson.....Badminton
Mr. Wm. Randolph Hearst as an Employer by an Employe.
.....Overland Monthly
The Other Mr. Rogers.....Overland Monthly
John Hayes Hammons. Edwin Wildman.....Human Life
The King of the Gun-Players. Alfred Henry Lewis.....Human Life
The Story of the Real Mrs. Eddy. Sibyl Wilbur.....Human Life
Wilhelm II., Emperor of Germany. Mary S. Warren...Pearson's (Eng.)
Our Hard-Worked King. Herbert Shaw.....Pearson's (Eng.)
Whittier: An Appreciation. H. W. Boynton.....Putnam's Monthly
Two Famous Musicians: Joachim and Grieg. Richard Aldrich.
.....Putnam's Monthly
Prince Bulow, The German Imperial Chancellor. Dr. Louis
Elkind.....Fortnightly Review
A Turning Point in the Career of Governor Hughes. E. F.
Harkins.....Munsey's
Newsboys Who "Made Good".....Scrap Book

A Chief Justice at 32.....Scrap Book
Henry Clay Barnabee's Reminiscences.....Scrap Book
Josiah Wedgewood. R. T. H. Halsey.....Scribner's
The Real Lawson. Frank Fayant.....Success
Miss Mary E. Orr. Claudia Q. Murphy.....Success
Jose Yves Limantour. Financial Saviour of Mexico. R.....
Danenbaum..... ... .Success

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Kentucky Prisoner. Richard W. Child.....Collier's (Oct. 26)
Some Reasons Why I Ought Not to Be Murdered. Pat.....
.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 19)
Winchester Cathedral.....Spectator (Oct. 26)
The Literary Transformation of Scotland.....Spectator (Oct. 19)
How Cubans Differ From Us. Lieut. Col. R. L. Bullard.....
U. S. A.....North American Rev.
Practical Bookbinding. Morris Lee King.....Studio
An Autumn Reverie. M. I. J.....Irish Monthly
The Golden Rule: What it Means to Me. Brand Whitlock.....Circle
The Poems of Mary Coleridge. Robert Bridges.....Cornhill Mag.
Where Are the Most Beautiful Girls Found? Joaquin Miller.
.....Pacific Monthly
In Old Bohemia. Chas. Warren Stoddart.....Pacific Monthly
London in the Time of Romney.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Romance of Wild Animal Collecting.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Evolution of the Deer Forest.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Gentle Art of Ju-Ju-Tsu.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Tragedy and Comedy of Monte Carlo. C. N. and A. M.
Williamson.....Pearson's (Eng.)
Some Country Problems and Their Solution. S. L. Bensusan...Windsor
How the Sisters of the Holy Family Care for the Children
of the Poor.....Overland Monthly
A Lord of Misrule. W. F. Alexander.....Con. Review
Charcoal Burning in Surrey.....Spectator (Nov. 2)
Jewish Philosophy and the Hellenic Spirit. W. L. Courtney.
.....Fortnightly Rev.
Prophets and Prophecy. Reo. Bennett.....Metropolitan
Where the Hard-Up Rich Get Cash.....Scrap Book
A Thousand-Year-Old Tower is Tottering.....Scrap Book
The Treasures of the Vatican. F. Marion Crawford.....Munsey's
Christmas Before Christ. Henry J. Markland.....Munsey's
On North Polar Problems. Dr. Fridtjof Nausen....Geographical Jrnl
The Future of Our Navigable Waters. Jno. L. Mathews...At. Monthly
Wheat, the Wizard of the North. Agnes D. Cameron.....At. Monthly
London by Night. Thos. A. Janvier.....Harper's
Drugging a Race. Samuel Merwin.....Success

MUNICIPAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

The Milk Supply as a National Problem. Chas. C. Johnson.
.....Am. Review of Revs.
How Boston Solved the Gas Problem. Louis D. Brandeis..
.....Am. Review of Revs.

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

The Full Pleasure of a Field.....Spectator (Oct. 26)
What a Dandelion Did for City Children. Jacob Riis.....Garden Mag.
Ospreys. Willoughby Verner.....Saturday Rev. (Nov. 2)
Some Coral Island Fish. F. Wood-Jones. F.Z.S.....Badminton
Some Pacific Islands Birds. Louis Becke.....Chambers' Jrnl

Christmas Day, the Day for Marine Zoology. B. Dale.....Rod and Gun
A Christmas Feast for the Birds and Squirrels. E. R. Hatcher.
.....Suburban Life
Forcing Bleeding Heart. Fred. Handley.....Suburban Life
Decorative Asparagus Plants. Helen M. Russell.....Suburban Life

POETRY.

The Christmas Pageant. Martha Young.....Circle
Comforted. Nora T. O'Mahony.....Irish Monthly
To An Empty Candy Box. Tulah Ragsdale.....People's
Wealth From Heaven. Cora A. Matson Dolson.....People's
My Guest. Agnes Lee.....Collier's (Nov. 2)
Christmas Poetry for Children.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
Bereft. Margaret Fraser.....Smith's
The River at Nightfall. Jeannie P. Ewing.....Smith's
Christmas Moonlight. Chas. W. Camp.....Metropolitan
A Prayer for Holy Night. G. Noel Wiley.....Putnam's Monthly
Christmas Dream of Mary. Ethel Colson.....Putnam's Monthly
At Nightfall. A Reverie. William Winter.....Pacific Monthly
The House of Dreams. Porter Garnett.....Pacific Monthly
In the Pine Woods. Chas. H. Chesley.....Rod and Gun
The Letter. Wm. H. Sayne.....Ainslee's
The Dancer's in the Dew Drop. Edith M. Thomas.....Ainslee's
Evening. Beth S. Whitson.....Ainslee's
Christmas Eve in Town. Mary R. Rinehart.....Munsey's
Waiting.....Scrap Book
Keep a Pluggin' Away.....Scrap Book
Spying on Santa Claus.....Suburban Life
The Wild Rose. George Meredith.....Scribner's
At the Manger. Jno. B. Tabb.....Atlantic Monthly
Christmas Eve. Chester Firkins.....Atlantic Monthly
Childhood. Jno. Erskine.....Atlantic Monthly
One of These Little Ones. Elsa Barker.....Smart Set
The Lover. Lewis W. Smith.....Success

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

The War Against Socialism.....Spectator (Oct. 26)
Mr. Morley on India.....Spectator (Oct. 26)
The Hague Conference of the Future.....Spectator (Oct. 26)
The Prime Minister's Crusade.....Spectator (Oct. 12)
The Riots in Calcutta.....Spectator (Oct. 12)
M. Clemenceau's Plight.....Sat. Rev. (Oct. 19)
Lord Rosebery's Dilemma.....Sat. Rev. (Oct. 19)
The Philippines and the Pacific Demonstration.....Sat. Rev. (Oct. 19)
Europe and the German Foreign Office.....Sat. Rev. (Oct. 12)
The Shadow of an Election.....Sat. Rev. (Oct. 12)
Coleridge Minor.....Sat. Rev. (Oct. 12)
Mail Order Methods in Politics. Barratt O'Hara....Am. Business Man
The Issue in Cleveland.....Collier's (Nov. 2)
Lord Rosebery and Abstention.....Spectator (Oct. 19)
Socialism and Sex Relations.....Spectator (Oct. 19)
Europe in Transformation. Archibald R. Colquhoun...North Am. Rev.
The Regeneration of Persia. Herman Rosenthal.....Am. Rev. of Revs.
Roumania and the Jews. Herman Rosenthal.....North Am. Rev.
Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. Hashimura Togo...Collier's (Nov. 9)
Views on the Anglo-Russian Agreement. P. Landon and A. Hamilton.....Fortnightly Rev.
France and Socialism. Laurence Jerrold.....Fortnightly Rev.
The Cabal Against Mr. Balfour.....Spectator (Nov. 2)
The Perils of Absolution.....Spectator (Nov. 2)

The American Presidency.....Spectator (Nov. 2)
Lord Cromer as Home Adviser.....Spectator (Nov. 2)
The Patience of England.....Saturday Rev. (Nov. 2)
Democracy in Foreign Affairs..... ...Saturday Rev. (Nov. 2)
The Harden Enterprise.....Saturday Rev. (Nov. 2)
Australian Preference.....Saturday Rev. (Nov. 2)
The Censor Censured.....Saturday Rev. (Nov. 2)
Idealism and Politics. Prof. Henry Jones.....Contemporary Rev.
The West Indian Problem. Norman Lamont, M.P...Contemporary Rev.
Trade Unionism in Germany. Dr. Edward Bernstein.....Con. Review
The Conquest of Australia.....Chambers' Jrnl
The Anti-English Agitation in Bengal. Sir Chas. Elliott..Empire Rev.
The London County Council. Philip E. Pilditch.....Empire Rev.
The New Australian Tariff. Sir Alfred L. Jones.....Empire Rev.
China's Awakening as Seen by a Japanese. Togo M. Kanda.
....World's Work
Circumventing Cape Hatteras. C. H. Claudy.....World To-day

RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.

The Railway Crisis.....Spectator (Oct. 19)
The Railway Impasse.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 19)
The Human Factor in Railway Accidents. K. Snowden.....Fort. Rev.

RELATING TO CHRISTMAS.

Christmas in the Stock Yards. Ethel M. Colson.....Circle
What to Send to the Christmas Market. F. H. Valentine.....Garden
Start Now to Grow Your Christmas Gifts. Laura F. Mordaunt.Garden
How to Decorate for Christmas. Thos. McAdam.....Garden
Red Flowers for Christmas. Leonard Barron.....Garden
My Grandfather at Christmastime. Chas. Dickens...Ladies' Home Jrnl
Superstitions That Folks Have About Christmas. Clifford
Howard..... ... .Ladies' Home Jrnl
What Christmas Means to Me. Mary Baker G. Eddy.Ladies' Home Jrnl
Christmas as it Was in Shakespeare's Time. Hamilton W.
Mabie..... ....Ladies' Home Jrnl
Christmas in the Arctic. Capt. B. S. Osbon.....Recreation
Christmas Charities. Albert E. Patttison.....Home Magazine
Christmas in Bethlehem A.D. 1907.....Travel
Christmas in Rome. M. D. Maclean.....Travel
A Yankee Christmas in Algiers. F. L. Harding.....Travel
Mexico as a Winter Resort. Katherine L. Smith.....Travel
Christmas in Russia and Her Provinces.....Travel
Christmas in Old Virginia. Booker T. Washington....Suburban Life
Bringing Holiday Cheer to City Waifs. Jacob W. Riis..Suburban Life

RELIGION.

The Body of This Death.....Spectator (Oct. 26)
The Tower of Religious Perfection. Rev. Father Bridgett.Irish Monthly
The Pope's Encyclical and the Crisis in the Roman Church.
Rev. W. E. Addis.....Contemporary Rev.
St. Paul as a Psychologist. Caroline Sheldon.....Education
"Christian Science" Without Mystery. Rollin L. Hartt..World's Work

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Science and Accuracy.....Spectator (Oct. 12)
Scientific Poultry Raising. Clarence E. Edwards...Overland Monthly
Mysteries That Science Cannot Explain.....Scrap Book
How Freak Dogs Are Grown.....Scrap Book

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The Joys of Touring. R. H. Johnston.....Collier's (Oct. 26)
New Phases of the Season's Football Play. Walter Camp.
.....Collier's (Oct. 26)
Chess.....Saturday Rev. (Oct. 12)
Rugby Football and the Colonial Tours. E. H. D. Sewell....Fort. Rev.
Snow Motoring to the Berkshires. M. Worth Colwell.....Travel
Tobogganning at St. Moritz. W. G. Fitz-Gerald.....Travel
The "Perpetual" Cannon. Jno. P. Mannock.....Badminton
Cricket in the South Seas. F. W. Christian and E. H.....
Fischer.....Badminton
Two Days on Sowley Pont. Edward F. Spence.....Badminton
Shooting With the Grand Duke. Vance Thompson.....Recreation
Midwinter Outings for City People. Dan Beard.....Recreation
A Fancy Shot With the Rifle. T. S. Van Dyke.....Recreation
Chicago Authors in Temagami. Richard H. Little.....Rod and Gun
A Few Happy Days. Ernest J. McVeigh.....Rod and Gun
Some of My Christmas Fox Hunts. W. Hickson.....Rod and Gun
Football Three Hundred Years Ago.....Scrap Book
The Pleasures of Winter Photography. C. R. Tucker....Suburban Life
Ski-ing and the Ski. Edwin C. Dickenson.....Suburban Life
Trout Fishing in Midwinter. F. G. Moorhead.....World To-day

THE STAGE.

The Jewish Theatre. Adolph Danziger.....Metropolitan
My Interpretation of Hamlet. Tommaso Salvini....Putnam's Monthly
The London Stage. Oscar Parker.....English Illustrated
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Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Henry van Dyke...Ladies' Home Jrnl
Camping in the Maine Woods in Midwinter. Elizabeth Gannon...Travel
The Holy Land To-day. Stella S. Bradford.....Travel
Christmas in Bethlehem, A.D. 1907.....Travel
Christmas in Rome. M. D. Maclean.....Travel
A Girl Mountaineer in the Canadian Rockies. Laura Fitzgerald.Travel
Unknown Africa. Geoffrey Williams.....Badminton
With Grieg in Norway. Gerrit Smith.....Putnam's Monthly
Guatemala To-day. Hon. Jno. Barrett.....Overland Monthly
A Canoe Trip to Hudson Bay. J. M. Bentley.....Rod and Gun
The Fan Mountains in the Duab of Turkestan. W. R. Rickmers.
.....Geographical Jrnl
Dr. Stein's Expedition in Central Asia.....Geographical Jrnl
Mr. Mikkelsen's Ice Expedition in the Beaufort Sea..Geographical Jrnl
How Women Wage-Earners Fare. Irene Van Kleek....World's Work

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

The One-Servant Problem from Three Points of View. Anne
O'Hagan.....Smith's
The Out-of-Town Girl. Grace Margaret Gould.....Smith's
Where to Put Things on the Table. Mrs. S. T. Rorer.....
.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
Real Home Economies at Christmastide. Martha Van....
Rensselaer.....Ladies' Home Jrnl
The Women That Women Like.....Spectator (Nov. 2)
Woman's Suffrage. Mrs. C. A. V. Conybeare.....**Empire Review**
Strength of Women. A. D. Burhaus.....Metropolitan
Raising a Family. E. S. Martin.....Harper's
Women Who Are National Types. Delia Austrian.....World To-day

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Best Selling Books.

"The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker is now the leading novel before the Canadian public. It is also the best selling book in England, while in the United States, it holds a position among the best selling six.

Canadian Summary.

1. Weavers. By Gilbert Parker.
2. Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
3. Satan Sanderson. By H. E. Rives.
4. Daughter of Anderson Crow. By G. B. McCutcheon.
5. Brass Bowl. By Joseph Vance.
6. Car of Destiny. By C. N. & A. M. Williamson.
7. Shuttle. By F. H. Burnett.

United States Summary.

1. The Younger Set. By R. W. Chambers.
2. Satan Sanderson. By H. E. Rives.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. By G. B. McCutcheon.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. By Frances Little.
5. The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
6. The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon.

English Summary.

1. Weavers. By Gilbert Parker.
2. Fair Margaret. By Rider Haggard.
3. Kate Meredith. By Cutcliffe Hyne.
4. Robert Thorne. By Shan F. Bullock.
5. In Wildest Africa. By C. G. Schillings.
6. An Artist's Reminiscences. By Walter Crane.

Business.

MONEY AND INVESTMENTS. By Montgomery Rollins. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. Cloth, $2.00 net. A manual of expert information arranged in encyclopaedic form. The author is an acknowledged expert, with a very wide connection in the best banking and investment circles. He has devoted years to closet study of his subject. The entire subject matter and treatment are such that the book cannot fail to be of great assistance to any investor.

STOKES' CYCLOPAEDIA OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. Compiled by Elford Eveleigh Treffry. London: W. & R. Chambers, Limited. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net. This valuable compilation contains five thousand selections from six hundred authors, with a complete general index and an index of authors. The field of the book is narowed practically to English and American literature, but within this field every effort has been made to include a wide range of authors, subjects and literary styles.

PITMAN'S WHERE TO LOOK. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Limited. 8vo. limp cloth, 1s. net. A new work of reference intended as an easy guide to the contents of certain specified books of reference. Questions

are continually cropping up which demand a reference to some annual and it is not always easy to know where to look for an answer. Nearly 300 books of reference have been indexed.

Fiction.

COLONEL FROM WYOMING. By John Alexander Hugh Cameron. The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. $1.25. A new book by a new Canadian author, which will be welcomed as a valuable addition to our steadily growing Canadian literature. Its strong points are its descriptions of the early settlers in the Maritime Provinces—their characteristics and mode of life. The later developments in mining and finance also receive a share of attention, and the writer has cleverly exploited the coal areas for material.

LIGHT-FINGERED GENTRY. By David Graham Phillips. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25. A story of "high finance" among the large insurance companies of New York, exposing the means whereby men and corporations prey upon and rob their fellowmen. A love story runs through the book, wherein a man and his wife become divorced and afterwards appreciate each other as they never did when married, and, of course, the inevitable result follows. Can be recommended as a most interesting and readable book.

Humor in the Magazines

A young man who had not been married long, remarked at the dinner table the other day :

"My dear, I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make."

The bride smiled and answered in a voice that did not tremble :

"Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make."

* * *

Can the sardine box ?

No, but the tomato can.

Did you ever see a ship spar ?

Yes, and I have seen the rail fence, the ginger snap and the cracker box, the sausage roll and the bed spring, and the night fall.

It is queer to see the sugar bowl.

But the funniest thing was to see the milk shake and the apple turn over.

Why did the fly fly ? Because the spider spider.

* * *

A dear old New England spinster, the embodiment of the timid and skrinking, passed away at Carlsbad, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest kinsman, a nephew, ordered her body sent back to be buried—as was her last wish —in the quiet little country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined, when on opening the casket, he beheld, instead of the placid features of his aunt Mary, the majestic port of an English general in full regimentals, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he cabled to the general's heirs, explaining the situation and requesting instructions.

They came back as follows : "Give the general quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."

* * *

A gentleman recently gave employment in his garden to a man who proved utterly unfitted for the work, as well as very lazy.

One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called this man, Sam, into his room and told him to look for another job.

"Will you give me a reference ?" asked Sam, piteously.

Although he knew that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the gentleman felt he could not refuse the appeal. So he sat down, and composed with much thought the following :

"This man, Sam H——, has worked for me one week, and I am satisfied."

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Once a Scotsman was visiting New York, and coming across a statue of Washington stood gazing at it.

Just then a Yankee came up, and said to Sandy, "There's a good man. A lie never passed his lips!"

"No," said the Scotsman. "I suppose he talked through his nose, like the rest of you."



A MORMON.

Willie—"Uncle Dudley, are you a Mormon?"

Uncle Dudley—"No; why?"

Willie—"'Cause I heard pa tell ma that you were married to all your wife's relations."—Judge.

An Irishman was giving a spirited address on the glories of the British nation. After describing some affronts received from other nations, he exclaimed:

"And must England stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?"

He made an effective pause, which, however, was quite spoiled by the roar of laughter.

* * *

There was a sophomore who was very hard up in the early fall, and pawned all his good clothes. A little before Thanksgiving he got a big cheque from home, and, accordingly, like a wise sophomore, redeemed his wardrobe. When he got home for the holidays, his mother said she would unpack his trunk for him. The first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned, he saw to his horror, the pawnbroker's ticket that he had forgotten to remove. Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said:

"Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance, when I left it in the cloakroom."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Frank," she said, "surely you didn't leave these in the cloakroom, too, did you?"

* * *

As Hartwell, a New York lawyer, stepped from the train to the platform of a little Virginia station, a negro porter advanced and touched his hat. "I know yo' is a drummer, suh. Show me where yo' grips is, and I'll carry um up to the hotel."

The lawyer smiled in a quizzical way. "I am a drummer," he said, "but a drummer of brains."

The porter sniffed suggestively as he said: "Huh, fust time ever I see a drummer as didn't carry no samples!"



Young Wife: "How did you like that food? I cooked it myself."

Peddler: "Oh, please don't apologize! I was formerly a sword swallower!"—Fliegende Blatter.

* * *

When Robertson entered his sitting-room, he found Trescott there, resplendent in full evening-dress, and helping himself to one of his—Robertson's—best cigars.

"Hallo!" he said. "Why the war-paint?"

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The young man with the uncut hair and hungry look had submitted a poem for editorial consideration.

"Well," said the man behind the blue pencil, after a hurried glance at it, "how does thirty shillings strike you?"

"Why—er—really," stammered the rhymester, "that is more than I—er—"

"Well, that's the best I can do," interrupted the busy editor. "I couldn't think of printing a poem like that for less."



AN EYE ON THE FUTURE.

"Faith! whin th' railroads gits to runnin' their thrains by 'lectricity, Oi wondher phwere Oi'll git me coal."—Judge.

* * *

His name was Augustus Athrobald Robinson, but in the business where he had lately secured a position as office boy everybody called him Jim, on the ground that his name was too long for business purposes.

He was very keen on retaining his position, so, when a caller came in one day and made a violent complaint about a letter that had not been posted to him, Jim listened in terror.

"Where's that boy?" cried his employer in a fury. "Here, you imp, take your coat and hat, and get out! I'm ashamed of you! Go to the cashier and get your salary, and don't let me see you here again, you wretched little bungler!"

Jim, terrified, and almost crying, left the office and hurried away.

The next morning his employer called at his home, and the youth came to the door.

"You young donkey," exclaimed the visitor, "do you suppose I really sacked you yesterday? Of course not! Come on back to the office, and every time a caller makes a complaint and I sack you, go round the corner till the customer's gone, and then come back."

And that's how Jim started in business, grew up to be the manager of the concern, and now has an office boy of his own, whom he sacks regularly with every complaint that is made.

* * *

The married ladies in a small American town recently formed themselves into a union, on the same principle as the great labor associations.

Soon afterwards a young bride was found one afternoon, by a friend, crying bitterly on the couch in her dainty drawing-room.

"Why, my dear," said the elderly matron, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh," sobbed the bride, "I am going to leave George. I am going straight back home to mother."

"What," exclaimed her visitor; "has George already proved unkind? Well, they're all alike, my—"

But the weeping bride interrupted her.

"No," she said, her shoulders shaking with grief, "George is perfect. But that mean Henry Simmons has refused to buy Mrs. Simmons a new dinner gown, and the Amalgamated Wives' Union has ordered a strike."

* * *

Hungry Higgins—Wot! You don't know wot a miser is? A miser is a man that denies hisself the necessaries of life when he has the money to buy 'em.

Weary Watkins—Oh, I have met some of them fellers. But I t'ought they called themselves Prohibitionists.



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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

"Going to the Bellingham's to dinner," was the reply.. "Why don't you buy better cigars?"

Robertson looked his friend up and down.

"The effect isn't so bad," he said. "Anyone that didn't know you might take you for a gentleman. But I didn't think you boasted an evening-suit."

"I don't," said Trescott. "These duds are yours."

"Well, of all the gigantic cheek——"

"But I didn't come down to talk about that. I want to know if you'll lend me your umbrella; it's raining."

"I'll see you in Jericho first!" said the indignant Robertson.

"Oh, very well!" said Trescott. "It's for your benefit, you know; I only want it to protect your togs."

And, with a choking gasp, Robertson handed over his best, gold-mounted rain-defier.



ASKING PAPA.

The Modern: How-d'ye-do-old-boy sort of style.

Bronzed by foreign suns, he entered the office of his colleague, but the cashier's chair as vacant.

"Is Mr. Smith out?" he asked, anxiously. "I am an old friend of his."

"No, sir," returned the clerk. "Mr. Smith is not out. He won't be out for ten years."

Here the clerk smiled grimly.

"The firm is out, though," he went on, "fifteen thousand pounds exactly."

* * *

An old colored mammy, of Charleston, South Carolina, who had never seen any modern street cars (this was many years ago), visited some relatives in Savannah, Georgia, after the introduction of the trolley lines. So great was her wonder and delight, that she exclaimed, with genuine African enthusiasm:

"My Lawd! De Yankees done 'mancipate de niggers, and now dey 'mancipate de mule!"

* * *

Russian Official: "You cannot stay in this country, sir."

Traveler: "Then, of course, I will leave it."

"Have you a permit to leave?"

"No, sir."

"Then I must tell you that you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."

* * *

Recently a young man had the misfortune to be run over. It was not until the wheel had passed over the poor man's leg and gone a few yards farther that the driver shouted, "Look out!"

The unfortunate man struggled to a sitting posture and replied, with bitter sarcasm, "You're not coming back, are you?"

* * *

I was walking in the country one day with a woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree. and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs.

"You wicked little boy," said my companion, "are you going up there to rob that nest?"

"I am," the boy replied.

"How can you?" she exclaimed; "think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she won't care," said the boy. "She's up there in your hat."

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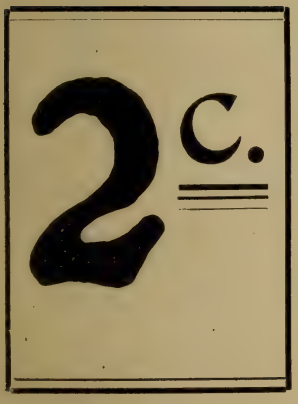
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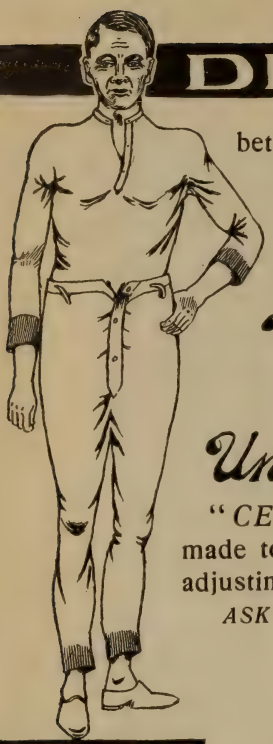
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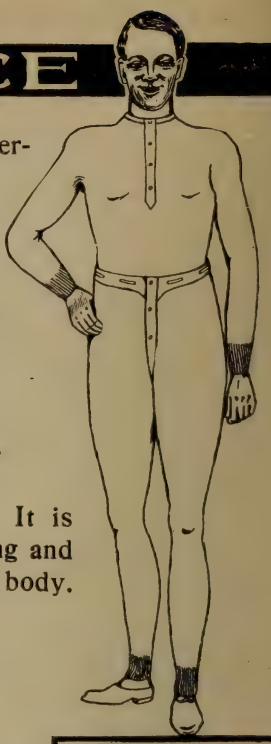
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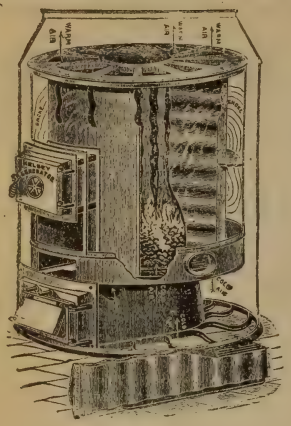
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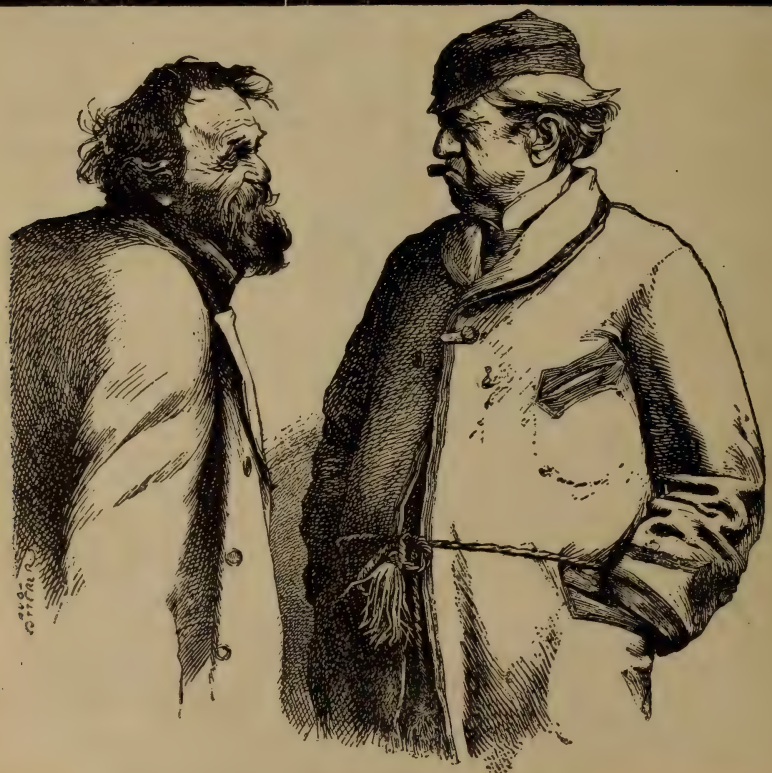
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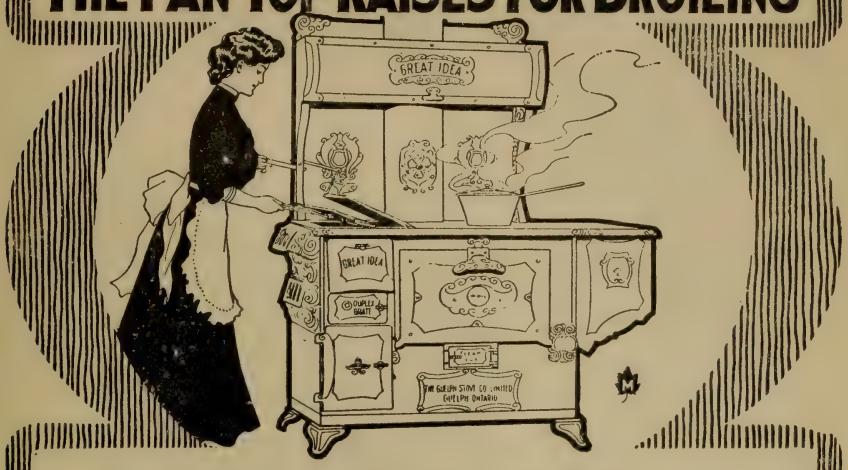
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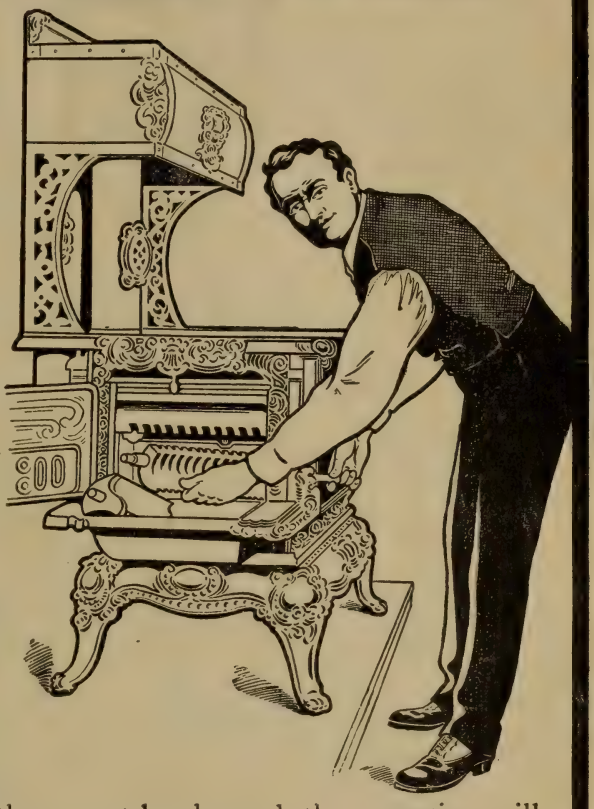
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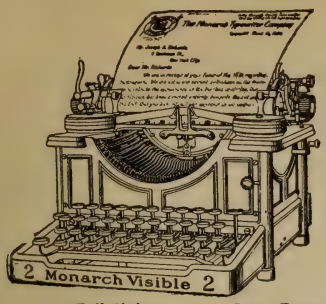
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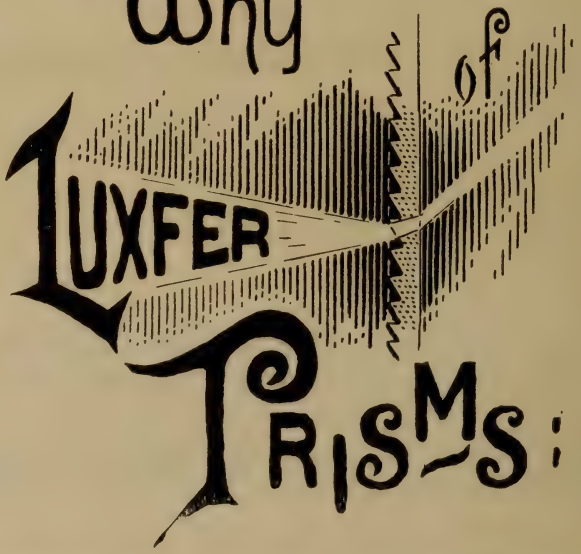
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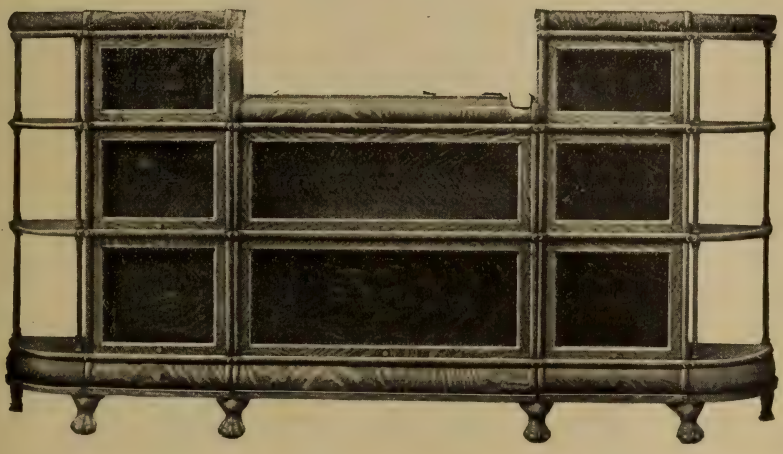
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